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FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

THE POET-PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.

No man of genius ever shrank with greater dread from the glare of renown. From his early manhood he has worn the vestments of a priest, and in the solemn pursuits of his office he has spent the power of his life, and through many years of feebleness and pain,

"To the higher shrine of love divine
His lowly feet have trod;
He wants no fame, no other name
Than this, — a priest of God."

But his fame is not his own, it is his country's, and his name fills a page in her history to be cherished by her people forever; for be it remembered that Father Ryan, though of Irish descent, is by birth a Virginian.

When the camp-fires of the war between the States began to cast their lurid glare upon the passions of a people for the first time profoundly stirred, Abram J. Ryan, then a frail and slender youth just upon the eve of manhood, entered the priesthood of the Catholic Church. His only brother, afterward Capt. David Ryan, was the first to enter the army of the Confederates, a hopeful young soldier; and in a little while the young priest was found among the Southern host, to administer where he could to the dead and the dying the consolations of religion. From the stirring scenes of sacrifice and slaughter which a civil war can alone unfold, Father Ryan received his first profound impressions, the cradle of his poetic genius was rocked upon the stormy waves of the revolution. When the end came, his knightly, beloved brother slept among the slain, and his "people's hopes were dead." In that dark hour of lamentation, when the South was transformed into one vast cathedral, in which her whole people knelt in silence and in sorrow around the coffins of the slain, there came a voice so strangely sweet, so deeply grand, that every heart felt moved by its inspiration. The great hymn then uttered was at once echoed and re-echoed throughout the world; its strains were sung upon the banks of the Boyne, and upon the shores of the dark-flowing Danube: never had its like been heard since the days of the Marseillaise. No lyric poet, by virtue of one performance, ever lifted himself higher in the scale of that rare renown which the world accords to genius alone. "The Conquered Banner" has already taken its place among the greatest songs ever sung in the English tongue, and there it will no doubt remain as long as the capabilities of our language remain the same. But its peculiar fire and pathos

its moving rhyme and rhythm, are not its property alone. The following passage from the ode in memory of his brother is quite the equal of its strongest part: —

When the battle songs were chanted
And war's stirring tocsin pealed,
By those songs thy heart was haunted,
And thy spirit, proud, undaunted,
Clamored wildly — wildly panted;
Mother! let my wish be granted;
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted
That I feared to meet our vaunted
Foeman on the bloody field.

And this climax from "The Sword of Lee" is perfection of its kind: —

Out of its scabbard — never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee.

We select several passages from different poems: —

My mind is like a temple, — dim, vast, lone;
Just like a temple when the priest is gone,
And all the hymns that rolled along the vaults
Are buried deep in silence; when the lights
That flashed on altars died away in dark,
And when the flowers, with all their perfumed breath
And beauteous bloom, lie withered on the shrine.

Sweep on, mighty song! sound deep down in my heart,
As a storm sounding under a sea;
Not a sound of thy music shall pass into art,
Not a note of it pass out from me.

The human seems to fade away,
And down the starred and shadowed skies
The heavenly comes — as memories come
Of home, to hearts afar from home,
And thro' the darkness after day
Many a winged angel flies.

Nature is but the outward vestibule
Which God has placed before an unseen shrine;
The visible is but a fair, bright veil
That winds around the great invisible;
The finite — it is nothing but a smile
That flashes from the face of Infinite —
A smile with a shadow on it.

My lips spake not, my eyes were dull and dim,
But through my heart there moved a soundless hymn —
A triumph song of many chords and keys —
Transcending language, as the summer breeze,
Which through the forest mystically floats,
Transcends the reach of mortal music's notes.

And I have seen Thoughts in the valley —
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces —
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

When the unlettered read such strange, weird thoughts as these, so far above the range of common emotions, they feel in the presence of a power which they fail to understand; while the lettered, who sound them by all the rules of art, ask themselves the question: Where have we heard such strains before? In our own country they have been heard once before, and in our humble judgment, only once; need we write the name of Edgar Allan Poe? But if we should attempt a contrast between these two strange natures, how would we bridge that chasm which lies between the brilliant pagan, seeing through the eyes of the mind alone, and the Christian priest gazing with the eyes of the soul through the vista of faith upon the mysteries of God. However this may be, there can be no doubt but that the same weird, mysterious, idealistic cast of mind and thought is the undertone which sounds beneath the inspirations of both. How the critics of the future will award the palm between them is a question for them to determine. Suffice it for us to say that the contrast brings us face to face with the position which we designed at the outset rather to state than to advocate; it is this, — that the American poet, of the future or the past, who shall aspire to rule with us as the prince of lyric song, must tear the laurels for his crown from the brows of Abram J. Ryan or Edgar Allan Poe. — *Mobile Register.*

"My Soul's at the Gate" is the title of a piece of music. He had better be careful, or he may find the old man's sole at the gate, too, some of these fine evenings.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who by honest industry had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave "Success to Forgery."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. V. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1881. No. 1.

ALL she (the Church) asks is an open field and freedom to act. She asks no patronage from the civil power. In former times and places she has asked it; and, as Protestantism also, has availed herself of the civil sword. It is true she did so, because in certain ages it has been the acknowledged mode of acting, the most expeditious, and open at the time to no objection, and because where she has done so, the people clamored for it and did it in advance of her; but her history shows that she needed it not, for she has extended and flourished without it. — *Cardinal Newman.*

HOW THE YOUNG IDEA SHOOTS.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

THERE seems to be coming upon the country a sickening conviction that our common-school system is a failure. The "New England Journal of Education," which is by far the ablest advocate of the "people's colleges," draws a painful picture of "our boys," who are described as savages in the midst of civilization, without the redeeming qualities of the savage *pur et simple*, — courage and manliness. Richard Grant White ascribes directly to public-school education the presence in our country of a type of ignorant, brutal, and lazy youthfulness, which is without a parallel in the rest of the world. Tax-payers grumble at the enormous cost of an education which does not educate, and statesmen point to the last Presidential election as resulting from causes anything but intelligent. History shows us that the downfall of the Greek and Roman commonwealths was directly traceable to demagogism, and to the inability of the people to understand or appreciate the boon of liberty. We long have placed our confidence in that popular education which a republic, to be enduring, necessarily requires. To secure this education to the people, without distinction of creed, nationality, or condition, the nation has been lavish of money. Who cares about money, when the very existence of our country depends upon the intelligence of its citizens? The ballot-box is the heart of the Republic. At the last election, at which a new generation since the civil war voted, there was abundant evidence that the new generation knew less about the governmental questions involved than did those old fogies who never pretended to such knowledge. It is humiliating to think that a brass band is more effective than acquaintance with constitutional law, and that the only ideas in the heads of the majority of "young voters" were, on the one hand, that Mr. Garfield was a Crédit Mobilier (whatever that was), and that the Democracy was, more terrible still, a Ku-Klux. Such demagogues as Conkling kept up the school-boy shout about secession, and Democratic orators roared incessantly about gigantic frauds.

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Of course we could not hold the American people blamable for their political vagaries, if there was little or no education. *They* are not to be blamed, but their popular education is manifestly inadequate to train a nation of freemen. No other country under the sun would put up with the ignorance and incompetency which mark our civil-service list. And if this ignorance is to continue, what is the use of popular education at all? ask the most thoughtful men. Why not have done with the whole farce, and let education take care of itself? We spend more public money in this line than would pay the national debt in a few years, and colleges and universities are more heavily endowed than any other institutions. We are tired of hearing the Americans talked of as the most highly educated people in the world, when, for a republic, we are just the reverse. Indeed, if history furnishes any forecast, the fate of the ancient Greek and Roman, and of the mediæval republics seems to be in reserve for ourselves. Such a terrible fate — the fall from liberty to despotism — may, however, be averted from this country, — not by its American-born citizens, unless they learn to know their country better, but by the foreign-born, who have tasted the bitterness of tyranny. The once down-trodden natives of Ireland, Germany, Russia, and Italy would die in their tracks before they would suffer our country to drift into an empire or a monarchy, — those baleful names which, in the ancient Roman republic, it was death to utter. These men *know* what tyranny is. They have felt the lash, and it grieves and mortifies them to hear flippant young Americans talk about "foreign influence," and attribute to them the sentiments which it implies. If Americans disliked royalty, imperialism, or "state religions" one hundredth part as bitterly as "foreigners" hate them, there would be no danger to the Republic. It was the parsons that started the war against Mr. Grace of New York, a nominee for the mayoralty. Catholics throughout the world in all ages have suffered too much from "state religions" to wish even the true one to be united with the state.

The supreme purpose for which our common-school education exists is to fit the future citizen for the franchise. This is its only legitimate aim; and if it fails in this, the chief object of its existence, it must be held to be worthless The public school was not intended by its founders to teach religion, or the higher sciences. It was to be the nursery of freemen. All its studies should be directed to that goal. As it is, there is a multiplicity of studies, but no direct training in the principles of American political life. From the very first day on which a boy begins to read, teachers should be obliged to direct his attention to the nature and peculiarities of his country's government. His reading lessons should be taken from American oratory. His very grammar should consist of sentences from the writings of the great constitutionalist statesmen and jurists. The whole drift of his studies should thus tend to at least *one* result, the making of an intelligent American citizen. At present he leaves school with a *farrago* of learned scraps, and in a few years comes to the polls, with a ballot shoved into his hand by a pot-house politician. We have no hesitation in saying that a large proportion of

American-born voters, with nothing but a common-school education, use the franchise less intelligently than naturalized citizens, who *know* what government is, and the very fact of whose naturalization almost invariably implies a degree of thought and comparison. The public school does not teach its pupils how to act as citizens.

It is surprising that in the endless disputes about the public school, this salient point and purpose of its existence is missed. Educators wrangle about the methods of study, the best system of penmanship, the quality of blackboards, and the use of the rod, but they do not settle upon the *raison d'être*, — this school is designed to teach youth what as citizens they are to do. It is said that in savage tribes decoration always comes before dress. An Ojibway Indian thinks more of his paint, tattoo, and feathers than of his blanket. So, the public school attaches importance to a dozen irrelevant studies, neglecting the one essential. The study of the American Constitution seems a far-off and abstract science compared with a drilling in etymology, which the youth will forget long before his majority. The religious question is a continual source of contention. Meanwhile, the boy might as well be a Turk for all he learns about the government which is to be upheld and perpetuated by his intelligent appreciation of it. The enactments of Legislatures are so wretchedly obscure that judges are in a continual frenzy when they have to decide the meaning of their slipshod wording. Yet the majority of our Legislatures is composed of men who were educated in the common schools. They pass these ambiguous laws frequently without thought. No species of composition requires such exactness and clearness of diction as a law. And did not the Presidential election of 1876 issue in a crisis which the vague language of electoral enactments only helped to make more complicated? Practically, our government is handed over to only one class, the legal, who have to make special studies in that which every citizen might have been taught to know; and when a caste, no matter how intellectual, gets hold of a republic, it is doomed. Even men of great wealth are singularly ignorant of governmental powers, as was shown by the painful confusion of thought touching the question of tariff. How very few, even acute business men, know aught about political economy?

The plain fact is that the country is loudly calling upon the public schools to "show up." It costs as much to the public to educate one pupil, as would give that pupil a collegiate training. The system, however, must be maintained, but it must be thoroughly reorganized. As long as the state has undertaken to train its children, she has a right to exact good citizenship from them. The introduction of the religious question is to be deprecated, but this could easily be settled if those denominations that object to the public school, on conscientious grounds, would guarantee to the state a good type of citizenship equal at least in point of civil instruction to the pupilage of the state schools. The Catholics and the Hebrews are perfectly willing to have their schools placed under state supervision, and to show good work for the state appropriation. These religionists are, we believe, the only ones

that object to the public school, on the ground of conscience. All the evangelical Protestants are enthusiastic advocates for the system, and consequently there need be no breaking up of the school. Now, we think it reasonable that, as proficiency in the knowledge of the government, general laws, and history of the Republic is the only test which the state wants or asks, together with the inculcation of obedience to its laws, no outrageous claim is made by Catholics or Jews in demanding their proportion of the school fund. The whole matter is a simple contract. The state says, I want intelligent citizens. The Church answers, Here they are, and you may rigorously examine them. If you fear that I have taught them to hate or to undermine you, I shall ask them any questions you please, to bring out such teaching if it exists.

De Tocqueville was thoroughly disgusted with our ridiculous pretences to teach our school children everything. Realizing that democracy is wholly dependent upon training the people in civil and political science, he justly thought it a waste of time to cram every "ology" into the heads of boys, the majority of whom would have to go to a trade or to business after a few years. The elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic having been mastered, the study of government should be at once taken up, for this is all that the Republic demands. Very few parents can afford to keep their children at school past their fourteenth year; yet this is the stage in their school life when they begin parroting the Constitution. The primary divisions are handed over to dull teachers, on the principle that anybody can teach the alphabet. Should a boy be so unfortunate as to remain until he is nineteen or twenty, he is to be pitied indeed. He has lost the chance to learn a good trade, and the professions are overcrowded. The pupil himself is disappointed, and in the majority of cases the state is disappointed. Our citizens are at the mercy of demagogues and newspapers whenever a political question is agitated, and we are never sure of our rulers. A state school ought to *be* a state school or cease to exist.

If our readers think that we are exaggerating the political ignorance of that portion of the community educated at the common schools, we refer him to the list of studies prescribed in the curriculum, to the testimony of such educators as Horace Mann, and to the work of Bishop Potter, "The School and the Schoolmaster." We know that there are manuals treating of the American Constitution, but the study is not taken up until a late stage in the training. The majority of school-boys leave school without knowing the most elementary principles of the government of their country. The despots of Europe manage better. The Russians are taught that the Tsar is God on earth; the English, that the king can do no wrong; and so of the others. Our boys leave without any definite idea, and it is only in mature life, if at all, that they scrape up some right principles of government. Thus is the Republic defrauded.

We have dwelt upon this aspect of the school question, for, after all, it is the only one that is logically viewable. No one of common-sense ever

thought that our popular education had anything to do with morality. It is adverse to any positive ethical system, though in this regard we think its bad influence has been exaggerated. In spite of Dr. Arnold and all the palavering of Tom Hughes, Rugby school was morally a hell on earth. Dr. Arnold himself admits that he had absolutely no power to prevent hideous and unnamable species of immorality. But there is little moral harm, comparatively speaking, done by our common-school system, because the children are greatly under parental control. Neither church nor school can do much for a child whose parents are indifferent to his conduct. It is unfair to charge the teacher with the consequences of parental neglect.

The pernicious effects of public-school education are mainly negative. Religion is more of a drill than most people imagine. Then, too, there is the undisguised reluctance to religious instruction, just as strong in the youth as in many adults. There is no study so dry and tiresome to the average boy as the catechism. It is astonishing how quickly he will take to almost any other study. Unless thoroughly drilled in this, day by day, he will never learn the rudiments of his faith. The same applies to most religious knowledge. The reason is, apart from the sad consequences of the fall, that God is not known to the human mind as an intuition, or as St. Thomas put it, *per se, sed quoad nos*. The plainest explanation of divine things slips from the youthful and even the mature mind. So true is this that we find it almost impossible to prepare children for first communion in places where there is no daily Catholic school. Every Sunday-school teacher can bear testimony to the inconceivable difficulty of catechetical instruction. Yet these boys will retain, without difficulty, the names and scores of a dozen base-ball clubs. They know their secular lessons well. The catechism is not hard compared with memorizing arithmetical rules. It is morally impossible for public-school children to learn even the theory of our holy faith, and this fact ought to make the Catholic advocates of public education pause.

Speaking broadly, it is better for Catholics to have schools of their own. We know how difficult it is to get Catholic parents to understand this. It is painful to saddle the poor people with a school and an educational tax. We do not deny that we cannot compete with the fully equipped state school, which, meanly enough, is built and furnished with our money. We cannot afford to pay handsome salaries to teachers, and we know that talent demands and obtains a very high price. We know, too, that the state will continue to refuse our application for a share of the fund. The state is aware that it can refuse anything to Catholics on this score, for it knows that we value education more highly than itself; and that if there were no schools at all in the country, the Church would found them. Priests who cannot build school-houses should not be too hastily judged. They may be located in places in which they can directly superintend the religious education of the children. In some parishes, particularly in rural parts, the whole school, including the schoolmistress, is Catholic. Then, there is so little permanency of residence for the Catholic population of certain places, that to build a school-house in

them would be foolishness itself. Yet when this necessity arises, no people are more anxious to build and to support a school than our Catholics. It is a special glory of the Church in the United States. Should we increase in wealth and numbers, there will be no difficulty in building up a splendid educational system of our own, and it is the general conviction of the clergy that it is our duty to further this idea. A church without a school insensibly decays. The priest can only in part know his flock. Nor should he spare any means, even if he has to teach in person, to remove from the people the ignorant impression that their children in the parish school "don't learn nothin'." The complainants generally "don't know nothin'" themselves, and these are always the dangerous ones.

The public schools are now threatened with danger from their once earnest advocates. If the American is roused, especially if he thinks you are fooling and cheating him, he is apt "to make the fur fly." Dr. Barnard's "Report on the National Education of Europe" opens our eyes uncomfortably wide. Here we have been clubbing learning into our boys' heads for a century, at an expense, and with a general result in nothing, over which European educators have been splitting their sides with laughter. Parsons have taken it upon themselves to say that the system is the bulwark of Christianity, though we won't allow any religion to be taught in it; and the state, fondly dreaming of the high intelligence of its citizens, hears aghast that the boys spend their time reading dime novels, occasionally relieving the mental tension by practising a clog dance which they hope will win the championship of the world.

EMPLOYMENT.

The following just sentiment was uttered by Daniel Webster, in a speech in the Senate of the United States. It should be held in everlasting remembrance: "Sir, I say it is employment that makes the people happy. Sir, this great truth ought never to be forgotten; it ought to be placed upon the title-page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to be placed in every farmer's magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness — and I admit the high usefulness — of cheap food; notwithstanding that, the great truth should be proclaimed everywhere, should be made into a proverb if it could, that where there is work for the hands and the men, there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment, there will be bread. And in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good, — a country like ours, where, with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment there is always great willingness for labor. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses, good clothing, good food, and the means of educating their families; and if they have good houses, and good clothing, and good food, and means of educating their children from their labor, that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a contented and happy people."

OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND GEOLOGICAL NOTES OF IRELAND.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FORMATION AND LOCALITIES OF ITS MINERAL RESOURCES WITH AN ADDENDA, CONTAINING DISINTEGRATION OF ROCK, ANTIQUITY OF THE EARTH, CLIMATIC CHANGES OF THE EARTH, SUPPOSED ANTIQUITY OF MAN, AND THE AUTHOR'S CONCLUDING NOTE.

William Hughes, Dublin.

PREFACE.

UNTIL a recent date, geology has been a sealed book, the knowledge of which was attainable only by the few, scientific terms so much abounded in its teachings, and given in bulky volumes, as to render it unapproachable by the many. To begin from the beginning, and to adopt a plain and concise mode of conveying information upon its most salient points, shall be my endeavor, which, I trust, will be appreciated by those for whom the following pages are intended.

The demand for the first and second editions of this book has considerably exceeded my anticpiations; possibly this may be accounted for by the favorable opinions expressed towards it by all sections of the press throughout Ireland, whether deservedly or not. I am, therefore, induced again to reproduce it with considerable additions; and in order to render it more complete, and the more familiarly to explain the origin of all mineral formations, I think it necessary to refer to the condition of the earth previous to the creation of man, as, beginning from this source, the rudiments of geology are with greater facility rendered intelligible to those previously unacquainted with it.

Before proceeding to this, I would remark that up to, and even in the beginning of the present century, there were people who imagined that stones grew. Their classification had not then even been attempted by the learned in lithology either in England, France, or Germany. Men of science asserted there was life in stones, and that they could be cultivated like vegetable products if they could only ascertain the germs which originated them; however, the researches of the modern school dissipated all these monstrous absurdities,* and we have begun to learn that although the English language is wanting in expression, the divisions and subdivisions of the igneous and aqueous formations of the earth by words of Greek derivation is not sufficient to scare the general public from investigations of the science. †

The eruption of volcanic matter, the cooling down and subsidence thereof,

* Every one knows that Voltaire's opinions were invariably ridicule of Scripture, and that his every idea was prejudiced from this cause. All his ingenuity was employed to oppose the Mosaic account of the creation and the Deluge; for instance, he asserts that the shells discovered in Alpine regions are simply freaks of nature, or else they were carried thither by pilgrims from Syria. Therefore, so much for the opinions of men of science of the last century.

† "Towards the close of the eighteenth century, Pallas and Saussure were the first who formed the idea of distinguishing the mineral masses of our globe, and separating them into groups." Lyell's "Geology," Vol. I., Chap. III., page 61. Werner, at an earlier period, invented the terms "grauwacke," "gneiss," and others, from his native German, and these names still pass current. Smith, 1790, affixed Anglo-Saxon provincial terms to several formations, as "gault," "cornbrash," etc.; but it remained for the Geological Society of London, founded 1807, to become the pioneer of the present system of classification of rock. The nomenclature of the later systems is due to Sir Charles Lyell, as eocene, miocene, pliocene, and post-pliocene, all compounded of Greek words, signifying "earliest new," "less new," "more new," and "after more new."

the wearing away by the action of the atmosphere of the primary rocks, and the deposition of their débris under water, forming what is known as sedimentary rock, is perhaps sufficiently explained in the following chapters, and needs no special reference here; therefore I will only direct attention to the fact that this planet has existed for indefinite time, long and long before the human race was called into existence: and although, to some, the theory may appear not in accordance with Scripture, it on the contrary compels us the more fully to believe in it, and the more to reverence the power of that Divine Being who, through successive changes of this earth's surface, at length fitted it as the abode of his image, man.

These teachings many will consider not strictly orthodox; but it is to be remembered the simple Scriptural account of the creation was written not for the scientific but for the ordinary conception of the human race, and that it was altogether needless to inform them what previous changes had taken place in the world they were formed for. The six days of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis may or may not be figurative, for it was equally in the power of Him who created all things to renovate the earth and its surroundings in hours, much less in days. There are limits to all human knowledge, and this is one: the mind of man cannot grasp what is sealed from him by his Maker.

The stupendous works of the ancient Egyptians, their excavations for foundations of pyramids, their temples, their canals and tanks, their quarrying for the different materials used in the construction thereof, as also for their monoliths, afforded them facilities for geological information of which few nations or peoples have had opportunity; hence it is not surprising they early became acquainted with the previous conditions of the earth. In modern works, — railway cuttings, tunnelling, and mining explorations, — far greater depths than the ancients ever contemplated have been arrived at, and have afforded much more extensive information than they obtained; still it is singular that the discoveries of the present day are only confirmations of what had been taught considerably over two thousand years ago.

Egyptian cosmogony * was adopted by the Greeks, and engrafted upon the "Institutes of Menù," the sacred volume of the Hindoos; but perhaps the information of the latter was more particularly derived from traditionary accounts of the Deluge and the volcanic eruptions occasionally desolating parts of Asia.

That the age of the earth dates back so far into infinite existence as to seem to those who have studied its history an eternity of the past, is agreed; and also that it was in its earlier periods the theatre of teeming life, both vegetable and animal, over and over again renewed through successive terms of destruction and renovation, records of which are inscribed in indelible characters in the vast catacombs of fossil remains which present themselves to the view of the geologist; while its flora and fauna, varying with each of these phases of its history, yet preserved so plainly, and presenting so faithfully lines of demarcation drawn between them, as to make easily discoverable their different periods of existence; while a retrospect of the time illimitable necessary to produce them not only teaches but fully confirms the theory above given.

Thus it has been discovered that previous to the creation of man, this earth, as mentioned in the following pages, was subjected to repeated changes; that thousands of years intervened between them, and that each completely destroyed all vegetable and animal life, or, as geology calls it, "the flora and fauna" of former periods; that glacial and tropical periods intervened, until at length Divine Wisdom fitted it for an abode, and created for it man.

* Prichard's Egypt. Mythol., page 177.

It is ascertained with the greatest approach to probability, if not with exact certainty, that since vegetable and animal life has existed, at least twenty-nine different destructions and reorganizations of the earth's surface have taken place, which consequently made various changes in the distribution of land and water: what was land in one geological age became the beds of seas in another, and *vice versa;* and to this we are indebted for being enabled to prove the former duration of the earth, and also to tell that four great convulsions preceded the introduction of life on the surface of this globe.

The vast intervals of time which elapsed between each destruction of the earth's surface and its renovation are divided into six different periods, or ages (which farther on are described at greater length), thus: Azoic, Palæozoic, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary; which are again subdivided into stages, and these stages contain the successive depositions of the mineral strata deposited during their periods.

The first, Azoic, as its name implies, is wholly destitute of all traces of organic life, and contains several groups of strata resting upon the igneous rocks; therefore it is concluded this formation was produced before life in any form existed upon earth.

The second is called Palæozoic, in which the first traces of organic life in fossil remains appear; and in this are five distinct stages, each containing different deposits showing widely different ages of existence, and different types of flora and fauna from those which preceded them.

In like manner the Triassic consists of two such stages, the Jurassic of ten, the Cretaceous of seven, and the Tertiary of five, making twenty-nine in all, each of these representing so many different renovations of the surface of the earth.

In the following pages I have confined myself, in a great measure, to the original and great natural divisions of rock, as granite, slate, sandstone, limestone, lava, and trap, all of which are subdivided into numerous varieties, either according to their contact with igneous matter, or from the age of their deposition, or the names of the localities where they most abundantly occur; but all these different groups are comprised in one or other of these stages, and it is apparent that long periods intervened between their several formations, and also that all sedimentary rocks must have been, age after age, either the bed of the ocean, or of lacustrine formation, at one time upraised and forming dry land, at another depressed and covered over by water, and this process repeated again and again at various periods. Veins of igneous rock have violently protruded through them, sometimes forming conical and peak-like summits, or poured over them in tabular masses, thus accounting for the change of structure and total loss of all traces of stratification in many * These protrusions, where occurring with more than ordinary violence, have uplifted the strata overlying them, and formed the great mountain ranges of the globe, displacing the waters and producing new ocean-beds, where previously had been dry land, destroying life in every form wherever their influences reached; and it is to be supposed — and is certainly within the bonnds of probability — that when man's period shall have been fulfilled, similar agencies will again destroy the earth, and perhaps the Creator of all things

* These are called metamorphic rocks, by which name all deposits coming into immediate contact with igneous rocks are known. The name is derived from two Greek words, signifying "transform," because in these instances the entire nature of sedimentary rocks is altered, and they have been made to assume, sometimes dark and sometimes lustrous colors, and new substances are either engendered or introduced, as talc, mica, etc., into their texture, and in this way the talcose and micaceous schists have been formed.

will again repeople it with another race, as far superior to man as he is to the baboon and ape who preceded him in former conditions and ages of its existence. For it has been thus throughout all time: the inferior orders of creation were the first called into existence; new orders, age after age, succeeded them, each with more highly developed powers; and as Scripture teaches that this world of ours (of whose previous history we could form no conception except through geological discoveries) will be destroyed, it is no stretch of imagination, judging from analogies of the past, to think that it will again be the scene of life of far higher organization than we can form ideas of.

WILLIAM HUGHES.

NOTE. — In referring to the creation of the world in the preceding, I have stated, "The six days of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis may or may not be figurative"; however, it might be, days in this instance are not used exactly in their literal meaning, and could be interpreted as periods. There was a tradition extant amongst the Jews that, as the world was created in six days, and a rest appointed for the seventh, so it was intended by its Creator to last for 6,000 years, after which it should enjoy a rest of 1,000 years under the reign of the Messiah.

Many texts of Scripture tend to confirm this tradition; but with regard to the interpretation of the word "days," perhaps the most remarkable example is the following: —

"But of one thing be not ignorant, my beloved, that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." — 2 Peter iii. 8.

CHAPTER I.

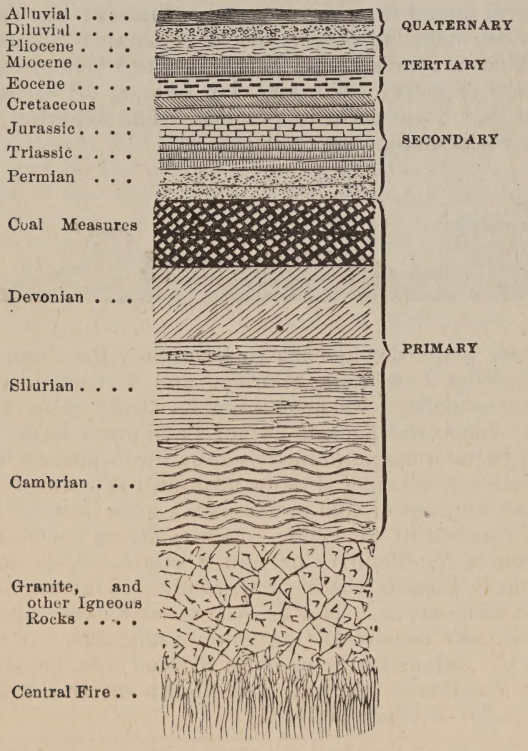
Preliminary Remarks — Water and Ice — Strata — Theory of the Origin of Igneous Rocks — Deposition of Sedimentary Strata — Distribution of Stone.

THAT this island of ours has been subjected to numerous and violent changes of its surface during ages and ages of bygone time is fully admitted by all authorities. The restless ocean wave and the gigantic billows of the Atlantic have rolled and foamed for more than one period and for immeasurably long ages over its greatest heights. The volcanic forces of the earth have, on numerous occasions, exerted their producing and destroying influences. The desolating mantle of the polar regions has, over and over again, enveloped it in icy covering, while at intervals, tropical summer pervaded it from north to south and from east to west. A temperate clime at length prevailed, and finally it began to assume something like its present varied and picturesque aspect; for this we are wholly indebted to the denuding influences of water, whether in the form of river torrents, ocean waves, snow, or ice. Water, in its congealed state, has left its imprint even to this day on the summits and declivities of our highest mountains, where bold bluffs have, in very numerous instances, been ground down and polished into smooth surfaces, which still glitter in the broad sheen of the noonday sun; in others, grooved, scored, and striated, they remain faithful and unerring records of their own past history; many of their tops have been sculptured into dome-like shapes, then rain has mellowed and softened down their original rude outline. Titanic masses of rock have been transported more than a thousand feet above the sea level, and similar blocks lie scattered broadcast over the valleys and the plains, and sometimes embedded profusely in the soil. Inland seas, deep gorges, river beds, and picturesque caverns have been hollowed out by the same influences; estuaries and arms of the sea, wildly beautiful overhanging cliffs and pinnacled rocks, have been formed by the furious onslaught of the impetuous wave. Therefore it is to the agency of water we must attribute all the scenic attractions of which Ireland may well boast; but for its general outline, its petrological and argillaceous forms, we are indebted to the succes-

sive changes it has undergone during an infinity of time, and which we have entered into more fully with regard to Ireland, and the earth generally, in accompanying Addenda, in order that the first principles of geology may be made easily intelligible, as it is solely for the uninitiated inquirer these pages have been written. But while they profess principally to treat upon the general formation and localities of Irish mineral resources, it is to be hoped that the information they convey may prove interesting to all who are anxious to become acquainted with the first rudiments of one of the most instructive and useful of sciences, as well as the main geological features of Ireland; for after all, this study has but one tale to tell to those who wish to learn the history of the earth, its teachings being in the main uniform over the entire globe. Yet there are differences, but only as regarding greater volcanic influences in one region more than another; still, each and all are but exponents of the infinite power and majesty of Him who has created our little sphere and its gorgeous surroundings.

To examine a section of country in which its formation can be readily explained is not often possible. True it is, we have in the gorges of mountain torrents and in the cliffs of mountains, sectional areas laid bare of greater or less magnitude; but these are generally so overgrown with tangled brushwood and fern as to be undistinguishable, except to the practical geologist.

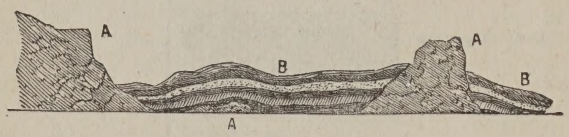
SECTION OF THE TERRESTRIAL CRUST, SHOWING THE DIFFERENT FORMATIONS FROM THE MOST RECENT TO THE MOST ANCIENT.



In railway cuttings we have examples (although upon a small scale) of beds of different strata occasionally disposed horizontally, but generally inclined,

in consequence of primitive rocks protruding through them. If it were practicable to arrive at a sectional cutting of the surface of a country which had never been disturbed, we would find it in the following order: First, mould at the surface; below it, beds of clay of varying thickness and tenacity, sometimes interspersed with bowlders; then sand and gravel; underneath which, stratified rock; and, beneath all, the primitive or igneous rocks. But a horizontal section like this could not be, from the constitution of the earth. The primitive rocks we generally find at the surface and in most elevated positions. Modern geology teaches us that this globe of ours was once a fluid mass in a state of igneous fusion, in which condition its centre still continues. At the period which this refers to, portions of its interior were propelled to its surface as they now are by volcanic action, which by degrees gradually cooled down and formed themselves into a crust, of which granite and the other igneous rocks are the representatives; and when cooled down, that by condensation of the surrounding atmosphere it became one vast ocean. Convulsion upon convulsion followed, by which mountain and dry land were reared over the surface of the waters; and if this be correct,* we must impute the formation of all other rocks to the disintegration of the first crust of the earth.

In the Preface to this edition we have described the periods into which the older and newer formations of rocks are divided: The Azoic, the Palæozoic, Triassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary. In accompanying plate, the Azoic is represented by the igneous rocks, the Palæozoic by the Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, and coal measures, which are called Primary; the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous are next in order, and denominated Secondary. Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene represent the Tertiary, over which are the Alluvial and Diluvial, composed of gravel, sand, and clay, forming the surface of the earth; but in this order they never occur in practice. The following diagram shows how the igneous rocks disrupt the sedimentary.



Referring to our plate, the igneous rocks occupy the lowest position, and ascending we find the Cambrian, Silurian, and Devonian, called Primary. The term Cambrian derives its name from its strata being the oldest rock visible in North Wales, the ancient Cambria; Silurian is derived from these rocks occupying parts of England inhabited by the Silures, a tribe of ancient Britons; Devonian implies the old red sandstone rock, which is abundant in Devonshire; carboniferous or coal measures are also included in the Primary formation, and consists of limestone, shale, grit, and coal seams. In the Secondary system is the Permian or newer sandstone, so named from the province of Perm, in Russia, where Sir R. Murchison investigated its nature, and from this its name arises. The Triassic is subdivisible into three groups, whence the name, and consists of the newer sandstone, red marls, and thin beds of limestone. Jurassic: the name is derived from the Jura Mountains, where this rock abundantly occurs; it is known under the term Oölite, of which a great number of varieties exist.

* Scripture teaches this theory thus: "And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved over the waters." (Gen. i. 2.) "God also said, Let the waters that are under the heavens be gathered together in one place: and let dry land appear. And it was so done." (Gen. i. 9)

We now come to the Tertiary series, and of these the Eocene, as its name indicates, is the oldest, and contains the smallest proportion of existing fossil species. It comprises gypsum, *calcaire grossier*, or coarse limestone and London clay. The Miocene includes a lower and a more recent deposit in which the newer sandstones are comprised. The Pliocene is known as white and red crags, — a shelly freestone, being a large admixture of fossil, shells, and gravel, united by calcareous matter. The Alluvial and Diluvial require no explanation.

That countless ages elapsed during the formation of the successive beds of stratified rock is apparent when we recognize the slow agencies by which similar effects are now produced. As we have before mentioned, the igneous rocks were at different periods upheaved, and as each convulsion necessarily produced corresponding changes in the disposition of the waters of the ocean, the dry land previously formed was overflowed; and this, with the grinding of ice sheets and wearing away by the action of rain, together with continuous thaw in the higher altitudes, caused the detritus to be carried away and held in suspension by water. The heavier particles subsided, and the lighter formed other deposits over them. These are the Cambrian and Silurian rocks, the first of stratified formation; and we invariably find them bearing traces of combination with igneous matter. These were again upheaved, or partially so, and worn away in their turn, until they became the foundation of limestones and marbles, whose component parts are simply a deposit of terrestrial substances, with an immense intermixture of fossil product of marine origin.

The formation of sandstone is easily shown. It is the detritus of former rocks carried into the sea; and any one standing upon a beach, beholding wave after wave depositing layers of sand, sees it going on at the present. It is only necessary that this beach should be submerged and subjected to the pressure of water to produce sandstone.

It needs no great stretch of imagination to prove that, at some period of geological history, Ireland was divided into two distinct islands; and at another more remote that it consisted of a series of islands, formed by some of the present mountain ranges. That these now form our most elevated districts is verified by the presence of ancient sea-beaches and deposits of marine shells approaching the summits of many; while it is palpable to the most casual observer, from the present appearance of the greater portion of the central plain of Ireland, particularly the counties Galway and Westmeath, that the waves of the Atlantic flowed for ages over them, the limestone formation cropping out upon the surfaces worn by wave marks, while the deposit of bowlders with large and small stones of pebbly origin incontestably proves the former scene of an ocean bed, as we have shown in the beginning of this chapter.

Although time illimitable has since then elapsed, it may not be uninteresting here to show that numerous instances of the alternate elevation and depression of the earth's surface within historic times have occurred; but perhaps one of the most remarkable examples is that of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, of which three columns are still standing at their original full height upon the shore of the bay of Baiæ, near Naples. There is sufficient evidence to show that the building — a quadrangular structure of forty-six columns in its original shape, the foundations of which can still be traced — stood some distance above high-water mark; and from inscriptions yet remaining, recording its embellishment, that it was erected at the commencement of the third century. In 1530, it is described as being covered by the sea; eight years later the coast line of Baiæ was again raised twenty feet, with a tract of six hundred feet in breadth, and the building re-elevated to its former position. (*Vide* Lyell's "Principles of Geology," Vol. I., Chap. XXV., page 522.)

No doubt the most extraordinary instance of volcanic action in recent times is the elevation of the Jorulla Mountain a few miles west of the city of Mexico, where a tract of from three to four miles square, occupied as a farm by M. Jorulla, was, on the 29th of September, 1759, with little previous notice, lifted up in a single night into a mountain 1,600 feet over the plain. Jorulla's farm was destroyed, but the mountain bears his name, which will possibly be perpetuated until the end of time.

That there has been a depression which formed Lough Neagh is certain, but we cannot adopt the tradition so beautifully alluded to by Moore in the lines —

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,"

although it has been partially verified by modern scientific research; therefore it possibly may have some foundation in truth from the volcanic evidences of the entire of Ulster.

Lough Neagh is traditionally stated to have been formed by an irruption of the sea in the year 62; but it is obviously formed by the confluence of the Blackwater, Upper Bann, and other rivers. That its bed and that of the adjoining lake (Lough Beg) may, at a remote period of Irish history, have been partially dry land is not at all inconsistent with this belief, because their only outlet is the Lower Bann, which is obstructed by weirs, many of them large masses of bowlder carried down at remote periods by floods, and deposited in its course. The ordinary level of Lough Neagh is forty-eight feet above the sea at low water; Lough Beg is fifteen inches lower; therefore an irruption of the sea without a depression of their present beds, of which we have no record within historic times, is not likely to have occurred. However, according to Mr. Hardman, of the Geological Survey, it is to a depression of the surface from faults occurring in the underlying strata the origin of the lake is due; therefore we have some faith in the poetic fancy of Thomas Moore. Mr. Hardman, we feel assured, is perfectly correct in his views; but referring to the tradition,

"The round towers of other days,"

we have Scripture history to tell of the submergence of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha, which stood upon the plains of Jordan, "well watered everywhere as the garden of the Lord like the land of Egypt." This plain of Jordan is now depressed 1,312 feet below the waters of the Mediterranean, and covered over by the Dead Sea. Gen. xix. tells us the "Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrha brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven." No doubt this was volcanic action discharged from the earth; for, as we find further in v. 28, "Ashes rise up from the earth as the smoke of a furnace." The surface now occupied by Lough Neagh may have had a milder form of depression, and perhaps both Thomas Moore and Mr. Hardman are correct in their ideas.

A great portion of the elevated heights of Leinster, Ulster, and parts of the coast-line of Galway and Donegal consist of granite; the entire central and portions of the southern districts lying at a lower level are of limestone, and form the great limestone plain of Ireland, occasionally interspersed with sandstone and numerous bowlders; while the southern ranges, with part of the southeastern, are of sandstone and clay slate. Carrantoul, the highest mountain in Ireland, is of the former formation, and so also are many of the mountainous districts of the west; while several of the headlands of Kerry, also Mangerton, Macgillicuddy, and the Glengarriff (Cork) mountains — presenting some of the boldest, most diversified, and picturesque scenery in this island — are of the latter.

To be continued.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE WAR.

The toils were pitched; a spacious tract of ground
With expert huntsmen was encompassed round;
The enclosure narrowed; the sagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
Dryden.

"As far as regarded myself alone, my life was now serene and peaceful. My position was really a sinecure. Except to attend on the countess and her governess, Madam Grondè, when they drove out, and wait on them at table, and perform a few other light offices of my station, I had absolutely nothing to do. The greater part of the day was generally at my own disposal; I was consequently able to watch closely all the public events, and I was to a great extent witness of the terrible scenes which I am about to relate.

"It was not long before the countess discovered my true character and rank. But young as she was, she yet possessed sufficient prudence and discretion to keep up the outward show of mistress and servant before all except Madam Grondè. Often, however, when they two were alone, she would on some pretext or another summon me to the reception-room to state some of the deeds and sufferings of the Royalist army. With rapt attention she listened while I spoke. Her face would glow with enthusiasm when I described a brilliant victory, and its expression become sorrowful when I told of a disastrous defeat. She was deeply affected by the history of Larochejacquelein, and shed many tears for his untimely death. Often she would invite me to join in the evening prayers, an exercise to which she dared not summon the servants of the house. From Madam Grondè I learned the history of both Madeline and her uncle.

"He and her father, Count du Brurier, were only brothers. At an early age they both entered the service of the king. The count, when a young married man, set out with the expedition under Lafayette, leaving his wife and infant daughter under the care of his brother at home, and lost his life in fighting for the colonies in their war of independence. The countess, his wife, did not long survive him, and the young Madeline was thus left an orphan at the age of four or five years. Her uncle, upon whom her care now entirely devolved, placed her first in a Parisian convent, and when the religious orders were suppressed by the Convention, and the nuns were obliged to fly from their convents to escape the horrors of the Revolution, he placed her in the security of a retired Breton château, under the care of Madam Grondè, far away from the scenes of the terrible period that ensued. He himself, ardently attached to the principles of Lafayette, had on the breaking out of the Revolution espoused his policy; and after the flight of that nobleman, he joined the party of Dumourier, in whose army he served, and was always anxious, did the general so determine, to march on Paris, and by force of arms restore the monarchy. After the desertion of Dumourier to the Allies, the execution of the king, and establishment of the Girondists, although no admirer of the principles of the Republic, he still continued with the army, and served in all the campaigns on the Rhine. His regiment had recently received orders to move to Nantes to strengthen the army of La Vendée; but ere he departed from the Rhine, he sent instructions to a brother officer to secure, at Nantes, apartments suited to the position and station of his niece, whom he proposed to send before him to that city. The countess arrived at her destination a week before the colonel, who at her first meeting told her of a page he had secured for her service, and it was on the next evening that I was introduced at her house. 'Though, unhappily,' said Madam Grondè in conclusion, 'Colonel du Brurier has not escaped the irreligious spirit of the times, he is yet a humane and honorable sol-

dier, and ever disposed to protect religion and its ministers from the fury and outrages of his infidel troops.'

"It was now that Thurreau, with his 'infernal column,' was prosecuting his war of extermination throughout the length and breadth of La Vendée. With twelve divisions he surrounded the borders. The commanders of each he directed to march into the interior, desolate the country right and left through which they passed, carry off all the cattle and corn, burn everything capable of being consumed, and destroy every living being that awaited their approach. Well and faithfully were these orders carried out. Day and night for succeeding weeks the Brocage resembled the crater of some vast volcano, as volumes of flame and smoke continued without intermission to rise from the burning houses, fields, and forests. At night the appearance of the illumined sky, with its blood-red hues showing through the black and rolling clouds of smoke, was terrible in the extreme. Thousands of persons perished in their burning homesteads. Those who were able to fly retreated into the interior, there only to meet with a still worse fate. Day after day closer to them and to each other drew the columns of Thurreau. At the end of a few weeks they had a complete cordon formed round the fugitives, and like to a shoal of fish in the meshes of a net, they had surrounded and enclosed almost everything in La Vendée that had escaped the battle-field, the sword, and the fire. Of the immense crowd of human beings, all that were incapable through age or infirmity of being moved, they massacred; the rest they hurried off to Nantes, where Carrier was sitting in judgment.

"The scenes which followed I can scarcely bring my tongue to tell. The horrors of those times it almost chills my blood to think on. One day, impelled by curiosity, I followed a number of people that were hurrying towards the tribunal, and beheld in the centre of the hall, surrounded by strong guards, about two hundred prisoners that had just been brought in by the 'legion of Marat,' and were now awaiting sentence. There were a few old men amongst them, but the greater number were women and children; most of the latter were mere infants, unconscious of the scene around them, and many of them laughed in innocent glee as they were held up towards the judge by their mothers, who, with heart-rending cries for their sake, besought mercy. Alone, high up upon a bench, sat a man of swarthy complexion. His coarse, long black hair hung loose about his face. His small red eyes shone out from beneath shaggy and beetling brows, and glistened like coals of fire as he gazed upon these suppliants. His face was short and broad, with high cheeks, low forehead, and wide mouth. With a smile that for demoniacal expression could be rivalled only in hell itself, he contemplated the scene of anguish before him. Then, when he had glutted his eyes with the spectacle, he pronounced his judgment. 'To the guillotine with the vipers! So perish the foes of the Republic. But stay; there are too many for the guillotine. Take them in the evening to a field outside the city walls, and shoot them down. It will be glorious sport! I myself shall be present to witness it.' I waited to hear no more. I hurried from the tribunal, and as I rushed down the steps towards the house of the countess, I encountered a sight which only by a miracle my reason survived. Another detachment of the legion of Marat, with a second batch of prisoners, were coming. I stood upon a doorstep to let them pass, and looked eagerly at the captives, many of whom were priests and nobles, and some ladies of rank. As they approached I could distinctly see their faces, and it was then, O God! I recognized among them my father and sister. How I reached home I know not. When I got within the hall I fell

fainting on the floor. With the most anxious solicitude the countess and Madam Grondè sought to revive me. In a few moments I was able to explain to them the cause of my overwhelming sorrow. They deeply sympathized with my distress, but in vain endeavored to assuage my agony. Ever in my thoughts were the words of the judge: 'In the evening outside the town walls!' Were my father and sister to perish there too? I would go there myself and see, and if so, share their fate. In vain my kind friends sought to dissuade me from my rash purpose, and pointed out the extreme danger of the step I meditated. My only answer was, 'If they are to die, I shall die with them.' Long before the appointed time I was at the field. A great crowd had already collected there. The troops were beginning to defile, and those told off for the bloody work to take up their station. After some time, in the distance there appeared a long train of wagons wending their way from the city. As they drew near, the mingled cries and wailings of those inside became audible. Slowly they approached, and one by one entered the fatal circle, and set their burdens down. I approached as near the doomed victims as I could, and eagerly scanned the pale face of each. Cart after cart unloaded its contingent for the sacrifice, and almost with a throb of pleasure I saw the last emptied and depart, for *they* whom I sought were not to die for at least another day. The one great source of dread had so stunned my faculties that I was dead for the time to feelings of pity and compassion for others, and could almost with indifference survey the scene before me; but an incident that occurred near me soon recalled me to my senses. A little child that had escaped from its mother ran towards where the soldiers stood on guard, and grasping the coat of one of them, lisped out as it looked up in his face, 'Where 's father? He went away with men like you, and we cannot find him. Where is he gone?' 'To hell, where you 'll soon follow him!' cried the wretch, making a blow with his sabre at the child. It ran back terrified; the agonized mother caught it to her breast, and returned with it to the crowd of fellow sufferers. I never saw either more.

"Shortly afterwards the sudden booming of cannon resounded on one side of us. On the instant every cheek grew pale, every eye was directed towards those who were awaiting death. But they remained unharmed. It was only a salvo had been fired as the governor of Nantes entered the field. In a carriage drawn by four horses, and arrayed in all the decorations of his office, Carrier drove up. At the first battery of artillery he halted, and in an instant, taking in the positions of the condemned and their executioners, said, 'All is right; now to the work!' The officers in command gave the word. Boom, boom, boom! went the artillery, each discharge followed by a shriek from those within that seemed to rise like a cry for vengeance to the very skies. When the smoke cleared away, what a sight was disclosed! Many of the victims lay dead, some writhing in their mortal agony, but a large number as yet unhurt, the great mingled cry of pain and terror drowning all other sounds. 'At them again!' cried Carrier. 'On with the glorious work! This is a hecatomb we offer on the altar of liberty. In this blood liberty and fraternity shall thrive' Several times the guns were loaded and fired. After an hour of this bloody work the last groan ceased of the dying, and where had stood over two hundred human beings, there remained an undistinguished mass of bruised, mangled flesh and bones. 'We have feasted our eyes for this night,' said a demon, who leaped into the carriage beside Carrier, and they drove away together. It was Joseph Fouché.

"During the month of horror which succeeded, each day saw a fresh sup-

ply of subjects brought in for slaughter. Whilst Thurreau's columns were still devastating the provinces, the legion of Marat were gleaning the country within reach of Nantes, and any that had escaped the hands of Thurreau now fell a prey to them. The prisons were filled to overflowing. For the first week the work of carnage was left to the guillotine and fusillades alone; but these methods of despatch were found to be too tedious, and the infernal genius of Carrier soon devised expedients by means of which he could dispose of his victims by the hundred, and clear out the prison-house at his pleasure. These will be ever known as the noyades of Nantes. Boats were constructed with bottoms in the shape of a trap-door. Into these those destined for death were placed, bound hand and foot to prevent their attempting to swim. The boats then put out into the river, and when they had reached the centre, at the touch of a spring, the floor of each gave way, and their living cargoes sank forever beneath the water. One day I have seen thus a hundred priests perish, on another six hundred children, and on a third three hundred women. Carrier himself often from his gayly decked yacht witnessed these wholesale slaughterings, and listened to the despairing shrieks of the drowning with intense delight. Did any of the citizens seek to intercede for the condemned, his answer ever was the same, 'They are vipers; let them be stifled. Away with them to the noyades, to the fusillades, to the guillotine!'

"Each day at one, the prison gate opened, and those selected for death by the guillotine were brought in carts and conveyed to the place of execution. Similarly in the evening were those intended for the fusillades, whilst those for the noyades were for the most part taken out at dead of night. At such a rate did these butchers proceed, that in Nantes alone the victims under the administration of Carrier amounted to 1,800. You can imagine with what anxiety I watched the prison gates at the hours they opened to send the doomed of each day forth on their fatal journey. I often recognized an old acquaintance on his way to the scaffold, but my father and sister had so far escaped judgment.

"The Loire was now flowing in a crimson stream to the sea; every bend in its course was choked up with dead bodies; every ship that weighed anchor brought up a corpse or a skeleton in its fluke. The fish in the river became poisonous, and were forbidden to be sold. Sharks came up to the town; and eels, that from the long feeding on flesh had increased to a monstrous size, struggled out upon the shore, and contended for their prey with the vulture and the hawk. Sea reptiles such as were never before seen in Nantes crawled up the drains that flowed from the guillotine, and devoured the rats that fed in them on human blood.

"At every toll of the bell I rushed to the prison; my sleep throughout was ever one fevered dream. At every stir, at every noise of the night, I started in affright, believing it was the call of the beloved ones to death. Many deeds of heroism and courage I was witness of, as I followed those condemned to the scene of execution. I have seen young maidens frequently refuse pardon, because the lives of their parents would not be also spared. I remember well seeing one beautiful girl as she approached the river-side, supporting a mother whose tottering steps almost refused their last office. Her beauty seemed to excite the pity which the infirmity of her she assisted failed to move.

"'Come this way, fair maid, and I will save you,' said a young officer who stood near.

"'I will live or die with my mother,' the heroic girl replied, and next moment both sank beneath the waves.

"Many more such instances could I relate, but I hurry on to the final catastrophe.

"It was a burning noon in July, 1794. The day was so excessively hot that every window in the house was thrown open. Few, save those whose duties forced them out, were to be seen in the streets. In my usual agony of mind, I lay in my room on a couch, counting the minutes until the bell should toll the departure of the day's quantum to slaughter. Upon the silence, deep and deathlike, that reigned within and without, there all at once broke a cry that seemed to rend the very skies. My first thought was that a great massacre was intended, and that the scene of the 10th of August was to be again enacted at Nantes. Thousands were running through the street below in the direction of the prison. I was about going down to join them, when my ear caught the words of the cry. Was I delirious? Had the long strain upon it at length affected my attention? Could I be mistaken? No! there it rose again in tones that swelled out high and clear above the commotion. 'Carrier to the guillotine! Death to the tyrant! Carrier to the guillotine! God and country once more!'

"Astounded at what I heard, I rushed into the street and made my way to the Palace of Justice. Carrier was not on the tribunal; an excited populace had taken possession of the court. 'Carrier to the guillotine! Death to the tyrant!' was in everybody's mouth.

"From the tribunal I rushed off to the prisons. Ere I arrived there the gates had been thrown open; and the multitude of captives, who but one hour before dared not cherish the faintest hope of again seeing the outer world, except on their way to death, were now coming forth in crowds, and were being eagerly embraced as they reached the street by the Republican citizens, who, in the sudden reaction in the cause of humanity, and in the frenzy of delight that the massacres were at an end, called the Royalists their brothers and their friends. Numbers were searching for the hiding-place of Carrier; and the column of Marat, dispersed, was flying in all directions from the fury of the exasperated multitude.

"I leave you to imagine the scene on my regaining my father and sister. I led them to the house in triumph, where they were received with joy by the Countess Madeline. After the first intoxicating joy of the happy and most unexpected reunion had somewhat abated, I for the first time thought of inquiring the cause of the extraordinary events of the day.

"You have ere this guessed what follows. At noon the courier had arrived from Paris with news that the Reign of Terror was at an end, that Robespierre and St. Just had perished on the scaffold with many of their subordinates, and that their delegates in the provinces would probably ere long share their fate. The intelligence was at first too astounding to be believed; but when the commissioners of the Convention shortly afterwards arrived with warrants for the arrest of Carrier and Thurreau, the excitement and enthusiasm of the people had manifested itself in the manner I have attempted to describe. All had been surfeited with slaughter; even the most sanguinary had been glutted to the full. The legion of Marat alone, who lived and grew rich on the spoils of the sacrifices, desired a continuance of the reign of blood. The regulars had received orders to arrest all who composed it; and assisted by the citizens, they spent several days hunting them down, and in a few weeks most of them occupied the prisons to which they had consigned so many Vendeans.

"That evening my father and Marguerite learned for the first time the death of Henri de Larochejacquelein. The news of that event alone saddened the joy of our happy meeting, but we had all too much to be thankful for to give way to excessive grief. We were cheerful, for we were mindful how much we owed to Him who had shown us such signal favors.

"I hasten over the events which remain. You are aware of the reaction in favor of religion and moderation that followed the overthrow of Robespierre. The Thermidorians, the remnants of the Royalists, and the Jeunesse Dorée, a body of young men whose parents had fallen during the Reign of Terror, combined their strength in the cause of order and humanity. The clubs of the Jacobins were closed, the penal laws against the nobles, the priests, and practices of religion repealed. Carrier and a host of others were tried, condemned, and executed; and so life was permitted to what remained of the people of La Vendée.

"Disguise was for me no longer necessary. With my father and sister I remained some weeks at lodgings in Nantes; and after the revocation of the edict against the nobles, we ventured to visit our village once more. We reached the place in safety; but alas, what a sight greeted our arrival! Of the château nothing remained, save blackened walls. The parish chapel had been levelled to the ground; of all the happy farmsteads that had surrounded our demesne, where all had been contentment, cheerfulness, and peace, all was now a wild and waste. The infernal columns, true to their title and to their mission, had destroyed not only the houses, but the trees, the corn, and the grass of the field. The landscape which once presented prospect of smiling pastures, of wood, and rich cornfields, was now one bare and desolate scene, with the charred trunks of trees standing. But what struck us as most singular and awful was the solitude of the place, and almost utter absence of life. Save the birds, which were beyond the reach of the destroyer, no living being survived in the district of Chatillon.

"During our visit to La Vendée, Colonel du Brurier had been promoted to the rank of general. Upon our return to Nantes, seeing me without occupation, and guessing my father's resources could be but scant, he after a while hinted that I ought to avail myself of the one road to fortune, and enter the army. He even offered me a commission in his own regiment. At first I shrank in horror from the proposal. The idea of serving under the power that had wrought the ruin of my province, and the death of so many of my people, made my blood recoil. Gently and firmly the general combated my scruples. He pointed out the great changes that had followed the fall of the Convention; the difference between the men now in power and the Committee of Public Safety; all the efforts of the present government in the road of moderation, and the earnest they had given of their honesty of purpose by sending Fouquier-Tinville and Carrier to the scaffold, and transporting all the leaders of the Jacobins. He informed me also that my entering the military service might lead to my father being reinstated in his property and titles, and instanced the fact that his being a soldier of the Republic had saved from confiscation the large domains of his niece. All these arguments, however, for a considerable time he urged in vain; but when the treaty was entered into by the Directory with Charette and the Vendeans, — unhappily a treaty of short duration, — I, adopting the general belief that the restoration of the monarchy was imminent, consented to put on what I thought would be only for a short time the uniform of the Republic. I accompanied General du Brurier through the campaign of '95; the rest of my career you already know. My father and sister are living in Brittany. The Countess Madeline, from a beautiful child, has developed into the lovely and graceful girl you at present behold her. My tale is done."

After the narrative had concluded, MacMahon remained some moments in thought. Perhaps in prophetic spirit he saw the scenes of horror just depicted by Autrechamp, erelong re-

enacted in his own country. At last he spoke: —

"Many thanks for your narrative; it has interested me much, Louis," he said at length. "The brave Vendeans, after their short but heroic struggle for their faith, can, I am sure, sympathize with the Irish, who have suffered persecution in the same cause, not for two years, but nearly three hundred; through the whole of which time, though they have often known victory, they have never enjoyed an interval, however short, of liberty and peace. But the bugle has sounded; it is time I went my round again. Do you retire to the tent. In half an hour I shall join you."

The young men parted: Louis to seek his couch, Edward to summon his company and make his midnight inspection of the outposts. That duty performed, he delayed not to avail himself of the few hours left for repose, and rolling his cloak around him, he laid himself down beside his companion-in-arms, and was soon like him buried in sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE MARCH.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones?
Byron.

With the first hours of morning the army of Bernadotte, in all the pomp of martial array, its bugles sounding, its banners waving, was pressing towards the Piane. The soldiers were all eagerness to unite with their main forces under Bonaparte, and longed for the coming struggle in which by their deeds they might emulate the fame of those who had conquered Italy the preceding year.

To MacMahon and Autrechamp the country through which they passed was familiar; but by the great bulk of the army it was seen now for the first time, and by those who were heretofore accustomed to the stern plains of Southern Germany and Bavaria, the garden of Europe was viewed with feelings of surpassing delight.

As they pursued their route by Lodi, Cremona, Castiglione, and Verona, scenes of enchanting beauty succeeded one another all the way. The men could not but envy the good fortune of those whose campaigns had lain in these fair regions, whilst their own had been amidst the chills and glooms of the black lands beyond the Rhine

For five days this delightful march continued, the great plain of Lombardy presenting no hills to delay the transport of their artillery and baggage, and with no enemy to oppose their progress.

Towards evening on the sixth day, as they were approaching the confines of Bassano, Autrechamp, who rode in front with his company, perceived a troop of horsemen approaching in the uniform of the French Hussars; and as they drew near, he recognized in their officer an old friend of the late campaign. As might be supposed, the mutual greetings were warm and joyful; and the officer, having despatched an orderly to report at headquarters the arrival of the auxiliaries, proceeded with Louis towards the staff of General Bernadotte.

"We are devilish hard pressed just now, Autrechamp," he said. "The Austrians, under the archduke himself, are drawn up on the Tagliamento. We are all anxious to have a slap at them before the reinforcements come from the Rhine. By striking rapidly we may secure the first victory, and that will confer a prestige on the name of Bonaparte that will sustain us through the war."

"And when is it expected we shall come into action?" asked Autrechamp.

"In about seven or eight days. It is a week's march from this to Valvasone, where it appears we are to form the basis for our operations on the Tagliamento, and — but, as I live, here's MacMahon! Hallo, Edward! in the name of all that's wonderful, are you amongst us again? Why, I

expected to hear of you being Dictator of Ireland by this; though, to tell you the truth, I am better pleased to see you here, face to face. You are just in luck, my boy; we will be in for it hard and warm before long. The Bridge of Lodi was nothing to what we 'll have to go against soon. But I am sorry to see both of you in the Rhenish contingent. I hope you mean to return to your old colors?"

"As soon as opportunity offers," replied MacMahon, "but we must retain these for a time. And do you really hope to win laurels amongst the soldiers of the Rhine? The soldiers of the Rhine, take my word for it, are not to be despised."

"Then we 'll soon have a chance of testing their valor, — that is, provided they don't run when they hear they are about to engage a second time with the enemy, and that the archduke himself is in command; but now that I am getting among them I had better be cautious, for this is a time when cowards can be brave. But is not this General du Brurier coming up with the commander? It is, by Jove! What a pity he has not brought his pretty niece to grace his staff. Hercules! how fortunate were those fellows at Troy, who, whenever they were driven hard, always found a goddess at their elbows to encourage them to fight on; but the days of Mars and Venus are over; the battle-field has still hard knocks and bruises in plenty, but no beauty's smile to inspire one to deeds of glory."

"A truce to this rhapsody, Gunes," said Autrechamp. "Don't you see we are close upon the generals? Produce your warrants."

"True, true; I had nearly forgotten all about them. To be frank with you, my dear friends, these three months' idleness have given us so much time to brood over our late conquests that, mentally dazzled by the splendor of our achievements, our brains are fairly turned. However, a few days' fighting will set us all to rights. There 's nothing like the thunder of the battle-field for sobering you down. Though you be as proud as Lucifer, you may be stretched by a random bullet. But here are the letters of conduct; now present me to your commander."

The young captain spurred forward with MacMahon, and having paid and received the customary salutes, placed his warrant for guidance in the hands of General Bernadotte.

The commander and his staff now moved on leisurely towards the head-quarters of Napoleon, the main army following a short distance in the rear. As they wound round an olive grove, there the spires of Bassano appeared in view, and soon the entire encampment of the army of Italy appeared before them, its white tents extending in lines from the town wall along by the river Brenta.

When the standard of Bernadotte appeared on the eminence, loud cheers amidst salvos of artillery arose from the valley below. As the Rhenish auxiliaries approached the camp, they were surrounded and enthusiastically welcomed by the soldiers of Napoleon.

Bernadotte, attended by his staff, rode on through the camp towards a lofty pavilion, surrounded by three or four others of inferior size. Before the door stood a charger richly caparisoned, and presently there came from the tent a man in the undress uniform of a general, who mounted the charger, and set off in a canter, followed by a single attendant, to meet the advancing generals of the Rhine. His sharp, meagre features and sallow complexion were soon recognized.

"Welcome to you and your army, Bernadotte," he exclaimed, as he grasped the hand of the latter. "You have just come at the critical time; a week later and we were undone."

"Are your affairs then in so desperate a strait, Bonaparte?" asked Bernadotte.

"Desperate in the extreme. All depends on the die; it is conquest or death. Those Tyrolese require Joubert with 17,000 of my best men to

keep them quiet, and it is not clear to me that the rascals may not still drive him from their mountains. The Venetians, growing tired of their liberty, are only waiting to see us in trouble to rise against us. The Austrians are menacing our front. The moment their re-enforcements arrive the archduke will assume the offensive; but thanks to your expedition, we have anticipated them. Never was aid more opportune. But come along to my tent. You and Du Brurier dine with me to-day. Let us enjoy ourselves while we may: '*Carpe diem.*' Who can tell where one of us may be this day month?"

And with that rare power which Napoleon pre-eminently possessed, of throwing himself heart and soul into the pleasures of the present hour, however critical the subject that was to require his utmost skill and judgment the next, he at once went off into a light and frivolous conversation, laughed and jested upon the campaign on the Rhine, and alluded to a thousand petty incidents at the capital, apparently for the time altogether forgetting how soon he should make a move on which would depend the fate of France.

When he had returned to the pavilion with Bernadotte, and they were about dismounting, MacMahon advanced and presented the letter with which he had been intrusted by Madame Josephine.

Napoleon looked hard at the young Irishman, as he received it from his hand.

"What is this? You, Captain MacMahon, back with us again?" he said, as he at last recalled his face to memory. "You left us last year to join the Irish expedition, did you not? Well, so that came to grief. I am sorry for your failure, but glad to see you in my army once more. The more Irishmen we have the better. Whatever others may do, we can always depend on them. But how did you leave Madame Bonaparte?"

"I am happy to say, general, quite well. I beg to offer you my best thanks for your good wishes, and your flattering allusions to my countrymen."

"I have said nothing that has not been proved many times over, but listen: Your Irish expedition has failed. Take that not to heart. Wait till we have made peace with these Austrians, and the Directory will equip an army of 100,000, with which I will set sail for the Irish coast. Let us but escape the ill luck of Hoche and effect a landing, — the rest will be easy. Farewell for the present. Bear in mind what I have told you. Remember, the sooner this war is over, the sooner we set sail from Havre."

Napoleon waved his hand with a gesture of friendly dismissal, and springing from his horse entered his tent.

His words sent a thrill through the heart of MacMahon. It had been an old and generally credited rumor in the camp, that the conqueror of Italy, when the present war left him free, would next turn his thoughts to the invasion of Ireland; but now Edward had heard this rumor confirmed by Napoleon's own lips. In an ecstasy of joy he rode back to his regiment, and sought out Louis to communicate to him the happy tidings.

That day and the following, Napoleon remained at Bassano, to allow the Rhenish contingent to recover from the fatigues of their march. On the morning of the third he put the united army in motion. His lieutenant, Massena, at the same time crossed the Piane; pressed on through the Upper Alps, although they were covered deep with snow; turned the right flank of the archduke, and compelled him to fall back with his entire forces on the Tagliamento, where he took up a position to await the advance of Napoleon.

Napoleon was at this period twenty-seven years of age, the Archduke Charles twenty-six. Both had made Europe resound with the fame of their exploits in the preceding year: Na-

poleon in conquering Italy from Austria, Charles in delivering Germany from France. The one had baffled the strategies of a council of old commanders, and broken through and exploded the military theories of centuries; the other had outgeneralled and vanquished two of the first soldiers of the age. The one was a master of daring strategy, inventive in expedients and impetuous in attack; the other was great in the science of war, and had the gifts of deliberative management and long foresight. As transcendent genius was the characteristic of the first, so well-directed talent was that of the second. Both men were now about to try against each other their respective powers, and the nations of Europe all awaited with breathless eagerness the first tidings of the conflict.

Napoleon had some great advantages over his rival. He was in command of soldiers with whom he had already achieved an uninterrupted series of victories. The archduke, whose own army had not arrived from the Rhine, had under him a force numerically little more than half that of his opponent, dispirited by recent disaster, and serving under a general of whom they knew nothing save by fame. Moreover, while Napoleon was left by the Directory at Paris with absolute freedom to act on his unfettered judgment, the archduke was kept under control by the Aulic Council, which continually hampered his movements, thwarted his strategic designs, and amongst other things forced him to abandon the position he had taken on the Adige, where he could easily have been joined by his German contingent, and obliged him to defend on the Tagliamento the road that led to Vienna.

Napoleon, therefore, naturally desirous of attacking the enemy while his forces were so inferior, pushed on with all haste towards where the archduke's army awaited him.

After five days' rapid marches the French reached Vinton, on the plain outside which town they encamped for the night. When their respective duties had been performed, and MacMahon and Autrechamp met in their tent, they knelt down, as was their wont, to recite the rosary, to ask for the divine protection throughout the morrow's battle. As they were saying the first mystery, a person unseen by them in the gloom entered their hut. He was about to speak, but seeing their occupation he remained silent and steadily watched them, at first out of curiosity, but after a time with interest and respectful attention. When at length they reached the *Salve Regina*, his hand was searching at his breast. He drew forth a small silk bag that was hung round his neck. From it he took a medal which he pressed earnestly to his lips. His bosom heaved, and he with difficulty suppressed a sigh. His whole frame trembled. One moment longer he remained irresolute, but finally sank on his knees. He had forgotten how to pray, but in his heart he followed the devotions of the two young officers, and as they concluded joined in a fervent "Amen."

Both looked round, and in astonishment beheld their commander on his knees. As both men, especially Autrechamp, were gazing on him in mute wonder, the general arose and spoke.

"You are surprised at seeing me here, and in such a posture, my dear friends. My own surprise is almost as great. One half-hour ago I would have laughed to scorn the notion of Du Brurier being seen on his knees, and yet your example has just awakened sentiments within me that I thought had long been dead. I find they were but dormant. A spring long dry in my soul has been revived. I am not now ashamed to look up to the great God who created me, and who has so often preserved me, and to beg his protection to the end of my life. Here let us three kneel down, and beg that he will bless us, and ask his holy Mother to intercede for us. Edward, do you say the words. My

tongue cannot speak what my heart would wish, but — may he be merciful to me a sinner!"

Here General du Brurier sobbed aloud. In a low tone MacMahon dictated a few short prayers, after which the former spoke again.

"Now," said he, "I seem to feel as fresh and light of heart as when my brother and I, both children, used to kneel at my mother's knee whilst she taught us how to pray. A load, which I was hardly till now conscious of, has been taken off my breast. Come to-morrow what may, I can venture to hope in God's mercy. My sins have been many, but my trust is in Her whose emblem I wear." Here he held up the medal "But I must not forget the purpose that brought me here this evening. I wished to tell you that at the special request of General Bernadotte, to his army is assigned the honor of leading off the attack. My division will form the right wing. Your cavalry, Edward, must deploy so as to cover the advance of the infantry when they attempt to ford the river. Each of you will have to act a dangerous but a glorious part. Awhile since I could only have promised you a grave of honor in case you fell, but now I can join with you in a better and brighter hope. Till morning, farewell."

General du Brurier was gone. The young men, left alone, with all humility gave thanks to God for the conversion of which he had made them the instruments. Having consigned to each other charges in case one or the other of them should fall, they betook themselves to rest, and were soon enjoying a repose not less serene and tranquil because it might be their last upon earth.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF THE TAGLIAMENTO.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb. *Byron.*

SERENE and beautiful rose the morning over the sleeping camp. A chill breeze blowing from the river waved the pennons that hung above the tents and gently stirred the leafless olive branches, that, laden with the night dews, brightly sparkled in the early sunlight. When the clock of the Ventose chimed the hour of six, throughout the various regiments the shrill notes of the bugle summoned the sleepers to rise and prepare for the march.

Now all was stir and bustle; soldiers were running through the camp, some providing drink and fodder for their horses, others polishing their arms, arranging their uniform, and burnishing their helmets, whilst those told off on the commissariat were busily occupied in lighting the fires and cooking the morning meal.

At last the order to advance was given. Then, Bernadotte leading on the right wing, Guyeux on the left, whilst Bonaparte himself brought up the centre, the entire army taking the road by Valvasone moved on towards the Tagliamento.

For the first hours of morning their march was without incident. Du Brurier's cavalry acted as skirmishers on Bernadotte's front. Towards noon MacMahon, who led the advance, had just entered a wood of olives, and was about calling a temporary halt to allow his rear-guard to come up, when the notes of a distant bugle rang out full and clear from the direction of the river. All who heard knew the sound of the Hungarian horn: ere many minutes they would encounter the Austrians.

Directing his skirmishers to deploy and advance until they came in sight of the enemy, Edward rode in the centre of the first line. In a short time he cleared the grove, and gained an open ridge which commanded a view of a narrow valley, and of the slopes on either side. Through the centre (divided at this place into many streams) flowed the Tagliamento. On the farther side lay the Imperial army, its ranks forming a series of white lines from the edge of

the river to the summit of the hill. On its banks were placed heavy columns of Hungarian cavalry, whilst its artillery were stationed so as to sweep both banks of the stream and all the clear space about them. As Edward, who had reined up to await the arrival of the main force, contemplated the scene, he could not but admire the ably selected position and fine order of the enemy, and think how desperate would be the nature of the coming conflict.

Presently his colonel rode up. "We are to occupy this position, MacMahon," he said, "whilst the infantry make the attempt to cross the stream; if they succeed we are then to advance to protect their wing from the enemy's cavalry, so for some time you see we are to be merely spectators of the fight. Order your men to dismount and rest their horses, that they may be fresh when needed."

Edward gave the word for dismounting. In an instant every soldier was out of his saddle and engaged with his horse, loosening his bridle and girths, and giving him free neck. Autrechamp meanwhile rode up, and with his senior officers now anxiously watched the commencement of the battle.

In a very short time the slope on their side of the Tagliamento was covered with the infantry of Bernadotte and Guyeux, whilst battalions of grenadiers brought up the rear. Onwards they advanced towards the river and in the face of the enemy, which as yet made no movement to check them. They forded the first stream and were dashing on towards the second, when all at once there burst forth from the opposite hillside several bright flashes followed by white puffs of smoke: the Austrian cannon had opened fire. Guyeux's cavalry here dashed forward, crossed all the fords, and reached the farther bank where they were encountered by the Hungarian dragoons, who, after a short struggle, drove them back upon the river in disorder. At this moment the French bugles sounded a general retreat.

"Can it be that the battle is already given over?" asked Autrechamp "Scarce one fourth of the army has as yet been engaged."

"Wait a little. 'T is but a strategy of Bonaparte's," said the colonel. "Take my word for it, the archduke is already outgeneralled."

The cheers of the Austrians, as they perceived the French retiring, now rent the skies. Soon the order went round for the tents to be pitched, and for the soldiers to prepare their soup. The Archduke Charles, perceiving these preparations for a general encampment, supposed Napoleon intended giving his troops a day's rest before renewing the attack, and immediately withdrew his forces to a distance from the river. Napoleon narrowly watched the movements of his opponent. No sooner had the Austrians abandoned their position, than he gave the command, "To arms!" In an instant every foot-soldier was in his place; every horseman in his saddle. In a moment more the order was given to advance. Bernadotte's division deployed on the right, Guyeux's on the left. The light infantry as before led the attack; the grenadiers followed with the cavalry on their wings to sustain them in the charge. General du Brurier's division was now put in motion, and took a circular course towards the ford so as to protect the flank of the main army.

Ere the French reached the Tagliamento their movements had been perceived by the Austrians, who were now in all haste returning to their first positions. When the infantry of Guyeux arrived at the river they broke up their close column and dispersed as sharpshooters along the bank, whilst at the same time the grenadiers prepared to cross.

"Soldiers of the Rhine," cried Bernadotte, "the Army of Italy is watching you."

With a loud shout both his division

and that of Guyeux plunged into the water and reached the opposite banks before the enemy. Without pausing to take breath they rushed on and encountered the advancing Austrians a short way up the hill, and after a desperate struggle were forcing them to retire, when they were attacked in the flank by the Hungarian dragoons. At this juncture the French cavalry received orders to advance.

"Lead on, MacMahon!" shouted Du Brurier, who rode up to the head of his regiment just as the divisions of Dugua and Kellerman were being put in motion.

"To the charge!" cried Edward, putting spurs to his horse and dashing on towards the scene of action.

A thousand horsemen followed him. In a moment they were hand to hand in the thick of the *melée*. For several minutes there arose the mingled and confused sounds of shouts of the combatants, reports of pistols, clashing of weapons, groans of men trodden down, and cries of steeds. The white and blue uniforms appeared moving in one promiscuous mass. At length the din began to subside and order to be somewhat restored to the French ranks. The Hungarians gave way, and in a short time the entire army of the Austrians was in full retreat The first battle had been fought and victory remained with Bonaparte. The archduke had lost his prestige, and to a great extent the confidence of his soldiers, for the remainder of the campaign.

As MacMahon led back his company from the pursuit of the flying enemy, he viewed with a shudder the field that had been the scene of the late encounter. As yet there had been no thought of removing or affording succor to the wounded and dead and dying. Friend and foe still lay as they had fallen in the conflict. As he dismounted to render what assistance he could to the sufferers, he perceived a man in blue uniform feebly struggling to release himself from beneath the dead body of his horse, which held him by its weight to the ground. Edward discovered to his horror that the wounded officer was Du Brurier.

"Are you hurt much, general?" he anxiously inquired, as having extricated him from his position, he supported his head upon his arm, and placed a wine-flask to his lips.

A deep groan was the only answer returned. Loosening his uniform to give him air, Edward found a deep lance thrust in his breast, from which the blood was fast flowing. Undoing his scarf, he endeavored with it to stanch the wound until a surgeon could be procured. As he was so engaged, Napoleon rode up.

"Hallo, what is this? Du Brurier amongst the fallen! This is the worst event of the day. Is the general badly hurt?"

"I am afraid so, commander. He has received a deep lance wound. I found him under the body of his horse. He has since become senseless from loss of blood."

"Fortune send he may recover. There are few men I would more regret. I will immediately send a surgeon to attend him. Report yourself to-night at headquarters, Captain MacMahon."

Napoleon was gone. A surgeon soon arrived, examined the wound, pronounced it dangerous if not mortal, and the condition of the patient critical in the extreme. MacMahon had the sufferer conveyed on a litter to his tent.

On the way Autrechamp met them with his arm in a sling.

"This will be terrible news for the Countess Madeline," he said when he heard what had happened. "Ought we to write at once and let her know?"

"Let us first arrange a bed for the general," replied MacMahon. "Matters of less moment we can think of at our leisure. Summon the attendants to bear him in."

A camp bed was speedily prepared, and made as comfortable as circumstances would allow. The general

was laid upon it, and the young men took their seat at its side, intending to watch in turn through the night. In due course the surgeon called, examined the patient, and pronounced that he was free from feverish symptoms, but so low from loss of blood that he could hold out little hope of his recovery. It was not till he had departed that Edward thought of inquiring of Louis the state of his bound-up arm.

"Oh, a mere scratch," replied the other. "But by the way, Edward, you must lead a charmed life. Of all the men in the army, save the commander, you alone seem to have escaped up to this without a scar."

At the mention of the commander, MacMahon suddenly bethought him of the parting orders of Napoleon; so, informing Louis of their import, he at once started for headquarters.

He was ushered into the tent, where Napoleon sat amidst his generals. As he entered, he anxiously inquired after the state of Du Brurier.

"The doctor has a rather unfavorable opinion of his condition," replied Edward. "He is still insensible."

"Poor fellow, we miss him from our council to-night. However, we can only hope for the best. Meanwhile it is necessary to fill his place. Balter, the colonel of his regiment shall succeed him as general. As for you, I have been a spectator of some of your actions to-day. I watched you as you led the charge on which depended the fortunes of the battle. You are to be colonel, Autrechamp your captain. Under other circumstances I would ask you to join us in a flask of wine in celebration of your promotion; but under the present circumstances I think I best consult your wishes by permitting you to retire. Good night and good fortune, Col. MacMahon."

To be continued.

ACCOUNT him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will.

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

AN old colored servant of the late Chief Justice Roger B. Taney has written an enthusiastic letter in praise of his dead master, which letter is printed in the Burlington "Hawkeye." He says: "When I was a lad, say from twelve to seventeen years of age, the Fourth of July being then, as now, a national holiday, on which none but slaves were compelled by law to work, I was regularly called, year by year, into his office on the 3d. and the following arrangement proposed and agreed to; viz., that if I would stay at home with him on the Fourth, I should take my holiday on the 5th, have $2 00 extra money and the use of the pony all day. Sometimes young blood demurred, and then he would patiently explain to me that his only object was to guard me from temptation and evil influence; 'to prevent,' he would kindly add, 'your coming in contact with acquaintances you would not associate with on other occasions, and with whom you might be carried by excitement into dissipation and crime. On the Fourth,' he continued, 'the drunkard, the blasphemer, and the Sabbath-breaker will be out in force: would you mingle with these?' Young as I was, I saw the force of this wise counsel, and obeyed. On the 5th, mounted on my sleek roan pacer, with eight bright new quarter-dollars jingling in my pocket, I was off and away, and had only to report at night that everything was in good shape." It is said that one or two of the chief justice's daughters yet reside in Washington; that one of them had a position in the United States Treasury, from which she was some time since discharged, and that the other was, and is still, supported by the contributed earnings of those who were once her slaves.

"WHEN shall I call you in the morning, sir?" asked a hotel waiter of an Aberdonian, one night. He replied pawkily, "I'll ring the bell when I wish to be called."

TOM HACKETT;

OR, THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CLASSIC COBBLER.

IV.

THE little world in which Tom Hackett and his life partner moved for the few following years knew little or no change; though in the great sphere beyond their tiny circle, mighty mutations were occurring and following each other with wonderful rapidity. The repeal agitation, begun with such high hope and promise, ended in gloom and disappointment. Famine came upon the land; the people flew in myriads to the emigrant ship, the poor-house, and the hospital; O'Connell died in exile; and the only ray of earthly light to illumine the darkened land was that which beamed from the national beacon held aloft by the Young Irelanders, whose fire was fed by their Promethean genius.

It was about this time — the closing days of 1847 — that young Hackett returned to the parental roof. For some years he had been in the employment of a rich uncle in Dublin and now he came to see how his parents fared, and also to lead to the altar the young maiden to whom his heart for long years had been plighted, and who, it may be added, was one of the prettiest and most bewitching colleens in his and her native town.

"O Larry allanna, me darlin', darlin', darlin' boy," exclaimed Mrs Hackett, flinging her arms around his neck the moment he crossed the parental threshold.

A shade dark as a passing cloud-shadow on the mountain-heath, but all as fleeting, swept over the father's face to this defiant mention of the proscribed name; but when he rose to give his greeting, the brightness of heart-welcome was in his eye, and extending both hands to his son, he said: —

"Tom, *ma bouchal*, Tom, *ma bouchal*. you 're welcome home — welcome to your father's house."

It was easy to see that the young man was deeply touched by the warmth of his welcome, though he could not suppress a quiet smile at the odd notion that his parents had not yet come to an understanding about his Christian name. Everything passed off smoothly enough for a couple of weeks; though in the son's short absences from the house there was many a bitter tiff between Tom and Peggy.

One evening the youth informed his father and mother of his intended marriage, and asked their blessing. Sanction and blessing were freely given, and on the following Sunday the banns were published from the altar. Father M—— announced a marriage to take place between Laurence Hackett and Mary O'Callaghan, supplementing the announcement with the usual formula, that if anybody present knew of an impediment, he or she was bound to declare it.

Tom was in the chapel, and he writhed like one in pain. Immediately mass was over he rushed around to the sacristy, and before the priest had divested himself of his vestments the cobbler offered his protest.

"That marriage must n't take place, your reverence. There 's no such man in the world as L rry Hackett."

These words had not well escaped Tom's lips when Peggy appeared on the scene, and i stantly exclaimed, —

"Don't mind that man, your reverence. He 's thryin' to rob me child of his right name."

The priest was puzzled, and after listening to the arguments *pro* and *con* for some moments, he suggested a compromise by saying, —

"As both of you cannot agree upon either name, why not call your son Laurence Thomas Hackett?"

"Well!" said Peggy, throwing a side-glance at her husband, and putting a finger to her lips as if yielding a half-hearted compliance.

Tom was mute.

"Come, what do you say?"

observed the priest. "You see the advantage is on your side. The 'Thomas' will be nearer the 'Hackett' than the 'Laurence.'"

"But the 'Laurence' will be cheek by jowl with the 'Thomas,'" said the cobbler, deprecatingly.

"It can't be helped now," said the priest.

"Well," said Tom, in sorrowful tones; and he took up his hat, bade the priest good by, and walked home feeling, as he afterwards said himself, "like dirty Shamus when that badger of a king was hurryin' in search of a hidin' hole, after the battle of the Boyne."

Young Hackett and his fair bride were as fond and happy a pair as ever walked life's path together. The dream of their youth was now in part realized. They had entered the bright gateway of that rosy vista which love and fancy fashioned; but like many another bridal pair, they never thought then of what ruts and channels, what steep cliffs and rugged byways, lay beyond those unexplored turnings in the road they had entered upon.

The year of Forty-eight, with all its social commotion, burst upon the world. The heart of Ireland throbbed with nervous expectation; and when the summer ripened, the crop of patriotism ripened too, but only in patches. There were uprisings of the people against their foreign masters in a few places; and as young Hackett had been from boyhood an ardent lover of his country's cause, the crisis now reached found him one of her first defenders. He was at Ballingarry with Smith O'Brien, John Dillon, Thomas Francis Meagher, and James Stephens. It is needless to tell the rest. In the thrilling words of Michael Doheny, —

> "He ran the outlaw's bold career,
> And bore his load of ill —
> His troubled rest and waking fear —
> With fixed, sustaining will."

After many hardships he and his young wife escaped to America. Not long were they settled in the new land when they resolved to bring the aged couple from the old. Peggy accepted the proposal with some show of contentment, but Tom felt it would be like plucking up some old tree from the roots to tear him away in his old age from the home places around which all the tendrils of his heart were entwined. However, in the end, Peggy's importunity, his son's repeated urgings, and the depressed condition of every class of industry, consequent upon the flight of the people, — all these combined won his consent; and with a heavy step, and a heavier heart, he crossed for the last time the threshold of the home that had sheltered him for more than half a century, and went down to what was in deep truth, for him, "the sad seashore."

The burdens of twenty additional years seemed to have been suddenly imposed upon poor Tom's shoulders when he found himself aboard the emigrant vessel and saw the hills and cliffs of beloved Ireland gradually fading and blending with the blue. He felt like one who leaves some mellow-lighted mansion and goes out into the darkness of the coal-black night, through whose almost palpable gloom one solitary planet burns low above the horizon.

For eight long, weary weeks the old ship staggered across the ocean, and then the shores of the New World rose before the voyagers' view. But the welcome cry of "land," "land at last," had no cheer or solace for Tom Hackett. The spirit within was broken, the heart was drenched with sadness, and he experienced the full truth of Tennyson's golden line, that

> "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The vessel was only some seven or eight hours' sail from New York, when, rising up in the rude hammock, he beckoned Peggy to him.

"What is it, Tom darlin'? what is it, acushla?" was her question, as she hastened to his side.

"I'm near the end, Peggy," he answered, faintly.

"Shure so are we all, *avourneen*. The land is in sight, an' our son Tom will be waitin' there to meet us."

It was the first time she ever called him Tom, and a tear glistened in the old man's eyes as he lifted her hand to his lips, and kissing it, said, —

"Remember me to him, and if ever you go back to Ballybrophy —"

The sentence was never finished. Tom Hackett reached the port of New York and that of eternity at almost the same hour. Peggy prevailed upon the captain of the vessel to hold the body until they could reach the wharf and could hand it over to her son. The remains were thus saved from a watery grave, and the young man had at least the melancholy satisfaction of gazing once more upon his beloved father's features ere they were hidden away forever beneath the churchyard mould of old St. Patrick's.

Peggy lived for many years afterwards. She nevermore called her son any name but Tom. Every afternoon, as long as she was able, she made a pilgrimage to her husband's grave; and nobody could ever get her to talk on any other theme but that of her darlin' Tom in the grave, and the green ould woods of Ballybrophy.

THE END.

BIRTHDAYS.

LET the birthday of each member of the family be always remembered when it comes. Let there be something out of the ordinary routine in the arrangement of the table, — pies fashioned as Annie likes them best, one of Frank's favorite plum-puddings, or Mary's special liking, a loaf of ginger-cake, or a wonderful lemon-pie, such as only "mamma" can make. There must be presents. Sometimes people may think that they cannot be afforded; but reflect. The little one needs shoes, dresses, aprons, and many other articles. Purchase one or more for the birthday; it will seem just as much a present to her as though she was not obliged to have it. Next come books, a knitted wrap, and a pair of skates, — should the birthday occur in winter, — a pretty little school satchel, etc. Encourage the little ones to give to one another, and to remember father's and mother's birthday, too.

HOW DO YOU FEEL, JEAMES? — The other day a modest knock was heard at the door of a Belgravian mansion, and after Jeames had allowed the visitor to knock again, he condescended to open the door. "Is Lord L—— at home?" said some one who was instantly detected by the sagacious Jeames as somebody's "hown man hout of livery." "No, he ain't at home," replied Jeames; "but I say, old fellow, don't go hoff in such a hurry. Just run round the corner, and fetch a pint of 'alf an'-'alf." The obliging caller did as he was bid; ran round to the adjoining public-house, and speedily reappeared, bearing a pint of foaming porter. "'Ave a drink, old chap?" said Jeames, when he had slaked his own thirst. "No, thank you," said the visitor, "I don't drink so early in the morning, but I'll take the pot back, if you'll allow me; and, by the way, just tell your master, when he returns, that Lord Redesdale called."

THE Holy Father has signed a rescript, granting three hundred days' indulgence to all the faithful who will recite the following prayer with contrite heart before undertaking any work or study: "Grant us, we beseech Thee, O merciful God, ardently to desire, prudently to investigate, truly to learn, and perfectly to carry out all that is acceptable to Thee, to the praise and glory of Thy name. Amen." The prayer was composed by St. Thomas Aquinas, who recited it daily on his knees, often in tears.

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS.

CHRISTMAS has been always a legendary season, alternately dark or bright as the fears and hopes of the ignorant have given it coloring.

The spiritual significance and importance of the Church's great festival have been often sadly lost sight of in these superstitious ideas and observances.

Once upon a time, in the cemetery of a humble village, a company of men and women were singing and dancing while the midnight mass was being celebrated; whereupon they were at once and very properly excommunicated. Their pleasure immediately became their punishment, and they found they could not stop their unseemly revelry. They continued singing and dancing for a whole year without a moment's cessation, until finally a kindly bishop, passing by, released them from the excommunication.

As the old story goes on to say, some of them died in consequence; others slept thirty nights without once awaking; and the remainder — as was natural, indeed — never recovered from the nervous effects of the infliction.

There is another old popular belief that the animals possess the privilege of speech during Christmas night.

The ox, as a true descendant of the honorable beasts in Bethlehem's stable, is said to have the power of predicting future events, and even of relating the incidents omitted by the sacred narrative of that ever-memorable night. He is also proud of having been chosen as the emblem of St. Luke.

The lamb thinks of St. John, and recalls his sweet association with the divine Infant.

The cock tells again the denial of St. Peter, as he sounds his early morning call.

The ass talks longest, perhaps, for he has to relate all about the flight into Egypt. He heard the voices of St. Joseph, the blessed Virgin, and the Holy Child. He remembers how, in crossing the great desert, they became very thirsty. No oasis appeared to cheer and refresh them. Finally they met a caravan, which refused them the little water they needed. For this it was accursed, and ever since this unholy caravan is wandering about without home or harbor.

It happened (legendarily, of course) once that a peasant farmer, more curious and braver than his neighbors, thought he would find out what the cattle were really saying. So one dark Christmas night he armed himself with his axe and hid himself in the stable. It was a windy, wretched night, and his spirits certainly were not raised by the creaking noises around him, and the howling of the dogs outside.

At last midnight sounded, and all the village bells began to peal out merrily. Pity indeed that our inquisitive friend had not stayed at home and been content with that. Suddenly he hears a peculiar voice near him, and redoubling his attention, finds it is one ox addressing the other.

"Friend," said the animal, "what shall we do to-morrow?"

"We will bear our master to his grave," replied his mate.

Overcome and indignant, the peasant raised his axe to chastise his plain-spoken beast, in crying out, "Thou hast lied!"

But as he cried and struck, the instrument cleft his own brow, and the oxen did bear their master on the morrow to his long home. So ingrained is traditional belief as regards the prophetic power of the cattle during the sacred night, that it is a common thing still in Brittany for the farmers to give them an extra allowance of provender. It must be an uncomfortable experience to have a beast able for a while to relate all his unhappiness of the past year, and to

predict all manner of punishment upon his unmerciful master.

Other traditions, more or less pleasantly suggestive, abound among the humbler classes of Europe.

There is one venerable saint before whose image stands a little pig, on which the faithful rub some grain to cure their own sick porkers, and the pilgrims to this same chapel have bread blessed for their cattle.

In one locality the good woman must put her bread into the oven at a certain moment during the midnight service, which bread she afterwards sells at a good price to the farmers, that it may preserve their flocks and herds from the bites of wolves.

There is a beautiful custom in Picardy. A shepherd appears in the church, bearing a new-born lamb in a beautiful basket, which he presents to be blessed by the officiating priest. Behind him come a band of youthful shepherds and shepherdesses, crook in hand, and laden with flowers and fruits. Then maidens clad in white carry the lamb about the church, singing old Christmas hymns, and the innocent animal itself is afterwards considered as the protector of the flock. Happy the farm to which it belongs, where indeed it is always cared for most tenderly; and dark are the stories told concerning the avaricious owner who has dared to part with it for filthy lucre.

There are many other pleasant customs still to be found in those old French provinces, adding their poetry as well to our literature as to the simple lives that hold them, — as, for instance again, where the young people make Christmas the time of their love-choice and betrothment; and woe to the mortal who ever proves untrue to such sweet-timed engagement!

Yes, it is a time above all others to teach a true and holy fidelity; and with another old Provençal legend of the sort, let us close our noel talk: —

There is a tradition dating from the period of the Crusades, respecting a wild-rose bush that had been seen near the spot in Bethlehem of our Lord's nativity. Marvellous tales were told by returning pilgrims concerning it, — to wit, that its roses bloomed perennially, and that its thorns never stung, etc., etc. It was called the Rose of Jericho, and well preserved as a precious relic in the churches.

When this flower was placed in a vase of holy water during Christmas-night service, it slowly opened its petals and revived into a beauty and fragrance strangely sweet, and then it returned to its faded condition. The water used in this mysterious operation was good to heal the sick.

The first of these roses, again, is said to have been formed from a drop of the Saviour's blood, and its seed to have been carried by the wind to the borders of Jericho, where it took its name. (In some old chronicles it was also called the passion-flower.)

It was regarded as of wonderful virtue in those myth-breathing Middle Ages. Its presence warded off the pestilence and served to unmask hypocrisy and falsehood. Should a villain, indeed, invoke its testimony in his own behalf, instead of renewing itself, it would, on the contrary, shrink still more, as if in horror of his crime.

And so it came to pass (in our old story) that in her strong but secluded castle had been living in widowed loneliness, for many a weary year, one of the fairest dames in all the fair province. Her husband had gone to distant Palestine to fight the battles of the Cross, and Dame Alice, in all those fifteen years of absence, had heard never a word about him. What could have been more sad than such a waiting?

One morning came a pilgrim over the drawbridge to my lady's presence, and said to her: —

"Alice, my beautiful Alice, dost thou not know thy long lost husband, who has just escaped from dire captivity?"

Now Dame Alice had loved her husband most truly, and longed for his return most lovingly; but in the wretched being before her — old, ugly, and ragged — her heart most certainly failed to recognize its lord. At least must he produce some unmistakable proof of his daring assertion.

In no way disconcerted, the stranger drew from beneath his robe a rose of Jericho and cried: —

"In the name of God the Father, and of our Lord and the saints, let this withered rose of Jericho bear witness to my claim by blooming again, like Moses's rod of old. If it should fail, let me be driven from this house as a vile impostor!"

The fair "chatelaine," overcome with fear at this bold declaration, knew hardly what to do, and could only find courage to defer the test until the morrow, in the presence of competent witnesses.

And in the mean time she sought counsel from a noble knight of the neighborhood, whose heart was not a little interested in the result.

He at once set out to consult an old hermit of his acquaintance, once himself a Crusader, who simply said:

"Leave the knave to me, and have no fear of the result."

The next day came, and with it, in the castle court, a gallant company of knights and vassals, summoned by sound of trump, to see decided this most momentous question of love and loyalty; and all most curious, indeed, to see performed again the prophet's miracle before Egyptian Pharaoh.

The pilgrim pretender duly appeared, drew out his rose, related its virtues, called it to attest his truth and honor, and threw it into a fountain of the court, where, verily, it did revive and bloom amid the astonished exclamations of the assembled spectators.

Alas, for poor Dame Alice! what now to do but loyally to yield her hand to him who excited nothing but loathing in her soul!

But in this moment of terrible suspense a voice resounded clear and calm above the tumultuous crowd, bidding them all to wait. It was the ancient hermit who appeared.

"Begone, wretched impostor," cried he; "and you, fair, noble lady, have no fear! 'T is but a trick of Satan; this flower is only of his witchery, that hath been used to betray you. Behold, indeed, within my hand a veritable rose of Jericho, given to me in my cell by good Peter the Hermit himself. Upon it do I swear before you all this beggar is but a villain, an impostor, and a renegade. And may this rose of Jericho, blessed by his hand who led our Christian armies to rescue from the infidel the sepulchre of Christ, remain forever withered if I lie!"

He spoke, and cast the rose into the same fountain, and behold, at once it bloomed more beautiful even than the other!

The false baron turned and fled, pursued by a volley of stones and curses; and the fair lady, delivered from such horror, bent low to receive the hermit's benediction.

I wish I could add to my gentle legend that her true husband soon returned to delight her faithful heart; but even legends have their limits, and this one tells us no more.

CHARITY will not permit us to combine against our neighbor, except in the cause of self-defence. We are not required to risk our own lives for the sake of our neighbor's. Hence when it comes to the point of obtaining a living, and we find secret societies or unions thwarting all other legitimate means we employ, we can and should combine with those similarly situated, and within bounds of charity struggle for our sustenance and those depending upon us. We are not allowed to form secret or oath-bound associations; but Catholic societies and unions for mutual advantage are sometimes a necessity and most commendable. — *Catholic Columbian.*

OUR LADY OF KNOCK.

CEAD MILLE FAILTHE, MUIRE MAITHER.

BRIGHT angels are listening with rapture
To murmurs of welcome so sweet,
From the grief-laden hearts of poor Erin,
Their own Mother Mary to greet!
From heath-covered hilltop and valley,
From every green leaf on the sod,
A cead mille failthe is rising
To welcome the Mother of God!

To welcome the Balm of our sorrow;
The Mother who watched thro' our woe,
And kept thy dear faith, martyred Erin,
As pure as thine own mountain snow!
Our guiding Star upwards and onwards,
Whose blessed light hallows our sod,
Oh! cead mille failthe forever
To Mary, the Mother of God!

And cead mille failthe, St. Joseph,
With the Master's beloved St. John,
Still near to the Empress of Heaven,
As in the dark days that are gone.
The great heart of Erin is throbbing,
And tears of love freshen her sod,
To welcome the favorites of Heaven,
Who come with the Mother of God!

Sweet Mother, stay with us forever,
For much as we loved thee before,
Since our isle has been blessed with thy presence,
We love thee a thousand times more!
And, oh! when life's long, dreary pathway
Thy poor Irish children have trod,
May thy cead mille failthe, sweet Mother,
Then welcome us home to our God!

CURES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Roscommon Messenger writes: On Sunday night there were very few in the chapel-yard, but I may mention an incident which struck me very forcibly. While going round the chapel in the beginning of the night, reciting the rosary, I thought I heard a child's voice repeating very frequently the "Hail Mary." I looked round, and saw a child of tender years leading two blind men round the chapel; one of them was her father. I never felt so humbled in my life. I thought how dearly the blessed Virgin must love that child, so obedient, so docile, so ready to sacrifice her ease and repose through her love and filial affection for her poor father. During the night very many poor sufferers, especially among the poor class, and many of them badly clad, remain out praying fervently to the blessed Virgin to obtain for them a cure of their maladies. As regards cures, I heard of one instance on my way to Knock, of a lady from Scotland who recently recovered the use of her speech there. I had forgotten all about the cure, when, on going into a house near Knock, after first mass, to take breakfast, a very respectable person who happened to be at the table told us that some time previous she was walking one morning with this lady, and that she could scarcely utter a sound; that in the evening of the same day the same lady came over to her smiling, and to her great surprise began to speak as well as ever. She then narrated how she had lost the use of her speech; and after consulting many doctors she went to one celebrated Scotch doctor, who told her she never would recover. She told him in return that she would go to Knock, and regain the use of her speech. He rejoined, "If you recover the use of your speech at Knock, I will become a Catholic"; and she intended on her return to remind him of his promise.

I was sitting with one man myself after mass on Sunday who had a bad leg. We conversed for a good while outside the chapel-yard. He had a crutch and a stick. He told me he was from the bay, near Athlone; that he had been to Dublin with the most eminent doctors, and he said that he considered that he received no benefit from them. This was his second visit to Knock; he was there a week before I met him on Sunday or near it. I asked him was he much better, and he did not appear to think he was, but he told me he was up every

night during the time, and that he intended to go back by the train on Monday. I left him then, and on Monday morning, as the chapel was open, about five o'clock or so, — we were all in, at least all those who had remained up during the night, — after saying some prayers I sat down for a while under the altar rails, and I immediately saw quite close to me the same man. I asked him how he felt. He said, smiling, that he felt much better; that he left his crutch after him, and that he could now walk with only a stick, and that he could rub down his leg now, which he previously could not attempt to touch; and he suited the action to the word. I believe there are hundreds of cures that no one will ever know anything about. I know of one case myself that very likely will never come to the knowledge of the general public.

William John Holland, aged nineteen years, and residing at 7 Lamas Square, Low Felling, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has been a coal miner from the age of eight years upwards. In October, 1878, by lifting a coal tub he injured his spine and had to leave off work forthwith. For three weeks he remained at home under the care of the local doctor, but steadily growing worse, he entered the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne. For three months he was placed under the charge of one of the visiting surgeons, and at the end of that time was transferred to the charge of another surgeon, who, after four weeks, discharged him as *incurable*. On his leaving the institution he was upholstered in a "Sayre's" jacket, which he continued to wear until it was worn out. He then re-entered the Royal Infirmary for three days, and was again vested in a "Sayre's" jacket. That jacket now hangs on the gable of the chapel of Knock, one of many trophies of the power and goodness of God, and the intercession of the Virgin Mother. On the 4th of June, William John Holland was told by the doctor resident at Low Felling that three months was his limit of life. He left his home on the 27th July, and journeyed to Knock, which he reached on the 29th of the same month. So enfeebled was he that he had to be assisted by his fellow-travellers in boat and train. On the evening of the 4th of August, while praying in front of the gable of the apparition, he suddenly felt himself cured, the cure being painless and instantaneous. I have had a letter from him dated the 13th inst., and in it he stated that he had walked twenty miles the day before without the least inconvenience. I myself had seen him here for several weeks, and he certainly presented all the appearances of excellent health.

In presenting the second case to your readers, I regret that I am unable to give name and address, as the child's father has some objections to the publication of same. But I enclose it in confidence to yourself, with permission to give it under similar reservation, and that the curious inquirer may see the matter through, if he be so minded. ——, of ——, aged thirteen years, had been deaf and dumb from her birth until the twenty-third day of September, of this present year. In the beginning of the year 1875 she was placed in the deaf and dumb institution, Cabra, near Dublin, and continued there up to a few months ago. On the 21st ult., in company with her father, she visited this chapel. On the evening of her arrival, I held written conversation with her, and am satisfied that she was a deaf-mute. Her parents, friends, and neighbors, and better still, the nuns of the Cabra House, can satisfy any inquirer on that point. On the evening of the 23d ult., whilst praying in the chapel grounds, she suddenly found herself in the enjoyment, full and perfect, of the sense of hearing. She pointed to her ears, to the tower of the church, from out of which the bell was just then chiming; in short, the happy girl was

almost beside herself. Next morning she left for her home, and I myself, whilst holding a written conversation with her on the public roadway, saw her quickly step aside to avoid a horse and car coming from a direction just behind her. It was her ears, and not her eyes, that then informed her; of that I am certain. In reply to a question of mine, "Do you hear any noise that is made?" she answered, "Yes." Simple words of articulation she could pronounce, but being a stranger to articulation, her efforts at pronunciation were somewhat amusing.

CURE IN THE UNITED STATES. — It is our esteemed privilege to add another to the already long list of miraculous cures affected by the intercession of Our Lady of Knock. It happened right here in our midst and under our personal observation, and the fact can be attested to the entire satisfaction of the curious, who may wish to investigate further. The facts of the case are as follows: One of the inmates of the convent of the Good Shepherd, Columbus, Ohio, a religious, had been suffering for a number of years from very excruciating neuralgic pains throughout her whole body, which gave her no rest day or night. She was scarcely ever free from them, and at times they became so intense as to be almost unendurable. Every known remedy was applied without effect, and the afflicted sister had given up all hope of ever being cured, when the good Mother Superior suggested the making of a novena to Our Lady of Knock Through the kindness of a friend of the sisters, some cement from Our Lady's Chapel at Knock was procured, and the entire community began the novena. From the very first day after taking a little of the cement dissolved in water, the afflicted sister experienced relief, which continued increasing until the last day, when she found herself entirely free from pain or ache. Some time has now elasped since the cure was effected, but there is not the slightest evidence of the presence or return of her malady. The good sisters regard this as a truly miraculous manifestation, and are enthusiastic in their expressions of gratitude to Our Lady of Knock. We give publicity to this, not so much for the sake of notoriety of the wonderful cure, but in the hope that the fact of it may prove effective in rousing dormant faith and stimulating the indifferent to greater devotion to the blessed Mother. Our Lady of Knock, pray for us. —*The Catholic Columbian.*

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

No living wife knows her own value. It is only when a railroad company comes to be sued that a husband begins to learn what a treasure he has lost.

A POOR but high-spirited woman in Chicago pounds an old rag in the kitchen every morning to make her neighbors believe that she has beefsteak for breakfast.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN SCOTT, FIRST EARL OF CLONMEL, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE KING'S BENCH.

Born in 1739. — Copper-faced Jack. — Called to the bar in 1765. — An Irish patriot. — Extracts from his autobiography. — Joins the government. — Suspected by C. J. Fox. — Returned to the Irish Parliament. — Unpopularity in 1779. — Speech on the Declaration of Rights. — Alarming state of Ireland in 1782. — Becomes Chief Justice in 1784 and raised to the peerage. — Mode of securing good shillings. — The proprietor of the "Dublin Evening Post." — Dies in 1798.

Among the strangest characters at the Irish bar during the last century was John Scott. He was a native of the county of Tipperary, where he was born in 1739, and educated in the busy town of Clonmel, the capital of that fertile county. After graduating in the University of Dublin he became a law student, and even then was so noted for his unblushing impudence that he obtained the *sobriquet* of "Copper faced Jack." Having acquired a smattering of law, he was called to the Irish bar in 1765. He had no pretension to be considered a well-read lawyer, but he was extremely quick in mastering the details of each case, and in detecting the weak points of his adversary, which he pounced upon with the tenacity of a bulldog and the skill of a sharp practitioner. He had tact to conceal any deficiency in his legal acquirements, and was esteemed a good adviser. He displayed great readiness, and was soon in considerable practice, especially at Nisi Prius and in the criminal courts, where the fertility of his resources had full scope. He possessed a rich vein of comic humor, and if a witness could not be shaken in his evidence he could be laughed out of court. Scott aspired to senatorial honors, and joined the ranks of the Dublin Liberals, who were led on by Dr. Lucas, a medical senator, who sturdily opposed the Government. Scott was made a king's counsel, but this did not prevent him being one of the foremost democrats of the day. A curious diary of his, lately published, enables me to give his autobiography to some extent.

Under the date Thursday, June 2, 1774, we read: "I am, I believe, thirty-five years old this month; just nine years at the bar, near five years in Parliament, about four years king's Counsel. To-morrow, Friday, Trinity Term sits. I therefore resolve to enter upon my profession as upon a five years' campaign, at war with every difficulty, and determined to conquer them. I have given up wine. I will strive to contract my sleep to four or at most six hours in twenty-four; give up every pursuit but parliamentary and legal ones. If I can realize £2,000 per annum I will give up business as a lawyer, or confine it merely to the duty of any office that I may fill. I will exert my industry to the utmost in law and constitutional learning for these five years, so far as temperance, diligence, perseverance, and watchfulness can operate, and then, hey for a holiday!"

It would appear as if he was examining how the great men of former days distributed their time. He states: "The most diligent distribution of time is two thirds for business, one third to sleep, exercise, eating and drinking, and idleness. The next is one half to business, the other to idleness and refreshment. The third is one third to business, one third to society, and one third to exercise and sleep."

The learned barrister also laid down the following rules for his guidance, in order not to be unprepared in court. We can form some notion of his earnestness from the strong language he uses: "The pains of the d—d are not equal to the horrors of going to court unprepared, and the fact of losing your reputation, and going down in it. Whilst, therefore, you have an atom of business undone, give up every object, pursuit, pleasure, avocation, diversion, banish everything from your mind but business, —the business of your profession. Quarter of an hour to breakfast; one hour only to dinner, when alone; two to exercise; four to bed; quarter to rest in a chair after fatigue."

He allowed less time to sleep than Lord Coke, whose distribution of the twenty-four hours was thus : —

Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis.
Quatuor orabus, des epulasque duas
Quod superest ultra sacris largire camœnis.

I rather think John Scott never put in practice his axioms, for he appears to have been at all times foremost in the convivial parties of Dublin ; and his engagement to abstain from intoxicating drink was, no doubt, influenced by the constant dissipation in which he was involved, and in which no one more freely indulged.

I suspect few attorney-generals rigidly follow such a course as Mr. Scott marked out for himself in case he became one.

" He should rise at four in the morning. He should read without fire, standing if possible, until eight ; he should exercise, bathe, and dress at nine ; he should see all persons until eleven ; he should apply every minute to three in court business ; to four he should set down the report of the day. He should not drink wine at dinner, and eat but of few things, and not much. He should not drink wine after seven, and from eight to twelve he should apply to business."

Scott obtained the office of solicitor-general for Ireland in the room of Godfrey Lill, appointed justice of the Common Pleas on Dec. 13, 1774. Philip Tisdall, a very eminent leader of the Irish bar, was then attorney-general, and Scott and he were the Irish law officers until Tisdall's death in 1777, when Scott became attorney-general and privy councillor. He was a man of very versatile talents, and could apply himself very closely to business when he liked. Scott and Flood had constant bickerings. As they were both entering the House of Commons the first night of the session, Scott said, " Well, Flood, I suppose you 'll abuse me again, as usual, this session."

" No, Scott," replied Flood, " I will not. You were unknown and unnoticed when I began to abuse you. By abuse you became solicitor and attorney-general ; by abuse you became a privy councillor ; by abuse you may become a chief justice. No, Scott, for the future I 'll *p ai e you.*"

Scott had a rough and ready style of eloquence, which, joined to his great boldness and tact, made him a most useful ally and a formidable foe.

During the time Dr. Lucas led the Irish patriots Scott, as I mentioned, was one of his noisiest adherents ; but shortly after the accession of King George III., Scott showed an inclination to abandon the cause of his country for that of the Castle party. He was recommended to the notice of the Viceroy, Lord Townshend, by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lifferel, who induced him to support the Irish government. " My Lord, you have spoiled a good patriot," was his remark, when, yielding to the seductions of the lord lieutenant, he joined the Castle party. The great English statesman, Charles James Fox, when writing to Lord Northington, the Irish viceroy, in 1783, says : " I hear many of our friends disapprove of the idea of advancing Scott and FitzGibbon (the former was appointed prime sergeant, the latter attorney-general). You know I am no enemy to coalitions ; but take care, when you are giving great things to oblige those to whom you give them, that you do not strengthen an enemy instead of gaining a friend " Scott represented the borough of Mullingar since 1769, and was always ready to crush an opponent in the Commons with bullying words, or if they failed, an appeal to the pistol. His unpopularity often placed him in danger. When great excitement raged in Dublin, during the time of the Irish Volunteers, and they marched round the statue of King William III. in Coll ge Green, Dublin, on the 4th of November, 1779, when

field-pieces bore the inscription, "*A free trade or this*," some of the roughs attacked Scott's house in Harcourt Street, smashed the windows, and sought him in the Four Courts. Scott complained loudly in the House of Commons of the violent conduct of the Volunteers; Yelverton, who defended them, he stigmatized as "the seneschal of sedition" Yelverton retaliated, and in return called Scott "the uniform drudge of every administration" An address was agreed to, that the Lord Lieutenant should offer £500 for the discovery of the rioters.

Scott occasionally showed popular leanings. On the Declaration of Right being moved, to the effect "that Ireland should only be bound by laws enacted by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland," Scott, then attorney-general, courageously said "events had taken place since the last meeting of Parliament that made it indispensable on him to declare his opinion *now*. The bill proposed by Mr. Yelverton, supported by so many members of distinguished abilities and virtue, which he entirely approved of, had not yet been returned from England. The object of that bill was to secure property, and to confirm other material topics, — the subject of the British laws, — and if that bill was returned there could be no objection to declare that British laws were, in future, utterly inoperative; and not being returned, people have thought England insists upon that idle, useless, and pernicious power. He thought it better, therefore, that the object of the British laws should be doomed to destruction than that his country should be held in even a supposed state of absolute slavery. He therefore did as a lawyer, a faithful servant of the Crown, a well-wisher to both countries, and an honest Irishman; and in the most unqualified, unlimited, and explicit manner declare, his opinion that Great Britain had no right whatever to bind this country by any law. If the tenure of his office (attorney-general) was to be the supporting opinion; and doctrines injurious to the undoubted rights of Ireland, he held it to be *an infamous tenure;* and if the Parliament of Great Britain were determined to be the lords of Ireland, he was determined *not to be their vi lain* in contributing to it. I owe," he said, "the avowal of these sentiments to Great Britain, to my country, and to myself."

These outspoken sentiments from the first law officer of the Crown in Ireland showed the temper of the time. A far-seeing politician, the Duke of Portland, was then viceroy. He concludes a long letter marked "Private," directed to Mr. Fox, and dated Dublin Castle, April 28, 1782, with these startling words: "I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my most anxious wishes for a speedy and favorable determination. There is still *an appearance* of government; but if you delay or refuse to be liberal, government cannot exist here in its present form and the sooner you recall your lieutenant, and moreover all c'aim to this country, the better. But on the contrary, if you can bring your minds to concede largely and handsomely, I am persuaded that you may make any use of this people, and of everything they are worth, that you can wish; and in such a moment it will be happy for them that the government of England shall be in hands that will not take undue advantage of their intoxication.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"PORTLAND."

Scott, however, lost his place, and was succeeded by Barry Yelverton as attorney-general. Scott remained in the House of Commons until 1784. When Lord Annally, lord chief justice of the King's Bench, resigned, Scott became chief justice, with the title of Baron Earlsfort, of Lisson Earl. In 1789 he was created Viscount Clonmel, and 1793 advanced to the rank of earl.

At the time the Earl of Clonmel was lord chief justice, a very undignified practice of paying his lordship a shilling for administering an oath was customary. As counterfeit coins, called Warwickshire shillings, were in circulation, the astute judge used the following formula to assure his not having a base coin passed upon him: "You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God. Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and handwriting?"

Lord Clonmel was very arbitrary as a judge, and acted most oppressively against the liberties of the press. He caused Mr. Magee, proprietor of the Dublin "Evening Post," to be repeatedly cast into prison, chiefly because Magee held up to merited opprobrium the Sham Squire, a corrupt friend of the chief justice. Lord Clonmel's conduct was brought before the Irish Parliament by Mr. Curran and Mr. George Ponsonby. Lord Clonmel continued to preside over the Court of King's Bench until his death, which took place on May 23, 1798.

CHAPTER IV.

RIGHT HON. WALTER HUSSEY BURGH, CHIEF BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Born in 1743. — Called to the bar in 1768. — Obtains a seat in the House of Commons. — Important letter denying the right of parliamentary electors to exact pledges from candidates. — Fine specimen of his oratory. — Appointed prime sergeant. — Loss of office. — Fragment of a noble speech. — Expression employed by him in 1769 used by Lord George Bentinck in 1846. — His poetry. — Bon-mot. — Appointed chief baron. — His equipage. — Early death in 1783. — Tribute of Lord Temple, Lord Lieutenant. — His family left destitute. — Parliamentary grant for their relief.

No member of the Irish bar or the Irish senate deserves to be remembered by Irishmen more worthily than this illustrious man; yet, owing to the want of law reports which preserve the decision of courts and the arguments of counsel, and the meagre state of parliamentary reporting at this date, we have but faint traces of his talents. I have endeavored to glean from various sources the means of compiling his memoir.

Walter Hussey — for such was his family name — was born in the South of Ireland, where his family occupied a respectable position, Anthony Hussey being member for Tralee. Walter was born in 1743. He was educated in Dublin, at the school of Mr. Young, in Abbey Street. He took his degree in the University of Dublin, where he was distinguished for his classical learning and ability as a poet. When he was called to the bar in 1768, the Duke of Leinster, a patron of boroughs, gave him a seat in the House of Commons. The young lawyer had taken the name of Burgh, in addition to his family patronymic. His early speeches in the House were regarded as too much overlaid by poetical embellishments and classical quotations, but they displayed the richness of his imagination and the copiousness of his vocabulary. Dr. Johnson wisely said, "It is easier to lop off redundancies than to supply deficiencies," and a little experience in debate corrected any defects in Mr. Hussey Burgh's style.

When the general election in 1777 was at hand, many constituencies then, as in our own day, desired to obtain from their candidate a distinct promise to vote, and support some particular question of importance. Hussey Burgh's sentiments on this point deserve the greatest publicity. I found the following letter from his pen in the "Anthologia Hibernicæ," Vol. I. It is addressed to a friend, but was evidently intended for the electors of Trinity College, Dublin, a constituency Mr. Burgh desired to represent: —

"DEAR HERBERT: As I understand the business relating to a test, which was mentioned last night, is to be considered this afternoon at a large meeting; and as I am desirous that the same sentiments which I have already expressed to some of the independent electors may be known to all of them, I take the liberty of troubling you with the repetition of them, which, if you think proper, you will com-

municate. If the test required should be nothing more than a solemn engagement to act with integrity in the trust which you are about to repose in your candidates, there can be no other objection to it but the indelicacy of large professions, which in general are little else than the eulogy of one's own virtue. However, if it be any satisfaction to gentlemen who espouse this measure, I will and do give them the most solemn assurance that, while ever I have the honor to sit in Parliament, I will to the best of my judgment pursue the real interest of this kingdom, without suffering any motive of profit or advancement to warp my sentiments or bias my vote. But at the same time that I make this declaration, I freely acknowledge that if gentlemen should have found no such promise in my conduct, they should pay but little attention to that of my pen. If, by the test in contemplation, it is proposed that your members should vote for or against any particular measure, I think it neither constitutional nor wise to enter into any previous promise by which deliberation shall be precluded; there is no seeing what new light may be thrown on a subject, or what new circumstances may alter the merits of a question. If the member of an American Assembly had pledged his faith, some years ago, never to encourage a foreign trade in preference to that of the mother country, how different an aspect would such a question now wear from what could have been foreseen while the interests of Great Britain and her Colonies were one! Am I then to say that I will steel my breast against conviction, and that I will regulate my conduct some years hence by the circumstances that now exist, without regard to what they may be at the time I am to act? Am I to go to the House of Commons, liable to see changes and hear arguments that may convince me that what I think advantageous may prove ruinous to this kingdom, and shall I expose myself to the dilemma of voting for ruin, or breaking a solemn, perhaps the most solemn of promises? Is he an honest man who, with his eyes open, will run the hazard of such an alternative? If, again, the test is intended to restrain your members from taking any place, pension, or emolument under government,—as to a pension, I freely assure you I never shall accept one, unless, perhaps, in this instance: if it should happen in the vicissitudes of affairs that I should grow old in an honorable employment, — I will suppose, for example sake, on the bench, — I should think it no disgrace to accept a testimonial of having faithfully discharged a duty I should be no longer able to fulfil. This is so remote and improbable a contingency, that I should not mention it but for two reasons: the one, as I intend these declarations to bind my whole life, I would suit them to every period of it; the other, that in disclaiming pensions in general, I would avoid throwing out an imputation on that just use of them whereby they are made the asylum of merit, instead of being the sanctuary of vice I am an enemy to pensions: but the head that has long been wakeful for the public welfare, let it at last find a pillow to repose on; he who has long and laboriously cultivated the laurel, let him at last find a peaceful retreat beneath its honorable shade. As to the test precluding your members from accepting an active employment, I confess it strikes me as highly exceptionable. Whatever is now determined by the college ought to set, and probably will set an example to the whole kingdom. In what situation is it that a man can render best service to his country: where he can direct what is right, or where he is to oppose what is wrong? where he can preserve the fountain pure, or where he is to endeavor to purge the stream? where he can stifle mischief in its infancy, or where he must combat it if grown into a giant? where he can turn aside the uplifted shafts of power, or where he is to hold up his shield against them? But it will be said that experience tells us that men who come into office surrender their opinions at discretion Would to God there were more men who acted upon real principle! The designing patriot will always become the corrupt courtier. If a man has no principle, he will make good in jobs what he denies himself in office; if he has principle, he will be honestat all times, and in all situations. There are no slighter things than these paper kites which ride against the wind But though I will not promise never to be in office, I will and do most solemnly promise never to be corrupted in office When I see things ill-conducted, I will not promise not to conduct them better But no emolument of office shall ever induce me to increase my expense. By not making emolument necessary to luxury, I will always be able to lay it down when it becomes inconsistent with my honor. In the armory of virtue, truth is the sword and frugality the shield.* Would any man wish that Lord Chatham had never been a minister? Had he taken such a test as is now thought of, England was undone. Should Lord Hardwicke and Lord Camden never have been chancellors? Every man's own recollection will furnish a hundred exam-

* It was much easier for Hussey Burgh to preach than to practise.

ples. You think the ship in danger; you complain of those at the helm; you tell me you have some dependence on my skill, or at least my care: and what do you tell me? 'We will put you in the way of buffeting the man at the steerage, but if you venture to touch the rudder we will throw you overboard.' One word more, and I have done. Your endeavor is to cause some engagement to put it out of power to desert the cause of truth. I will not conceal from you I have some ambition. I would not anticipate the harvest of an honest reputation, and reduce my exertion of virtue to the bare right of performance of an exacted promise. I aspire to represent the college; 't is not to be in Parliament, but to be *thus* in Parliament. 'T is the honor of your confidence that I seek; I shall never court the brand of your distrust.

"I remain, yours most faithfully,

"W. H. BURGH."

He was forthwith elected on his own honorable terms. It is a matter of congratulation that, in the absence of any lengthened record of Mr. Burgh's oratory, this letter, which is highly characteristic of his chaste and graceful style, should have been preserved. Mr. Phillips, in his valuable work, "Curran and his Contemporaries," in reference to Hussey Burgh, says, "I have heard but one sentence which has escaped unmutilated. Referring to the state of Ireland, coerced by oppressive laws into unusual resistance, and the embodiment of the Irish Volunteers, Mr. Burgh warmed into this classical allusion: 'Talk not to me of peace, — Ireland is not in a state of peace; it is *smothered* war. England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up armed men.' We can well conceive how such a sentence, uttered with all the charm of impassioned delivery, a silver-toned voice, an action at once graceful and vehement, must have been received. A universal cheer burst from every part of the House, and was echoed back from the galleries."

He was an honest politician (a rare occurrence at the time); and while a member for the Dublin University, he fulfilled to the letter the promise made in the letter above quoted: "Though I do not promise never to be in office, I will and do promise never to be corrupted in office." In 1776 he became prime sergeant, on the promotion of prime sergeant Dennis as chief baron of the Exchequer, with the title of Lord Tracton, and though no station could add dignity to Mr. Burgh, the Government felt that Mr. Burgh's services were most important to the Ministry. We can easily imagine the dismay of the Castle party, when, in 1779, he — the highest officer of the Crown — moved the following amendment to the address, which he prefaced by this outspoken declaration: "I never will support any Government in fraudulently concealing from the king the rights of his people. The high office which I possess can hold no competition with my principles and my conscience, and I shall consider the relinquishment of my gown as only a just sacrifice upon the altar of my country. Strong statement rather than patient supplication is adapted to the crisis, and the amendment which I propose is, 'That it is not by *expedients* that this country is to be saved from impending ruin.'"

The bent faces and frowning brows of the Castle party warned the ardent patriot what would inevitably follow this bold speech. He felt they would take him at his word, and the loss of his office would be the consequence of his conduct. Addressing a friend who sat upon the bench beside him, Mr. Burgh said, "I have now sealed the door against my own preferment, and I have made the fortune of that man," indicating Mr. Browne, his probable successor. His anticipations were soon verified. Under the date of Law Offices, in 1779, I find, "20 George III., June 14, James Browne, Prime Sergeant, Burgh resigned."

Another fragment of one of Mr. Burgh's orations has reached me, and displays the strength of his colossal mind, and his abandonment of self-interest. It was proposed by the

Irish government to send four thousand Irish soldiers to fight for the British rule in America during the War of Independence. Mr. Burgh would not consent to this while the unconstitutional power of taxation without representation was insisted on. Such I gather from all that I could find of this speech — his closing words: "Having no enemies to encounter, no partisans to serve; without passion, without fear, I have delivered my sentiments upon the present question, — one of the greatest importance. I will not vote a single man against America without an accompanying address recommending conciliatory measures. I foresee the conclusion of this war. If ministers are victorious, it will only be establishing a right to the harvest after they have burned the grain; it will be establishing a right to the stream after they have cut off the fountain. Such is my opposition, — a method ill calculated to secure emolument or to gain popularity; but I despise profit, I despise popularity, if the one is to be gained by base servility, and the other purchased by blind zeal. Farewell profit, farewell popularity, if in acquiring you, fair fame is to be the victim!"

These fragments sufficiently justify another great orator, — Lord Plunket, — who said of Hussey Burgh that "no modern speaker approached him in power of stirring the passions" The Marquis Wellesley ranked him as a speaker superior to Pitt, Fox, or Burke.

I have discovered a term used in our time with great force by the late lamented Lord George Bentinck, to have been employed previously by Hussey Burgh: though, I am almost sure, Lord George Bentinck was not aware he had been thus anticipated. When describing the extreme corruption of the Irish Parliament of 1769, Mr. Burgh says: "Our members are returned by the fear or dependence, not the affection or choice, of the electoral body. Unaccountable for their conduct in Parliament, their venality is unrestrained, and universal corruption reigns in the House. They are the instruments of power, — *a set of men kept in regular pay*, — *the janizaries* of despotism."

When Lord George Bentinck, in 1846, was taunting the late Sir Robert Peel with his shifting conduct on the Corn Laws, his Lordship said: "We used, sir, to be told by the Right Honorable baronet he would not consent to be a minister on sufferance; but I think he must be blinded indeed by the flattery of those around him if he has not learnt that he is now a minister on sufferance, tossed from one side to the other, sometimes depending on honorable gentlemen opposite, sometimes on friends around me, supported by none *but his forty paid janizaries*, and some seventy other renegades, one half of whom, while they support him, express their shame in doing so."

To his great wisdom Mr. Burgh united sportive wit. When walking one day with a friend in Dublin, they passed the mansion of a nobleman whose family acquired notoriety by a propensity for taking the goods of others, — in short, confounding *meum* and *tuum*. The knocker on the hall door was a large iron hand. Burgh at once uttered this impromptu: —

> "Could man Promethean fire command,
> To warm with life that iron hand,
> And touch it with a sense of feeling,
> Lord! *what a hand 't would be for stealing!*"

On all the great questions which were brought forward in 1780 and the following year, Mr. Burgh took a prominent part, but these belong more to the political than legal history of Ireland, and my space does not admit of introducing them here. In 1781 his friends were in office, and he was reinstated in the office of prime sergeant. Still higher rank was soon to follow. On the 25th of June Lord Tracton died, and this left the chief baron's place in the Exchequer at the disposal of the government It was at once offered to

and accepted by Mr. Burgh. It was an appointment gratifying to his tastes and vanity, for he was very ostentatious. The times were those of profuse extravagance, and then were laid the seeds which covered many an Irish estate with a plentiful crop of incumbrances. These incumbrances so overspread the country as to require exceptional legislation, and a separate tribunal was established, now one of the courts of the kingdom,—the Landed Estate Court. Chief Baron Burgh lived in grand style. He drove to court in a coach and six horses, preceded by three outriders. This soon ended. A cold caught in Armagh, while on circuit, was aggravated by the necessity of sitting all day in a chill court-house, and fever supervened. The best medical aid was obtained, and the faculty summoned from Dublin, but all in vain. His illness terminated fatally, and in 1783—when only two years on the bench, at the early age of forty—Walter Hussey Burgh died.

All ranks mourned his untimely death Lord Temple, then viceroy, declared, "No one had that steady, decided weight which he possessed in the judgment and affections of his country, and no one had more decidedly that inflexible and constitutional integrity which the times peculiarly demanded" Of course a man who lived at the rate Chief Baron Burgh did could make no provision for his family. This is, alas! a common event in Ireland, and in my opinion ought not to be so. A man having children is said to give "hostages to fortune," and should take care and make provision to protect them from want. Chief Baron Burgh left four daughters and a son totally unprovided for. Mr. Grattan appealed to Parliament for their relief, and in feeling terms "besought the House to entreat his Majesty to make provision for the family of the late chief baron, as a reward for his integrity and ability on the seat of justice, and the services he had rendered to the country." This appeal was eloquently seconded by Mr. Yelverton, and generously responded to. Parliament settled two thousand a year on his family. The bitterness of party strife was forgotten in the general grief for his loss, and friend and foe mourned him in common.

A daughter of Chief Baron Burgh married Mr. Griffith, whose son Richard became the celebrated chief commissioner of public works in Ireland, and a baronet. He died very recently, aged ninety-four. Another son, called after the chief baron, Walter Hussey Griffith, is a most estimable and respected member of the Irish bar. He married a daughter of the Henn family. The eminent career of several members of this family will be found hereafter.

To be continued.

It is not, however, by immoral or illegal combination that the manifest and manifold evils of our country can be redressed. It is by constitutional agitation, of which the great and successful teacher was the late illustrious Liberator, that the disorders of the country can be removed or abated. Of this wholesome agitation there can be no apprehension of having too much, until the conviction grows on the minds of Englishmen that Ireland is to be governed according to the convictions of Irishmen, and not according to the crude notions of the Saxon or the Saxon garrison in our land. *Immoral and illegal combination, disowned by right reason and reprobated by religion, cannot be enlisted in the service of our country.* They would be auxiliaries entirely unsuited to so sacred a cause as the social regeneration of Catholic Ireland.

Archbishop McHale.

ALTON tells of an old farmer who, having eaten an oyster stew for the first time, said: "I like soup pretty well, but I did n't like them polly-wogs."

JOHN KELLY.

John Kelly seems to be the best abused man in the country just now. The "Catholic Columbian" takes this view of the state of the case: —

"It is strange with what singular unanimity political organs of all shades attribute the failure of the Democratic canvass in the late contest to John Kelly, the recognized leader of the party in New York State. There is no better abused man in the country to day. Filth enough has been flung at him to overwhelm an empire, and his name is held up as a reproach on all that is good and noble in manhood, — the very incarnation of all vileness and corruption. Yet what has John Kelly done to merit all this reproach and obloquy? He simply dared to stand by principle, and would not sacrifice that principle to please rampant preachers and blatant demagogues. He held as a cardinal doctrine that religion should not be made a test of political faith, and that no free-born citizen should be ostracized by party lines on account of religious belief. This was his grand crime, — the heresy that has made him the target for the vile invectives of pothouse politicians and bigoted ignoramuses. It was not John Kelly who defeated the Democratic candidate for President, but religious hate and sectarian zealots, who shamefully deserted the party because he had the honor and manhood to stand by the man who had received the party nomination for mayor of New York City. He did this in the face of all opposition, and never for a moment faltered in his noble resolve. He felt that he stood on the principle of the genius of our country's liberties, and fought the battle of right and justice to a successful end. It was not for a man he battled, but for liberty and justice. Yet the man whom he stood by so bravely was the peer of his opponents, — a man of strict integrity and moral standing, against whose name not one word of reproach could be uttered; but he had the misfortune (?) to be a — Catholic in faith. This is the cause of the Democratic Waterloo, and we trust it will be an abiding lesson to those who will dare to bring the 'religious test' in future to bear upon political creeds. All honor to the champion!"

Forms of Water — Snow is formed from vapor, and vapor is formed by heat; and it has been calculated that the heat expended in forming a pound of vapor would melt no less than five pounds of cast-iron. Nor is this all. Equally great, if not greater, is the force necessary to transform the vapor into snow. Professor Tyndall says, "I have seen the wild stone-avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down declivities with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer; I have also seen snowflakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they are composed: yet to produce, from aqueous vapor, a quantity which a child could carry of that tender material, demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone-avalanche I have ever seen, and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell."

The Spider. — It is accounted in the North of England and the South of Scotland unlucky to kill a spider. This arises from the well-known story about King Robert, the Bruce. Having made six abortive attempts on the crown of Scotland, he was hiding in a cave. He saw a spider six times fail in trying to fix its web. It tried a seventh time and succeeded. Bruce tried a seventh time, and freed his country at Bannockburn. No Scotsman, let alone a Bruce, would kill a spider. — *Jonathan Oldbuck, Monkwearmouth.*

SOME OF THE REASONS WHICH LED TO THE DEFEAT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

"FOSTER'S DEMOCRAT," of Dover, N. H., has one of the richest and raciest articles on the why and wherefore of defeat that has anywhere appeared. The following extracts will show its tenor, and what kind of Democracy there is still left in the old Granite State: —

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

The name of Samuel J. Tilden inspired everybody with confidence, and he led the party to the only victory since 1856. He was ruthlessly and infamously cheated out of the victory, and the great Democratic party and the country were defrauded of the administration of their choice. Common-sense, to say nothing of any other attribute or claimed or supposed attribute of mankind, pointed out and required that Mr. Tilden and the Democratic party should stand together, and together press for vindication, and the reclamation of their own. In the nature of the case, no other man on earth could possibly represent the outraged Democratic people, except Samuel J. Tilden. No other man represented the vital, fundamental principles of Democracy like him. No other conspicuous man had the commanding power, the capacities for political leadership that he possessed. The campaign and result demonstrated it; and in fraudulently depriving him of the office he had won, every Democrat in America, and every lover of fair play, free elections, and constitutional government was most infamously insulted and outraged. The commonest ideas of personal duty, as well as every principle of abstract justice and right, demanded that the united Democracy should rally round their great leader, and firmly resolve that the prime and only duty was his and their vindication in the then next election.

HOW TREATED.

The Republicans kept up their malignant warfare, knowing that Mr. Tilden must be the candidate of the Democracy again if there was any sense of justice and decency left in the leaders of the Democratic party; but they were re-enforced in their post-election campaign of vituperation by John Kelly and Tammany Hall, with all their traitorous satellites in New York and elsewhere. The New York "World," the New York "Star," the "Express," and other Democratic organs joined in the Republican detraction and slanders of the man who led us to victory, and the Democracy of New York became a house divided against itself; and their accursed influence extended to other sections, to work demoralization and defeat when the next tug of war should come. And so they went along until, a year ago, those Democratic revilers of Tilden openly bolted in New York, and turned that State over to the enemy.

HOW A DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS ACTED.

The Democracy had gained control of both branches of Congress without the aid of New York, and surely here was the chance to develop and bring to the front good, sound Democratic principles and measures. The currency was all muddled up, the tariff was a mass of incongruities and absurdities, commerce was played out, the civil service was rotten and corrupt, and everything was as antidemocratic as possibly could be; and although the Fraudulent Executive stood in the way of reformatory legislation, yet it was expected that the Democratic Congress, Democratic in both branches, would take a stand somewhere and show to the country a definite, tangible, and practical policy, — a policy in conformity to Democratic principles, — and be united thereon. Everybody looked for it and expected it. But we all strained our eyes to no purpose, and our expectations were cut off. There was no cohesion on fundamental principles anywhere. One half of the Democratic members of Congress were for the old Democratic hard money, the other half were singing hosannas to the rag baby. One fraction were for tariff for revenue only, another for free trade, another for high protective duties, and so on; all helter-skelter, and no unity of purpose anywhere. One set favored specie payments, another denounced it as a swindle. One set were for national banks, another for their abolition and green rags in unlimited profusion. One set were for immediate civil-service reform, while another set thought they could do nothing and had better keep still. The majority did finally agree that the best way to reform the civil service, so far as they were concerned, was to keep in their positions about all the Republican subordinates in the House and Senate both, and let worthy Democratic applicants stand outside until a more convenient season. And so the Senate and House are to this day

stuffed with our political enemies, sucking Democratic pap and paying political assessments into the Republican campaign treasury to cut Democratic throats in the election. That's the Congressional Democratic idea of civil-service reform as practically carried out.

The Senate confirmed about every scurvy radical U. S. marshal to bulldoze in the elections with his hor les of shoulder-hitters and plug-ugly deputies, picked from the vilest slums that disgrace our civilization. Every one of these scoundrels who congregated around the polls in all the large cities, in violation of every principle of free ballot and Democratic government, was put there by the vote of a Democratic Senate; and this, too, after the abortive and ridiculous attempts to repeal the Federal election laws at the extra session, which never should have been held at all. A very little sense and foresight would have convinced any Democrat that a repeal of those laws was impossible so long as a Republican sat in the White House. They had no sense, or they would have made the most of those laws until they acquired the power to change them. No wise and sensible man will voluntarily butt his head against a stone wall.

INVESTIGATIONS.

Scarcely a single one of them that did not finally run into a little nest of corrupt, mercenary, scoundrelly Democrats just as bad as any of the Republicans, and there the whole matter would stop. Not a report or a reported fact of any of these investigations has been of the slightest use in the campaign just closed. The investigations have generally been stupidly managed, and resulted in nothing. Since both branches of Congress have been Democratic there has been a woful and most distressing lack of brains and energy, courage and convictions, and no strength or confidence has been gained by the Democratic party.

THE OLD TICKET DEMANDED.

Tammany Hall and Thomas A. Hendricks opposed it and defeated it. John Kelly, at Tammany's head, had a personal spite against Tilden. He was backed by his organization, determined to rule or ruin. The first step to defeat Tilden and the Democracy was to turn the great State of New York over to the Republicans. They enlisted various newspapers in their support, whose columns teemed with denunciation of Tilden and his methods, —false, scandalous, and infamous. The Republican organs helped and hounded them on. When the New York Democratic convention met in 1879, the nearly universal acclaim of the party was for the renomination of Gov. Robinson, one of the best magistrates New York or any other State ever had. Tammany and John Kelly took issue because Robinson was the friend of Tilden, and the supporters of the latter were the supporters of Robinson. Finding they were to be beaten by a fair and honest majority, Kelly and his cohorts bolted and nominated Kelly, who made the canvass of the State; and backed by the powerful organization in New York City, he polled nearly 80,000 votes and gave the plurality to the Republicans, thus turning the State, with all its vast patronage and political power, over to the enemy to be used against the Democracy in the great contest of 1880.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS.

The popular sentiment all over the country was for the renomination of the old ticket, Tilden and Hendricks; but the latter publicly declared he would not take the second place again with Tilden or anybody else. He was envious and jealous, and wanted to be first. He set up his claims and went to work to pack the Indiana delegation to secure his nomination. Meanwhile the Democratic Legislature of Indiana had submitted amendments of the State Constitution to the people for ratification. One of these amendments changed the State election from October to the day of the Presidential election in November. This amendment was carried by the majority of all those who voted upon it at all, and was decided to be adopted. Then Hendricks took it into his head that he was sure to be nominated for President, and as he could no doubt carry Indiana, he must have it remain an October State in order to give him the prestige of a tremendous boom which would bound him into the White House in November. So they put up a job to have the Democratic Supreme Court of the State declare the amendment not adopted because it did not receive the majority of the highest vote cast for any officer in the election, d sregarding the votes cast upon the amendment itself; and thus, by that absurd law and logic both, they kept Indiana an October State. But it turned out that Hendricks came nowhere near getting the nomina ion for President. He had done all he could to kill off Tilden, and there he was, a political wreck himself, because his ambition overcame his better senses and he forgot that the first duty was to put the Democratic party in power.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Well, the national convention came, and behold, John Kelly and his traitorous

Tammany crew appeared in the sacred rôle of peacemakers. They wanted nothing so much as a united and harmonious Democracy; and they were ready for anybody but Tilden. Anybody else could carry New York. And so they palavered, and honey-fugled, and bamboozled the convention. And when it was all accomplished, they had a love feast, with tableaux of the most interesting and touching description. Tammany hugged anti-Tammany, John Kelly played Judas Iscariot by kissing the Saviour, the better to betray and crucify him. We shall see the result further on. Tilden was not nominated. Hendricks was not nominated. The former made no complaints, but patriotically retired, while the latter proceeded to take his revenge. Stung by defeat, Hendricks and his friends proceeded to hamstring the party in Indiana, while John Kelly and Tammany arranged for the most damnable perfidy in New York.

HANCOCK AND ENGLISH.

Gen. Hancock was made the nominee for President: as noble, sound, able, and true a man and Democrat as ever lived, an honor to our country and to mankind, as satisfactory as any man could be in all respects, only and except for the great and fundamental issue which he did not and could not represent. But he was handicapped by a swinish, penurious old skinflint, pillioned behind him in the fight. Bill English pledged a hundred thousand of his five millions for the honor of riding there, but he never paid a fifth part of it. He was the moiety of Hendricks's revenge. The rest of it was the nomination of an old played-out greenback donkey, Franklin Landers, for governor of Indiana. And all through the Indiana State campaign, on which hung tremendous issues, every time old Skinflint was asked for the sinews of war, his reply was, "O, this is Landers's fight, but mine will come in November." It did come; he saved his resources, and we were beaten. God save the Democratic party from any more such candidates as broke us down in Indiana, and sent dismay through our ranks all over the battlefield.

WHAT FOLLOWED.

Defeat in Indiana was not necessarily fatal. There was yet hope and assurance in New York, in New Jersey, in California, and in Nevada. John Kelly and Tammany Hall proved true to their traitorous instincts. They wrangled with another organization known as Irving Hall all through the campaign until within two weeks of the election, about the local candidates of New York City; and when they finally agreed, it was in consummation of the plan sure to enable Kelly more easily and successfully to accomplish his treason.

KELLY AND ARTHUR.

They are personal friends and chums, sporting men in politics and other games. They live next-door neighbors. Together they put up the job to nominate Grace for mayor of New York, and then set the newspapers and clergymen to howling about Roman Catholic domination. Grace is a Catholic, and how horrible to have the chief executive office of New York City in the hands of a Roman Catholic! Free institutions, the public schools, liberty, and civilization were all at stake. The devilish Catholics would overrun us and scatter damnation round the land. All this howling and bulldozing, it is alleged, made 10,000 votes against the Democracy because that number of intolerant Protestant, Know-Nothing Democrats voted to proscribe a man for his religion, and defeat their party to gratify their own pious bigotry and hate. But more likely they voted as they did to rebuke, repel, and overthrow the insolent one-man power of John Kelly. Whichever way it was, and be it as it may, while it was going on, that pretty pair Kelly and Arthur had another part of the job in hand. About all the precinct election inspectors were Tammany men, and they must be let into the secret, and paid their price for manipulating the election returns.

Arthur wanted to be Vice-President of the United States, and Kelly must remain in command of New York City, with its $25,000,000 of patronage, by virtue of his office of comptroller. So they traded, Arthur as the party of the first part agreeing that the Republican Legislature and governor, which Kelly helped to elect, should not interfere in any way with Kelly's plans in the city, while Kelly as the party of the second part agreed to turn the electoral vote of New York over to Garfield and Arthur. But Arthur insisted upon and secured another concession more infamous than all the rest; and the precinct inspectors for a price, and in pursuance of Kelly's bargain, counted the Hancock electoral votes for Garfield in sufficient numbers to reduce the majority of the former to about 40,000 instead of 65,000, and swell the vote of the latter up to 80,000 in the city. We have the proof of this in the discoveries made in the Twelfth Assembly District, where, by some mistake, the thing was entirely overdone in counting and footing all Hancock votes into the Garfield column, and the inspector so made the record in his books. This wholesale transfer was too much,

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and could not help being detected, while in other cases it was on a smaller scale to avoid detection, but sufficient for the purpose in view.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

Nothing that we know of. We are tired and sick of being cheated, and especially by men calling themselves Democrats. The Tammany Democrats, so called, unhorsed the party a year ago in New York, and now the infernal scoundrels have thrown the Democracy in the whole country. John Kelly and his whole coterie of traitors ought to be shot, and we should like to preach their funeral sermons.

BUT WHAT NEXT?

We are not sure that anything will be of much avail, but we want to see a complete reorganization of the Democratic party on the honest and intelligent basis of fundamental principles, with brains and sense and courage at the head. We are disgusted with the shallow, kite-flying, no-policy, unprincipled men who have been leading the party in Congress and in the country generally for the last few years. Sounder and abler men must take charge, or the Democracy will disband and die. Still, we are not certain that any course will bring success. At present we can see no way to get the ruling party out of power. The whole money and corporate power of the country is combined in support of the Republican party and against the Democratic people. That power does not believe in frequent elections, because such events endanger the money investments. Capital wants a strong central government to overawe the masses and keep them submissive. Our present idea is that the very next attempt at a general election in this country will result in the inauguration of the man on horseback, who will be the dictator of this people, and the money power will sustain him. We hope we shall be mistaken, but the future looks like it to us. But be that as it may, the first thing in order is to kick out and destroy utterly the miserable traitors and scoundrels who have now betrayed and sold out the Democratic party, and put a new infusion of brains and tact and skill and honesty at the head.

ST. PETER'S mother has been the subject of many popular legends in Italy, but his sisters have figured less in traditionary lore of the kind. They are the heroines, however, of a pointed little story which is told in last Saturday's "Academy": St. Peter had two sisters; one large, the other small. The little one entered a convent and became a nun. St. Peter was delighted at this, and tried to persuade his big sister to become a nun, also. She would not listen to him, however, and said, "I would rather marry." After St. Peter had suffered martyrdom, he became, as is well known, porter of heaven. One day, the Lord said to him, "Peter, open the gates of heaven to-day as wide as you can, and get out all the heavenly ornaments and decorations, for a very deserving soul is going to arrive here." St Peter did as he was told with great joy, and thought, "Certainly my little sister is dead, and is coming to heaven to-day." When everything was ready, there came the soul of ——, his big sister, who had died and left many children, who bitterly lamented her loss. The Lord gave her an exalted place in heaven, much to the astonishment of St. Peter, who thought, "I never should have imagined this; what shall I have to do when the soul of my little sister comes?" Not long after, the Lord said to him, "Peter, open the gate of heaven to-day a little way, but a very little; do you hear?" St. Peter obeyed, and wondered, "Who is coming to-day?" Then came the soul of his little sister, and had so much trouble to squeeze through the gate that she hurt herself; and she received a much lower place in heaven than the big sister. At first St. Peter was amazed; afterwards he said, "It has happened differently from what I imagined; but I see now that every profession has its merits, and every one, if he only wishes, can enter heaven." Very comforting for the laity.

AN impossible feat for a female pedestrian is to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours past a thousand millinery stores, displaying the latest styles of spring bonnets.

OUR RACE IN BUENOS AYRES.

"The aristocratic class of the foreign population, because the richest and most influential, are the Irish. Take them as a class, they are the richest men in the country. They are nearly all sheep farmers."

"Which side do they take in the presidential dispute?"

"Which side? Neither. They never interfere in politics, — take no interest in them at all."

"Is it possible? In the United States it is very different."

"Well, it's not that way in Buenos Ayres. Why, I know some of the richest *estancieros* in the country who could not tell you the name of the president. Ask them who was the president and the answer would be, 'His name is — is — Troth, an' I don't know what it is' In fact they have no interest in political affairs at all; they want to make money, and hope to go home to enjoy it when they get rich, though they very rarely do go home. I know one rich old fellow who did, and bought a large estate in Ireland. He went on improving it and evicting tenants, and one night his windows were smashed in with a charge of buckshot. He sold out and came back again. These men never trouble themselves about politics; you could not arouse their interest in such affairs. The natives live and breathe by political agitation; but the sheep-owners only look upon it as so much interference with trade, and want to steer clear of it all the time. If you should mention some political matter among a group of men of this class, some old fellow is sure to say, 'Oh, bedad, let the politics alone; let's talk about sheep.' The only elections any of them pay attention to are the municipal or village elections. They have a more or less direct bearing on their interests; and the efforts they make in favor of this or that village candidate are made in the same spirit in which they would select a new pasturage or build a better corral for their sheep. Outside of this they know nothing and care nothing."

"How do you account for the difference between the spirit of the Irishmen who come here and those who go there?"

"I don't know. The Irishmen who come to us are a close-fisted, close-saving, money-grabbing people. Perhaps that may account for it. Otherwise I suppose it must be the language. That's the obstacle. The language of the country is Spanish; and by the time they have learned it, they have become too deeply interested in their sheep to care for anything like South American politics. The custom of these rich old fellows is to send home to Ireland for their brothers, sisters, and cousins to the remotest generation, and so keep the wealth in the family. Directly an Irishman begins to get along, gets a couple of flocks of sheep, and feels easy, he sends home for relatives, and puts them in on shares Thus they are all bound together, and their great wealth gives them pretty nearly the control of the country, — at least, as far as relates to the sheep trade and all dependent upon it. The best thing a man can do who has trade relations anywhere outside the city of Buenos Ayres is to pass himself off as an Irishman. If he is an Irishman he's all right, and is one of the privileged class. But it's up-hill work for him if he is not. He is looked down upon with contempt. There was a fellow came out to me from England. He was a doctor, — a poor sort of snipe, but I believe skilful in his profession. He had n't a cent in the world, was a regular Cockney, and appeared at my ranch wearing a stovepipe hat. He was going to set up business in a neighboring village, where there was no doctor. Said I, 'Look here, my friend, if you want to do anything in that place, it will never do for you to

open shop as an Englishman. You must come from Ireland.' About a year after I was at the village, and found him doing well there. He was passing himself off as a Waterford man, — the Waterford people speak so much like Englishmen you can scarcely tell the difference, — and had told such marvellous circumstantial stories about his Irish birth and parentage that I began to believe he had been deceiving me when he said he came from London. In fact, I was so uncertain which of his stories to believe that I took the trouble, when I was in London a few weeks ago, to inquire about his family. I found he really was a Londoner."

1881.

THIS is a peculiar number. The sum of its digits is 9×9. It is divisible by 9 without remainder The remaining quotient consists of two prime factors, 11 and 19. It reads the same both ways. If 18 be set under 81 and the two added, the sum is 99. If the 18 be reversed and then added to 81, the sum is 162, the sum of the digits of which is 9. The 162 is also divisible by 9, giving a quotient by 9. If the 81 be reversed and added to 18, the sum is 36, which is also divisible by 9, and the sum of its digits is also 9. But what of it? Add the following considerations before you press an answer: 1. Those who have cultivated the occult sciences have always held the number 9 to be possessed of great significance. 2. Those who have made a study of the numerical symbolism of the Scriptures have regarded the number 9 as equally significant. "It is a number of finality or judgment, of creaturely completeness," says Dr. Mahan. And he adds, "It is a factor of all the great dates of judgment, viz., of the Flood, the destruction of Sodom, the overthrow of Pharaoh, the Captivity, and the final destruction of Jerusalem." As we have seen, it enters in a variety of ways into the number 1881. What of it now? Has 1881 a judgment in store for the human race? and what is it?

A PATIENT ELEPHANT.

"TELL my grandchildren," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an English officer, asked Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eyes. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought, and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath (just like a person about to endure an operation), gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by trunk and gesture evidently wished to express his gratitude.

A NUMBER of New York ladies have united and pledged each other not to patronize dry-goods and millinery stores in which the female clerks are prohibited from sitting during the time not employed in attending upon customers. In some houses as many as five or eight hundred young girls and women are employed, and the severe strain upon their physical constitution by being compelled to stand ten or twelve hours a day has permanently injured many of them. Girls have been known to fall down at their posts from sheer exhaustion. An organization similar to that proposed in New York has long been in existence in London, and with marked beneficial results.

MAYOR GRACE.

New York Freeman's Journal.

William R. Grace has been elected mayor of New York. He may prove a very good mayor, — if he takes advice from good men that know more of the town than he does. He was not our choice; he was not the choice of the *Catholics* of New York: first, because, *as Catholics*, the Catholics of New York have no candidate; second, because Mr. Grace is comparatively little known in New York, except among men engaged in shipping. Our very slight acquaintance with him ratifies the judgment formed of him by business men: that he is very clever, honorable, liberal in purse-matters, and laudably ambitious. With the modest assurance that *occasionally* characterizes his countrymen, he had a great desire to be mayor of New York, not to make any money out of it, but to show and do some things the city needed. To be frank about it, we were consulted before his nomination, and we opposed it on the ground that he was a greenhorn in municipal administration, not five years resident in the city, and only a baker's dozen of years a citizen of the country.

We hope he may make a good mayor. Raw hands, unused to the profession of political life, — except, by other profession, as of the army, bred to command, — are usually lamentable failures.

Of a very large number of Catholics of the city of New York that have spoken to or with us, we have not heard *one* pleased with Mr. Grace's nomination; and we have talked with men from bankers to day-laborers. We have only *heard* of one Catholic as advocating his nomination, and that was Rev. Patrick Dealy, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's Church; and we are not sure whether it was in jest or earnest that the name of that very mild and never positive gentleman was dragged in as one that had *influenced* the nomination of Mr. Grace.

But even if true that Father Dealy thinks he promoted the nomination, he is *mistaken*. *It was the work of Samuel J. Tilden*. He put John Kelly in a corner, and *forced* Mr. Grace's nomination on him.

We will be agreeably disappointed if Mr. Grace proves an efficient mayor. We do not doubt he will be an honest and an aspiring one.

But of one thing we are sure: Catholic institutions will find him a more stingy mayor than Augustus Schell, or August Belmont, or *our* favorite candidate, John T. Agnew, would have been. We take these names off the top of the list offered by Tammany, and rejected by Samuel J. Tilden's party.

We have reason to believe that some thousands of Irish Catholics voted against Mr. Grace, — on the principle that, if an Irish Catholic is up for roasting, a crowd of his own faith and country will ask the pleasure of doing the job for him; and from the gusto one young man *told* us he did it, we can imagine many more acted the like: "*I swapped votes* with a clerk in the store, who wanted me to vote against Grace. I made him put in the electoral ticket for Hancock, and then I put in mine for Dowd. What the devil do I care for Grace anyhow!"

He who bears failure with patience is as much a philosopher as he who succeeds in business; for to put up with the world needs as much wisdom as to control it.

Three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms: First, your wife; second, your stomach; third, your conscience.

GOD'S GOODNESS ON A CHRISTMAS EVE.

"I CAN'T stand it any longer, Hannah; I'll go out, and perhaps something will turn up for us."

"It 's a cold night, Dennis."

"Cold, yes; but it 's not much colder out than in. It would have been much better for you if you had married John Mulhill," he said bitterly.

"Don't say that, Dennis. I have never regretted my choice."

"Not even when there is not a loaf of bread in the house for you and the children?"

"Not even now, Dennis. Don't be discouraged. God has not forsaken us. Perhaps this Christmas eve the tide will turn; better days may dawn upon us to-morrow."

The manly face of Dennis Carmody grew a shade paler from his mental suffering, and he shook his head despondingly.

"You are more hopeful than I, Hannah. Day by day I have been in search of employment. I have called at fifty places, only to receive the same, *same* answer everywhere."

Just then little Jimmy, who had been asleep, woke up.

"Mother," he pleaded, "won't you give me a piece of bread? I am so hungry."

"There is no bread, Jimmy, my darling!" said the mother with an aching heart.

"When will there be some?" asked the little child, piteously.

Tears came into the mother's eyes. She knew not what to do.

"Jimmy, I'll bring you some bread," said the father hoarsely. And, distracted, he seized his hat and went to the door. His wife, alarmed, laid her hand upon his sleeve. She saw the look in his eyes; she trembled to what step desperation might lead him.

"Remember, Dennis," she said, solemnly, "it is a hard thing to starve; but there are things that are worse."

He shook off her hand, but not roughly, and without a word passed out.

Out in the cold streets! That would be their only home next. For a brief time longer he had the shelter of a cheerless room in a cold lodging-house; but the rent would become due at the end of the month, and he had nothing to meet it.

Dennis Carmody was a mechanic, competent and skilful. Three years ago he lived in the country village where, as a young boy under the care of his parents, who had settled down in it shortly after their emigration from the old country, he had grown up a spirited, strapping young fellow; had learned his trade of furniture-maker in the factory over near the railroad; and eventually took to his house and heart in marriage, Hannah Nealon. Here in keeping house expenses were moderate, and he found no difficulty in meeting them. But in an evil hour he grew tired of his village home, and removed to the city. For a while he met with very good success; but he found the lodging-house in which he had to live a poor substitute for the neat cottage he had occupied in the country. He saw his mistake, but was too proud to go back, although it was his wife's desire they should do so.

But the time of great depression came, and with it a suspension of business enterprise. Work ceased for Dennis Carmody and many others. If he had been in his old home he could have turned his hand to something else, and at the worst could have borrowed of his neighbors till better times.

So day by day he went out to seek work, only to return disappointed. If he had been alone he could have got on some way; but it was a sore trial to come to the cheerless room and a pale wife and hungry children, and no relief to offer them.

"I will pawn my coat," he said; "I cannot see my wife and children starve."

It was a well-worn coat, and that winter night he needed something more to keep him warm. Weakened by enforced fasting, he was more sensitive to the cold, and shivered as he walked along the pavement.

"Yes," he said, "my coat must go. I know not how I shall get along without it; but I cannot see my children starve before my eyes."

He was not in general an envious man; but when he saw the sleek, well-fed citizens, buttoned up to the throat in warm overcoats, come out of brilliantly lighted shops, provided with presents for happy children at home, while his were starving, he suffered some bitter thoughts upon the inequality of fortune's gifts to come to his mind. Why should they be so happy, while he was so miserable?

There was a time — he remembered it well — when he, too, suffered not the Christmas eve to pass without buying some little gifts for Jimmy and Agnes. How little he dreamed that they should ever want bread!

There was one man, shorter than himself, warmly clad, who passed him with his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his overcoat. There was a pleasant smile upon his face. He was doubtless thinking of a happy circle at home.

Dennis knew him to be a rich cabinet-maker and upholsterer, whose ample warehouse he often passed. He had applied to this man only two days before for employment, and been refused. It was, perhaps, the thought of the wide difference between them, so far as outward circumstances were, that led Dennis to follow him.

After a while the tradesman, Mr. Grimes, thrust his hand suddenly inside into a breast-pocket and drew his handkerchief therefrom As he did so, he did not perceive that his pocket-book came with it, and fell on the pavement. He did not perceive it, but Dennis did. His heart leaped into his mouth, and a sudden thought entered his mind. He bent quickly down and picked up the pocket-book. He raised his eyes to see if the movement was noticed. It was not. Mr. Grimes went on, unheeding his loss.

"This will buy bread for my wife and children," thought the man instantly.

A vision of the comfort which the money would bring that cheerless room lighted up his heart for an instant; but then — for he was not dishonest — there came another thought. The money was not his, much as he wanted it.

"But I cannot see my wife and children starve," he thought again. "If it is wrong to keep the money, God will pardon the offence. He will understand my motive."

All this was sophistry, and he knew it. In a moment he felt it to be so. He had recollected the teachings of the Catechism, the pious instructions of the good Father Geogahan, and the sterling admonitions of his parents. There was something worse than starvation. His wife had said this just before he came out. Could he meet her gaze when he returned with food so obtained?

"I've lived honest so far," he thought; "I won't turn thief now."

It was with an effort he came to this decision, for all the while was before his eyes that vision of a cheerless home, and he could hear Jimmy vainly asking for food. It was with an effort that he stepped forward and placed one hand on the tradesman's shoulder, and extended the hand that held the pocket-book.

"Thank you," said Mr. Grimes, turning round; "I hadn't perceived my loss. I am much obliged to you."

"You have reason to be," said Dennis in a low voice. "I was very near keeping it."

"That would have been dishonest," said Mr. Grimes, his tone altering slightly.

"Yes, it would; but it is hard to be honest when one is penniless, and his wife and children without a crust."

"Surely you and your children are not in that condition?" said the tradesman, earnestly.

"Yes," said the poor man, "it is only too true. For two months I have vainly sought for work. I applied to you two days since."

"I remember you now. I thought I had seen you before. You still want work?"

"I should feel grateful for it."

"My foreman left me yesterday. Will you take his place for twenty-five dollars a week?"

"Thankfully, sir, I would for half that."

"Then come to-morrow morning; or rather, as to-morrow will be a holiday, the day succeeding. Meantime take this for your present necessities."

He drew from his pocket some notes, and handed them to Dennis.

"Why, you have given me thirty dollars sir," said he in amazement.

"I know it. The pocket-book contains five thousand dollars. But for you, I should have lost the whole. I wish you a merry Christmas."

"It will indeed be a merry Christmas," said Dennis, his heart in his mouth and his voice shaking with emotion. "Heaven bless you, sir! Good night."

"Good night."

Hannah waited for her husband in the cold and cheerless room, which for a few days longer she might call her home. An hour passed; there was a step on the stairs, — her husband's? It could not be, for this was a cheerful, elastic step, the step of former days, coming up two at a time. She looked eagerly to the door. Yes, it was he. The door opened. Dennis, radiant with joy, entered with a basketful of substantial provisions.

"Have you got some bread, father?" asked Jimmy, hopefully.

"Yes, Jimmy, some bread and meat from a cook's shop; and here's a little tea and sugar. There's a few coals left. Let's have a bright fire and a comfortable meal; for, please God, this shall be a merry Christmas."

"How did it happen? Tell me, husband dear."

So Dennis told his wife; and soon a bright fire lit up the before cheerless room, and there were four happy hearts that waited in joyful hope for the dawn of a "merry Christmas day."

The next week they moved to better rooms. They have never since known what it is to want. Dennis found a firm friend in Mr. Grimes, and has an account in the savings bank, and has reason to remember with a grateful heart God's goodness on that Christmas eve.

FOUND IN A COD.

The codfish may be called the alderman of the deep, so voracious is his appetite, and so varied his taste. A list of the luxuries that have travelled down the lane which leads to his capacious maw may remind one of the *menu* of a fish dinner at Greenwich. The catalogue comprises a huge number of little crabs and lobsters, served whole in their shells by way of tickling the palate. Then come, if not a fishy omelet, at least some eggs of fish, those of the dogfish being eaten in their transparent pod or capsule, to give them a nice crispness, like the crackling of roast pig. Next may be counted some sea-cucumbers, served, in lieu of salad, with a quart or so of shrimps. Then a dainty dish of zoöphytes, followed by a few sea-urchins, which seem to give a smack of cannibalism, by way of further relish. For game, there appears the skeleton of a partridge, plainly gulped down in its feathers; while a cluster of ripe beechnuts serves for dessert. Finally, there figures in the list of luxuries a little bit of pewter, with the fragment of some cloth, as if the glutton, in his haste, had swallowed his spoon and napkin while waiting for his soup.

HOW O'CONNELL WAS TRIED.

The scene changes from exulting musters and processions of the people to the grave procedure and dilatory processes of a court of law. On the 2d of November the indictment was sent to the grand jury; but it only found a true bill after five days' deliberation. One cause of delay was its inordinate length, for which there was no precedent in that museum of obsolete instruments of torture, the state trials.

The printed indictment handed to the Court was nearly a hundred yards long. When it was made up into a book it covered fifty-seven folio pages, like the pages of the "Times." In this huge document there were forty-three overt acts set out, sixteen of which consisted merely of attendance at monster meetings. At the outset the traversers' counsel applied for a list of the witnesses examined before the grand jury, some or all of whom must also be examined on the trial. The veracity and character of witnesses are circumstances upon which the weight of their testimony depends. The judgment of the Chief Justice reads like one of the amenities of Jeffreys to the state prisoners of James II. "Their defence," he said, "if any defence they have, does not depend on the names of the witnesses, but the nature of the charge. The defendants would not be a whit benefited by knowing whether the names of the witnesses are A. B. or C. D."

Out of three hundred and thirty-three Protestants forty were disqualified, or only one in eight; out of fifty Catholics thirty were disqualified, or more than one in two, leaving only twenty-three persons professing the Catholic religion on the special jury list for the Catholic city of Dublin.

Upon the present occasion there were eleven Catholics among the forty-eight jurors drawn. The practice is for the attorney on each side to strike off a name in his turn. Mr. Kemmis, on behalf of the Crown, struck off, one after another, as the opportunity arose, every Catholic on the list. He had often done so before in administering what was called justice in Ireland, but the business was no longer transacted in silence and darkness. Each exercise of his power was followed by a bitter commentary from Mr. Cantwell. "There goes the first Papist," he cried, "another Catholic," "and another," till the work was completed. Next morning it was known throughout the United Kingdom, and speedily known over Europe and America, that the most eminent Catholic in the empire, a man whose name was familiar to every educated Catholic in the world, was about to be placed upon his trial in the Catholic metropolis of a Catholic country, before four judges and twelve jurors, among whom there was not a single Catholic.

Mr. Sheil spoke on behalf of John O'Connell, Mr. Moore on behalf of Father Tierney, Mr. Hatchell of T. M. Ray, Mr. Fitzgibbon of John Gray, Mr. Whiteside of Charles Gavan Duffy, Mr. Macdonogh of Richard Barrett, Mr. Henn of Tom Steele. O'Connell's defence of himself concluded the series of speeches to the jury.

A startling incident interrupted the course of the defence. Mr. Fitzgibbon vexed the attorney-general by a personal reflection, and the law officer who was "prosecuting seven gentlemen for an imputed misdemeanor immediately sought to commit a felony on his own account"; he sent a hostile message to his learned friend. It was an incident which might have brought the prosecution to an ignominious close; for counsel menaced in the performance of their duty by threats of personal violence from the representative of the Crown might have thrown up their briefs and retired. But the Court, with a benevo-

lence none of which was reserved for the benefit of the traversers, interfered, and the quarrel was composed.

THE SENTENCE.

The judge while he spoke appeared to be deeply moved; but he was feeble and nervous, and as he had recently sustained the Chief Justice in his illegal charge, no one regarded his maudlin sympathy. It was a fair trial the traversers required at his hands, and that they had not found. O'Connell rose and spoke a few words with dignity and self-possession. "I will not do anything so irregular," he said, "as to reply to the Court; but I am entitled to remind Mr. Justice Burton that we each of us have sworn, and that I in particular have sworn positively, that I was not engaged in any conspiracy whatever. I am sorry to say that I feel it my imperative duty to add that justice has not been done to me." The junior bar, with a general forgetfulness of their interest, received this declaration by raising a thrilling cheer for Repeal of the Union. It was taken up by the audience in the Queen's Bench, echoed in the great central hall of the Four Courts, and prolonged by the crowd who lined the quays into the heart of the city. Had Ireland been a country governed by the opinion of its own people, that cheer would have been as significant and decisive as the cheer of the camp at Hounslow Heath when the seven bishops were acquitted. But Ireland was not in that fortunate position. —*History of Young Ireland*, by SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

THE HONEY ANT.

THE honey ant makes its store-vessels from the bodies of the workers. First it bites the end of the abdomen, thereby setting up an inflammation, which closes the apertures of the body. Then it feeds the maimed creature with honey, pouring it into the mouth of the living honey-pot, just as the bee pours honey into its crop. This process is continually repeated until the body of the store ant is distended to an astonishing size with honey, the skin being stretched to such an extent that it is sufficiently transparent to show the honey within. It cannot escape, for its body is so heavy that the limbs are insufficient to carry it, and so it remains in the nest until the honey is wanted. In Mexico these ants are so plentiful that they form regular articles of commerce, being sold by measure in the markets, and used for the purpose of making mead. Specimens may be seen in the British Museum.

THE fierce storms that sweep over the land at intervals, upsetting stately forest trees, laying low the golden grain, and threatening universal destruction, nevertheless carry to other regions the seeds of vegetation, and implant in barren places the germs of trees and plants. Nothing is destroyed in the grand economy of nature. So, also, in the supernatural order. The storms that do violence to God's Church, that ruthlessly crush down or kill its ministers, or send them to distant regions, only thus scatter the seeds of true faith far and wide. Scarcely a place on the globe does not possess the seeds of Catholicity, brought thither first through the storms of persecution that spent their fury in Ireland, Germany, or France. Those infidels, then, that propose to thus lessen the influence of the Church, are only, after all, carrying out the providence of God, and sending missionaries into climes where they can be free to teach the doctrines of eternal life. — *Catholic Columbian.*

WOMEN should understand that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

CHRISTMAS AMONGST THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

Thomas DeCantillon Church.

'T is Christmas eve.

"The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane,"

as poor Gerald Griffin sings. The air is keen and cold, and the heavens are bejewelled with stars. The earth is robed in the winding-sheet of the year, the "beautiful snow" that glistens lovelily to-night by mountain, lake, and *ath*. This is an eve of solemn prayer and praise amongst the people of that fair land of ours, that gems the crest of the Atlantic wave, — our well-loved *Erin gal machree;* a night of thanksgiving for mercies vouchsafed and blessings received; a solemn night, heralding the dawn of the glorious morrow.

'Tis the solemn midnight hour; bells are ringing from every steeple, proclaiming the anniversary of Love; the peasant's heart throbs responsive to the invitation to prayer; with the eye of faith he sees the angels bending from their pearly thrones, sweeping their golden harps; he hears "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis" echoed from sphere to sphere, and Jesus is again born in his heart, as he was born 1880 years ago, in Bethlehem of Judah.

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the Mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stolèd priest the chalice rear."

And so it is in holy Ireland at present, thank God! The Irish Roman Catholic peasant never fails to approach the Sacraments at this holy time, especially the old people of the fading generation, who are possessed of the simplest and most earnest piety, and who are full of the traditions of constancy and devotion, born in stormy times, when the stranger warred unceasingly against the faith and language of the Gael.

Heaven be praised! we have borne the faith unto all lands, and the chastity and fealty of the maidens and mothers of our race are known and prized the world over; for, in exile as at home, they are —

"Pure as the breezes that dance on the hills
Of our own loved island of sorrow."

The Irish peasant is generous and social to a fault, and with his enthusiastic love for the faith of his fathers, — that faith still living in spite of famine, fire, and sword, — he considers it his bounden duty to greet old Father Christmas after a right royal fashion.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes, it's welcome here,"

So sing the children — the to-morrow of society — in our land; and so, at this time, the old people, with Shakespeare, —

"Eat and drink, and make good cheer,
And praise Heaven for the merry year."

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul"

are maintained after the simple, primitive fashion of a noble-souled, generous people during the "twelve days" commencing with Christmas eve, and ending with the Epiphany, termed by the Irish "Little Christmas day."

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Goes roaring up the chimney wide";

and although

"The huge hall table's oaken face"

may not grace the home of the peasant, still —

"He mocks to night the moaning gale,
With Christmas banners flying o'er him!"

During this holy season,

"When heart to heart kind wishes sends,
And soul to soul more closely blends,
And friends draw nearer unto friends,
Around the social fires,"

old feuds are forgotten, old animosities exist no more; and happy indeed is the old ancestral home that can gather under its genial shelter at this time of "peace on earth, goodwill to men," any absent member of the family who may have been heretofore, mayhap, far beyond the world of waves.

Christmas gifts, of course, are now freely exchanged; Charity, fairest child of God's love, walks abroad in a thousand guises; the rich freely dispense donations of clothing, food, and money among their less-favored brethren;

"Whilst all will strive one thought to raise,
In silent gratitude and praise,
For many, many happy days
That on their memory rise."

We will not pause to describe Christmas amongst the Irish "upper ten"; the same sound of gayety, festivity, and dissipation, betimes, inseparable from so-called modern civilization, swings its giddy whirl by the Liffey and the Shannon, as by the Hudson and Missouri.

Reader! A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW-YEAR!

LAST EXECUTION FOR WITCHCRAFT.

SUNDAY, the 22d of August, as the London "Observer" of that day pointed out, was the anniversary of the last execution for witchcraft. One hundred and twenty years ago, — no more than that! — in 1751, an old woman named Ruth Osborne, and her husband, living at Tring, were reported by their neighbors to have practised witchcraft on a man named Butterfield. Proclamation was thereupon made by the town crier at Hemel-Hempstead, Leighton-Buzzard, and Winslow that on the Monday following a man and woman would be publicly ducked at Tring for their wicked crimes. The parish overseer of Tring, apprehending violence, upon that put Ruth Osborne and her husband in the vestry of the parish church. A mob, however, of 5,000 persons assembled, broke open the church doors, carried their victims to the public horse-pond, and there so maltreated the woman that she was taken out of the water dead, while her husband died a few hours afterwards. An inquest was held, and the jury were specially summoned from country gentlemen, it being known that jurors of the lower class would not return a proper verdict. The ringleader of the riot, one Colley, was found guilty, with twenty other persons, to the coroner's jury unknown, of wilful murder. He was tried at the Herefordshire Assizes, convicted, and sentenced to be hung in chains on the scene of the outrage. Popular excitement was so strong that the execution took place under the escort of a hundred and eight men of the Horse Guards Blue; and had it not been for this military assistance, there is little doubt that a dangerous riot would have occurred. The most melancholy part of the whole matter is, says the "Observer," that none of the clergy in the neighborhood interfered in any way to prevent the outrage, or when it was over expressed their disapproval. Witchcraft in those days was an article of orthodox belief, and for a clergyman to express his conviction that the fear of witches was an idle delusion would have been a most dangerous act of latitudinarianism.

A MINISTER had a parishioner, we are told, who, to show her affection for her pastor, sent him every morning, by the hands of her daughter, a couple of what she wished him to understand were new-laid eggs, for breakfast. The eggs, on being delivered, were generally warm, as if just taken from the nest; but one morning the minister's maid, on taking the eggs from the girl, observed, "The eggs are no warm the day, Jeannie: are they fresh?" "Ou, ay," said the girl, "they 're quite fresh, but my mither could n't get the cat to sit on them this morning."

THE IRISH STATE PROSECUTIONS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE issue is now fairly knit between the executive and the leaders of the Land movement. Mr. Parnell and fourteen of the more prominent members of the Land League are now called on to answer for themselves before the tribunal of the country. In spite of all remonstrance, government have thrown down the gauntlet. Will the country take it up? and if so, how? In our opinion the duty of patriotic Irishmen is clear and unmistakable: it is to secure that the traversers one and all shall have a fair trial, so far as money can secure that object, and this without trenching either upon their private resources or upon funds subscribed for other purposes. Every man who desires a settlement of the Land Question should step forward now, without fear and without delay. A "defence fund" should be opened forthwith, to which all men interested in the right of freedom of speech and the impartial administration of justice may be afforded an opportunity to subscribe. It is not alone Charles Stewart Parnell and his companions who are about to be tried. The Irish Land Question will be tried, and it will be for the Irish people to see that the trial is a righteous one. These are our opinions. We believe they are those of the country. The die is now cast. The Irish people well know their duty, and knowing it, will do it. We believe that duty to be to subscribe such a sum forthwith as shall secure the best possible legal assistance for the traversers. We do not care to preach without practising, and therefore we ourselves shall be happy to subscribe fifty pounds towards the Parnell defence fund. We are very much mistaken if that fund will not quickly swell to proportions which will be some indication to the world of the determination of Ireland to stand by those who, for her welfare, leap, Curtius-like, into the gulf of hostile opinion. She never has done so in the past; she will not do so now.

The following address to the Irish people at home and abroad, and to all supporters of public liberty, has been issued by the National Land League: —

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS: At a crisis of tremendous importance to our country, we confidently address ourselves to you.

The British government of Ireland, obeying the dictation of a privileged order of persons, a cruel and selfish class, for centuries past the burden and the curse of our land and people, have cast to the winds the traditions and the principles of that liberalism to which they profess to be devoted, and have set in motion the legal power of the state, and availed themselves of the resources at their command in the public revenue, to arraign at a criminal bar the chief man of the Irish race, and with him others of the most active and distinguished laborers in the cause of Ireland's social regeneration.

These public-spirited men, full of sorrow and indignation excited by the suffering of their countrymen, have provoked the deadly enmity of the authors of this suffering, and have incurred the active hostility of the British government, because they threw themselves, heart and soul, into our struggle for national progress; because they resolutely applied their energies and their talents in the service of a people who are victimized by a system which is a disgrace to this enlightened age, an outrage upon justice, and a mockery of Christian principles.

Although our movement is directed against a code of laws so oppressive as to paralyze the one national industry of Ireland, and although we have been assailed with the most venomous malignity and pursued with the most unscrupulous falsehood, yet can we solemnly declare, in the face of the civilized world, that all our objects are in keeping with perfect justice to all men, and that all the means we have recommended for the attainment of these objects are reasonable, peaceful, and thoroughly legal, offending in no degree against natural right, moral obligation, or intelligent human law.

Until a few months ago, when the Irish

people banded themselves together in the ranks of the Irish Land League, the tillers of the soil of Ireland, their families, and their dependants lay utterly at the mercy of a few thousand landlords, who were armed by English laws with powers practically despotic, and whose hearts were steeled against the dictates of justice by the evil traditions of their class. They exacted what rent they pleased from the helpless slaves of their will; doomed families at their caprice to pauperism, exile, or death; wrenched from the hand of industry so large a part of its gains that the toiler was the slave of want; swept millions of Irish money out of Ireland every year; maintained in unabated force that exercise of their power which has left such hideous records of blood and woe, which has depopulated the fairest portions of our country, substituted beasts for men, pauperized the mass of our peasantry, struck cities, towns, and villages with the ruthless hand of ruin, debilitated the whole nation, and on the occurrence of even one bad harvest, plunged multitudes of the people into famine.

By arousing public opinion and organizing public action, we have already accomplished something towards reducing rent in Ireland to a level affording the tenant the means to live. We never will pause or rest from the labor we have accepted until public action has wholly swept away the system of law and landlordism which agonizes our people. This great reform will be achieved, not by violence, not by threats, not by the breach of any law or the evasion of any duty, but by continuing in that course which we have hitherto pursued: by teaching the people not to become themselves the instruments of the despotism under which they so long have suffered, and by directing public opinion against the acts of any persons who wilfully damage the interests of the people. No matter how lawyers may argue, or how judges may pronounce, or what governments or Parliaments may do, there is no law, no power, that can compel our nation to be false to its own interest; and consequently the nation, if true to its own interest, no matter who opposes, is sure to win.

It is for acting in this great movement to abolish a despotism, to save a people, to substitute public order for private violence, to give industry its just reward, and every man his own, that our illustrious president, Mr. Parnell, and some of his active fellow-laborers are now to be prosecuted by the agents of the British state. That state, in former times, cast our people at the feet of the landlords, when it destroyed our manufactures by a series of enactments the most disgraceful of their kind that the history of the world discloses. And now, when our people endeavor to adjust to their national need the one industry left them, — the one that could not be taken from them by British law, — the British state again steps in to continue the evil work of former days, and a so-called Liberal government is not ashamed to unsheath that rusty weapon, the law of conspiracy, and wield it in the cause of the Irish landlords. Years ago, that Liberal government caused a law to be enacted enabling the toilers in English cities to combine and act together against their masters. But when the toilers on Irish fields combine against masters more cruel and oppressive, the Liberal government takes up again the law rejected as unfit for English uses, and applies to the acts and words of Irish public men a fantastic and odious principle of unbounded responsibility.

We therefore appeal to you, fellow-countrymen and friends of public freedom, to create a national fund, the primary object of which will be to provide what defence legal skill can afford to men who have stood in the vanguard of this movement. All that money can do will be done to gain a victory over the leaders of the people. The English government, commanding the unlimited use of the public purse, have already secured the services of the most powerful array of counsel ever engaged in a prosecution in our time. We feel entirely confident that you, on the other hand, will do what lies in your power to equalize the conflict, and to deprive the prosecution of its present tremendous odds, by providing adequate funds for the defence. Relying, in this great national crisis, on your sympathy and your aid, we beg to subscribe ourselves, your faithful servants,

THE IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.

SCENE, a dwell'ng-house; time, midnight. Wife to guidman, who has just come home, having had a heavy refreshment: "Whit time o' nicht 's this tae come hame? whaur hae ye been?" Guidman: "Oot." Wife: "Oot? That's no' an answer tae gie tae me." Guidman: "Brevtyish — hic — shoul o' wit." Wife: "It does na maitter who Brevity is; dinna you stay oot anither night as late wi' him!"

THEY say that the people of the United States are recklessly extravagant, and yet the Vermont man who bought the wrong kind of pills for his sick wife, to avoid having them wasted took them himself.

EXPULSION OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

While the eldest daughter of the grand old Celtic mother, she who was once also the eldest daughter of the Church, reels frenzied in some strange madness, lifts the right hand against the altar, tramples on the cross, and hunts down the priest as men once hunted down the wolf, — while Catholic France, we say, thus rages, possessed by some wild insanity, her sister in race and faith, Catholic Ireland, not alone kneels in shame and tears and sorrow for the sins of France, but hastens to make such poor reparation as she can for the foul deeds at which Christendom stands aghast, while history will brand them in words of fire. In the closing days of last week in France a new Reign of Terror reached its culminating point. All the convents of men — monasteries and other establishments — were stormed by the police, and their inmates thrown out into the streets. Not a single house of the Franciscans, Dominicans, Capuchins, Redemptorists, Oblates, or Marists, and several other less known orders, has been spared. All that is great and noble and gifted in France united to show their horror of these crimes. At one of the Marist houses a gentleman inside exclaimed that those who committed these crimes were "miserables." "I arrest you," yelled the commissary of police; "what is your name?" "I am Louis Joseph Buffet, senator, ex-prime minister of France," was the reply. At the neighboring Dominican convent, a gentleman who had spent many days with the friars, praying with and comforting them, stepped forward to read a protest. He was Charles, Duke de Broglie, senator, academician, twice premier of France, ex-president of the National Assembly, the ablest and best man in all the French *noblesse*. More important still was the conduct of the people; for even in Paris the crowd cheered the fathers, flung bouquets into their carriages, and denounced the gendarmes. So much for France. We turn now to Ireland. In olden days Irishmen, flying from cruel persecution, found in the generous soil of France a home, a shelter, and a career. The time has come for repaying the old debt. Yesterday twenty fathers and brothers of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who had been driven from their home in the pleasant old city of Autun, amidst the clustering vines of Burgundy, landed in Dublin. They were welcomed with delight by their brethren the Irish Oblates, who carried them off rejoicing to their noble establishment at Inchicore. Twenty more are to arrive to-morrow, and the exiles of other orders are soon expected. Ireland is poor; her resources are not as great as her heart is generous: but for these illustrious exiles of the faith, Ireland has her warmest, her most enthusiastic welcome. Her "cead mille failthe" comes from the depth of her true and kindly heart. An element of consolation there is in this wicked persecution: it has given Ireland an opportunity of showing before the world her love of France, her love of Catholicism, by sheltering and protecting and fostering these illustrious confessors and martyrs France has in her madness expelled.

Other Comments. — The "Revue des Deux Mondes" observes that the men in power are semi-revolutionary, and making use of the worst practices of the régimes which preceded them. The "Liberte," of Freiburg, says that the spectacle now presented in France is the worst offered to us since the Reign of Terror in 1793. The Commune was the consequence of the fever resulting from a state of siege; the iniquity of to-day is the work of a regularly established government. The "Unità Cattolica" says: "It is a

real assassination that is being accomplished in the name of the Republic; but assassinations will not prevent the religious congregations from existing, and becoming more powerful than the Republic itself. Without fear of error we can say to-day that the French Republic will be buried, and there will be left only the memory of its ruins, but in France will still remain the Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Marists, etc." The London "Times" says that no palliation or even explanation can be offered of the campaign to which M. Jules Ferry has compelled his friends, except the imagined necessity of demonstrating the vigor and supremacy of liberal convictions. The Paris "Univers" says that each monk's expulsion will necessitate the entrance of a new gendarme into a barrack, the opening of a new prison cell, and sooner or later the employment of a new executioner.

IRELAND'S HOUR.

New Orleans Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

It is understood that England is on the point of playing again the same card that proved so fatal to O'Connell in his great scheme of agitation. O'Connell's scheme was exactly right and wise in itself. It was the policy of persistence — silent war. He wanted no bloodshed, no violence, no armed revolution, because he knew that all this would be madness, as cruel as vain. He wanted to yield pliantly before the storm, and stand erect, unbroken, after it. But he counted too confidently on his material. A large portion of his people appreciated and sympathized with his plan, but many would not brook such cautious strategy. They would risk all on the cast of a die, — a die loaded against them. The pliancy that O'Connell counted on, and was obliged to count on, was wanting amongst these dissenters, and they were so numerous that when they broke away, Ireland broke in two. Disunion is disaster.

But it is a rare chance if man or nation can play the same game twice with the same antagonist. Parnell knows O'Connell's history by heart. He knows — in that cold-blooded half-Yankeeism of his — he knows perfectly well the card that comes down next. Grim, undemonstrative, immovable, he must have counted his chances, fixed on his own policy. He is wary and silent, but of one thing we may be certain: his policy will *not* be that on which the fortunes of O'Connell broke down. What, then, will it be?

It is the part of journalists to comment on the past and record the present, but to deal very gingerly with prophecy. We may be sure, however, that Parnell's agitation will go onward in spite of all the proclamations that government may issue, and all the arrests it may make. The men of Ireland will not be told this time to desist from anything they have been honestly doing, and they will not desist. There is infinitely more union among them now than in the days of O'Connell, and they have the added prudence which comes of rude experience.

The agitation will go on and grow wider, but we have hopes that it will stop short of open war. Open war means speedy overthrow; silent war, persistent, patient stubbornness of obstruction will win. We speak not only of parliamentary obstruction, but of popular obstruction, — obstruction of landlordism. Landlordism can certainly be made unprofitable, but this cannot be done without patient suffering on the obstructing side.

Will the stubborn, steady patience be there? Let us hope it and pray for it, for the battle is already half won.

A SUITABLE dower for a widow is a widower.

IRISH MUSIC.

FATHER BURKE, during a recent lecture in Liverpool, said: —

This is a musical festival. It is a feast of music that those Jesuit Fathers have provided for us this evening; and they put me, a red-hot Irishman, up here to amuse and entertain you in the interval, whilst the singers are resting those sweet voices that have charmed us, and perhaps some of them wetting their whistle. And still, my dear friends, I do not feel out of place here, for two reasons: first of all, on account of that tolerable fund of impudence which belongs to the Irish naturally, and which, thanks be to God, my mamma gave me; and secondly, because I come from such a musical country. It is worthy of remark that Ireland alone, amongst all the nations, has for her national banner a musical instrument, — a harp of gold upon a field of green. I need not tell you of our ancient Irish bards. They were the judges, they were the legislators, and in the pre-Christian times they were the very priesthood of Pagan Ireland. They were the highest princes in the kingly court of Tara, on that day when the great St. Patrick first announced to the assembled royalty of the land the old, but to them new, doctrine of Catholicity; and the chief bard, lifting up his harp of gold and his prayerful eyes, whilst his heart beat with new emotions, exclaimed, "I vow that I adore Patrick's God! that from this day this harp of mine shall never sound but in His praise." In Ireland it is not alone that the men and women are musical, but the animals also are musical. A man came home from America. "How do you like the country?" said I to him. "O, bedad, it is a quare country," said he, "nothing struck me more than that there 's hardly any donkeys at all in it. And when they shouted or brayed it was n't like the Irish jackass; there was no music in it." I have, over and over again, heard on a Saturday evening when the market day in Galway was over, and when, perhaps, the evening was wet, — I have heard the poor man returning, walking along by the side of the little cart, whilst the miserable horse drawing that cart was often hungry and inclined to stand on the way, — crooning an old song, and the poor animal going along with its ears hanging down. When the country girl goes out to be employed as a farm servant, she is asked if she knows how to milk the cows. She says she does; and then they put her to the test. What do you think that test is? They ask her to sing a song. If she sings well, — with a fine, clear roll of voice, — the sympathetic farmer's wife engages her at once as milkmaid, because the cows in Ireland will not give the milk unless the person who is milking them is singing a song. Don't you remember — for some of you must have heard — the *Colleen das Cruth na bo?* The poet says: —

"As I roved out one summer's morning,
A-thinking of myself no-how,
I heard a fair maid sing most charming,
As she sat down milking her cow."

And if she did not sing, that cow would keep her milk for herself. Now, I ask you, coming from a country where the cows won't be milked except to music, where the donkeys have a fifth tenor note that no other donkeys in the world have, and where history was recorded to musical notes by the ancient bards, have I not a right to be impudent when I stand upon the stage where you have heard such beautiful music?

STERNE tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say that he not only liked to laugh himself, but to see and hear laughter. Laughter is good for health, appetite, and digestion. Dr. Sydenham said, "The arrival of a merry-andrew in a town is more beneficial than twenty asses loaded with medicines."

WINTER WALKING.

THE excesses and absurdities of professional "pedestrianism" will have inflicted a serious injury on the land if they make it less the fashion to "take a walk." Especially in wintry weather, this most natural and pleasant form of exercise was not enough in vogue before the pedomaniacs did their worst to bring it into disrepute. And yet, who that has experienced it would exchange the exhilaration that comes from being "all in a glow" after a brisk walk through the sparkling air, for the social or merely lazy satisfaction of having had a ride? The reflections of the poet Holmes's "proud pedestrian" are no fanciful sketch to the real lovers of a winter's walk. The lassitude of spring and the languor of summer, which make sauntering either a necessity or a delight, now give way to vim and vigor of health, seeking its natural expression of activity under favorable conditions. How clear and sweet is the nipping and eager air! How it inspires and sustains one in a swinging gait of four or five miles an hour! How the cheeks glow and the eyes shine, and the muscles tingle with delightful vigor after such a walk through the winter sunshine!

The able-bodied man who will crouch down shiveringly in the corner of a street car — in an air rank and fetid from the pack of humanity breathing and exhaling therein — when he has only two or three miles to walk, deserves to be assailed by the demon of influenza, neuralgia, coughs, colds, and headaches that lurk therein. Even a ride in a buggy or sleigh robs the trip of half its benefits. The air is good, but the exercise is lacking, and its resulting benefits to the blood and the muscular and nervous systems.

Winter walking is a sure cure for cold feet. It banishes the "creep-crawls" from the spinal column, and sends the sluggish blood about its business. As a "nervine" it is a million times better than medicine, and for improving the complexion it is worth a whole harbor-full of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's, and in promoting digestion is better than a corner drug-store's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you are physically "up to it," take a walk; not a shivering and protesting dress parade for duty, or a lazy "constitutional," but a lively turn, with a vim in it that can laugh at a December nor'wester.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CROSS.*

REV. W. D. KELLY.

As he who sows the seed in fruitful soil
In after days amid his labors stands,
And sees the recompense of all his toil
In the rich fruitage of his harvest lands;
So here, to-day, the people and the priest,
Upon whose church the cross surmounts the spire,
Pause where the labor of their love has ceased
In the completion of their whole desire.

I look upon two † churches that still bear
The title of one patronizing saint:
Half hidden in its dark surroundings there,
The old shrine lingers in its outlines quaint;
Embellished here with all of modern grace,
New Saint Augustine's, where the roads are met,
Like some cathedral rises from its base,
And lifts on high its cross-crowned minaret.

No ages intervene between the growth
That shows to-day in these contrasted shrines:
The self-same people worshipped in them both;
The broader circles of the pleasant lines,
That fell to them a dozen years ago,
Have but attained their full circumference;
And if the future grander gifts bestow,
The present yields their hope its complements.

Theirs is historic ground: the cross looks down
On spots to freedom long since consecrate;
The heights of Dorchester are here, and frown
Upon the waves beneath that undulate;
And in the silence of the old churchyard
Laic and priests whose virtues time still owns,
Whose souls enjoy the blessed ones' reward,
Sleep underneath their monumental stones.

Oft shall the mariner, whom homeward ships
Bring back from passage of tempestuous tides,
Salute this cross with reverential lips,
Through yonder channels as his vessel glides;
Here shall the aged linger many a day,
And like old Simeon of the Jewish race,
Thank God that ere he summoned them away,
Their eyes beheld the glory of this place.

Thrice-happy people, and thrice-worthy priest! ‡
Whose guidance here obtains its perfect test:
Your cross shall catch the first beams of the east,
And hold the last ones of the glowing west;
And as you stand beneath its arms of gold,
Where the old church is present to your view,
If fond attachments hold you to the old,
Still fonder ties shall bind you to the new.

* The new church on Dorchester Avenue, South Boston.

† The old chapel in the cemetery, where repose the bodies of old and venerated priests of Boston and vicinity, and the early Catholic settlers.

‡ The worthy pastor, Father O'Callaghan, whose zeal and labors are seen in the splendid new church. Long may he wave!

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness. A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day:
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue, that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped, —
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown!
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown:
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

THE CAROL SINGER.

THE CAROL-SINGER.

A Christmas Story.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh merry be your Christmas-tide,
May joy and peace with you abide,
That happy by your own fireside
Do hail the Christmas morning!
Do hail the Christmas — "

"Poor Pincher," suddenly broke off the singer in his carol, "is your foot hurt?" and stooping down, he tenderly examined the uplifted limb of the whining dog; but seeing it was only the excessive cold that made the limping Pincher complain, he as suddenly resumed his unfinished stanza:

"— morning!
Do hail the Christmas morning!"

He moved nearer the area railings, and repeated, —

"Do hail the Christmas morning!
Do hail — "

Another whine from Pincher.

"— the Christmas morning!"

A cold, biting wind drove the receding blood from the singer's pallid face, and the thick snowflakes permeated every crease and rent of his tattered garments, and powdered the luxuriant locks of his unkempt hair; but, melting as they fell, they caused both clothes and hair to cling damply and dankly to the shivering boy. Even Pincher's shaggy coat, as it dripped ceaselessly, looked as unavailing against the storm as his master's scanty raiment, and the dog's low howling mingled ludicrously with the singer's tremulous voice as he again carolled, —

"Oh merry be your Christmas-tide," etc.

The force of the strongly blowing wind pushed him along more quickly than he wanted to go, and his teeth chattered painfully; but observing that two gentlemen were, from the other side of the street, regarding him intently, he again, with all his might, began in shriller voice than ever,

"Oh merry be your Christmas-tide,
May joy and peace with you abide — "

"Halloa! I say, youngster, where did you come by that dog?" The singer started at this sudden address, and saw, standing on the street-crossing to let a hansom pass, the two gentlemen whom he had previously noticed watching him. The boy looked perturbed, and as he met the stern glance of the elder of the two, he turned as if to go on his way.

"Halloa, there! Stop, I say."

As several vehicles drove up in quick succession, the gentlemen had to remain still on the crossing; and the boy, perceiving by a quick glance all around that others were too busy or too cold to occupy themselves with his concerns, took advantage of the circumstance, and began to run, calling out, "Come, Pincher; come on, old fella! We must get away from these gents."

As if he understood the nature of the danger, the dog pricked up his ears, erected his tail, which had been seeking shelter between his legs, and trotted nimbly by his master's side. Reaching a deep porch, the boy paused and retreated within it. Looking keenly out, he scanned the face of each passer-by. Bending down, he patted Pincher, and said with a congratulatory laugh, "We 've done 'em this time, anyhow, old Pinch; you must lie close now, old boy: d' ye hear?"

With a knowing look and suppressed growl Pincher responded, at the same time creeping farther into the shadow, and literally flattening himself against the door.

"That 's right, my good doggy; lie close there, old fella"; and with a look of cunning that seemed quite foreign to his open, ingenuous countenance, the little singer smoothly folded his ballads after shaking the melted snow from them, and hid them in the bosom of his torn jacket. Repeating his injunction to his companion to lie still,

he shook himself, and picking up an empty box that had been used for cigar-lights, he stole out cautiously and began crying at the top of his voice, "Cigar-lights, gentlemen, cigar-lights; best cigar-lights, damp-proof, gentlemen!" Looking back to see if Pincher had understood his orders, he found that he still remained quietly ensconced in his hiding-place; and the boy was so lost in admiration of the animal's sagacity that he turned heedlessly round, and jostled against some one on the footway.

CHAPTER II.

"You little fool, why don't you mind where you are going?"

"Cigar-lights, gentlemen, cigar-lights!"

"I wonder it is n't candles you are selling to light us through the streets this dark day. What would you do with a cigar such a day as this?"

The boy was about to run off again; but looking into the speaker's face, he saw that it was not the gentleman who had called after him a little while before, and the boy stood, not knowing whether to ask for a penny or take out his carols. In this dilemma the face of the little singer resumed its natural expression of artlessness; and as he looked up at the stranger, he appeared so young and cold and helpless, with his large, dark, pleading eyes, his pale infantile features, his wretched attire, his bare legs and swollen feet, that the painful contrast of the child's condition with the signs of plenty which despite the pitiless weather reigned around brought to the young man's memory his own far-away home, and the loved ones lost to him, perhaps forever, whilst he wandered solitary and homeless in the mighty Babylon, on this day when beyond all others the hearts of those at home would be yearning for him, and the void made by his absence would be more keenly felt, and tender sympathy be evoked for his far-off loneliness.

"What is your name, my boy, and where do you live?"

The little singer looked up again in the face of his questioner, and the same cunning expression clouded his face, as he replied in a low voice, "Billy Brown is my name. I live down off Westminster Road."

The child spoke so falteringly that the gentleman had to bend low to catch the meaning of his words.

"Poor little fellow," he said, "you are shivering. Why do your parents allow you to be in the streets such weather as this?"

"I have no parents, sir," answered the boy, as he drew his thin jacket closer around him.

"With whom do you live?"

"My grandmother."

"Were your parents English?"

"No, sir, they were Hirish."

"Now, Edward," exclaimed a voice that had grown terribly familiar to the boy, "have you discovered the urchin after all?" And the speaker now confronting him asked the boy sternly, "Where is the dog?"

The whilom carol-singer, holding up the empty match-box as the charter of his hastily assumed avocation, at once set up his new cry, "Cigar-lights, gentlemen, cigar-lights!"

"I do not think this is the boy with whom you saw the dog," interposed the gentleman addressed as Edward. "He was a singer; this is a vender of cigar-lights."

"No matter, he is the very one. Come back here, you young rascal, or I shall have you arrested. Where is the dog I saw with you a little while ago?"

"You mistake, sir," said the boy, bursting into tears; "I have no dog."

"I am sure this cannot be the same," reiterated his kind sympathizer. "God help the child; it is a miserable day to have him in the bleak streets. Come on, Wallace, and do not mind."

"I will not; I am sure it was Lanna's dog I saw with him."

CHAPTER III.

THE cold was too intense and the busy citizens were too preoccupied to heed the group on the sidewalk; but gradually a host of youngsters, of pursuits akin to the little singer's own, — news-venders, crossing-sweepers, acrobats, beggars, and every other species of street Arab, — gathered round and listened with approving interest to the dialogue, resolutely determined to watch its result.

"Where did you get the dog I saw with you? Come, tell me," said Mr. Wallace, as he collared the boy with a firm grasp.

"I sell cigar-lights, sir," was the hesitating reply of the trembling boy.

"Were you not singing just now, and selling ballads?"

"No, sir."

"You go it grand, Alick," said a young match-seller, with a precocious grin, "another like that'll do."

"Te, he, he! but that's a good un," laughed another.

"It's no whopper that he was n't *selling*, anyhow."

"Where is the dog?" again demanded Mr. Wallace.

"I 's got no dog, sir."

"Oh, do leave the child there, Wallace: we shall attract attention, and only create a scene. The little fellow is telling the truth. He is the orphan of Irish parents; his name is Billy Brown."

"Billy Brown! he, he, he! That gent knows all about him, he does. Oh. Alick 's a cute un."

"What do you say?" asked the friend of the little singer, turning sharply on the speaker.

"I say his name 's not Billy Brown, sir. He 's Alick Rae. He lives in the Cut, and is a ballad-singer."

The kind-hearted gentleman was turning away in disgust, when again he was struck with the artlessness of the child's pleading face. He again gave him an encouraging look, and said gently to the boy, "Do you hear what this youth says, — that your name is Alick Rae?"

"My name 's Billy Brown, sir."

"Oh, you story-teller! Don't heed him, sir. He 's Alick Rae, he is."

"It 's immaterial to me, Brown or Rae," said Mr. Wallace; "come along: I mean to hold you fast until I find out the dog." And despite his friend's remonstrances he moved on, holding a tight grip on the boy's collar, and followed by the waggish taunts of the ragged juveniles. When poor Pincher, who from his hiding-place had been an observant witness of all that had occurred, understood from a secret glance of his little master that trouble was threatening, famishing though he was he faithfully preserved his incognito, and did not venture out till the party had proceeded a safe distance, when he stole along cautiously after them, no nearer than was barely necessary to keep them in sight.

CHAPTER IV.

"DEAR papa, at last!" and the winter snow drifted in as the door was opened for Mr. Wallace and his companions. A group of merry, laughing children, tastefully dressed with a due regard both for the inclemency and festivity of the season, bounded into the hall.

"O naughty papa, we are tired waiting for you. Such lots and lots of parcels have come! O cousin Edward, who is that?" and little Jennie Wallace started back as she caught sight of the dripping, pale-faced little carol-singer.

Jennie's sudden retrogression caused the whole party to jostle one against the other, and created much noisy laughter. Then the entire group of expectant childrem caught sight of the trembling little prisoner, and they screamed out with the merry thoughtlessness of petted infancy, "Oh, come, mamma, come, aunt Agnes, and see the little boy papa has brought home. Where did you find him, papa? What are you going to do with him? Has he no dry

clothes? Who is he, cousin Edward? Why is he — ?"

"Hush, children, hush," exclaimed Mr. Wallace, a little crossly. "This is a perfect Babel. Please take them all to the drawing-room, Agnes," he said to his sister, who had just come at the children's call. "Where is Mrs. Allen?" he continued; "I want to give this boy into her charge."

But it was no easy task to hand over the boy to the housekeeper, for the children crowded round him excitedly; and the two youngest boys — twins of three years — touched him gently with their forefingers, and having whispered together for a moment, turned away quietly. When cousin Edward at length returned to the drawing-room, after having safely deposited the little stranger in the housekeeper's room under Mrs. Allen's hospitable care, he was literally besieged for "the story — the story of the little boy," by all the children except the two little boys, Hal and Reggie, who were stretched on the hearth-rug, their curly heads meeting together over the pages of a large book which lay between them.

"Poor little fellow," said Mrs. Wallace, with tears in her eyes, "how frightened and anxious he looks — such a child too!"

"He is little more than a baby," said Miss Wallace.

"Who is he, cousin Edward?" inquired Jennie for the fiftieth time.

"We do not know, Jennie," her cousin gravely answered.

Here little Hal and Reggie exchanged mysterious looks, and as the company seated themselves cosily around the fire, the tiny students arose, looking as solemn as if they had a message from another world intrusted to them; and Hal, as spokesman, announced in a low voice, "We knows."

"Know what, dears?" said Mrs. Wallace, smiling as she noticed their awe-struck countenances.

"Knows who de poor ittie boy is. De baby Kyste, tos dis is His day."

"No, to-morrow, Hal," shouted the other children; but cousin Edward and mamma said, "Hush," and inquired of the two boys what had put this notion into their thoughtful little heads.

"We knows," said Reggie, nodding sagaciously; "'t is tos tousin Ed'ard don't know he, and tos he's poor, and tos aunt Aggie talled him a baby, now," and the two little fellows looked from one to the other until Hal spoke again: "Den we looked in de book and seed de baby Kyste and de boy Kyste; 'sides, de baby Kyste tomed in de fite snow, an' fen de dark vas dere, an' den he had a nice, nice lubbly face, an' bare feet — an' den, den, den we knowed."

The rest of the children gathered round the infant evangelists, and both Mrs. Wallace and her sister-in-law turned aside to conceal their brimming eyes.

CHAPTER V.

"Lanna," inquired Mr. Wallace of his eldest daughter, a girl of twelve summers, "do you remember Coney?"

"Remember what, papa?" the little girl asked with a puzzled look.

"Coney, the stolen puppy, you know."

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, a cloud overshadowing her bright face. "He was such a dear little doggie. He was stolen out of the carriage one day," she said to her cousin Edward, "and though papa offered a reward, and made search for him during a whole year afterwards, he could never be found. He was mine."

"And I suppose you grieve for him still, Lanna," said cousin Edward; "or have your other pets supplied his place?"

As she considered for a moment, the other children cried out, "Oh, poor Coney! we were very sorry for him."

"We not solly for Toney," declared Hal for Reggie and himself. "We don't know Toney. We loves Pring

and Vinter," at the same time embracing Spring and Winter, two sleek, well-fed pugs that were always to be seen in the midst of the children.

"Oh," said Lanna, "you two little boys did not know Coney at all. You were babies then. But I am not so sorry for him now. I am fonder of dear old Spring and Winter," and she hugged the two contented-looking pugs; "and then," she exclaimed, "I have my canary and my pony."

"And I have a chicken," cried Jennie, "and I have a squirrel," cried another, "and I have two rabbits," "and I," "and I," the children went on, each claiming the possessorship of their peculiar pets, until Hal and Reggie shouted together, "We, we, we has our Sam pussy-tat."

At this instant the housekeeper, Mrs. Allen, who had been attending to the little carol-singer, summoned Mr. Wallace and Mr. Edward to the hall, and complained bitterly that "she could get no good of that child; a nasty, dripping dog, too, had stolen after him, — how *he* got into her room she did not know, — and because she went to beat the brute away with the poker, the lad flew at her like a fury, and was now sitting with his arms around the animal, and would not dry himself or change his clothes, or, although he seemed fainting with hunger, even touch the food she had prepared for him."

"I will go see what can be done. Come, Edward," said Mr. Wallace, and they both proceeded to the housekeeper's room, where they found the pair as Mrs. Allen had described them. The boy had clasped the dog round the neck, and was sobbing bitterly. The dog sympathized with a low, responsive whining. The food lay untouched where the housekeeper placed it. Boy and dog were still dripping with the melted snowflakes, and their passage in was traceable by their muddy foot-marks. The boy did not move till the gentlemen had advanced to the centre of the room, and then he raised his head without standing up, and pressed the dog more closely to himself, as if to make sure of his retention.

"You 'll not get Pincher," he cried defiantly. "The dog 's mine. I 'll not give him up."

"You shall be compelled to do so, youngster," said Mr. Wallace sternly. "I do not mind so much the stolen dog being in your possession as your persistence in keeping him when you know the owners."

"He 's not a stolen dog," shouted the boy vehemently; "Pincher is mine: ain't you, Pincher?"

The dog seemed to assent by a plaintive growl, and licked his master's upturned face.

"I 'll hand you over to the police if you do not at once tell all you know about the dog, and leave him here in his home," said Mr. Wallace threateningly.

"I care nowt for the bobbies, an' I won't give up Pincher."

Mr. Edward interposed: "But suppose we leave Pincher outside while we put on these dry clothes. See, Mr. Wallace has ordered nice dry clothes for you, and nice dinner. Leave Pincher in the kitchen until you have put them on and eaten something." The child looked longingly at both, but replied in a firmer tone than ever, "I won't give up Pincher. He 's wet and hungry too, — poor Pincher!" Then, with the same artless expression which had in the street touched the young man's heart, he added, bursting afresh into tears: "But, oh, sir, do let us go, me an' Pincher. Granny 'll go mad, and Nell — poor sick Nell — oh, do let us go home! O Pincher, if we was only home!"

CHAPTER VI.

HAVING prevailed on Mr. Wallace to return to the drawing-room, his cousin remained with the little singer, and with much persuasion at length prevailed on him to change his clothes for those provided for him; but in

consenting to do so, the boy stipulated that Pincher should not be separated from him, to prevent which he put the dog between him and the fire.

The boy was further propitiated by Mr. Edward's offering the dog some food, which, after a nod from his master, Pincher ravenously devoured. When the boy proceeded to divest himself of his old jacket, it was no sooner opened than the parcel of ballads, with the empty box he had feigned to sell as full of cigar-lights, fell to the floor. At this unmistakable proof of the deception practised on him, Mr. Edward felt sadly disappointed. He determined, however, to find out more about the child, and at once set himself to the task. When his wet rags were taken away, and the boy sat warming his bare feet at the fire, — for he was not yet fitted with jacket and boots, and the over-long shirt-sleeves were tucked up on his arms by the housekeeper, — the kindly manner of his questioner restored confidence to him, and he partook gratefully of the food that was offered him, and communicated freely his brief history. His name was not Brown, but Alick Rae. His dread of losing Pincher made him give a wrong name. His parents were dead a long time. He and his two sisters — Nell, who was older, and Meg, who was younger than himself — lived with their grandmother, whom they called "granny." They were very poor. He sometimes sold cigar-lights, but was for the last two days singing Christmas carols. He hardly ever stole anything, except once: Nell was very sick — she was often sick — and begged for an orange. It was in the summer, and he ran away with one from a stall, — he had often seen other boys do it; but Nell cried, and would not eat it because he would not tell her where he got it. Nell was awful good, — an angel, Granny called her. Pincher was not stolen; he was Nell's dog. One day Nell found him in the street, a little puppy. There was a carriage nearly going over him, and Nell ran across the street to pull the little fellow from under the wheels. After rescuing him, she was struck by one of the wheels in the side, and she was never out of the house since; seldom out of bed. Pincher, then, *was* Nell's dog. Nell loved him. He would not for the world go home to Nell without Pincher, and he wanted to go home now so badly! Nell would get worse sick if he did not go now, and little Meg would cry all night; besides, he had earned threepence, and he wanted to bring home something nice for Christmas to Meg and Nell. The child finished with a vehement burst of tears, entreating to be let go home.

After eliciting all these particulars from him, Mr. Edward thought of a plan in which he adroitly induced the child to acquiesce.

"Now, Alick," he said, "listen to me. I believe what you tell me, and I know that your sister found Pincher and saved him from being killed. I also think you and she have a claim on the dog; but then it was out of Mrs. Wallace's carriage the dog actually fell, whilst Mrs. Wallace was engaged shopping, and Mr. Wallace recognized the dog the instant he saw him to-day. I doubt if the children here could identify him now; or, if they could, I fancy they have long since ceased to care for him. Permit me to show them Pincher, and if they do not know him as Coney, I dare say Mr. Wallace will leave him with you; and if they even do know him, I am sure they will rather part with him, as they have pets in plenty, than grieve your poor sick sister and yourself. They are good, generous children, and you will see how kind they can be."

A look of distrust came into the boy's large eyes, which vanished quickly, leaving in its stead one of doubt. "I know they'll keep Pincher," he said, sadly. "They could n't give him up."

He was at last prevailed upon to consent to this proposal, on con-

dition that he was not to be far away from Pincher; and accordingly Mr. Edward led him to the library, where the boy seated himself at the large window, looking out pensively at the tall trees shrouded with the wintry snow. As the sounds of mirthful laughter floated from the drawing-room, the boy thought sadly of his sick sister and little Meg and his kind "granny" at home, and how different their lonely Christmas would be from that in the grand house.

CHAPTER VII.

"CHILDREN, did you ever see this dog before?" abruptly inquired cousin Edward, entering the drawing-room with the unwilling Pincher.

"See him? Why, no. Ah, the poor thing, how lean and miserable he looks! He has been out in the snow, too. He is quite wet," said Lanna, compassionately.

"Where did you get him, cousin Edward?" demanded all the children, eagerly.

"Me knows," said little Hal; "he was teepin' de baby Kyste warm, like all de oder animals, you know."

Pincher was brought round and round for their inspection, but not one of the children — not even Lanna, who remembered her lost Coney so well — could discover any distinct traces of him in the wretched-looking Pincher.

"I will convince you, now," said Mr. Wallace to cousin Edward, "that I was not mistaken," and stooping down he examined the dog's chest, and found near the right foreleg a perfectly formed white star.

"It is Coney," he said. "I would know him among a thousand by that peculiar mark."

"Coney!" exclaimed the children; "can it be possible? Coney, papa, is it really?" said Lanna. "Oh, how much he is changed! and he is not nice. He is not to be compared to Spring or Winter."

"Now, children," said cousin Edward, "this dog was not stolen. It fell out of the carriage, and was in danger of being killed, when it was rescued by a poor little girl, who was herself severely hurt in saving it. She and her brother and sister are now as fond of this dog, which they call Pincher, as you are of any of your pets. You have many. They have but one. Will you not give them back the dog?"

"Give him back?" exclaimed Lanna. "Are you serious, cousin Edward? We have done without him all this time: why, then, when he is found, give him back to strangers?"

"Yes, to strangers, who should have returned him, knowing he was lost," said aunt Agnes.

"The poor children who found him could not have known his owners," returned cousin Edward. "If they had not cared for him he would have been trampled to death by the horses. They have grown fond of the dog and he of them. See, he does not know you, Lanna. Call him by his name." Lanna called "Coney" coaxingly; but the dog paid no attention, but now and again gave a longing look at the door, accompanied by a low, pitiful whine. "You see he is grieving for his new friends," said cousin Edward. "Lanna, children, listen. Now the poor boy you saw coming in to-day owns this dog."

"He cannot *own* him, cousin Edward," said Lanna, "when he is mine."

"Well, Lanna, just consider all the means you have of making this Christmas-time glad and happy, and how poor and lonely this little boy and his sister are. If you detain the dog you will make their lonely poverty more bitter still."

"The boy has no right to my dog," said Lanna, "and besides, see how thin and starved he looks. Come, Coney; come, poor fellow." But the dog rejected her blandishments with a menacing growl, as cousin Edward led him back to his master, who gazed

wistfully into the gentleman's face, and stifled his sobs in Pincher's shaggy coat.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FEW hours later cousin Edward sought the nursery, whither the children had followed their toys, of which they were already beginning to weary. Standing at the door he said, "Children, I have good news for you. It has ceased snowing, and you are to get well wrapped up and come and walk with your father and mother."

"And are you coming, cousin Edward?" asked Jennie in high glee.

"Yes, we are all coming, but we must make no delay; the night will soon be falling."

"S'all me do, tousin Ed'ard?" asked Hal; and Reggie put his tin horse across his arm and placed his fat little hand in cousin Edward's, to show he was ready on the instant.

"It is too cold for you, little men," said cousin Edward smiling, "and besides, your horses would not be fed if you left them. But you are all to come to the library before we go."

The little girls were soon ready; and cousin Edward, leading the two little fellows, with the rest of the party headed by Lanna closely following, hurried down, when, just as they reached the library door, cousin Edward turned to them and said: "Now I have some one to present to you, and you are each to say to him, 'I wish you a happy Christmas, Alick.'" Cousin Edward turned the handle, and they beheld standing by the table, one hand resting on Pincher's now dry and glossy coat, a very pretty boy, whom they thought quite tall and gentle-looking in the nicely fitting clothes cousin Edward had provided. An exclamation of wonder escaped the younger children, and all hesitated for a few moments, until Lanna, in compliance with her cousin's direction, came forward and said sweetly, "I wish you a happy Christmas, little boy." Lanna thought that "little boy" looked more dignified and becoming for a young lady. The other little girls repeated the salutation word for word as they were instructed; but little Reggie and Hal clapped their hands with delight, and cried, "Oh, he 's drowed de big boy Kyste now."

"We are going now with Alick to see his grandmother and sisters," said cousin Edward. "There are your father and mother, children, waiting for you; go with them. Alick and I will follow when I shall have left Hal and Reggie in the nursery." The little fellows were meantime consulting together behind cousin Edward's back; and when he turned to lead them to the door, Hal said to him, "Tousin Ed'ard, I has a say," and bringing Reggie over to Alick, both looked up in his face and said, "Big boy Kyste, won't you tum to us aden your own to-morrow-day?" They then allowed themselves to be taken in charge by their nurse, and cousin Edward, with Alick and Pincher, proceeded on his way.

CHAPTER IX.

How long the Christmas eve had appeared to the poor anxious old woman and the two little girls, as they eagerly watched for Alick's return! Little Meg would sometimes cry out, "Here he is, I hear Pincher"; but the sounds would pass on, and they would feel more lonely than before. They used never to have dinner till Alick would have come in; and to-day, when he made no appearance at the wonted hour, his absence caused them serious uneasiness. When hour after hour passed and brought no Alick with it, poor Nell, who was unable to bear any excitement, had one of her fits again, and in the intervals of the paroxysms she would ask wildly, "O Granny, has he come?" and then clasping her hands would pray, oh, so earnestly, to God "to protect her little brother and send him safe home." Little Meg cried herself to sleep, and woke up with the same interrogation, "O Granny, has he come?" and would cry afresh on being answered

in the negative. Nell had just dozed into a gentle slumber, with a cloth steeped in vinegar bound round her aching temples, and Meg, crouching down behind the old woman, warmed her hands in baby fashion, when the door of the little room was pushed open, and the old woman, expecting to see some of her neighbors, raised her finger as a warning that the patient was in a slumber. She then looked, but could not believe that the slender, graceful, well-clad boy who stood in the doorway could be her own ragged little Alick. But Alick did not leave her long in doubt, and when Meg started to her feet with a scream of delight, "Oh, Alick has comed home a gentleman-boy," Nell was aroused, and with her arms around his neck, and her poor suffering head resting on his shoulder, she soon heard Alick's story. In the mean time Pincher had seated himself beside the bed, sharing the caresses of the two sisters; and when Alick told about Pincher's share in the day's events, Nell burst into tears, and sobbed, "O my poor Pincher, what shall we do for you?"

"Why, keep him, to be sure," said Alick.

"Is it keep him, and we knowing his owners?" said Nell in surprise.

"He is ours," said Alick doggedly: "we reared him."

"He was ours when he had no other owner," returned Nell sorrowfully, "but now we must give him back — O my poor Pincher!"

"But, Nell," argued Alick indignantly, "you got hurt to keep him from being run over, and see all you 've been sufferin' since by it. They never suffered nothin' for him, and they 've lots of toys and things, and we 've nothin' but Pincher."

Alick spoke impulsively, unmindful that Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, with the children and cousin Edward, were in the outer room, where, unwilling to intrude upon the early moments of the children's meeting, they at first delayed, and had been charmed listeners of all that passed since.

"Alick," said Nell firmly, "I would rather part with anything than with Pincher, but it must be done. It would be dishonest of us to keep him now, and we *must* not, you know, offend God. We must have done something wrong, Alick, that we are about to be punished for."

"I know, Nell, I know"; and then Alick told that part of his story, previously suppressed, about changing and denying his name.

"Ah, Alick," said Nell, "I told you so often that if you tried first to please God, he would make you grow up a good and great man!"

The Wallaces had heard enough. Lanna had grown crimson, and all felt how Nell's generosity contrasted with Lanna's want of it, and Mr. Wallace frankly avowed that cousin Edward was right. At last Alick remembered his friends and led in cousin Edward, who, in turn, introduced the rest of the party.

What a happy gathering there was at Mr. Wallace's that Christmas, where Alick and Nell and little Meg enjoyed the Christmas fun, and shared in the Christmas toys with the other children; and Pincher, having been formally made over to Nell by Lanna, made himself quite happy and contented in the presence of his old master! Mr. Wallace took upon himself the charge of the poor family. Nell was placed under skilful medical treatment and was soon restored to health. Meg and Alick were sent to school. Alick showed so much diligence and ability that Mr. Wallace decided on affording him an opportunity of higher education. Alick proved himself worthy of the interest taken in his welfare, and more than realized the expectations of his friends. He now fills with credit an important post of trust, and enjoys the esteem of Mr. Wallace and cousin Edward, who are wont to speak of the Christmas eve they first met him as the happiest one of their lives. Lanna and her sisters are now quite grown, and Reggie and Hal

often laugh when told of the wise discovery they made of the identity of the little ragged boy.

Poor Pincher — now grown grayer and shaggier that ever, and sometimes, too, a little cross — is cherished, as of old, by Nell and Alick. "Granny" lives to share the prosperity of her grandson, who is as kind to his sisters and herself as when he was the poor, ragged little carol-singer.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Cardinal Newman.

THE family is, even humanly considered, a sacred thing; how much more the family bound together by supernatural ties, and above all, that in which God dwelt with his blessed Mother. This is what I should most wish you to remember in future years. For you will all of you have to go out into the world, and going out into the world means leaving home; and, my dear boys, you don't know what the world is now. You look forward to the time when you will go out into the world, and it seems to you very bright and full of promise. It is not wrong for you to look forward to that time: but most men who know the world find it a world of great trouble and disappointments, and even misery. If it turns out so to you, seek a home in the Holy Family, that you think about in the mysteries of the rosary. School-boys know the difference between school and home. You often hear grown-up people say that the happiest time of their life was that passed at school; but when they were at school you know they had a happier time, which was when they went home: that shows there is a good in home which cannot be found elsewhere. So that even if the world should actually prove to be all that you now fancy it, if it should bring you all that you could wish, yet you ought to have in the Holy Family a home with a holiness and sweetness about it that cannot be found elsewhere. This is, my dear boys, what I most earnestly ask you. I ask you when you go out into the world, as you soon must, to make the Holy Family your home, to which you may turn from all the sorrow and care of the world, and find a solace, a compensation, and a refuge. And this I say to you, not as if I should speak to you again, not as if I had of myself any claim upon you, but with the claims of the Holy Father, whose representative I am, and in the hope that in the days to come you will remember that I came amongst you and said it to you. And when I speak of the Holy Family I do not mean our Lord and our Lady only, but St. Joseph, too; for as we cannot separate our Lord from his mother, so we cannot separate St. Joseph from them both, —for who but he was their protector in all the scenes of our Lord's early life? And with Joseph must be included St. Elizabeth and St. John, whom we naturally think of as part of the Holy Family; we read of them together and see them in pictures together. May you, my dear boys, throughout your life find a home in the Holy Family, the home of our Lord and his blessed mother, St. Joseph, St. Elizabeth, and St. John.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, is said to have composed the following song on the occasion of her departure from France for Scotland: —

Farewell to thee, thou pleasant shore,
The loved, the cherished home to me
Of infant joy, — a dream that's o'er:
Farewell, dear France, to thee!

The sail that wafts me bears away
From thee but half my soul alone;
Its fellow half will fondly stay,
And back to thee has faithful flown.

I trust it to thy gentle care;
For all that here remains with me
Lives but to think of all that 's there,
To love and to remember thee.

RICHES are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconveniences of an honest poverty.

Useful Knowledge.

To Clean Water Bottles. — Half fill the bottles with tea leaves and a little water, then add a spoonful of common vinegar; proceed to shake all together thoroughly, then empty, and rinse well with water.

To Settle Coffee. — To settle coffee without eggs, put the ground coffee — two tablespoonfuls or more, according to the size of the family — to soak over night in a teacup of water. In the morning add more water and put it on to boil, boiling fifteen or twenty minutes; then fill in what water is necessary and put the coffee-pot on the stove. In fifteen minutes it will pour off as clear as amber.

To Cook Eels. — Cut up a carrot in fine pieces, hash up two onions and a bunch of parsley; dust flour on them, add a little butter, and moisten with white wine; cook gently, and then pass all through a sieve, using force to get all the juices of the vegetables. Having cleansed your eel, do not cut it in pieces, but wind it around itself; cook the eel in a casserole with some butter and the sauce you have made; when cooked, roll the eel in some egg and bread crumbs, and let it fry gently. Serve the eel with anchovy butter.

An Astronomical Fact. — Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years they both died, also at the same place and at the same instant; yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious — but, with a little reflection, a very obvious — point in circumnavigation. A person going around the world towards the west loses a day, and towards the east he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons are born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage around the world may be performed in a year: if one performs this constantly towards the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants; and if the other sails equally towards the east, he will be fifty days in advance of them. One therefore will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born and died in the same place and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned time by the same calendar.

Apple Stuffing. — Take half a pound of the pulp of tart apples which have been baked or scalded; add two ounces of bread crumbs, some powdered sage, a finely shred onion; season well with cayenne pepper. For roast goose, duck, etc.

Mush. — Stir tablespoonful of salt and cup of flour mixed with one quart of Indian meal into a quart of boiling water; beat it well, and boil gently two hours. Turn the whole into dishes which have been dipped into cold water, and set away to cool. In the morning cut into slices an inch thick, and fry brown in pork fat. Serve slices of pork fat with it.

Dirt and Bodily Heat. — The part which the skin plays in the regulation of bodily heat is not adequately estimated. The envelope of complicated structure and vital function which covers the body, and which nature has destined to perform a large share of the labor of health-preserving, is practically thrown out of use by our habit of loading it with clothes. It is needless to complicate matters by allowing it to be choked and encumbered with dirt. If the skin of an animal be coated with an impervious varnish, death must ensue. A covering of dirt is only less inimical to life. We are not now speaking of dirt such as offends the sense of decency, but of those accumulations of exuded matter with which the skin must become loaded if it is habitually covered and not thoroughly cleansed. The cold bath is not a cleansing agent. A man may bathe daily, and use his bath-towel even roughly, but remain as dirty to all practical intents as though he eschewed cleanliness; indeed, the physical evil of dirt is more likely to ensue, because if wholly neglected the skin would cast off its excrementitious matter by periodic perspirations, with desquamation of the cuticle. Nothing but a frequent washing in water of at least equal temperature with the skin, and soap, can insure a free and healthy surface. The feet require especial care, and it is too much the practice to neglect them. The omission of daily washings with soap, and the wearing of foot-coverings so tight as to compress the blood-vessels and retard the circulation of the blood through the extremities, are the most common causes of cold feet. The remedy is obvious, — dress loosely and wash frequently.

The Humorist.

"THE straighter a man takes his whiskey," said a temperance lecturer, "the crookeder it seems to make him."

A LITTLE girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

A DEALER in cheap shoes recently counselled in one of his advertisements: "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

AN old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

MILKMAN — "Tell yer mother she ul 'ave to pay ready money for milk in futur'; I ain't agoin' to chalk up any more." Boy — "Wot are yer agoin' to use instid, then, Mr. Simpson?"

PEDESTRIAN (*who has dropped a penny in front of "the blind"*) — "Why, you humbug, you're not blind!" Beggar — "Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I 'm deaf and dumb."

A COUNTRYMAN bought his first glass of soda water the other day. As the foaming beverage was handed to him, he remarked, "I wish you 'd skim off the scum, boss; I ain't paying for no froth, you bet."

AN English servant-girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home, was told that she "looked really aristocratic"; to which she responded, "Yes: in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

"SEE them stylish cascades!" exclaimed Mrs. Veneering, at the Glen, and straightway she fell over a twenty-foot precipice and shook herself terribly. She arose, arranged her furbelows, and said, "I a' n't got no more enthusiasm for nature in me."

A TRAVELLER overtaking an old Presbyterian minister, whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman on his turnout. "A nice horse yours, doctor; very valuable beast that. But what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?" — "Why, as you ask me, I will tell you. It is for the same reason that your tongue wags so, — a sort of natural weakness."

THE scene is a French police court. President — "You have been arrested as a vagabond; how do you pass your nights?" Prisoner — "Pretty well, sir, thank you. Saving a nightmare now and then, I sleep fairly well."

JUST before visiting the menagerie, Johnny had a passage at arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, Johnny was immediately interested by a strange, foreign animal, with long, lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant-eater, my son." After a long pause: "Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

"How can you beat and scratch your husband in this terrible way?" said an English judge to a woman of spirit and independence. "Don't you know that he is the head of the family, and ought to be respected as such? Don't you know that he is your head, too, and ought to be obeyed?" This was pretty severe doctrine to preach to a distracted family, but every man in the world will say that it is strictly true and ought to be enforced. The woman, however, was unterrified, and in very pert tones said, "Judge, is that man my head?" "Most assuredly he is," was the reply. "Well, judge," said the stern disciple of a logical system, "is there any good reason why I shouldn't scratch my head if I wish to?"

THOUGHT HE WAS IRISH. — The other day a rough-looking man stepped into a clothing store in Carson, and wanted to buy a suit of clothes. The price was $30; but after a careful examination of the texture of the goods he declined to purchase at the figures named and started for the door. "Holt on," said the proprietor, "sell 'em at de cost brice." The clerk asked how much, and the "boss" said in German $16. The countryman turned around and said he guessed he 'd take another look at 'em anyhow. He tried them on, and got before the glass. "Cost price, you say?" The clerk assented, and the countryman handed him $16, remarking, "You can tie the old ones up." "Hold on, the cost price is $24," said the clerk. "Guess you 're mistaken; I heard the boss say $16." The boss looked up with, "By jeminie! you speak Sherman? I daught you vas a Irishman all de vile."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE close of the year 1880 finds Europe in a very distracted condition. The state of Ireland is a most distressing problem to the Gladstone ministry, which steadfastly ignores the calamitous results of the present land system, and its threats are without effect upon the minds of the vast majority of the Irish people. Meanwhile, the agitation continues to extend, and if judiciously conducted, will probably secure a larger measure of success than that inaugurated by O'Connell. Despite the persistent efforts of the English press to represent the movement as one of agrarian lawlessness, the Irish people are careful to pursue the wise course of legal appeal. There were a few crimes ascribed to the instigation of the Land League, which, however, upon evidence, turned out to be the result of personal revenge. The year, also, is memorable as the culmination of a great famine in Ireland, which was alleviated by the bounty of nearly the whole world, with the exception of England. The direful occasion helped to spread abroad a fair view of the wretched limitations under which Ireland labors to support her population. The Gladstone ministry is helpless before the rooted and stupid prejudices of the landed interest in Great Britain, and its possession of power, at the present writing, is exceedingly dubious. Mr. Gladstone, however, is personally popular by his efforts to put an end to the unjust, expensive, and inglorious wars in the East, which the vanity of his predecessor encouraged.

THE Eastern Question is still unsolved. The Turk benefits by the jealousies and dissensions in the European councils, and laughs at the child's-play of a naval demonstration. Russia has put down the Nihilists with a strong hand, and Siberia is crowded with exiles from every class of society.—In the event of a war with Germany so long on the *tapis* in France, Russia will probably form a league with France. The latter country has merited the condemnation of the world by her treatment of the Jesuits and other religious orders, on a false plea that they are inimical to the Republic. The government has passed through several crises on this account alone, and the friends of republican institutions view with alarm this arbitrary course of a republican government. — Spain has been blessed with a prospective heir to the throne, and its future is thus supposed to be assured against rival claimants. — The financial condition of Italy is poor, and the government has cause of alarm from the machinations of secret societies, with Garibaldi at their head, who are dissatisfied with Italy's reluctance to engage in a war for *Italia irredenta*. — Germany continues tranquil. The Jews are on the point of expulsion, and little liberty of conscience or expression is allowed. The negotiations with the Vatican partly failed, the Pope properly refusing to submit the Church to mere secular dictation. Still, the wise policy pursued by the Vatican has secured many privileges, and the restoration to the German Catholic Church of many of its former rights. In a September allocution, the Pope renewed his protest against the spoliation of the temporal power. The relations of the Church with France have been disturbed by that government's

attitude toward the religious orders, and at present do not seem to be capable of speedy adjustment. — The United States have passed through an exciting Presidential election, which resulted in the confirmation in power of the Republican party. — The past year will also be memorable for the rapid progress of colonization in the Western States, for the generosity of the American people toward Ireland, for the continued prosperity of the Church, the revival of manufactures, and the extinction of the Presidential issue of 1876, which was a continual menace to the political peace of the country.

THE I. C. B. U. has taken up the question of the inadequacy of Catholic spiritual help in our army and navy, and among the Indians. It appears that there are only two Catholic chaplains in our army, which is, admittedly, mainly composed of Catholics, who cannot avail themselves of Protestant ministrations. By the regulations of the Indian Department, the missionary work is limited to a "Peace" sect; and notwithstanding the representations and protests of the Indian chiefs of 76,000 Indian Catholics, these missionaries are continued and supported by the government. The resolutions passed at a meeting in Philadelphia, by the I. C. B. U., under the presidency of M. I. T. Griffin, very sensibly pointed out the injustice of this proceeding, and stated the whole matter in courteous but pointed language. We confess that we were not very sanguine of justice, under the narrow Methodism which disgraced the past two administrations; and if Garfield, as they say, is a free-thinker, we have more hope of justice from him than from Grant or Hayes. It is simply outrageous that the Catholics of the army and navy are practically made heathens, — for they will not and cannot join in Protestant worship. If they numbered but a handful, the case would be different; but they are actually in the majority, and as such should rule, especially in so commendable a rule as their religious desires. But the parsons, be assured, will never let go their grip; and as they are as plentiful as blackberries, it will be a hard task to get them to relinquish the meanest governmental occupation. If a congressman has a lazy, good-for-nothing son or brother, nothing is easier than to make a minister of him, if that is all that's wanting to secure a post.

THE un-American course pursued by the New York "Herald" and other papers in the late Presidential campaign, in dragging religion into politics, has provoked an equally un-American course in the case of certain Irish Catholics who wish to form a party on the principles which those names, Irish and Catholic, signify and express. This is all wrong, and is just the blunder our adversaries want us to make. The very howling about this being a Protestant country is a sign of weakness; for if the howlers were sure of it, they would make no fuss about it. The election of Mr. Grace, in our opinion, will prove less helpful to the Church than the election of a non-Catholic, for he will be handicapped from the first. Depend upon it, the opponents of the church here by no means represent the people at large, and it is absurd for Irish Catholics to think that they are the special objects of persecution and contempt. The fact is that the Simon-pure Yankees of the country are worse treated, politically, than any other class. The proportion of Americans, whose forefathers were Revolutionary patriots, that hold office, is far less than the proportion of Irish and German Americans; and yet we never hear them "raising Cain" about it. Who cares about a few harsh words against our faith or nationality? Let us mind our own business, support the government, obey God and his laws, make money, and thoroughly believe and proclaim that the United States can take care of itself, without being coddled by any loving and unselfish politicians.

TWELVE *hundred pages of good reading for $1.50.* — We will send the magazine for 1880 — twelve numbers — for $1.50. The reading is just as good now as when issued monthly.

THE new president of San Domingo is a priest, Father Merino.

GEN. GARFIELD completed his forty-ninth year on the 19th of November.

SINNERS, BEWARE! — The great doctor of the church, St. Jerome, said on his death-bed, that "out of 100,000 persons who continue in sin till the hour of their death, scarcely one is saved!"

THE unrecognized male orders of France have practically ceased to exist. Of 384 monasteries, with 7,400 inmates, only a handful remain. Only the Carthusians and a portion of the Trappists now remain unmeddled with.

ACCORDING to the latest census returns, there are in Massachusetts two hundred and thirty-seven Chinese, eight Japanese, three hundred and forty-one Indians, and eleven East-Indians. The whole population of the State is 1,783,086. Of this number 443,116 are foreign-born. No estimate is given of the descendants of the foreign-born. The colored population is 19,004.

GEN. HANCOCK took his defeat philosophically. He went to bed as usual, but his better half was looking toward the White House, and remained up to hear the result. About the break of day the results were sufficiently reported. Mrs. Hancock entered the General's room, waking him. — "What is the news?" — "New York has not acted right!" — "Well, what is the result?" — "Garfield is elected!" — "All right! So far as I am personally concerned I am well contented!" — and in five minutes he was fast asleep.

FROUDE, the English historian, whom Father Burke so unmercifully lathered a few years ago, says of English rule in Ireland: "England has utterly failed in her attempts to govern Ireland. She has never given Ireland a firm, just, and consistent administration. Cruel step-mother has England been for seven hundred years to that unhappy island, and cruel still she remains. One by one we have thrust our political inventions on her, and called it governing. We have failed, — failed ignominiously; and bad as any government would be that Ireland could establish for herself, it could hardly be worse than the impotent mockery with which the English connection has provided her."

STATISTICS show that there is no increase in the number of crimes in Ireland, compared with the year 1870.

A GOOD priest writes us from a town in this State: "I am a reader of your monthly, and feel very anxious to have it extensively circulated among my people."

BISHOP MULLEN, of Erie, Pa., has publicly condemned the custom of placing floral emblems on the coffins of deceased members of the church. He directs in future only a black pall to be placed over the casket, so that all gaudy trimmings and decorations shall be concealed from view. One reason for this is to repress the tendency to extravagance at funerals.

CURES AT KNOCK. — We give elsewhere accounts of several cures, one of which occurred in this country. The pastor, Archdeacon Cavanagh, proposes to erect a new roof on the church and to replace the decayed timbers, which are in danger of giving way on account of age. The building was erected fifty-two years ago, and has not been repaired for many years. Many cures are still reported, and the influx of visitors is unabated.

BOSTON has had another "baby show" inflicted upon her. We trust it is the last one. Such affairs are simply disgusting. They are cruel to the infants that are crowded into a vitiated air for crowds to gaze upon; they attract anything but the better class of mothers for the display of offspring; and they gratify only a morbid curiosity on the part of spectators. The whole thing is a money-making dodge, and the subject is not a legitimate one for the money-maker to engage in. There was a weak attempt on the part of the recent parties to represent the affair as in the interest of health. We are glad to observe that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children promptly disclaimed any part in it, and declared its opposition to all such exhibitions. It is reported that there was money made in the present show, and this will probably occasion efforts for its repetition. The city authorities should refuse any further licenses of this kind. They are of no benefit to anybody except the adventurers who engage in such operations. — *Saturday Evening Gazette.*

We were sorry to see some Irish names among the women who exhibited their babies. They had better be at home darning their stockings.

THE people of Ireland seem resolved to act within the law. They have no idea of fighting with any but legal weapons.

WE nominate Father Phelan, of the "Western Watchman," the Catholic champion editor of the United States, as president of the forthcoming Congress of Catholic editors.

THE Irish prosecutions meet with but lukewarm approval in Paris. The "Debats" predicts interminable delays and an eventual acquittal. The "Parlement," while thinking it natural that such a step should be taken by the government, does not believe twelve jurymen will be found courageous enough to convict.

AT Pekin there is a Catholic Asylum for Chinese foundling children. It is in charge of seven French sisters and five converted Chinese. It seldom contains less than four hundred children, abandoned by their unnatural parents. Nine tenths of these children are girls.

MR. HEALEY, who is Mr. Parnell's secretary, and who has been committed for trial, on the charge of having intimidated a tenant farmer, has been elected to the British House of Commons for Wexford, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Redmond. Such is one of the hardy responses of the Irish actors to English talk.

THE New York Democrats continue to be "all torn up." John Kelly's candidate for the mayoralty will stick, and many Democrats will vote the Republican ticket in consequence. — *Milwaukee Sentinel.*

If the Democratic party of New York has nothing to hold it together but the keeping of Catholics out of office, we want to see it instantly dashed to pieces on that rock. — *The Catholic Citizen.*

"So say we all of us."

BIGOTRY IN NEW YORK. — The total vote in New York City for mayor was 200,797. Of these Grace (Democrat) received 101,853, and Dowd (Republican) 98,949. Grace is elected by a majority of 2,904. Hancock received 123,102, and Garfield 81,726, showing Hancock's majority in the city to be 41,376. *About* 20,000 *Democrats refused to vote for Grace because he is a Catholic.* This is significant. Had Grace been a Republican and received the nomination of his party, he would, we firmly believe, have received his full party vote.

THE compliments of the season to all our patrons and those that are not of our household.

Now that the election is over, what are we going to do for something to talk about? Since we come to think of it, let us give the Pope a racket. This is always in order. — *The Catholic Columbian.*

BOUND VOLUMES. — We have now ready our magazine for 1879 and 1880, elegantly bound in four volumes, for $2.00 a volume. Sent free by mail.

THE WEEKLY REVIEW is the name of a Catholic paper lately started in San Francisco, by Messrs. Barry & Robinson. It is a sixteen-page paper, is well filled, and makes a creditable appearance. We wish it success.

THE PASSION PLAY is not to be produced in this country. The Boston "Post" says that one of the reasons for not reproducing it is, that "Mr. Abbey could not find a man mean enough in this country to take the part of Judas."

SPEAKING of Father Burke's health, the Liverpool "Catholic Times" says, "We are in a position to assure our readers that the distinguished Dominican monk is enjoying excellent health, and has done so ever since he has kept beside him a portion of the blessed cement from Knock."

THE Little Sisters of the Poor started at St. Servan, in Brittany, about forty years ago. The community now embraces 1,242 sisters. They have one hundred and eighty-five houses throughout the world, of which twenty-two are in the United States. They support 21,000 destitute aged persons. There is a fine house of the order in Boston.

MR. GRACE, the newly elected mayor of New York, is a native of Ireland, and has, by his talents and industry, risen to opulence. His fortune is estimated at $5,000,000 or $6,000,000. The public know that Mr. Grace's part in sending over the "Constellation" with her cargo of relief for Ireland last March was an important one. His cash outlay on that occasion was $64,000; his army of clerks were devoted for weeks to the work. Other contributions, amounting in all to $5,000, were given by this big-hearted man to the relief of his suffering native land.

READING FOR THE NEW YEAR. — United Irishman, New York, O'Donovan Rossa, editor ($2.50), and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston ($2.00). Both sent to one address for three months for $1.00, or $3.50 for a year. Address P. Donahoe, Boston, or O'Donovan Rossa, New York.

THE late Mary Powers bequeathed $200 to the Catholic church on Tremont Street, called Our Lady of Perpetual Help; $200 to Francis de Sales Church on Vernon Street; $100 to the Little Sisters of the Poor; $200 to the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, on Harrison Avenue; $200 to the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, on Camden Street.

FOUR immense cannon are to be built in South Boston, for the government, at a cost of $62,500 apiece. New machinery and new workshops are to be made to turn out these large guns. Some idea of the size of these immense weapons may be conceived from the measurement. They will be 12-inch breech-loading rifles on the Krupp plan, will weigh 50 tons, measuring at the bore 26¼ feet and at the breech 4¾ feet. They will carry a shot of 800 pounds, fired with 300 pounds of powder. It will take a year for each lathe to shape one of the huge pieces, and consequently it will be two years before the contract will be completed.

MR. BRIGHT favors maintaining order in Ireland by force, provided the measure authorizing the use of force is accompanied by a bill revising the land tenure which he can approve. Without such a bill he is unalterably opposed to coercion. Mr. Bright says the government are all as much opposed to coercion as himself, and are devoting their energies to drafting a Land Tenure bill which will be the most beneficent Irish legislation ever brought before an English Parliament. There will be no half-measures about this bill. Mr. Bright promises that it shall be a thorough panacea for all the ills of Ireland, which it proposes to cure by a fixity of tenure, reasonable rent, and an officially regulated peasant proprietary which shall receive some sort of state aid.

BOSTON SAVINGS BANKS. — The Mercantile Savings Bank has recently paid another dividend, making in all, since the bank went into liquidation, sixty-five cents on the dollar. — The Emigrant Savings Bank is paying a fifth dividend of ten per cent. This bank, it is expected, will pay in full. — Donahoe's Bank, so called, is paying a fifth dividend of ten per cent. This, with the dividend from Mr. Donahoe's estate, amounts to sixty-four and seventy-nine one hundredths per cent (or nearly sixty-five per cent) the depositors have received. — The Home Savings Bank has resumed business in its old quarters, corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets.

THE MISSION AT THE CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS, BOSTON. — The Domican mission at the Cathedral ended on Sunday night, the 28th of November. The farewell sermon of the missionaries was preached by Father Hoban, O. S. D. During the mission about 9,000 persons received Holy Communion. Another beneficial result of the mission was the confirmation, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of about 100 adults. We believe this is the most successful mission ever given in this city. Father McKenna is a great worker. The results of the mission show this. As another result of the mission, an anti-profanity society has been formed which promises great benefits, spiritually, to the members.

THE Rev. Dr. Callaghan, editor of the Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati, after an extended tour in Europe, arrived in New York on Saturday, Nov. 27. His health has been greatly benefited by the rest and travel. His original intention was to spend a year abroad, chiefly in Germany, making special studies for an important historical work he has long labored on. He found, however, after making the grand tour, that there is no place like home. He will devote a portion of the vacation still remaining to him to travel in America. While in Rome Dr. Callaghan had a long private interview with the Holy Father, who expressed great sympathy for the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati, and made many inquiries concerning the temporal condition of that see. In Ireland, Dr. Callaghan made an extensive tour and minute inquiries into the condition of the people. He severely criticises the sensational telegrams published in the New York papers. He has seen no revolutionary tendencies among the people, who are generally satisfied that they will win all they demand without fighting a blow. — *The Catholic Review.*

THE Doomsday Book of Ireland credits Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell with 4,962 acres, valued at £1,480 a year.

A SHOPKEEPER in Ballinrobe has been "Boycotted." For three weeks not a customer has "darkened his doors."

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN was installed in the new archepiscopal see of Chicago, at the Church of the Holy Name in that city, Sunday, Nov. 28. The ceremonies were of the grandest and most imposing nature.

MR. REDPATH paid a visit to the Nun of Kenmare while in Ireland. In reply to the question, "You don't have schools on Sundays?"

"No," said the nun, "on Sundays and on holidays we have more time, and then we look forward to our long holiday in heaven, where there will be no distress and no famine years, and — God forgive me! I was going to say, no landlords! but let us hope that they do not know all the evil of which they are the cause, not always by what they do, but by what they do not do for those who are dependent on them."

IRISH AFFAIRS.

A BOLD SPEECH BY MR. PARNELL. — IRISH INDEPENDENCE PREDICTED.

LONDON, Dec. 6. — In his speech at Waterford yesterday, Parnell said: "It is no use expecting a land measure from Parliament this session. You will be left at the end of the session as you were left last session. Don't let us ask for anything that is not guaranteed by the successful example of some European country. Let us take our stand on our just rights, namely: The ownership of land for the people. Let us leave to the enemy the offer of a compromise, for they are the beleaguered and isolated garrison. I warn them that if they waste too much time, and delay too long to settle with the enemy who is now at the gate, the day will soon come when they will find that their power of proposing or obtaining any compromise has been taken away from them. They will bitterly lament that they have thrown away their opportunity, when the people of Ireland were still willing to allow them to depart in peace, with such compensation for their interests as might seem to be fair. Push on your organized branches of the League in every parish in Ireland, and we promise you, on our part, that once you are organized, no cutting off or imprisonment of your leaders will do you the slightest harm, and that before a very long time has elapsed, perhaps much sooner than any of us expect, the people of Ireland will be enabled to enter, for the first time, on the path of prosperity and national independence."

PARNELL TO BE KEPT OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

It is announced that if Parnell leaves Dublin during the course of the Land League trials he will be immediately arrested. It is well understood in London that Parnell and all the other members of Parliament who are indicted with him will attempt to go to London and exercise their legislative right. These state trials recall the prosecution of Daniel O'Connell in 1844. O'Connell was permitted to go from Dublin to London and make his very best speech in the House of Commons in his own behalf while under conviction, while the present agitator is confined to the narrow limits of a city in which he is seldom found. The five Irish members who are under indictment comprise the brains of the Irish party in the House of Commons, and with them out of the way it will be plain sailing for almost any land bill that may be introduced.

AN UNJUST COURT.

The "Freeman's Journal" of Dublin, commenting on the judgment of Chief Justice May, rendered on Saturday last, in the case of application for a postponement of the state trials, and the application for an attachment against the "Evening Mail," says: "Could any language of the prosecution for the Crown exceed in invective the diatribe delivered from the bench, before a word of evidence was heard?" The "Pall Mall Gazette" says: "Chief Justice May's language is significant and instructive in the highest degree." It has been condemned even by Conservative papers in England, where there is no country justice who would not be ashamed of such an exhibition of partiality. It shows that the peasants are not the only people in Ireland who need to have the sacredness of the law instilled into them.

SIGNS OF THE COMING STORM.

Mr. Dillon, speaking at Malahide, eight miles from Dublin, yesterday, accused Judge May of prostituting justice, and called him a cowardly liar. A Land League meeting was to be held at Brockbrough, county Fermanagh; but as an Orange proclamation had summoned Orangemen to prevent the meeting, the magistrates forbade it in order to avoid a breach of the peace. The first battalion of the Coldstream Guards, composed of six hundred and seventy-five men, has left for Dublin.

Events of the Month.

THE British Parliament is to meet Jan. 6.

LORD LANSDOWNE has fled to England from his Kerry estates in Ireland, considering his life in jeopardy.

SINCE October, 1869, the Italian government has reaped the enormous sum of $549,988,137 from the sale of confiscated church property.

WHEN we read of Beecher's shaking hands with Ingersoll, we called to mind a passage in the history of the Passion of our Blessed Lord: "And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends."

OF the Northern States, New Jersey, California, and Nevada have chosen Hancock electors, which, with the Southern States, gives him 156 electoral votes, while Garfield has, including New York, 213.

PROTESTANTISM, says Froude, is essentially a negation, and never succeeded in mapping out a plain course of life. It kept on denying every doctrine it originally professed, until there was nothing more to deny.

EIGHT sisters from the Convent of the Ursulines, Brown County, Ohio, left by the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, Saturday morning, for Santa Rosa, Cal., to establish a "foundation" of the order. One of them is the daughter of Gen. Rosecrans.

IF it takes one hundred Orangemen, a regiment of soldiers, a company of hussars, and a squadron of blue-coats to dig Capt. Boycott's patch of potatoes, what number of Orangemen and troops will it take to protect the harvests and plant the spring crops for the 8,000 Boycotts scattered throughout Ireland?

REV. DR. CLEARY, appointed Bishop of Kingston, Canada, a few years ago returned a donation of $500 given as an election bribe, accompanying the same with a letter of rebuke, and obliging at the same time a temperance society to return a donation from the same source for the same purpose.

THERE are, as statistics inform us, 1,421,000,000 people upon this planet, As there are no reliable returns of mortality — indeed, few returns at all — a calculation has been made on the French basis, and gives 97,790 deaths per day. Considering the plagues that make chronic ravages in Asia, and the cheapness of human life in Africa, there must be more than 100,000 brought under the sickle every twenty-four hours.

THERE was a dispute the other night in a French theatre about a seat. The occupant refused to give it up on demand, and a policeman was called. That functionary ordered an evacuation. Said the occupant: "You have a right to summon me, if you like; but to turn me out is another thing. I know well you have become familiar with expulsions of late, but just bear in mind that I am not a Capuchin." The policeman retreated, and the listeners laughed.

THE Dublin "Nation," in alluding to the comments passed by some Irish-Canadian and American newspapers upon the Rev. Mr Mahaffy's unseemly remarks at the burial of Lord Mountmorres, says: "Our contemporaries somehow came to the conclusion that Lord Mountmorres was a Catholic and consequently that Mr. Mahaffy was a priest, and on this assumption they proceeded to throw off some justly severe censures of the oratorical piece of impudence in question. They will be glad to learn that Mr. Mahaffy is not a clergyman of the Catholic Church."

THE practice of preaching a short sermon at the low masses on Sunday is doing a great deal to wake our people up to a sense of their obligation. What is a more encouraging sign, these short sermons at the early masses are becoming popular. — *Western Watchman.*

IF the practice of preaching a five-minute sermon at all the early masses in city churches were common, thousands who now never hear the word of God from year's end to year's end would catch at least momentary glimpses of the beauties of the ideal Christian life. — *Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

CONVERSION. — Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, in 1855, was one of the most strenuous members of the Know-Nothing organization, and prominently talked of for Know-Nothing candidate as President in 1856. His daughter, an accomplished young lady, was a week or two ago received into the Catholic Church, and baptized by Rev. Father Walter at St. Patrick's, Washington City. It has been a fact, remarkable for thirty years past, that *more* converts come from

families most aggressive against the Catholic Church, than from families that say Catholics are "*as* right as any others!"— *N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

COMMENTING on our recent elections, the Montreal "True Witness" observes: "It would appear that the Irish vote was more divided than usual; a fact which is not to be regretted, as, apart from the merits of either candidate, it does not look well to see any particular element voting *en masse* for any particular party. It gives rise to prejudices and takes from the independence of Irishmen, who should not form a tail to any particular party. We do better here in Canada."

AT a recent meeting of the Dublin Land League, Mr. Parnell gave expression to his views on the position and claims of the agricultural laborer. The giving a laborer half an acre of land, etc., was not, he said, the way to settle the question. Nor had he any more favor for the proposal to place them on the waste lands. There was plenty of good land in Ireland before they came to the waste lands, and one of the most important works of the League would be to undo the work at the time, and to replace the people on the land where bullocks and sheep were then placed.

IT was a Catholic, John de Beverly, Archbishop of York, England, who, as long ago as the year 800, discovered the possibility of teaching deaf-mutes to speak and to understand spoken language by watching the lips of the speaker. He developed this discovery into a system and turned it to practical account as a means for instructing deaf-mutes in the Christian religion. This system is neglected in this country and in England, but is common in many parts of Europe, and is employed very successfully in the famous Catholic institution for deaf-mutes in Belgium.

A FEW years ago the greatest steamers did not exceed 350 feet in length, 45 feet in breadth, 3,500 tons in tonnage, or 4,000 horse-power. Now the "City of Berlin," of the Inman line, is 488 feet by 44½ feet, and their new steamer, the "City of Rome," of iron, at Barrow, will be still larger, having a length of 546 feet, a breadth of 52 feet, and a gross registered tonnage of 8,000. The Cunard steel ship, the "Servia," now building at Glasgow, is 500 feet by 50 feet, with over 10,000 indicated horse-power, and will doubtless possess a speed in advance of the very fastest ship at present afloat in the mercantile marine.

THE "Weekly Union" of New York points to the fact that the Republicans of that State elected Gen. Joseph B. Carr, a Catholic, to the position of Secretary of State, while Senator Kernan, as Democratic nominee for governor, ran 70,000 behind his party vote, and this year W. R. Grace ran 20,000 behind his party vote. The point which the "Union" wishes to call special attention to is that the Republicans all voted for their candidate, a Catholic, whereas the Democrats endeavored to defeat the candidates of their party on the ground of their religious belief. The paper which we quote has been a strong advocate of Democracy and was a stanch supporter of Gen. Hancock.

THE English Cabinet is in accord on the Irish question, and prefers a policy which will enable all tenants otherwise qualified to become freeholders. It has been suggested even that the government should purchase Irish land and distribute it among the poor tenants. The administration, while almost radical, will probably not go so far; but it counts on the co-operation of the Irish landlords. Mr. John Bright declared at Birmingham that the Irish situation was due largely to the landlords, — their oppression, their absenteeism, and raising difficulties when tenants wanted to buy land in fee simple. Mr. Forster said that some kind of land legislation was imperative if the English position in Ireland was to be maintained.

THE WAY IT WAS DONE. — In the State of New York the Republican party was so perfectly organized that the *name* of every voter, in every voting or election district, was recorded: how many sure Republican, how many determined Democrat, how many *open for a market!* The Republicans *had the money*, and the Democrats had not. Had the Democrats had the money, they would have bought up the rogues. As it is, the Republicans bought up just enough of votes to make it a *sure* thing! Had 30,000 more votes been needed, they were *on the market*, and could have been bought. These poor *white slaves*, selling their votes, turned the election. These held the "balance of power." They are the real party that governs us! — *New York Freeman's Journal.*

THE commanding officer of the invading army of Chili, in their war with the Peruvians, is Señor Don Pat Lynch, who has a good character from foreigners as an officer and a gentleman. He is likely, however, to get himself into trouble with the United States government. Mr. Thomas Gaige, master of the steam-launch "Isabel," which had been fur-

nished with regular papers by the United States consul at Callao, and authorized to carry the American flag, has appeared before the American consul at Payta, and stated that the Chilian squadron at Payta had seized the launch and torn down and trampled on the American flag; and he, Capt. Gaige, entered his protest against the act, and claims $30,000 damages. Lynch, the commander of the squadron, offered to pay Gaige the value of the launch on condition that he would make no claim for damages, but Gaige refused.

JUST as it should be everywhere. That truculent sheet, the New York "Herald," on the 24th of October last, published an article abusing the Catholic Church. Irish Catholics also came in for a large measure of vituperation. Six days after the publication of this article the "Herald" lost 40,000 of its circulation. On the 30th of October, the Irish Catholics of New York had brought James Gordon Bennett to his senses; for in the issue of that date he declares that "the 'Herald' is and has ever been a sincere friend of the Catholic people." The Brooklyn "Review" tells Mr. "Herald" that this won't do, and adds, "You might have dissembled your love, but why did you kick us down stairs?" We hope all Irish and Catholics of every other nationality will, in every section, even here in Canada, follow the example of those of New York. Nothing will bring a raving bigot to his senses as quickly as touching his pocket. — *The Catholic Record, London, Ont.*

W. R. GRACE, the mayor-elect of New York City, in a late interview with a city reporter, expressed himself as follows: "I am proud of my religion; I am not ashamed of it, but I should be ashamed of myself if I were not proud of my citizenship, or if I should do anything which would make me unworthy of the trust which New York gives me, in the face of the unjust cry against my race and the doubly unjust issue against my religion. My faith in this great city of New York, in this nineteenth century, can certainly challenge my fitness for an office. Great as it is, I accept the office as an American citizen." The man who gave utterance to such sentiments as the above cannot but prove himself worthy of the high trust imposed upon him. He is evidently not one of the "wishy-washy" kind of Catholics, who are afraid to reveal themselves lest their religion should be a barrier to their success, but a noble, outspoken, whole-souled man of principle, who is not afraid of the jeers and gibes of the ignorant, — proud of his religion above and beyond all things else. Such men are scarce. — *The Catholic Columbian.*

THE total immigration to this country during the last fiscal year was 427,257, against 177,826 in 1878-9. This is a most astonishing increase, and one without a parallel in the history of this or any other country. The arrivals for the quarter ending June 30 alone were 242,647, which is a much larger number than in any previous entire year back to 1874. In 1874 the number was 313,339; in 1875, 227,498; in 1876 it fell to 170,000, and went on declining until last year, when it rose to 177,826. There has been but one larger immigration than that of 1879-80; that was in 1872-3, just as the recent industrial troubles were ready to begin, the number exceeding 1879-80 by 2,546 The arrivals for the quarter ending September 30 last were 154,832, against 68,651 in 1879. This is a large falling off from the probably unprecedented number arriving in the previous quarter, but it is only 23,000 less than in the whole year 1878-9. The money brought in by immigrants was formerly estimated by the Castle Garden authorities at $68 per head, and has been by others estimated as high as $100. If it be assumed as $50, in order to be very safe, the immigrants of 1869-80 should have brought nearly $23,000,000, — an amount exceeding the gross regular imports of the precious metals in 1878-9, and also exceeding those of fourteen other fiscal years since 1859.

THE GALLANT GEN. ROSECRANS. — San Francisco may well be proud of her next congressman, Gen. Rosecrans, says the Springfield "Republican." It has been well understood that nothing but his personal interest in Gen. Hancock, to whom he taught engineering at West Point, and with whom he has associated much since, brought him out into active politics in his advanced years. I am sure that Republican votes helped to elect him, and sure that he will well help to represent California in the national Congress irrespective of party, and that his ability and modest deportment will reflect credit upon the State. Yet, simple-hearted and old-fashioned in manner as he is, Gen. Rosecrans, or "Old Rosy," as he was familiarly designated during the war, is not only a man of extensive practical ideas and a model organizer, but is also a man of literary and fine tastes, and is fastidiously discriminating in regard to many things which are generally supposed to belong to an æsthetic rather than to so practical an organization. Gen. Rosecrans is a brother to the late Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, Ohio, and a daughter of his recently took the veil.

THE house of the Sisters of Mercy, in Tuam, county Galway, has been destroyed by fire; damage, £1,400.

LONDON "Punch" wittily speaks of the French Republic as becoming "small by Decrees and beautifully less."

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN was formally introduced to the clergy of the archdiocese of New York, and the congregation at St. Patrick's Cathedral at the high mass, Sunday, Nov. 23, by Vicar-General Quinn. The assumption of the office of coadjutor to Cardinal McCloskey by Archbishop Corrigan does not carry with it the performance of any special religious ceremonies, and the papal bull raising him to his new dignity is the only official notice taken of it by the Catholic Church. In order to make his admission among the clergy of the archdiocese a noticeable feature, as well as to serve as an introduction to the congregation, Vicar-General Quinn made an address of welcome. Archbishop Corrigan was seated on the epistle side of the altar, with Father Daubress, S. J., on his right. His brother, the Rev. Father James H. Corrigan, president of Seton Hall College, at South Orange, N. J., sang the high mass.

THE IRISH BISHOPS' OFFERINGS TO THE PONTIFF. — The total of the sums presented to the Pope by the Irish bishops newly arrived in Rome amounted to £8,656 sterling. That portion offered by the Archbishop of Cashel was enclosed in a beautifully embroidered purse. The Bishop of Limerick also presented a quantity of rich Limerick lace, and the Bishop of Kerry a copy of his Commentaries on the Gospels. Dr. Cleary, the newly appointed bishop of Kingston, Canada, will be consecrated in the College of the Propaganda, by Cardinal Simeoni, on the 21st inst., the Irish bishops returning home after that ceremony.

The Holy Father, in receiving the Irish bishops, spoke in warm terms of the love he felt for their country, and of his admiration of Ireland's unshaken perseverance in the faith. He manifested great sympathy for the sufferings of the Irish people, and dwelt emphatically on his desire that the priests and the people should remain united in all things, and especially in avoiding everything approaching to revolutionary principles. The Archbishop of Cashel assured his Holiness that the present agitation in Ireland, so far from being revolutionary, was strictly constitutional. The people, he said, had never at any time been more regular in the observance of their religious duties or more loyal to the civil government, but they were lawfully fighting out a great social question.

THE MOST REV. DR. CROKE, archbishop of Cashel, has sent £30 from Rome to Mr. E. D. Gray, M. P., for the Parnell Defence Fund. His Grace and the Bishop of Limerick subscribed £10 each, and the Bishops of Cloyne and Ross £5 each.

A FRENCH journal states that the three great Jesuit preparatory houses abolished by the French government have been reconstituted in the United Kingdom. The institution which was at Paray-le-Monial has been re-established in Scotland; the novitiate has been fixed in Wales, and the house for the scholastics (philosophers and theologians) has been transferred to Jersey.

A SHE COMMUNIST.—A cablegram says: "It is stated that the amnestied Communist, Louise Michel, has been asked by the Land League to show herself at their meetings in Galway."

We cannot believe that the Land League would invite such a person to Ireland. The London "Register" says of this character: "A disreputable female Communist, the notorious Citoyenne Louise Michel, just arrived at the St. Lazare station in Paris, at the close of her long detention as a convict in New Caledonia, was welcomed back (upon the very morrow of the expulsion of the nuns and monks from their convents and monasteries) with the wildest and most frantic enthusiasm. Inside the terminus, MM. Rochefort, Ollivier, Pain, Clemenceau, and Louis Blanc awaited the arrival of the train bringing Louise Michel, accompanied by a small number of amnestied comrades. The arrival took place at twelve o'clock, and as M. Rochefort advanced to embrace his ex-companion in exile, there were raised by the Socialists assembled on the platform the loudest cries of 'Vive la République!' 'Vive la Commune!' 'Vive la Révolution!' The scene outside the station when Louise Michel made her appearance is said to have defied description. Emerging from the station on foot, she was surrounded by a large number of admirers. Thereupon the crowd, which reached nearly half-way down the Rue d'Amsterdam, set up a frantic cheer, rushing forward to greet the returned convict. The police officers and men, the people leaving the station, the whole of the Socialist leaders present, with Louise Michel herself, were swept away by the seething mob, while the cause of the excitement narrowly escaped being kissed and hugged to death by those who could reach her. The crowd carried all before it until it reached the Rue de Londres, where at last a stop was made, and Louise Michel, being thrust into a cab, was driven to her destination."

PRINCE BISMARCK, having failed in his persecution of the Catholic Church in Germany, now turns his attention to the Jews, and is endeavoring by coercive measures to drive them from the empire.

BISHOP GILMOUR, of Cleveland, Ohio, thus replies to a charge of political partisanship: "I have never, directly or indirectly, publicly or privately, persuaded or sought to persuade any person to vote for any candidate or any political party."

THE exodus from Canada continues. The United States official report says that in October, — a month in which people did not, in former years, leave Canada to settle in the United States, — the number of emigrants from Canada was 17,517.

MR. ROBERT BUTT, son of the late lamented leader of the Irish party, is engaged on a compilation of his father's views of the Land question, which will be prefaced by some comments and remarks of his own, explanatory of the opinions of his father on the later phases of the difficulty.

WE read in the French journals: "There remain in Paris hardly an unexpelled congregation except the Jesuits of the Rue de Flandres. These the government will not touch; it will not dare to do so; *they are Germans.*" The cynicism of the Republican governors is only equalled by their cowardice.

BOYCOTT LEAVES FOR ENGLAND.—Boycott has quit Ireland for England, going sooner than he intended, as he received threatening letters at the hotel in Dublin where he was staying. Boycott was followed to his hotel recently by forty hooting roughs. The proprietor of the hotel also received a threatening letter, warning him not to keep Boycott in his house.

COLONEL GORDON, citing as a precedent the measures taken to abolish slavery in the West Indies, proposes that the British government should buy out all the landlords west of the Shannon, at a cost of £80,000,000, of which a great part will be repaid by tenants, and the cancer will be cured. He also proposes that the lands thus acquired be administered by a land commission.

IT is said that her Imperial and Royal Majesty the Empress Queen of Austria will again this winter visit Ireland to pursue the pleasant pastime she so dearly loves. In quarters which ought to be well informed, the rumor goes that the Empress will shift her hunting quarters from the plain of Fingall to the banks of the Nore, and that she will rent for the hunting season that splendid specimen of a feudal chateau, Kilkenny Castle. We are delighted to think that the wild panic which prevails across the Channel does not extend to Vienna, that the Empress is about to show that she holds with the fair maid of old, —

> "Sir Knight, I feel not the slightest alarm;
> No son of Erin will offer me harm."

IT is stated that Mr. Parnell's Irish-American friends would now hardly know him. A few weeks ago, while on a visit in London, he shaved off his mustache and tawny beard, and he has since appeared with closely trimmed side-whiskers. The change does not improve his appearance, but it reveals the resolute mouth and firm jaw, which are the keys to his reputation for iron will and obstinacy. Many have wondered, when they have seen the mild-looking face of the leader, how he could possess the qualities that were said to be his. They would hardly ask the question now. So decisive and closely compressed does his countenance seem, that it looks relentless in its firmness, — even hard. At a special meeting of the Dublin Land League, on Nov. 11, Mr. Parnell complained of having been watched by detectives, and said if they followed him to his home in the country, whither he was going, he would have them thrown into the river.

MR. HENRY DOYLE, the director of the National Gallery of Ireland, has just been appointed a Companion of the Order of the Bath for his services in that capacity. He is the brother of Richard Doyle, the most delightful humorist of the pencil now living, and the third son of the late John Doyle (author of the "H. B." political sketches) by his marriage with Marianne, daughter of Mr. James Conan, of Dublin. Mr. Henry Doyle was born in 1827, and was educated as an artist. On the recommendation of Cardinal Wiseman he was appointed commissioner for Rome at the International Exhibition of 1862 in London, and for his services in that capacity was nominated a knight of the Order of Pius IX. He was art superintendent of the International Exhibition of 1865, in Dublin, and honorary secretary of the National Portrait Gallery in connection with that of 1872, in the same city. He was elected by the Board of Governors director of the National Gallery of Ireland in 1869, on the death of Mr. George Mulvany, R. H. A., the first holder of that office. He was also a member of the Committee of Advice for the three special exhibitions of national portraits, from 1866 to 1868, and has been for some years a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy. He married in 1866, Jane, daughter of the Right Honorable Nicholas Ball, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland.

Notices of Recent Publications.

John B. Piet, Baltimore.

POEMS: PATRIOTIC, RELIGIOUS, MISCELLANEOUS. By Abram J. Ryan (Father Ryan).

We are indebted to the enterprising publisher for an elegant copy of these poems. Our readers are not strangers to the productions of Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South. We give a portrait of the author in this issue of our magazine, together with a review of the book by a Southern contemporary, to which we refer the reader. Mr. Piet has given us three sizes of the book: one at $2.00; another at $3.50; and an elegant edition with extra heavy tinted paper, with red lines around the pages, cloth, gilt edges, $4.00; the same, antique morocco, $8.50. We know of no better book for a Christmas present.

ADVENTURES OF A DONKEY. Translated from the French of Mme. le Comtesse de Segur. Illustrated with fifty splendid engravings. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth, extra, $1.50.

Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, have the above books on sale.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

OUR distinguished townsman Dillon O'Brien, Esq., is now engaged in correcting the proof-sheets of "Widow Melvill's Boarding House," a charming Christmas story which will be ready for the holidays. Mr. O'Brien is a racy writer, and the title of his new work is suggestive of racy scenes. Any one who has had experience in a "boarding-house" can testify that the material for a good story is abundant there. In his many travels in behalf of colonization Mr. O'Brien has had great opportunities of studying his subject, and we all know he has the talent to turn his studies to the best account. The work, we predict, will meet with a large sale. — *Northwestern Chronicle.*

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Over the Boundless Sea," song, by J. L. Gilbert, words by Miss M. A. Conroy. "The Daisies," ballad, by G. F. Wilson. "Mither and Robin," duet, by C. A. White. "Three Cheers for Hancock," song and chorus, by J. M. Munyon. "Be sure You never Tell," song, words by Geo. Cooper, music by D. L. White. "The Old Ferryman," song, by C. A. White. "The Bluebird is calling, Love," song, words by John Keynton, music by G. Operti. "Brightest and Best," sacred piece, by Frank M. Downing. "I won her little Heart when Dancing," song and dance, by Frank Musgrave. "Ise Happy Night and Day," plantation song and chorus, by C. A. White. "I would trust in Thy Protecting," sacred piece, by E. H. Bailey. "Echoes from Palestine," Christmas anthem, by J. Astor Broad, a fine composition. "A Bird from o'er the Sea," waltz song, by C. A. White. "Oh! I'll meet you Dar!" song and chorus, by Sam Lucas. "Moses, cart dem Melon down," song and chorus, by Dan Lewis. "Devotion," song, words, and music, by Marie Rôze.

Instrumental: "White's Medley of Popular Airs," by C. A. White. "Talk about your Moses," schottische, by Geo. Thorne. "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," transcription for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. Waltz, from "La Fille du Tambour Major," arranged for piano, by E. L. Bailey. "Talk about your Moses," arranged for guitar, by W. L. Hayden. "Fading Leaves," mazurka caprice, by A. E. Warren. "Lardy Dah Galop," by Geo. Thorne. "Petersilea Academy Grand March Brillante," by C. P. Pottgieser. "Fresh Beauty," waltz, by E. L. Bailey. "The Lone Hand Galop," by Edward M. Read. "Best Shot," march, arranged by E. H. Bailey. Album for the Violin and Piano, Vol. I., No. 1, a collection of choice music arranged for violin and piano, by William Gooch.

NEW PAPER MATERIAL. — A paper relating to "a newly discovered Irish product" was read on Monday night, at the Royal Dublin Society, by Mr. William Smith. The product is a grass that grows on flat bogs that have been partially drained. It is the same as the Esparto grass, now extensively used for making paper. It is worth £3 a ton, and one statute acre will yield half a ton, thus paying the owner of a bog thirty shillings an acre, minus the rent and the trifling expense of gathering. The grass rapidly shoots up after the surface of a flat bog has been burnt, either by accident or design. Specimens of the grass grown at Tyaquin, county Galway, and the paper made from it, were exhibited.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. L. Molan, of Elyria, O., died Nov. 16.

Rev. John Miller, attached to the chapel of St. Augustine's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., died Oct. 29, at that institution.

Rev. Father Hert, Balleford, Manitoba, while hunting a few days ago got lost on the plains, and died from exposure and fatigue.

The death of the Rev. Thomas Delany, C. C., took place at Geashill recently. He has won for himself a title to many earnest prayers for his happy repose.

Rev. Father Elliott died recently at the Parochial House, Derry. The melancholy event has caused wide-spread sorrow. The deceased clergyman was the great apostle of temperance in the city.

Nov. 28, the assistant pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia, Rev. John J. O'Reilly, breathed his last. He was a native of county Westmeath, Ireland, where he was born on June 25, 1839.

The Wexford Independent records the death of the Rev. Bernard E. Meyler, which took place at Ballytory, the residence of his sister, Mrs. Codd. Father Meyler was for thirty years parish priest of Ferns.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Carroll, Catholic Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Trinidad, which took place at Port of Spain on the 13th of October. The deceased prelate had been Provincial of the Dominicans in America for five years previous to his accession to the episcopacy.

Rev. Father Stebbins, late assistant pastor of St. Jerome's Church, Holyoke, Mass., died on Thursday, the 28th ult. This amiable young priest lived in Holyoke from his infancy, and was much beloved by all classes. He is the third priest from Holyoke who has died within the past two years. The others were Father Sheehan and Father O'Reilly.

The death is announced of the Rev. Thomas Loye, P. P., Ballymacnab, in the diocese of Armagh. His death was very sudden, and took place just as he was about to celebrate mass, the morning of Nov. 2. He was in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was distinguished through his priestly career for singular earnestness, zeal, and simplicity of character. May he rest in peace.

Death has again entered the Augustinian order, and left behind him the sad evidence of his most melancholy visitation. We record with much regret the demise of Rev. John Sullivan, O. S. A., who departed this life fully fortified with the last sacraments of our holy religion, at his mother's residence in Lawrence, Mass., Sunday morning, Nov. 21, after a long and painful illness. The deceased was in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and was a professed member of the Augustinian order.

In Portland, Or., on the 8th of November, Rev. Patrick J. McCormick, who for more than thirty years had been a missionary priest on the Pacific coast. Deceased was a native of Dublin, where he was born in 1810, and received his ecclesiastical education in the Irish College, Rome, when under the presidency of the late Cardinal Cullen, with whom he spent ten years in the Eternal City. After his ordination, Father McCormick returned to Ireland, and subsequently visited France, where he met Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon, who was then in Europe in search of priests to go on the Oregon missions.

The oldest priest in the world died in Davenport, Iowa, last month. Father George Brophy, whose death at the Sisters' Hospital in Davenport the papers of that city announce, was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, in August, 1775, and was consequently, at the time of his death, one hundred and five years old. What is more remarkable, he officiated constantly until three years ago, when he became unable to celebrate mass. His father fought in the "rebel" ranks at Vinegar Hill. He was in Paris during the Revolution, and knew Robespierre, Marat, and Danton well, seeing them almost daily during those terrible months. He completed his studies in Spain, but returned to Paris in 1798, and was there ordained. He remained in Paris forty-five years, or until the year 1843. He saw the first Napoleon as Consul and as Emperor.

He was present and heard the great warrior's farewell when leaving for his exile at Elba. He saw the coronation of Charles X. and witnessed the return of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena. He was present at the death-bed of Lafayette, when on the 20th of May, 1834, he breathed his last. Father Brophy came to this country in 1843, and soon after became pastor of St. Paul's Church, New York. He built no less than nine churches. In this country he was personally acquainted with six Presidents. He went to Iowa in 1865 to plant an Irish colony in that State. He was a man of wondrous strength of body and mind. Three years ago he could read without spectacles. In many respects he was the most wonderful man living. May he rest in peace. Amen.

SISTERS.

Sister of Charity Mary Nicholas, aged seventy-five, nigh fifty of which were spent in religion, died on the 5th of November at St. Louis, Mo.

On Nov. 11, at the Convent of the Visitation, Park Avenue, Baltimore, Sister Mary Celestine O'Brien departed this life in the seventy-first year of her age, and the thirty-sixth of her religious profession. The deceased was a native of Baltimore, and first cousin of the late Very Rev. H. B. Coskery. She was distinguished for her genial disposition, fervent piety, and childlike obedience.

Madame Bridget O'Neil. — This venerable *religieuse*, sister of Father Thomas O'Neil, ex-provincial of the Jesuit province, and one of the oldest members of the order of the Sacred Heart, died at the convent on Sixth and Labadie Streets, St. Louis, Sunday, Nov. 14, of pulmonary phthisis. Madame O'Neil spent twenty-five years of her religious life among the Indians. Two years ago, when the Sacred Heart convent at St. Mary's, Kansas, was sold to the Jesuits, she came to St. Louis, and remained there till her death. She was born in Ireland, and was sixty-two years old when called from her labors.

LAY PEOPLE.

At Cork, William Archer Redmond, Liberal and Home Rule member of Parliament for Wexford Borough.

The Philadelphia Catholic Standard announces the death in that city, on the 22d ult., of "Charles H. Budd, M. D., professor of natural history in Girard College, and previously professor of chemistry and the natural sciences at Franklin-Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. The professor was a man of high intellectual and moral qualities, a convert, and a devoted Catholic. May his soul rest in peace."

Professor Samuel S. Haldeman, of the University of Pennsylvania, a distinguished philologist and naturalist, at one time president of the American Philological Association, died lately at his residence in Chickis, Pa., aged sixty-eight years. In 1837 he was assistant to the geological survey of Pennsylvania, and in that capacity discovered the *scolithus linearis*, the oldest fossil then known. He was a learned writer on iconography, linguistic ethnology, zoölogy, and other branches of natural science, the pursuit of which study seems to have led him into the Church; it being related of him that on presenting himself, many years ago, to Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, for instruction in the faith, that prelate inquired what had drawn his attention to the importance of becoming a Catholic, and was answered by his erudite visitor, "*Bugs*, sir! *bugs!*"

Death, when sudden, is always appalling; but when the person is prepared for the eventful change, the summons is stripped of its awful bearing. The subject of this notice, Mrs. Patrick Greely, was always prepared for her final end. In her sudden death it would seem that the words of the Psalmist, "In life we are in the midst of death," were indeed exemplified. Although her health had been failing for some time, no one dreamed that the fatal summons was so near, and the news of her death fell with appalling suddenness on her relatives and friends, to whom she had endeared herself by her kindly disposition, her quiet and retiring manner, and her charitable regard for her fellow-beings. Leading, as she did, an exemplary Christian life, we can but hope that the spirit has severed its earthly ties but to find a brighter realization of its hopes in the land beyond. The funeral services took place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on the 15th of November, where a solemn mass of requiem was offered, Rev. Father Charlier, S. J., acting as celebrant; Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, S. J., deacon; and Mr. Brand, S. J., subdeacon. At the close of the services a brief and pathetic eulogy was delivered by Father Fitzpatrick, after which the remains were conveyed to Dorchester cemetery, followed by a large number of sympathizing friends. The number of carriages at the funeral was seventy-five.

Mrs. Mary Dillon, or, as she was better known, "Old Mother" Dillon, died at her home in Logansport, Ind., 20th ult., at the extraordinary age of one hundred and twelve years. She was born in the county Limerick in 1768, and came to this country in 1840.

In San Francisco, Oct. 17, Ellen C. Flood, wife of Mr. Michael Flood, a native of Ireland. It is a painful duty to announce the death of a friend, or any one near and dear to a friend. In the case of Mrs. Flood, death was a release from a lingering illness, such as could only be endured with Christian fortitude and the hope of a glorious resurrection. To the afflicted Catholic heart the hope of heaven brings consolation, and death is but a temporary separation. To the bereaved husband and motherless children we extend our sympathy, and join with them in the prayer that the absent wife and mother may rest in peace. — *The Weekly Review.*

The many friends of Mr. Flood in Boston and vicinity deeply sympathize with him in his sad bereavement. We, who know him so well, extend to him our heartfelt condolence.

Mrs. Bridget Hearn, wife of Mr. James Hearn, the dry-goods merchant of South Boston, died Nov. 6, and was buried from the Church of St. Vincent Nov. 9. A solemn requiem was celebrated at ten o'clock, by the pastor, Rev. Father Corcoran assisted by the Rev. Lawrence Corcoran, deacon, and Rev. James O'Neil, sub-deacon. Rev. Father Walsh acted as master of ceremonies. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. Schmidt's requiem was sung by a quartet choir. Mrs. Farracey, of St. Augustine's Church, sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." The organist was Mr. George Gorman, of St. Joseph's Church, West End. After the mass, Father Wm. J. Corcoran said a few words eulogistic of the good qualities and the excellence of character of the deceased lady. The final absolutions were then given, and the remains were borne to their last resting place, Mount Auburn, attended by a large number of mourners.

The deceased was daughter of the late Mr. Terence McHugh, well known to the Catholics of Boston more than a quarter of a century ago.

The Right Hon. Richard More O'Ferrall has died at the age of eighty-three, at Kingstown. Half a century ago he entered Parliament for his native county, which he represented with great credit and popularity for seventeen years without interruption, and afterwards for six years, from 1859 to 1865. During the former period he was made a Lord of the Treasury (1835), he became Secretary to the Admiralty (1839), and Secretary to the Treasury (1841). He severed his connection with the county of Kildare for the governorship of Malta, which island he administered for four years, from 1847 to 1851. On his return thence he resumed parliamentary life, sitting for Longford for a year. In 1859, as we have said, he was again elected for Kildare, which constituency he continued to represent till the year 1865. More O'Ferrall was the eldest son of Mr. Ambrose O'Ferrall, of Balyna, County Kildare, and married in 1839 the Hon. Matilda, third daughter of the third Viscount Southwell.

Major George Gavin, ex-member of Parliament for Limerick city, died at his residence, Kilpeacon, Limerick County, on Oct. 23, after a brief illness. The deceased gentleman was in his seventieth year, and bore a name at one time well known in Irish politics. Major Gavin spent over twenty years in the army, and retired owing, it was said, to the fact that his claims to the command of the cavalry regiment to which he belonged were passed over because he was a Catholic. Major Gavin was, after his retirement from the army, elected member of Parliament for Limerick city, and sat for many years as its representative. He was a stanch Liberal of the old school, but declined to accept the Home Rule pledge, and did not seek re-election at the general election of 1874. One incident of his parliamentary career attracted much attention. When Sir Robert Peel called the O'Donoghue a "manikin traitor," the chieftain of the Glens challenged the then chief secretary, and it was Major Gavin who brought the challenge. Sir Robert Peel named the premier, Lord Palmerston, as his "friend," and no person was buried. The major, who lived to a very ripe old age, had the reputation of being a "fire-eater," and it was said was more than once "out" in his earlier days. He was a fine specimen of the Catholic gentleman of the old school, and was very popular both in the House and out of it.

Forty-nine pontiffs of various nationalities have occupied the chair of Saint Peter; namely, fifteen Greeks, seven Syrians, three Africans, fourteen Frenchmen, four Spaniards, four Germans, one Englishman, and one Belgian; the other popes were all Romans or Italians. Fifty-six popes were members of religious orders.

FRENCH OBLATES IN DUBLIN. — The second band of the Oblates expelled from Autun have reached Dublin. They were met at the steamer by the Rev. Father Shinnors and Rev. Father Ring, and by a large number of lay gentlemen, who loudly and repeatedly cheered the exiles, and then knelt reverently to receive the good fathers' blessing. A procession of some twenty cars and carriages accompanied the fathers through the city to Inchicore. Near Kingsbridge Station the procession was unexpectedly met by a crowd numbering not less than 4,000 men and women. The fathers were greeted with the most intense enthusiasm. After a short delay the procession slowly wended its way to the house of retreat, the cheering continuing with unabated vigor, hundreds of men waving lighted torches, and the effect of this scene was heightened by the music of the excellent brass band of the Immaculate Conception. The crowd around the house of retreat was enormous. and at their repeated calls the Rev. Father Tatin, late superior at Autun, appeared and expressed in a few touching words how keenly he and his brethren appreciated this magnificent demonstration of Irish faith and Irish hospitality. The Rev. Father Shinnors, in the name of the community, thanked the people for their generous sympathy. Before dispersing, which they did not do until close upon midnight, the vast multitude knelt down to receive a blessing from the superior of the exiles.

"TO CONNAUGHT OR HELL."— This was the old Cromwellian cry in days of yore. It has recently been repeated on a small scale by a party of Orangemen going to Connaught to dig potatoes for a Capt. Boycott. They wanted to go armed, not with spades and shovels, but likewise only with guns, pistols, etc. But Mr. Foster barred that, and the boys were allowed to carry spades only. It was a pity that the drummers have been prevented from proving their prowess in a tournament with the boys of Ballinrobe. A pitched battle on the banks of Lough Mask might settle the question of superiority, which the Orange Northman claims to be all his own. To get a sound drubbing, and be drummed out of the town to the air of the "Rogue's March," with a sprinkling of the "Boyne Water," to soothe their wounded vanity, might prove a blessing to the general population of the North of Ireland. But Mr. Forster would not give the West a chance, it is too wide awake in these days to be caught in a trap by a crop of "spalpeens" from the upper latitude of our land. The Orangemen have, nevertheless, reason to complain for not being allowed to see their folly out. Will they not now shout "No surrender!" and demand their indefeasible right to be at liberty to go "to hell or to Connaught," if they choose to set out on a journey to either place, or to both places at the same time? The 19th Hussars, the 21st Hussars, the 1st Dragoons, the 84th Foot, with an army service corps, and hundreds of policemen are encamped in and around Ballinrobe This military force must count about 1,000 or 1,500 troops. Protected by his brigade, some fifty Orange idiots will cut a ridiculous figure while saving Capt. Boycott's harvest, which, as it now turns out, is half saved already, the "isolated" proprietor having had already the assistance of laborers from a distance, who have not been molested in any way. The British army in Connaught is an imposing force, but the people have nothing to fear from a few thousand soldiers.

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.

Christian Reid, in "Appleton's Journal."

"A HAPPY New Year!" So we lightly say,
To those around, in careless, idle phrase.
But ah! what years are happy 'neath the sky?
Whose paths are altogether pleasant ways?

And so to you, my friend, I fain would give
Another greeting for the coming year;
A greeting that through all its day may live
As tender music lingers on the ear.

We know the year that holds the summer's prime
Holds, too, the winter's icy storm and frost,
The changing blasts of spring's capricious time,
The mellow autumn, when the world is lost

In beauty like a dream, when golden days
Fall softly on us with the falling leaves,
And purple hills are wrapped in radiant haze,
Like the enchanted mist that Fancy weaves.

So, too, the years of changing human life
Hold many a season clasped in their embrace—
Days bright with hope, days dark with weary strife,
And days serene with fair, pathetic grace.

Shall I, who fain would call upon your way
Life's highest blessing, wish for smiles alone
From sunny skies on flowery meadows? Nay,
Not so God blesses those he makes his own.

Souls lapped in glowing sunshine seldom rise
To face unblenched the driving storm and rain;
And hearts most truly and most gently wise
Have learned their wisdom in the school of pain.

Therefore, O steadfast soul, I ask for you
Courage and strength to meet the fiercest blast;
And God's best sunshine, faithful heart and true,
To gild your pathway when the storm is past.

THE LATE JOHN MURPHY, BALTIMORE.

Mr. John Murphy, whose likeness we give above, and whose death took place on May 27, 1880, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, was one of the oldest, most respected, and most successful of the Catholic publishers in the United States. He was born in Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, March 12, 1812. His parents came to America when he was ten years old and settled in New Castle, Delaware. Here he remained about four years, and attended during a portion of that period the New Castle Academy. After leaving school he entered a store in the same town. During the two years of his engagement therein he exhibited such industry, intelligence, and fidelity in the performance of his duties that at the expiration of that time they desired him to remain with them; but as he had determined even before leaving his native land to learn the art of printing, their efforts to induce him to continue in their service were unavailing, and at the age of sixteen he went to Philadelphia and became an apprentice to the printing business.

On becoming of age he removed to Baltimore, where he worked as a journeyman printer until 1835, when he assumed the superintendence of a job-printing establishment, acquiring for it a reputation for the superior excellence of its productions unsurpassed by any similar concern in the city. In 1837, Mr. Murphy formed a copartnership with Mr William Spalding, under the style of Murphy & Spalding. They carried on a successful printing business for about eighteen months, when the firm was dissolved and the business continued by Mr. Murphy on his individual account. In 1840 he combined with it the book and stationery, and subsequently the publishing business. He prosecuted his business for over forty-three years within a few yards of the locality he occupied at the time of his death. The special publications of Mr. Murphy were standard Catholic books, embracing many of the leading

Catholic works published in America.

In 1840 he began the publication of Catholic books, and in 1842 he was the publisher of the Religious Cabinet, afterwards changed to the United States Catholic Magazine, edited by Rev. Dr. White and Rev. Dr. Spalding, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. He continued its publication till the end of 1848. It was the first Catholic magazine published in this country that lived any length of time. About 1849 he brought out "Bishop England's Works," a great undertaking at that time.

In 1853 he started the Metropolitan, a monthly magazine, and continued it till the end of 1858. He also about this time published the Catholic Youth's Magazine, the first attempt at a children's Catholic paper made in this country. It was not a success, and he gave it up after a five-years' trial. In all these efforts of his in the periodical line, although not successful enough to continue them, Mr. Murphy only proved that *he was ahead of his age.* However, they gave a stimulus to Catholic literature, encouraged Catholic writers, and made it possible for such a magazine as the Catholic World to be a success at the present day.

During all these years Mr. Murphy issued from time to time several valuable books; among them were "Conscience's Tales," "Faber's Works," "Spalding's Works," "The Dogma of the Immaculate Conception," "Proceedings of the Plenary Council of Baltimore, 1866." For the last two works the Pope conferred on him the honorary title of "Printer to the Pope."

He also published many law-books, and in 1860 he issued the "Maryland Code," which gave him a great reputation among the lawyers of Maryland. For many years he was printer to the Maryland Historical Society, and his publications of its transactions amount in all to over thirty pamphlets. The Society's "Centennial Memorial," printed by him, is a fine piece of typographical and mechanical work. He was the first to issue Catholic school histories in this country. The distinguishing feature of all his publications is their superior style and elegance.

Mr Murphy's Catholic publications were of the best class; not, like some books, Catholic only in name. He published nothing Catholic that did not have some real merit. On this point he was very particular. One of the most successful and popular Catholic books ever issued in this country is his edition (1877) of Archbishop Gibbons's "Faith of our Fathers," its sale having reached over sixty thousand copies.

At the time of his death Mr. Murphy was a widower, having lost his estimable wife in 1860. His oldest son also died some years ago. Mr. Murphy left a family of six, — two sons and four daughters. His oldest surviving son, Mr. Frank K. Murphy, is now conducting the business left him by his honored father.

Mr. Murphy's death was not unexpected, for he had been in poor health for over a year. He was fully prepared for the final ending, having received all the consolations of our holy religion. He was a genial, good-hearted, whole-souled gentleman, always affable and agreeable, a kind and indulgent father, and at all times and in all places a perfect Christian gentleman. May he rest in peace.

THE natives of the Orkney Islands are said to enjoy good health and live long. For these blessings they are indebted entirely to the bracing climate and their healthy outdoor occupations. A young woman from one of these islands was asked lately whether her people were generally long livers. With unconscious naïveté she replied, "Yes, they live to a great age; there 's no doctor on the island."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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SPEAK kindly to all — to menials and dependants. Never slight or neglect the humblest individual. Remember he is of as much importance to himself as you are to yourself, or as is the greatest man in the world. You have no right to hurt the feelings of any person.

AN IRISH BRIGADE

COMMANDED BY COUNT ARTHUR DILLON AT THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH, 1779.

HALF THE CONTINENTAL FORCES SAID TO HAVE BEEN "IRISH."

SOME CURIOUS AND INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACTS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

William J. Onahan.

THERE are many curious and interesting facts in connection with the war of the American Revolution, that have been glossed over or passed unnoticed by writers of American history, which have a special interest for Irishmen.

I have, from time to time, in the course of my reading, and while engaged in researches into the history of the fortunes of my race in this and other lands, met with many and strange illustrations which go to demonstrate the love of adventure, the spirit of enterprise, the daring, and the heroism of the sons of the "old sod." They were to be found, especially during the past two centuries, in the forefront of every enterprise on sea and on land, in both hemispheres; and there was scarcely a *forlorn hope* appointed for any campaign in which Irishmen did not lead the van.

Whoever has taken the pains to follow the fortunes of the enormous number of Irishmen who sought fame and glory in foreign fields, from the capitulation of Limerick down to the era of the French Revolution, will not require proofs for this assertion. The muster-rolls of the armies of almost every European nation, notably the French, demonstrate it; and the history of the wars of Europe during that period puts it beyond the reach of cavil. Two hundred and forty thousand Irish soldiers and men of Irish descent are said to have died in the service of France alone, from the surrender of Limerick to the wars of Napoleon.

The purpose of this paper, however, is to call attention to the fact that the services of the Irish in the war of the American Revolution have been greater

and of more importance than is generally known. For example, the history of the siege of Savannah in 1779 furnishes a striking instance, and one which has scarcely had due, if any, acknowledgment.

Savannah in that year was held by the British, and was besieged by a French fleet and army under the command of Count d'Estaing; the American co-operating force being under the command of Gen. Lincoln. The second in command of the French besieging force was Count Arthur Dillon, grandson of the historic Dillon whose glorious career of forty years in the service of France is fully chronicled in O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigades." Count Dillon's name, and reference to his official command during the siege, occur in the different accounts and histories of the Revolutionary War; but it is not so generally known, neither do I find it anywhere acknowledged in these histories, that Count Dillon had under his special command at the siege of Savannah *an Irish brigade*, — that is, parts of several regiments of the French-Irish brigade then in the service of France; and the significant fact appears, that these Irish troops were sent to America *at their own request*, "to fight the British."

It will be remembered that the Irish brigades in the service of France maintained their distinctive organization up to the period of the French Revolution; perhaps I should more exactly say, up to the Peace of 1784, which put an end to the war between England, France, and the United States, — resulting in the independence of the American colonies.

"When hostilities broke out between France and England," writes O'Callaghan in the history referred to, "the Irish regiments in France who considered themselves entitled to serve *before* other corps against the English — a claim more especially advanced on this occasion by the regiment of Dillon — were not left long unemployed."

In 1779 several Irish regiments were embarked in the French fleets for services in the Western hemisphere. Of these I find named the regiments of Berwick, Walsh, Fermoy, and notably the regiment of Dillon, — the latter numbering 1,000 men, afterwards raised to 1,400.

In a note appended to his allusion to the services of those regiments, O'Callaghan refers to a manuscript account written by Count Dillon of the part taken by the troops under his command in the American War of Independence.

In this memoir Dillon gives an abstract of the petition sent by his own regiment to the French war office, asking in behalf of the Irish troops "*the privilege to be sent to America to fight the English.*" This manuscript, by the way, is at present in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, and a friend and correspondent has lately examined it for me. One of these days I hope to obtain a copy of it, which then may see the light.

In the forces carried to America in the fleet of the Count d'Estaing, there were 2,300 men, "for the most part Irish," under the command of Count Dillon. These were first landed for an attack on Granada, in the West Indies, which place was carried by assault and taken from the British, under circumstances of remarkable daring on the part of the assaulting troops.

The principal enterprise of the expedition, however, was the attempt to recover Savannah, then held by the English forces.

It is not my purpose to write anew the history of the siege. It was memorable in the annals of the war, and forms an important chapter in all the histories of the Revolution. Abundant accessible accounts exist concerning it in the general and special histories, as well as in the biographies of the chief commanders of the Southern Department.

The memorable exploits and bravery of an Irishman who fought in the American ranks, and who met his death in the effort "to save the flag," are now historic. If there were no other Irish name connected with the siege but that of Sergeant William Jasper, his achievements and heroism alone would constitute a strong claim to the grateful recollection and honorable recognition of posterity; a recognition which the city of Savannah has not failed to bestow, as I believe a monument has lately been commenced in that city to perpetuate the memory of the brave Irishman.

It is, however, with the services of the French-Irish contingent at the siege that I design to deal.

I have now before me a volume by Charles C. Jones, Jr., dedicated to the Georgia Historical Society. It is a translation of two manuscript journals, kept by two French officers who were present at the siege and engaged in the French fleet and army. One of these diaries is from the pen evidently of an officer of the fleet, and the other by one who served in the land forces. One of these journals was printed in Paris, in 1782.

The diary and incidents of the siege, as observed and noted from the standpoint of the writers, are given with care and minuteness; and I might quote from the journals at some length were it my design to detail the fortunes of the brief and desperate campaign, which finally resulted in the discomfiture of the assaulting forces.

The names of Irish officers find frequent mention. Among these I note the name of Lieut.-Col. Humphrey O'Dunne, who, as I have ascertained, was an ancestral relative — grand-uncle, I believe — of Judge Edmund F. Dunne, ex-chief justice of Arizona: now, I am glad to say, of Chicago, where I feel certain he will rise to honor and distinction in his profession as a lawyer, and who is entitled to the esteem and gratitude of Catholics generally for his loyal and devoted zeal, shown in their cause and service.

I could tell a story drawn from these sources anent the *esprit* and gallantry of Col. O'Dunne at this same siege, but I reserve it for the present. It will keep!

A detailed list of the killed and wounded officers and sub-officers, in the French attacking force, is given in the journals. The list has a sad interest for an Irishman. In the final assault on the defences, upwards of twelve hundred of the assaulting columns were killed and wounded, and this in the brief space of *fifty minutes!* Of these, eight hundred and twenty-one were of the French attacking force, the others being of the American army under Lincoln. Nothing more terrific or fatal had occurred in the campaign. The utmost

bravery was shown on both sides; but the storming columns, led by D'Estaing himself, could not withstand the terrific fires of the batteries which swept and tore through their ranks, and a mishap to the supporting force under Count Dillon forced the besiegers to abandon the assault, and finally to withdraw. D'Estaing was wounded and carried off the field. The brave Count Pulaski, who was with the American forces, was killed.

Among the list of the killed and wounded on the French side I find in the diary the names of Moran, captain in Dillon's regiment; Roche, officer of artillery; O'Neill, captain in Dillon's regiment; Rogers, captain regiment of Guadaloupe; Brow, major of Dillon's regiment, colonel of infantry; Taafe, lieutenant of Dillon's regiment; and so likewise many other Irish and French-Irish names in the list of sub-officers, showing the resolution and bravery with which these gallant exiles faced the *feu d'enfer* and the hated flag of their hereditary foe in that terrible and disastrous assault. After the abandonment of the siege, and the withdrawal of the French fleet and the remnant of the attacking forces from Savannah, Count Dillon pursued his career of glory and renown in the West Indies. I have not time now to follow up that part of the subject. Col. Humphrey O'Dunne is heard of likewise in the same scenes with distinction.

With one other independent historical testimony to Irish services in the war of the Revolution I shall bring this paper to a close, reserving for another time the comments which it suggests, and perhaps an additional chapter with which I may supplement it. I have in my possession a curious volume, published in London in 1785, which contains (I quote the title-page) "The evidence as given before a committee of the House of Commons on the detail and conduct of the American war."

The returned generals of the British army, and many others of the principal officers of the land and naval forces of Great Britain operating in America, were examined by the committee, and much curious testimony was elicited. The principal object sought to be attained by the inquiry was to fix the responsibility for the failure of the different campaigns conducted by Generals Howe, Gage, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis, and to ascertain the causes that contributed to the disasters which befell the British arms in America.

In the course of the examination of a "Major-General Robertson," who had served as quartermaster-general, brigadier, and major-general, in different divisions and departments of the royal service in America, extending over a period of twenty-four years, the following question was put to the witness by Edmund Burke, a member of the committee: "How are the Provincial (American) corps composed: are they mostly Americans, or emigrants from various nations of Europe?"

The answer was, "Some corps mostly natives; the greatest number such as can be got. . . . *Gen. Lee informed me that half the rebel Continental army were from Ireland.*" Here is food for thought, and scope for inquiry.

Comment could scarcely add additional force to that significant testimony attributed to Gen. Lee: "More than half the rebel Continental army came from Ireland!"

OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND GEOLOGICAL NOTES OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

GRANITE.

Its Formation — Durability — The County Wicklow — Dublin Bay — Its Distribution — The Mourne Mountains — Absorption of Water.

GRANITE is a primordial rock, never stratified, and is one of the earliest portions of the crust of the earth; and yet we find it most generally occupying the highest levels, having forced itself through the superincumbent masses of later formations and overlying them, or else having inserted itself in them as veins, in both instances completely altering its own and their texture when in actual contact. Numerous erratic blocks are also found as bowlders, remarkable for their enormous dimensions. In the gigantic monuments of the ancient Egyptians we have irrefragable proof of its enduring power, and the immense monoliths it can be quarried in, which have no limit except their transportation and erection. Still, in several localities it is easily disintegrated, and even decomposed. We have evidence of this in the cuttings at present proceeding for the Dublin and Wicklow Railway between Dalkey and Kingstown, where sections of it may be chopped away with a spade, and in such form it may have been deposited by water, the disintegration occurring at the surface of the earth.

Ireland is considerably indebted for some of its most picturesque and beautiful scenery to its granite formations. In the county Wicklow, the Devil's Glen, Powerscourt, Djouce, Lough Bray, Lough Dan, Luggelaw, Glenas-ane, Glendalough, and Glenmalure have a world-wide fame, and all have special attractions, to picture which would occupy too much space in these pages. The Dark Valley and Lake of Glendalough must be sufficient, the former with its towering masses piled one upon the other, so that it seems almost, to use the words of a celebrated author, "as if there was nothing more awfully grand in nature"; and of which our national poet has written: —

"Whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er."

In truth, it is a scene never to be forgotten, encompassed as it is, except on the east, by giant masses of rock, in some places rising in perpendicular cliffs from base almost to summit, where human foot has never trod, and where the eagle builds his eyrie far away from the haunts of man.

According to Lyell's description of this formation, it is "an unstratified or igneous rock, inferior to or associated with the oldest of the stratified rocks, and sometimes penetrating them in the form of dikes or veins. It is composed of three simple materials,— feldspar, quartz, and mica; and derives its name from having a coarse, granular structure — *granum*, Latin for grain."

Feldspar is the chief ingredient in many of the igneous rocks, and originally a German miner's term (*feld*, field, and *spath*), applied to a kind of gypsum called selenite. Mica, from the Latin *micare*, to shine, is a simple mineral having a shining, silvery surface, and capable of being split into exceedingly fine laminæ, and is used in Siberia, where it is abundant, for glazing pur-

poses; it is often confounded with talc, a different substance. Quartz is described further on.

The districts where granite occurs are always elevated (showing its igneous origin), and in parts of Ireland they form extensive mountain ranges, — as Donegal, Wicklow, Dublin, and Mourne, — sometimes approaching the wildly picturesque, and forming marked features in the accompanying scenery.

Dublin Bay is largely indebted for its attractions to the Killiney and Dalkey hills, as well as the background of the Three Rock range; while from an inland view their bold outline presents a pleasing contrast with the gentle undulations of the limestone formation.

Granite exists in considerable quantity in the counties of Dublin, Wicklow, Carlow, Down, Galway, and Donegal, and in the central districts, in isolated masses, either in small patches or in the form of bowlders. The granite district of Dublin commences on the sea-shore at Williamstown, extending through Blackrock, Kingstown, Dalkey, and Killiney, to Bray Head, stretching inland to Golden Ball, Sandyford, and Dundrum, until it reaches the borders of Kildare. The Wicklow granite, which is a continuation of the Dublin formation, commences inside Bray Head, and passes at a distance of some miles from the sea-shore inland, until it approaches New Ross, in the county Wexford, extending in a parallel line bordering upon Kilkenny and into Carlow.

The Newry granite, as it is called, occupies portions of the counties Down and Armagh, and constitutes by far the greater part of the hills of Carlingford and the mountains of Mourne,* which form so attractive a feature in the scenery of Carlingford Bay. The Galway granite commences at Galway, and stretches along the coast to Roundstone, its northern edge passing close to Oughterard and including the islands off the coast The Donegal granite, largely intermixed with quartz, stretches inland along the northwestern shore for an average distance of eighteen miles, while its entire length is about thirty-five miles.

Granite varies greatly in quality and fitness for building purposes. In the county of Dublin, from the quarries of Dalkey, it is of an exceedingly hard nature, of a bluish tint, and difficult to work; but is a most endurable stone, and takes a high polish. At Golden Ball it is of fine grain, undistinguishable from the best quarries in Wicklow; while towards Dundrum, it is coarse-grained, friable, and altogether unfit for any but the roughest work. The surface stone everywhere in the county near Dundrum, and farther south, is largely intermixed with mica; the mountain streams, carrying it down in its disintegrated state, accumulate quantities of this glittering substance in their sand banks. At upper Lough Bray the shores are literally composed of laminated beds of mica averaging the size of sixpence; we have often collected quantities of it. Wicklow granite, from its even and close texture, can be chiselled into every variety of moulding, and may easily be carved into Corinthian and Ionic capitals, particularly when they are of large diameter; but it is not to be recommended for the latter purposes, as the greater the facilities it affords the less enduring is the stone.

Carlow granite is celebrated for the facility with which it splits into long lengths and small scantlings; also for its whiteness, easy working, and durability. All over the county, but particularly in the vicinity of Bagnalstown, fences of the simplest kind made of this stone are to be seen, formed by the upright pieces sunk in the ground, with continuous lintels, averaging from six

* This group is remarkable for the number and variety of the rocks and minerals of which it is composed.

feet to nine feet in length, laid over them, which require no fastening, as the weight of the longitudinal stone keeps it steady upon the upright; a quickset hedge is generally planted underneath, and it forms the most impervious of all fences. It is a beautifully close-grained stone, and can be worked into almost all ornamental purposes for building.

The granite of the Mourne mountains is of a flesh-red color, easily wrought; some specimens are bluish gray, and polish admirably.

A great variety exists in Galway granite; some of it is coarse-grained, with a large intermixture of quartz, but it is generally suitable for ordinary purposes.

The quarries of Donegal have not as yet been sufficiently worked to pronounce a fair opinion upon the stone. It is coarse and very granular, with a reddish tinge, and generally soft and easily disintegrated. Where deeper workings have been effected, it is of strong but coarse quality, with quartz as its prevailing feature.

The tendency of stone to absorb moisture greatly determines its power of resisting the action of the atmosphere. As granite and limestone are the two principal building stones of Ireland, it may not be uninteresting to know how this property exists relatively between them, and this we are enabled to give from Mr. Wilkinson's experiments. The average weight of granite is one hundred and seventy pounds per cubic foot, varying from one hundred and forty-three pounds to one hundred and seventy-six pounds; and if immersed in water, the Newry and Dalkey granites absorb one fourth of a pound, Carlow two pounds, and Donegal four pounds. The average weight of limestone is one hundred and seventy pounds per cubic foot, varying from one hundred and fifty-nine pounds to one hundred and eighty pounds; if immersed in water it absorbs but one fourth of a pound; its greatest absorption is one half of a pound. This tends to prove that there are no varieties of granite superior in durability to limestone.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMBRIAN ROCKS.

Mica and Clay Slate — Remarkable Example of Mica Slate at Killiney; its Distribution — Extent of Clay Slate Deposits — Roofing Slate; where quarried; Peculiarity of Cleavage — Quartz or Rock Crystal — Gneiss.

We have given the theory of the formation of granite, the foundation and basis upon which all the other rocks have been erected, and we have shown how, by sedimentary deposit, layer after layer has succeeded each other, built up like courses of masonry by the Great Architect of the universe; and as compared with all measures of time familiar to us, the formation of these successive strata must be counted back by periods illimitable, to which our knowledge of this earth's surface necessarily appears recent when contrasted with the historical data indelibly written upon it.

The rocks of the Cambrian system are the oldest of geological history, and are of argillaceous origin, therefore of sedimentary deposit; but before entering into consideration of any, it may be necessary to remark that each of these strata partake in a greater or less extent of the nature and character of the rocks they are superimposed on; and it is often difficult, sometimes impossible, to trace the beginning of the one and the ending of the other, and *vice versa*. This has given rise to numerous subdivisions of the different groups;

but to follow them would be unnecessary for the purpose of these chapters, besides extending them to far greater lengths than would be desirable We will, therefore, confine ourselves to the description of the principal strata of each. Some examples of this system are composed of green and purple grits, quartzites, and rough slates, fine sections of which are shown in the steep cuttings of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway around Bray Head. The Sugarloaf Mountains are also composed of it, and it stretches thence nearly as far as the town of Wicklow; farther on it is found along the coast of Wexford, and near Dublin in the promontory of Howth.

Mica slate, usually found resting upon granite, graduates imperceptibly into the clay slate which is generally found resting upon it. Although this rock is largely developed in Ireland, it does not occur to any great extent in Leinster. Commencing at Killiney, a remarkable example of mica slate — or mica schist, as it is called — exists in the cutting which forms the land-side embankment of the Dublin and Bray branch of the Wicklow Railway. Midway between Killiney station and the mouth of the Dalkey tunnel, a large extent of stratum largely impregnated with iron is observable, and it is thrown into every variety of position, from nearly horizontal to perpendicular, whence it extends in a narrow fringe edging the granitic districts by Bray Head through Wicklow and on to Wexford. In Mayo, Donegal, Derry, Tyrone, and Galway it is a most important rock, covering large surfaces; but it is altogether absent in Munster. Clay slate is divided into two formations, the upper and the lower, and generally overlies mica slate; but this does not always follow, as it is sometimes found directly resting upon granite. The lower division extends over an immense area in the counties of Cork, Kerry, Waterford, Wexford, Louth, and Down. The upper occupies the greater part of the Southwest of Kerry, stretching into the adjoining county of Cork, and extends thence to Dingle Bay. The bold peninsular character of these districts, forming the magnificent bays of Bantry and Kenmare, with the picturesque heights of several of the Killarney mountains and the wildly beautiful scenery circling Glengarriff, are altogether due to the natural formation of this rock. It is found in other parts of Ireland, but in limited quantity, as in Armagh, Tyrone, Derry, Donegal, Down, Clare, Wicklow, Waterford, Wexford, and Mayo.

Roofing slate has been quarried in Ireland with more or less success for a considerable period; and, according as greater depths have been arrived at, the quality is much improved, some of it scarcely inferior to the best Bangor. It is found at Broadford, Ballagh, and Killaloe, in Clare; Cahir, Begnish, and Valentia, Kerry; Rathdrum, Carnew, and Dunganstown, Wicklow; Clonakilty and Kinsale, Cork; Ross, Lismore, and Glenpatrick, Waterford; Westport, Mayo; Newtownbarry and Kilkeven, Wexford; Letterkenny and Buncrana, Donegal; Bangor, Ballywalter, and Hillsborough, Down; and at Crossmeglen and Newtownhamilton, Armagh: but the principal quarries are at Killaloe and Valentia. Sir Robert Kane states, in his "Industrial Resources of Ireland," that slabs of Valentia slate are easily obtainable thirty feet long, from four feet to five feet wide, and from six inches to twelve inches in thickness; and he appears to think it might safely be used in place of bearing timbers for the support of floors and ceilings of large rooms. There are specimens in the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society from Killaloe quarries of as large an area as ten feet superficial measurement, and this slate is largely used for roofing purposes. Valentia slate does not split so delicately as Killaloe; it is, therefore, not as suitable for the finer qualities of roof slate, and is consequently more employed in the form of slabs and for flagging, for which the arg e dimensions it is obtainable in render it suitable.

A curious peculiarity exists with regard to slate rocks. Their line of cleavage is invariably at an angle different from their horizontal beds. All other sedimentary rocks split in the line which is known to have been that of their deposition; but with slate this line of cleavage is at an angle differing from what was its original bed: hence it has been concluded that some great predisposing cause, as a large amount of subterranean heat, must have pervaded the entire system subsequent to the deposition and disturbance of their strata, which has had the effect of rearranging their constituent parts in this peculiar manner; and this is the more easily accounted for from their immediate contiguity to the granitiform rocks.

Clay slate is an important material in the numerous localities in which it occurs, because, where it will not split in laminæ sufficiently thin for flags or roofing purposes, it affords a valuable stone for ordinary building works.

Quartz, one of the constituent parts of granite, and entering into combination with many of the varieties of sandstone, is most generally found associated with the mica and clay-slate formations, occurring in large veins protruding through, and in great beds cropping out on the mountain ranges of slate districts. It contributes largely to the wildly romantic attractions of Connemara, forming the summits of some of its highest mountains, particularly Benabola, or the Twelve Pins, and also to the picturesque beauty of the Bay of Dublin in the panoramic view of the peninsula of Howth, with Bray Head and the Sugarloaf Mountains, which are all capped with it.

In Wicklow it constitutes the extensive mountain range stretching from the Avonmore to the Vartry, and also Coolatin Hill, Shillelagh. In Wexford it is general throughout the county, occasionally met with of a deep red tinge, from its impregnation by oxide of iron. It is of pure white near Killogue, and known as the white rock. It also forms the substratum underlying a large portion of the town of Wexford.

The surface stone of the North Island of Arran, in Galway Bay, is entirely of this formation. Flesh-colored quartz in large veins permeates the granite districts of Armagh. It occurs in massive rounded bowlders near the southern coast of Kerry and near Kerry Head, as well as in many other parts of Ireland.

Numerous beautiful specimens of quartz crystal are found throughout the island, occasionally of various hues, according to the coloring matter they have imbibed. Colorless hyaline quartz, or rock crystal, is abundant, and often called Irish diamond.

Quartz is, properly speaking, silex, the latter being its chemical name, used to designate the oxide of silicium always found mixed with it; several different varieties of this stone occur from the various mineral substances it contains, thus: —

Purple quartz, or amethyst, is colored by alumina and oxide of iron, and is of every variety of tint of purple violet; cairngorm presents a smoky appearance, and contains a small quantity of bitumen; chrysoprase obtains its light green color from nickel; opaque yellow contains a considerable proportion of oxide of iron, and is called ferruginous quartz; the green, yellow, Bohemian, and red quartz all derive their shades from metallic oxides.

Gneiss is a stratified rock, but consisting of the same material as granite, and usually containing a larger proportion of mica in its composition. The name is of German derivation, and it is supposed gneiss is granite in its disintegrated state, carried down by water, and deposited in successive beds like all other sedimentary rocks; but the crystalline texture it has assumed can only be explained by its being subjected to pressure, and acted upon by subterranean heat: it is therefore what is called a metamorphic rock.

CHAPTER IV.

Sandstone, Description of — Fossil Remains — Its Distribution in Ulster, Connaught, Leinster, and Munster.

The sandstones are most widely distributed, occupying, in one form or another, almost every county in Ireland, and are therefore most important. They are divided into two distinct groups, the old red and the new yellow; old and new comparatively, when considered in relation to the vastly different periods of their formation. But the term "red" is not literally correct, because this tinge prevails but in few instances, and arises, where it occurs, from a greater quantity of oxide of iron permeating through it than is general with Irish sandstone. The late Sir R. Griffiths considers that the carboniferous stratum of the county Cork should be considered a third formation. As this is an isolated stratum, and does not occur in any other of the Irish counties, it may be better to recognize only the divisions above given. Conglomerate is sandstone in its coarsest form, and consists of pebbles of different sizes cemented together with calcareous matter. Where the clay slate joins sandstone the texture of both becomes modified, and the colors and peculiarities of each are blended together, forming the material which is quarried as flags in different parts of the country.

There is no more interesting study in geological history than the sandstone formation: occasionally preserving the impressions of the most delicate plants, minute insects, shells, fossil fish, the footprints of aquatic birds, the rippled surface left on the sea-shore after the tide has receded, and the patter of the raindrop, both vertical and oblique, showing the point of the wind whence its course had been directed, — all these perfectly preserved in their sharpest outline; and in them we have records written in indelible type of bygone periods and ages far removed from our time, yet so plain as to be identical with what is within our reach day after day. Limestone offers remarkable examples of fossil remains in its numerous preserved shells, etc.; so also does the coal formation, but in a different way, in the flora of past ages, reproduced to us in the most marvellously minute manner: but in no other but the sandstone formation can we so manifestly recognize the power of the great Creator, completely and perfectly familiarized to our understanding.

As we have before mentioned, the distribution of this stone is very general; and taking the provinces and counties as they occur from the map, we will commence with Ulster.

In the mountains of Donegal it exists in considerable quantity, resting upon limestone, and overlaid by granite; but being near their summits, it is in an inconvenient position for use.

In Down, on the sides of Strangford Lough, for a length of about seven miles, it rises in some parts three hundred and fifty feet, capped with green stone rising one hundred and fifty feet more; from these quarries the celebrated Scrabo stone is obtained.

There are also quarries at Kilwarlin, near Moira, where flags of considerable dimensions are raised, varying in color from a light gray to a brownish red; but the quartzose sandstone of Fermanagh is a superior stone, being equal in durability and fineness of grain to any in the British Islands. Green sandstone, colored by some metallic oxide, is general in Derry, and sandstone both of the old and new formation extends the entire length of the county, and surrounds its mountainous districts, stretching thence into Tyrone.

In the latter county the red sandstone occupies considerable portions of its southern and eastern districts.

In Monaghan it is found all over the county; and there is a peculiar and very beautiful white stone on part of Slieve Beagh, which is extensively quarried as being suitable for all architectural purposes.

In Antrim, as in Derry, a green sandstone is plentiful in the neighborhood of Belfast. It also occurs near Carrickfergus and Larne, the underneath stratum being red sandstone of a variety of degrees of fineness, in some place approaching to conglomerate, and in others of remarkably close texture; and this formation is found to prevail in the entire southeastern borders of the county, and in detached masses along the eastern coast.

In Armagh there is a beautiful close-grained quarry at Grange, where sandstone of every variety of texture can be obtained.

In Cavan, the Slieve Russel mountain range, forming the boundary between Ulster and Connaught, is occupied principally near the summits by the new red sandstone formation, and in many parts it forms perpendicular cliffs of great height, producing scenery of the grandest and most imposing character. The summit of one of these mountains is entirely composed of it, forming a large table-land, split up and traversed in every direction by enormous fissures.

This stone is not as extensively developed in the province of Connaught as in Ulster. In Sligo there are numerous beds of a yellowish tint, and it is discovered in quantity in the mountain ranges. In Leitrim extensive quarries, and of a very fine grain of yellowish-white color, are worked near the summit of Glenfarm Mountain; there are also several quarries in this county.

In Roscommon it is to be seen in isolated hills, and forms the long range of Slieve Bawn, the summit of which is capped by irregular masses of it, looking like huge bowlders. It is also quarried in several parts of this county as flags, which, from the evenness of their beds, are highly valuable. Mayo contains many valuable quarries of red sandstone, which is an easily wrought and most durable stone.

In Leinster there exists even less of this material than in Connaught. In Westmeath, near Moate and Ballymahon, it appears in isolated protuberant masses; in Kildare, in a few of the hills, as Lyons and Grange Hill. In the King's county the Slieve Bloom Mountains are surrounded by it, and in these quarries excellent flags are raised, from seven feet to eight feet square. At old Leighlin Bridge, in Carlow, there are the well-known quarries of argillaceous sandstone flags, occupying a bed of two hundred feet in thickness.

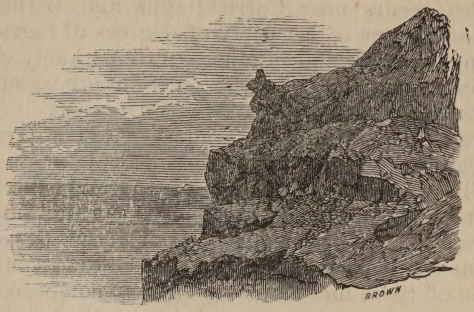
Isolated masses of sandstone are found in Longford; and a considerable space at both sides of the Shannon is occupied by it, extending into the adjoining counties of Roscommon and Leitrim. It occurs in Wexford in greater abundance than in any other county in Leinster; a great portion of its coast-line, forming bold and abrupt precipices, is formed by it. In the upper haven of Wexford it is easily distinguished by its deep red color.

In Munster, many of the mountain heights are sandstone in mass, overlaid by conglomerate, as the Galtees. The lower range of Slieve-na-muck produces excellent flags of large dimensions, and extensively used for local purposes. In all the mountain districts of this county sandstone in great variety is obtainable; it is also very abundant in Limerick, forming the hills of Knockaderry, Ballingarry, and Kilmeedy, and the mountains forming the boundary line between this county and the adjoining one of Cork.

Kerry is largely supplied with sandstone; many of its mountains are entirely of this formation, and eastward on the coast the sea-cliffs are exclu-

sively composed of it. So also are the range of mountains which separate Kenmare from Bantry Bay.

In Cork extensive quarries are worked near Bandon, and also at Innishannon; and it is found generally distributed through the county, but particularly along the coast-line. The southeastern angle of Waterford is entirely composed of it.



THE SANDSTONE ROCK, CALLED THE LION'S HEAD, COAST OF ANTRIM.

To be continued.

DRUNKENNESS IN LONDON.

An interesting report on drunkenness in the metropolis has been prepared by the Rev. J. W. Horsley, chaplain of Clerkenwell prison. Of the 81,385 persons taken into custody by the metropolitan police in the year 1879, 15,454 (of whom 7,462 were females) were charged with drunkenness, and 18,438 (8,150 females) with being drunk and disorderly, being a decrease of 1,516 as compared with 1878, but an increase of 1,523 over 1877. There was a decrease of nearly 1,000 in the cases of female drunkenness last year as compared with 1878. The following list of the principal pursuits which supplied the drunkards will be of interest: Laborers, 5,758; laundresses, 2,386; female servants, 608 (585 in 1878); tailors, 593 (281 female); carpenters, 586; carmen, 584; bricklayers, 575 (476 in 1878); clerks, 570; costermongers, 531 (215 female); sailors, 516 (433 in 1878); painters, 406 (444 in 1878); milliners, 405; coachmen and cabmen, 350 (305 in 1878); shoemakers, 329; smiths, 327 (305 in 1878); and printers, 195. Of those who described themselves as of no trade or occupation, 4,515 were men and 11,575 women. The learned professions were thus represented: Clergymen and ministers, 2; lawyers, 23; medical men, 80 (56 in 1878). The worst months for intemperance are July, August, and October. September is a moral month, but simply because of the exodus occasioned by hop-picking, which is described as "the only constant cause of a diminution in London crime." In point of age, the worst decade is from thirty to forty, when drunkenness, although a confirmed habit, has hardly had time to prove fatal. Educational statistics reveal the significant fact that knowledge has "a moral effect only upon women." Of those apprehended for drunkenness, 1,100 could read and write well, and of this number only 73 were women. Of course allowance must be made for the circumstance that educated women can, as a rule, indulge their depraved taste for drink at home, and are not so likely as men, who frequent hotels and public places, to get into the hands of the police through this habit. But there is at least a glimmering of hope in the general fact that when provided with the larger sphere of mental activity which higher education opens out, women are less prone to this shameful vice.

FEMININE FORCES.

Ellen Crump, in Kinsley's London Magazine.

Sweet girl graduates, with their golden hair!

ALAS, where is the ideal student the laureate sang about years ago? Then it was a mind-picture that young maidens blushingly laughed over and mothers serenely smiled at; and their male relatives, remembering how charming Portia looked in her wig and gown, thought girl graduates would be a very delightful institution indeed. But now, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty, the hard reality is actually in our midst, and all the poetry and romance of the position seem to have taken flight. We walk round our big towns, and feel doubtful whether there are any girls left, — girls, that is, in the old sense of the word, shy and sensitive, careless and innocent, happy and joyous amidst the simplest pleasures; passing out of their teens with the rich bloom of their youth still untouched and unsullied by rough contact with the world, and the knowledge of good and evil. We cry out against American girls and their independent ways; but our own damsels are rapidly becoming very like them in many respects. Whether it will be for the future benefit of our race or not yet remains to be seen.

I was living last winter at a boarding-house in London, where three elderly widows were staying, each with a grown-up daughter home for the holidays. One evening a brother of one of the students proposed to take his sister and the other two girls to see "Madame Favart," and tickets were obtained accordingly. Just before dinner on the appointed day, the three widows were sitting gravely in the drawing-room, when one of them remarked pathetically, "I wish *I* was going to the theatre." "Well, suppose we three go together," said No. 2. "Oh, yes, let us go and see 'Betsy'!" exclaimed No. 3. And the three old ladies started off in high glee, to put on their best caps and set their wraps ready. It did one's heart good that day at dinner, to see the undisguised pleasure of the elderly trio at their anticipated fun. They laughed and made jokes, and finally went off without any pudding, lest they should lose one atom of their amusement; whilst their *blasé* young daughters (all three students at a large college) sat placidly through the dinner, talking wisely to each other about their recent "exams," and finally set off with an air of languid indifference that made one feel inclined to shake them.

Time was when, even in middle-class society, young girls were scarcely allowed to go out alone, and *never* to travel unaccompanied; but now it is nothing unusual for a girl of seventeen or eighteen to be travelling daily backwards and forwards to her college or classes, and she necessarily gains a confidence and assurance of manner very much out of character with our typical shy English maiden. Even the old names are changing. We have no longer governesses, but "lady tutors"; no more school-girls, but "students": and whether we are gaining much by the changes perceptible everywhere around us is difficult to say. The great cry for the better education of women, for the equality of the sexes, is being responded to, but where will it carry us? Will it go on till the youth stands blushing and trembling, whilst the maiden whispers "the old, old story"?

Education is grand, it is also indispensable; but it may be carried on at too high a pressure, and upon useless and even extravagant lines. I was in a house the other day, when a strong, healthy young girl of sixteen was brought home fainting from her

college examinations, and the doctor's decree was "perfect rest and quiet immediately, and country air." She had been working from five in the morning till eleven at night at her examination-papers, and a great part of that time was spent in the close, ill-ventilated rooms of her college. Taking only sandwiches with her for lunch, she had had no proper mid-day meal; and with that and the anxiety to carry home a good report to her parents, what wonder her health gave way? And hundreds of girls do the same daily, — wear out their health, diminish the vitality that should be given to their children, to obtain — what? A certificate of having passed the Oxford or Cambridge local examination, which, perhaps, they never think of again afterwards. *If* a girl is to be a governess, or has to gain her own living, she *must*, in these days of competition, work very hard, if she would not be altogether left behind in the race for bread. But the present rage for colleges and classes makes many girls, who have no reason ever to think of getting their own living, work much harder than is good for their physical health.

And the question is, Does the kind of education they obtain make them better wives and mothers, pleasanter companions, or more estimable or intellectual women than their grandmothers were? People say women have done nothing very notable *because*, in past generations, they have had no chances, have never had proper educational facilities; but the real fact is, women have not the creative faculty, and for one woman who has originated anything, twenty or thirty men may be named. It is not a matter of education, but of natural power and ability. Mozart was a scullion, and played marvellous melodies on his saucepans. A woman would have sat with her hands in her lap, and said she felt the power of music within her, but alas, she had never been taught to play the piano! Sir William Fairbairn, the great engineer, who died only a few years ago, was a working boy, and taught himself mathematics by the light of his brick-kiln fire. What working girl has ever done that? How many maid-servants and wives had watched a kettle boiling, and how many more might have gone on to the end of time watching kettles boil, if the boy Watts had not been at hand? Men of power and genius have forced their way to the surface *in spite* of neglected education and endless other difficulties; and women of equal power could do the same. That only a stray woman here and there has done so must surely be an argument that women of any great genius and creative power are very rare. Can anybody mention *one* woman worthy to be placed amongst the sculptured figures around the base of the Albert Memorial? And it is not from the lack of education that they are not there. There were women in the days of Queen Elizabeth, besides Bess herself, as highly educated as any of our modern students.

Woman is man's complement, not his rival: her chief power lies in the influence she has over him; *through* men, women have tenfold more power than they will ever have in their own proper persons. That to many women the present educational advantages are of immense value I do not deny; but these, it may almost be said, are exceptions. We can count on our fingers our lady-doctors or our lady-lawyers; our known lady-artists are not numerous, and the world would be better without some of our lady-writers. But take the mass of our English girl-students, and can we say that the present high-pressure system of education is good for them? I know one or two houses where girls who attend the colleges board, and in all of them, I am told, the girls invariably knock up at the end of the term. During the last week or two they have examinations, for which the girls cram, and make themselves ill; and then they go home for two or three months, and two thirds of

them forget, during the long holidays, most of what they have learnt. If a girl is to be a governess, and teach, or in any way to get her own living, she must necessarily learn thoroughly such subjects as are essential to the object in view; but even so, we hold that working desperately for a period, and then having three months' holiday, is a bad division of time. And for girls who are *not* going to be governesses, but whose lot in life is rather to be pleasant home-companions, helpful, intelligent members of society, and probable mothers of children, it is a pity their health and strength should be strained and overtaxed by condensing the work of months into weeks, and of years into months. And, indeed, some of the brightest and most intelligent of the many delightful women we meet have never had a college education, know nothing of mathematics, and not much of science; but instead have dipped deeply into good literature, and can take an intelligent interest in, and give a sound opinion upon, the great questions of the day. Was it Charles Lamb who said his idea of educating a girl was to turn her loose into a well-chosen library? Of course he was thinking of a girl as a companion, not as a clerk or a lawyer.

There is another drawback to educating girls too highly: it raises such false hopes, and the reaction brings sometimes utter despair. A girl's mind develops very rapidly, much more rapidly than an average boy's, and when an intelligent girl shows any special ability in one direction, she improves in that especial direction so quickly that one is deceived into thinking she has a genius for it; she herself becomes fired with ambition, works hard, — and many girls *can* work in a way that would shame some boys, — builds castles in the air of future fame and greatness, gives up other interests and hopes for the one aim, which, alas! is so often disappointed. Nineteen out of every twenty — might we not say ninety-nine out of every hundred? — girls stop just when you think they are going on to do something worth doing, and never get any farther. They have talent, which education has brought out, and deceived them into mistaking for genius.

There is, however, one very great advantage in the present rage for classes of all kinds, and in the facilities for study in all directions: it gives many girls an object in life, even if they do not do anything very great for the benefit of the nation. In our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' times girls did fancy-work: made all the anti-macassars, which, now that you can buy them for sixpence three farthings or a shilling and a halfpenny, it is hardly worth their while to do; or they used to stitch their male relatives' shirts and collars exquisitely, but that can be much better done in a quarter the time by the modern sewing-machine; farther back still, their employment was to make cowslip and gooseberry wine, — to which, however, most people nowadays prefer shilling claret; or to spin the household linen, which can in our time be bought, ready for use, at less cost. There is nothing left for girls but tennis and art. A great many prefer the latter.

I went the other afternoon to pay a call; and after a few minutes' talk with the mistress of the house, the door opened, and the eldest girl, who is a would-be artist, entered. Her head was a wild touzle of red fuzz, as if she had been indulging in a hay-fight. She was dressed in a black satin frock with very short sleeves and rather low neck, and over that she had a long pink cotton pinafore, such as a child might wear, decorated, like an ancient Briton, with patches of various-colored paints, with which her hands too were freely smeared. She seemed to enjoy art. I do not think the world has ever heard of her, or ever will; still it fills her life.

The girls who attend the Academy and Slade School certainly very often

work uncommonly hard, in some cases much harder than they have strength for; the question is, Do they gain anything in return sufficient to compensate them for haggard looks and broken health? A man works hard at college, comes out first wrangler, has brain fever after, and loses all his hair; *but* he is a first wrangler to the end of his days, honored and looked up to by all his kind. Girls get brain fever and lose their hair for such very much smaller results! I am told, however, that after the Academy closed last year five marriages took place of students who had worked together during the term; so that high art is not the *only* object possible to attain. But these hasty young marriages remind one of a picture in Punch some time ago, where an old gentleman, making his bridal call on his artist niece, who has married a young fellow of congenial tastes, finds them sitting at opposite corners of their joint studio, in the sulks because Edwin had said that Angelina's waist was out of proportion, and Angelina thought that Edwin's nose belonged to no correct type of nasal architecture, or some such thing. And the uncle's face at the prospect of trying to soothe their injured artistic feelings is truly pathetic. It recalls to my mind, too, a couple of dear friends, both very musical, but who gained very little pleasure from each other's music. The wife (like most women who play) had been *educated* into a brilliant pianist. The husband (like many men) had *natural* musical genius, and his sweet natural improvised music threw his wife's more brilliant, but less sweet, performance so much into the shade, that she soon lost interest herself in her music, and it was the cause of many little jealousies and sorenesses. Similar tastes and pursuits are very delightful when followed for a few hours a day in a class; but in the long lane of married life, too close a similarity is apt, paradoxical as it may sound, to produce dissimilarity of feeling. Young folk thrown much together in their early sympathetic youth do not believe in any such possibility.

It seems to me that, setting aside the question of genius and ability, which is a very sore one, women have done so much less than men, not from lack of education, — for that they could mostly obtain if the desire was really strong enough, — but from the absence of necessity

We all know the saying with regard to young men not absolutely dependent on their own exertions, "He has been spoiled by having a small income." With the majority of girls, among the educated classes, it is an understood thing that they remain at home as long as there is a home to remain in, and every effort is made by provident parents to put by a little nest-egg for the daughters; and even where nothing is put by they remain on at home, hardly realizing that they cannot remain there *always*, — the breaking-up time seems so distant, so vague and uncertain. With boys it is an equally understood thing that they turn out of the nest and work for themselves. And indeed, most boys get restless in the home-nest, and are anxious to be off and independent. The sense of responsibility and the knowledge that they have only themselves to depend on spur them on to work and study; and many a man who has married young has been driven by necessity to efforts which have carried him much farther on the road to fame and wealth than he would ever have got otherwise. The present system of public schools and colleges supplies, in a great measure, this necessary stimulant to girls, and urges them to an amount of work we have hitherto thought the feminine frame incapable of enduring. Let us, however, beware that future generations do not suffer for the over-zeal of the present one.

In winter your quiet flower garden is soon changed into a bare-garden.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore
Byron.

THROUGHOUT the night MacMahon, who had insisted on Autrechamp retiring to rest, sat in company of one servant by the bedside of the wounded general. Slowly the time glided by. The patient throughout the early hours remained insensible, his breathing slow, his pulse faint; but with the first light of morning some signs of consciousness appeared. His eyes once or twice opened and again closed; later on they turned round and seemed to recognize who was by, whilst he murmured in a low voice, "Edward."

In an instant the watcher was at his side, who with a sign motioned him not to stir whilst he administered a restorative draught.

The general eagerly swallowed it; his powers seemed rapidly to revive. In a few moments he spoke again.

"Edward, is not that you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came you here? What has happened me? I cannot move as I used. Have I been wounded? Ah!" (Here his face showed signs of pain as he put his hand upon his breast.) "I remember it now. I was borne down in the fight by a lancer of the enemy. My horse fell. All after that is a blank. How went the day? Have we beaten the Austrians?"

"For the love of God, general, do not speak. At present you require absolute quiet; another time you will hear all."

Du Brurier murmured, "Be it so," and again closed his eyes. As Edward gently turned him on his right side he observed his hand feebly moving upon his breast. On the instant guessing his wishes, he drew from his neck the medal and placed it in his hand.

With a smile of satisfaction and thankfulness, the wounded man grasped it tightly; Edward assisted him whilst he raised it to his lips, spoke a few words in a low whisper, and sank off to sleep.

MacMahon, deeply impressed, gave heartfelt thanks to God, trembling to think what would have been the general's fate had his soul been summoned by his Maker but two days before.

Some hours later Autrechamp came to the tent. Greatly rejoiced at learning the improved state of the patient, he insisted on MacMahon's retiring for a few hours' sleep. Some time after the general again awoke, and called Edward.

"Edward has just gone to his tent, sir; he has been watching all night."

"Oh, Louis, so you are here too. Poor boys, you are losing your sleep, I fear, on account of one for whom there is little need to watch"

"Oh, don't say that, my dear general, my greatest benefactor. There is nothing I would not do to serve you. Would that I could restore you with my blood! But with God's blessing you will soon be well, and at the head of your regiment once more. Here, take this draught. Edward told me the last revived you."

Du Brurier drank again, and seemed rapidly to gain vigor and strength. For some moments he remained silent, but awake.

"How humbling it is to think," he said at length, "that one small wound can bring the mightiest man to this. In the full pride of health and manhood I yesterday mounted my charger, and what am I to-day? A helpless mass, incapable of action, with scarce enough life to be conscious of my state. And now what if I be dying! and in an infidel camp surrounded by unbelievers who scoff at the name of Christian! Am I to go thus before my Creator with the sins of a whole life upon my soul? Is there no priest to administer to me the last rites of the Church? Yet how do I deserve them? I deserted her in my hour of health and prosperity, and now that I am weak and prostrate I am left without her consolations. Without

the sacraments, without absolution, hardly daring to hope for mercy, I am about to expire! Oh! the thought is terrible."

Overcome by mental exertion and excitement, Du Brurier fell back on his pillow.

Louis thus addressed him: "I must implore of you to keep quiet, my dear general. You seem desirous of the consolation of religion to prepare you for a happy death, or, as God grant, to assist you to a rapid recovery. Do you eagerly wish to see a priest?"

The wounded man fixed his eyes upon the speaker.

"If God would vouchsafe me such a boon, I would have no further desire in this world."

"General, I must entreat you to compose yourself, and I have the happiness to assure you that, unlikely as it seems, your desire may be granted."

Here, despite the warning of Louis, the general made a violent effort to rise, and again fell back insensible. MacMahon at this moment entered the tent. Alarmed at the condition of the patient, he hastened to the bedside, when Autrechamp calmed his fears, briefly explained to him all that had passed, and asked his advice. MacMahon at once decided on the clergyman being brought, as even the excitement attending such an interview would be infinitely less dangerous to the general than the anxiety and suspense of his present situation.

The attendants were then summoned to the patient's assistance. When he was restored they all departed, save one, whom Autrechamp ordered to remain. The general looked around the room and said: —

"Oh, Edward, you are back again; and is not this my servant, good Dulas? I am glad he also is here."

MacMahon went to the door of the tent, whilst Autrechamp bent over Du Brurier and whispered: —

"I have done as I promised, general. Be comforted. In your servant Dulas behold an ordained priest, who under the disguise of a menial has accompanied the army that he might render the benefits of religion to those who still hold the Christian faith. To such only is his true character known. Edward and I will now retire and watch outside the tent, that your pious duties may not be interrupted."

Autrechamp joined MacMahon at the tent door As they were conversing together in whispers on what had just taken place, some officers of their own and other regiments came up to inquire the state of the general, whose popularity was very great throughout the army. They informed all that there had been an improvement in his condition, but that absolute rest and quiet were now most essential.

"But, by the way, we had almost forgotten to congratulate both of *you*," said a major, who was one of the group. "In the army the fall of one man is sure to be the gain of four. Poor Du Brurier must now go to the rear. We are immediately to follow on after the Austrians."

"What! are we to move from this to-day?" asked MacMahon.

"Yes, by Hercules! the commander has ordered the march in two hours, so make the best of your time."

At this moment Dulas came out from the tent, and giving the military salute to MacMahon and Autrechamp, informed them that his master desired their presence within.

"Well, Dulas," asked one of the officers, "how goes the general?"

"He is conscious at present, sir, but still in a very weak state."

"Do you know that if that fellow were my servant," remarked another as he regarded the disguised priest, who was now moving off towards the surgeon's quarters, "I would have my suspicions about him; quiet-going men are not the style for me. By my honor, now that I think of it, I never heard that chap swear, and to say that of a soldier is almost as bad as to call him a coward; but he is not a fighting man, — if he were he would know how to curse."

"Peace, Rabaud!" cried MacMahon impatiently, "this levity is ill-timed: is the door of the tent where your general lies between life and death, the place for jests such as these?"

"Your pardon, colonel. You will not be too hard on a fellow-soldier, though to-day his superior officer, for a little slip; but, by the way, what I have just said of Dulas applies with equal truth to you and Autrechamp, and yet I would not be the man to put the courage of either of you to the test, for the rank of major-general. However, the exception proves the rule."

"Which rule means that it is harder to conquer one's temper than a foe. I never could understand how a profane oath on the tongue could be thought to help the arm to strike the blow. But farewell for the present; I must now attend the general."

Edward abruptly left the company, and joined Louis within the tent. What a wondrous change during his brief absence had come over the wounded man! When Edward had last seen him, Du Brurier was all restlessness and anxiety; his face flushed, his frame trembling, the expression of his features bearing witness to the terrible agitation that was going on within. Now he was serene and calm, his face as placid as that of an infant just awakened from sleep, all bright and smiling, and expressive of the peace that reigned in his heart.

He signed to Edward to approach him. Taking his hand he drew him down until his lips touched the young man's cheek.

"Edward," he whispered, "a great weight has just been taken off me. I have been as it were made a child again. I now feel as I used long ago, when a happy boy I played through the sunny woods of Orlais. It must have been my guardian spirit that directed my steps on that memorable evening to your tent. Oh, how little did I think that summer morning, when I found Louis asleep in the forest of Vesins, that I should ever receive through him a service such as this!"

Here the priest, whom we shall henceforward call by his true name, Ganovie, returned to the tent with a letter which had just arrived by a Paris courier.

"Do not leave me again, father," said Du Brurier, as he took the letter in his trembling hand. "Too late have I known your real character; but, thank God, while yet within reach of repentance."

Father Ganovie, however, whispered that it was more prudent he should retire, as his presence at such a time might excite suspicion; and with the general's assent left the tent.

"Here, Edward," said Du Brurier, "break the seal and tell me from whom is this."

"It is from the Countess du Brurier," said Edward, looking at the signature. "Would you wish to hear it now, sir?"

"Oh, yes; any news from my beloved Madeline will do more to revive me than the care of all the surgeons in the world. Read it at once. Louis, come nearer, that you too may hear it."

MacMahon read as follows: —

"What events may have occurred ere this letter reaches you, my dearest uncle, I am afraid to think. The courier of this morning has brought the intelligence of the crossing of the Alps by your army. Ere you receive it, doubtless many fresh perils have been incurred How I could wish your valor and heroism were devoted to a worthier cause! for the Royalists' affairs are brightening in the capital. Their leaders, Pichegru and Barbé Marbois, have been elected Presidents of the Council, and the Republican Letourneur has been succeeded in the Directory by the Royalist Barthelemy. The laws against the priests and emigrants have been repealed. God prosper our rulers in their good endeavors, and soon put an end to this cruel war. May he, in his mercy, preserve you throughout the many dangers to which you are exposed; and oh, my dearest uncle, would that my unceasing prayers might avail that he may grant you to know Him, ere it be too late, and recall you to his service! I implore you sometimes to think of Her whose medal

you wear, and if it were only for my sake, grant the only request that I make, that you scorn not each day to say one short prayer in her honor.

"I send Captain MacMahon my respects and esteem. Tell dear Louis I ever remember him, and shall ever regard him as a brother. With heartfelt wishes for your welfare, I remain ever, your beloved niece, "MADELINE DU BRURIER"

The general's eyes filled with tears as he listened. "Poor girl!" he murmured, as MacMahon concluded the letter. "Could she but know my condition at this moment! And yet, how much more rejoiced would she not be to see me here prostrate, but reconciled to my Maker, than full of life and power at the head of my army, but forgetful of him? She must at once be informed of my state. Open my portfolio, Edward, and write her a letter at my dictation. Begin thus: 'I am a Catholic. By the grace of God and your prayers I have been reconciled to the Church.' Now tell her I have been wounded — do not say severely — and am about returning to Bassano. Poor child! she will never rest until she sees me there, if it be God's will I live till I see her. I think I may yet recover. I could wish she were spared such a journey at such a season, but it would be wrong not to inform her of my condition, and then it would be vain to say, Don't come. Tell her how much her letter moved me, how I know my conversion will rejoice her, and how I look forward to our soon being happy together again."

MacMahon had just finished the letter when an officer of Napoleon's staff came to inquire the state of General du Brurier, and to announce that the commander would himself attend to take leave ere he gave orders for the march.

"When do we move?" asked Edward.

"In a little over an hour, Colonel MacMahon. The commander will be here in about forty minutes."

"I am sorry I must leave you so soon, general," said Edward, when the officer had departed, "but the order for the march has been given, and I must go to put my regiment in order. I had hoped I could have remained with you another day, but it seems we are to have no rest till we finish the war. I will return as soon as I can, and stay here until the moment of starting."

"General," said Autrechamp, "Edward has not told you that he has been promoted to the rank of colonel"

"Nor Louis, that he was made captain," said MacMahon smiling.

The general took the hand of each young man in his, and while tears of joy filled his heart, fervently murmured, "God bless you both. But," he said, after a moment in a low voice, "what has become of Father Ganovie?"

"Of course," replied they, "he remains with you."

"That is what of all things I would most desire, but it cannot be. His services will be required in the field, and are due to those who have so long appreciated them. He has devoted himself to the army, and in it he shall remain. Were I, who never knew his character, and should not have respected it if I had, while I was strong, to take him away from where his duty calls him, and keep him entirely to myself now that I am weak, and leave many more deserving than I, and who may be in a condition worse than mine, bereft of his personal succor, I should do an act as unworthy of a soldier as of a Christian. Edward, Louis, say nothing; your remonstrances would fatigue me. What I say I have resolved on. The priest shall accompany the army"

"But consider, dear general, whom will you have to attend you? No one could minister to your requirements as well as he. Besides, have not you the best right to his spiritual aid?"

"As regards me, Father Ganovie shall never more act the part of a menial. I can easily get a new attendant; and in this country, thank God, there are many priests to be

found. Before you seal Madeline's letter add a postscript; ask her to send me her own chaplain to Bassano, but let him come disguised. I would not have him exposed to insults while I am unable to protect him. Father Ganovie shall henceforth ostensibly occupy the same position towards you, Edward, that he has hitherto done towards me; but how different the reality! All is settled."

The good priest, who at this moment returned, at once assented to the general's proposal, and highly commended his noble resolution. Although, had he consulted his own wishes, he would never at such a time have left him, yet the duty to which he had devoted himself required him to remain with the army, and afford his aid and guidance to those in it who remained true to the faith.

"It will be necessary for you to assume my livery instead of the general's, *mon père*," said MacMahon, laughing. "You can suit yourself in my tent. I must now be off; but before I leave, give me your blessing."

The young colonel dropped upon his knees, and the supposed servant blessed him, and then whispered: "Behold your work, my dear Edward; you have brought back a stray sheep to the fold. How much more glorious that act in the sight of God than all the conquests of Bonaparte!"

"Nay," replied MacMahon, "it is rather to your prayers and those of the countess, and to Louis's example, that this conversion is to be ascribed. See, here he comes to summon me."

After MacMahon had left the room, Bonaparte visited Du Brurier. He was greatly rejoiced at seeing him so much improved, hoped he would be able to rejoin his army before the campaign had concluded, warmly pressed his hand, and bade him farewell.

When all things were ready, Edward and Louis returned to Du Brurier's tent and remained with him, one at each side of the bed, until the call was sounded for the march. They then knelt and begged their old leader's blessing, and took a fond and reluctant leave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled? *Byron.*

Over the subsequent career of Napoleon in the Austrian campaign it is not our intention to linger. On the morning after the battle of the Tagliamento he occupied Palma Nova, and became possessed of all the war stores it contained. At the same time Bernadotte and Serrurier crossed the Isonzo, and advanced on Laybach and Trieste, whilst Massena seized the great Alpine pass of Col-de-Tarvis, which he held against the utmost efforts of the enemy.

Napoleon, his forces now increased by those of Joubert, who had been driven by the peasants out of the Tyrol, advanced into Austria, and again attacked the archduke at the gorge of Neumarkt, and in these narrow defiles a furious battle ensued. After a desperate struggle the Austrians were driven from their positions, and the archduke was compelled to fall back with his main army in the direction of Vienna, there to await his re-enforcements from the Rhine, and prepare for the defence of the capital.

But ere the two armies met for the decisive struggle an armistice was agreed upon, during the continuance of which the terms of a general peace were arranged, that was shortly afterwards ratified. The Venetian Republic next engaged the attention of Napoleon. For three succeeding months its entire territory was overrun by French troops. By the boats of the Venetians themselves, the conquerors were borne within the walls of Venice. The Place of St. Mark was taken possession of, and so terminated the reign of the Queen of the Adriatic. Her years of freedom were at an end.

The transalpine campaigns being now concluded, Bonaparte retired

with a portion of his army to Milan, and with Madame Josephine, who had joined him there, held in the beautiful château of Montebello a court of more than regal splendor. There were assembled plenipotentiaries of Germany, Piedmont, Naples, and Venice. Couriers of various states were continually arriving and departing. Of the fairest and noblest of the ladies of France and Italy was the court of Josephine composed, whilst the assembly of generals, with her young husband at their head, with whose renown all Europe now was ringing, showed to the world such a number of men famed for brilliant military deeds as had never been brought together in any previous age.

To Autrechamp this repose after two severe campaigns was grateful and agreeable. To MacMahon, whose hopes and whose ultimate ambition were centred in one grand object, the peace with Austria, and the cessation of hostilities with every state save England, seemed to offer a fair prospect of its early realization.

"My young friend," said Napoleon to him one morning, as leaning on his arm he conversed with him in the gardens of Montebello, "I have news that will interest you. There is at this moment being organized an army of 150,000 men. When it is brought together I will go to Paris and take the command. I then will intrust you with the selection of a harbor on the Irish coast, and we will leave to the English the choice of the battle-field. We are prepared to fight and beat them anywhere they like, if once we get safely landed." MacMahon's feelings at this joyful but scarcely hoped-for intelligence for a moment deprived him of the power of utterance.

"In the name of Ireland, I thank you, General Bonaparte." he said at length "God speed the day," he added with enthusiasm, "when my country shall be freed from the tyranny that has so long oppressed her!"

"Yes, ere many weeks more your country and her religion shall stand free and disenthralled before the world. I am but little of a Christian myself, God forgive me! I believe I am regarded by some as a sort of second Diocletian. The affairs of this world leave me but little time to think of the next. However, it is my firm conviction that religion is as necessary as morality to the well-being of a state. Were I supreme to-morrow, I would re-endow the Church of France. I say this *entre nous*. I would not have some of my friends hear these sentiments expressed just now. They shall feel the weight of them in due time. Did I profess myself a believer before Lannes, Augereau, or Delmas, they would either regard me as a hypocrite or a fool. I can laugh at them in secret. But even were I an atheist, the noble struggle made by your countrymen, through so many centuries, for their liberties and their faith, should command my warmest sympathies."

MacMahon, highly elated after this conversation, could think of nothing save the coming Irish expedition. Bonaparte's promise he believed disinterested and noble, and his estimation of his character underwent a favorable change. He could not shut his eyes to the Italian policy of that general, but he easily brought himself to believe that the outrages perpetrated on the Pope and the subalpine princes were to be laid less to the charge of Napoleon than of the Directory, whom he was bound to obey.

As the season advanced new visitors were constantly arriving at Montebello. As Edward and Louis were one morning carelessly strolling in the direction of Milan they saw a carriage approaching them, evidently bound for the château. What was their surprise and joy when they discovered that it contained General du Brurier and the Countess Madeline.

As they eagerly ran towards it, the general in somewhat of his old manner saluted them: "Ho, Edward, Louis! God bless you, my boys. So we have

met again. I suppose you thought I was dead and buried long ago. To tell the truth, I was very near going, but thanks to the care of this young lady I am still in the flesh, and now nearly as well as ever. Madeline, my love, do you not know your old friends?"

The countess laughingly replied, as she stretched out her hands to the young men, "It was they who did not recognize me, uncle. Their late commander engrossed all their attention."

"Well, I am willing to divide it with you now, my love. Suppose you get out, and let one of them take your place here beside me. A walk the rest of the way will be refreshing after your long drive."

"Oh, certainly," said Madeline, stepping out when Edward opened the carriage door. "I shall enjoy the walk very much. Who is to go with you?"

"Here, Louis, jump in here beside me, and we will have a talk as we drive on. You have an escort in Edward, Madeline; you can follow at your leisure."

"Oh, Colonel MacMahon, how can I tell you the joy your letter gave me!" said the countess when the carriage had driven away; "the news of my dear uncle's wound weighed light against that of his wonderful conversion. He has given me full particulars since of the manner in which it came about, and under God he attributes it to you and to dear Louis Autrechamp."

"My share in the happy event, countess, was very small indeed," replied Edward.

"To pass from that subject," continued Madeline, "his recovery the surgeons pronounce miraculous, as so in the truest sense do I. At the time I reached him he was helpless and prostrate; now he is able to walk unassisted, and in a few months they say he will be able to resume his place in the army, but I do not think he is anxious to return to active duty."

"It would not surprise me if he were not. The present Italian wars are little calculated to excite the enthusiasm of a Christian."

"Thank God they are now nearly at a close; but do you know if the rumor be well founded that the Directory contemplate a second Irish expedition?"

"That they do so I have the very best authority, — that of General Bonaparte himself."

"Then your darling wish is about to be fulfilled; but are you certain of the beneficial consequences to your country that will follow a French invasion? What government will be substituted for that of England? If such a one as ours at present, her gain will be very small. At Paris the power of the Jacobins is again in the ascendant; the clouds are again gathering above order and religion."

"For Ireland I fear no evils such as those that affect France. Civil and religious liberty once possessed, her sons will know how to maintain them."

"But can nothing be done for your country by peaceable means? What terrible misfortunes will not a war bring upon her people!"

"Moral force has done little for three hundred years. If Ireland is to be regenerated it can be only through the sword."

The countess said no more for the remainder of the road, but remained wrapped in her own thoughts. Du Brurier and Autrechamp were meanwhile conversing as they drove along.

"And how have you young fellows been going on all this time?" asked the general; "you have been through a host of fights since I saw you last, and have come out of all unhurt. Both lucky fellows. And how is Father Ganovie?"

"The good father left us at the conclusion of the war. He said there were other battle-fields on which his services would be required."

"Let us pray he may not fall a victim to his zeal, and that we may meet him soon again. Oh, Louis, you

can never know what a burden was taken from my soul that morning when he reconciled me to God in the Sacrament of Penance. Why, from that hour a new life in every sense sprang up within me. But for them I should never have had vigor of body to recover from the wound."

"Truly, sir, you have been doubly blessed by God. But when, general, may we expect to see you again at your post?"

"Were I to consult but my own wishes, my young friend, I would answer, Nevermore. This tedious illness has afforded me leisure for reflection, which has opened my eyes to things as they are. I now perceive the true character of our present government, and into what state of affairs we are rapidly drifting. It is said we are about to have established liberty and a free constitution. Depend upon it, ere many years we shall see France ruled by despotism more arbitrary and tyrannical than the monarchy of the old régime. I have become weary and disgusted with the general irreligious spirit of the army, the useless and cruel wars which we carry on, and the injustice and rapacity of those who wage them. Were it not for the sake of Madeline I would seek no longer to remain in authority; I would resign service to-morrow, and seek a retirement for the remainder of my life"

"But, my dear general, the present state of affairs cannot last long. The Italian campaign is at an end. You have heard of the glorious enterprise for which preparations are being made. General Bonaparte has been appointed by the Directory to the supreme command. You surely, general, will sail with us to Ireland when we start on the crusade to restore to that noble country her liberty, and free her from her eight centuries of bondage and oppression? What ties could be stronger than those which shall bind together liberated Ireland and regenerated France?"

"I have heard rumors as to this intended expedition, but are you certain they are well founded?"

"Here is the commander himself approaching. You will hear all from his own lips."

"Hollo! is this you, Du Brurier?" exclaimed Napoleon, as he recognized the occupant of the carriage. "By the god of war I am heartily glad to see you again; for to tell you the truth, when I last bade you farewell, I thought it would be an eternal one. But, thanks to Jove, you are still this side of the Styx. Are you able to walk? Here get out, take my arm, and come along into the château, where I can assure you of a hearty welcome from Madame Bonaparte."

Napoleon having led away Du Brurier, Autrechamp left the carriage and slowly retraced his steps towards the entrance gate, where he awaited the countess and MacMahon. As they approached, — the very personifications of beauty and chivalry, so it seemed to Louis, — strange feelings which he could not explain seemed to pervade his heart.

When they joined him, the three went into the château together. Madeline was affectionately received by Madame Josephine, and with marked attention by Bonaparte and all the court. A series of brilliant fêtes were now at their height. The days were occupied with varieties of amusements: races, tournaments, and games followed each other in quick succession. Balls and open-air revels beneath myriads of bright lamps, which made the lovely gardens of Montebello gleam as with the dazzling splendors of fairyland, carried the enjoyments far into the night. The Countess Madeline, although her society was eagerly courted by all, — ambassadors and generals vying for her hand in the dance, — to a great extent avoided the gay pastimes, and devoted herself as far as possible to the society of her uncle, who, now daily improving in health and vigor, took frequent drives, accompanied by her and MacMahon, through the surrounding neighbor-

hood, or walked through the ornamental grounds, or rested in the shady groves during the heat of the day. Often at the conclusion of a dance, in which for form's sake she had taken part, the countess would steal away from the saloons and seek the bower where the general would be seated attended by MacMahon (Autrechamp had at an early period been sent to Paris with despatches), enjoying the cool of the evening; or sometimes after he had retired, she would wander with Edward along the lamplit walks and listen as he recounted many of the events of the late war, or converse with him concerning the coming Irish invasion.

The more than proportionate share of her company which she bestowed on the young colonel did not fail to engage the attention of his brother officers, and many and various were the remarks to which it gave rise.

"That MacMahon must have a fairy godmother," said Rabaud one day to a friend. "Such luck as his I never heard or read of. In three years he has risen to the rank of colonel; he is in the highest favor with the commander; and to crown all, he seems to have won the heart of the brightest star of our court. Truly, these Irish are strange fellows."

"Yes, they seem to carry all before them, in France at all events. Let us see when we go to Ireland if we shall do as well there; though if report be true, it is little that could be taken that the English have left in it."

"But we 'll hunt the robbers home to their own dens. We 'll follow them to London, where we 'll make the old boy George disgorge his plunder. But talking of the countess and MacMahon, things are really beginning to look serious in that quarter."

"Oh, you may look upon the matter as all settled; I pity poor Autrechamp after his long apprenticeship for her hand. I don't think his friend has served him well, but all is fair in love and war."

"It is the lady's right to make the selection, and I have as little doubt upon whom her choice will fall. as I have whose suit her uncle will favor."

"I wish she would preside as queen of beauty over the next tournament, and offer her hand to the victor."

"That would be a glorious chance for Major Rabaud."

"No, faith, I'd resign all pretensions to my betters. But see, here they come round the walk; let us return to the hall."

Several weeks glided by, Napoleon enjoying the life of courtly ease and splendor at Montebello, until, in the name of the Directory, he signed the treaty of Campo Formio, after which he set out for Paris. His journey thither was one continued triumph: ovations awaited him in every city through which they passed. The report of his victories had excited to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the people, who crowded along the roadsides to greet him, the men wearing laurels and filling the air with their shouts, the children strewing flowers beneath the feet of his charger. The multitudes pressed on all sides to catch a glimpse of their young hero, but he, apparently indifferent to popular admiration and applause, hurried on to the capital, where within the walls of the Rue Chautereine he shut himself up from the no less eager gaze of the citizens.

To be continued.

THE man who is continually snarling at his neighbors and finding fault with them needs looking after himself. Ten chances to one that this censoriousness is assumed to conceal his own defects, and to withdraw attention from himself. Wherever you meet one of this kind, be on your guard; give no confidence, for he who will revile and belittle others in your presence will do the same to you as soon as your back is turned. — *Catholic Columbian.*

HOME EDUCATION.

It is at home that the seeds of the future are sown. If you wish your children to be really Catholic men and women, you must act as such yourselves. The home where they first open their eyes, where their affections are first elicited, where children's very first impressions are made, must be strongly Catholic. The mother's heart must be instinct with the Catholic religion; the father must be a man who has mastered, and lives by, Catholic principle, and energizes in the light of Catholic truth. Where the deep affections of the child's heart — and are they not profoundly deep? — are fixed upon a really Catholic home, impressions are made, — the heart becomes seasoned in such a manner as never to shrink, and to hold its own where others would split, dry up, and perish. What man with any love and generosity in his constitution does not, even now, though his mother may be dead and gone some twenty years, feel the influence of her, and her lasting power over him? How many a mother's love has kept the child, the boy, and then the man, straight? Knowledge may be power, but love, the pure, strong love of childhood, is power too: —

Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish us, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence — truths that wake
To perish never,
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

I say, then, to the mothers and fathers, and the older brothers and sisters of little children, Be thoroughly Catholic yourselves, and teach the younger ones to love you; and they will be Catholics too. I say to the mothers, You are the very representative of religion to the little child who feels more awe in prayer, whilst kneeling at your knee, than you do yourself. All you say and do make its lasting impression. You are moulding the plastic material for life, and hold in your hands a clay which you can turn and fashion any way you will. Teach the little ones the meaning of the crucifix. Tell them what kind of lives the saints lived. Have the walls of your room adorned with holy pictures; and by your example, teach them that Christ is to be loved above everything in this world. And I would say to you, fathers of the children, — husbands of their mothers, — teach the children to love you, and to fear you too. Let them from earliest days look on you with reverence, as the very model of a Christian man. Teach them to be truthful, — to prefer to suffer anything rather than tell a lie; to be honest, — to keep their fingers off what does not belong to them; and to be courageous and brave. You will thus be formers and fashioners of good sterling Christians and of loyal citizens; brave, true, honest, and without sectarian cant. At all events, you will thus give your children the best possible preparation for school, and bring a blessing on your homes, and on the country of your adoption.

MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

H. S. B., in Catholic Progress.

I TAKE these flowers, so wan and pale,
The last of the autumn blooms,
And cast them on high, that the whirling gale
May take them to far-off tombs!

I wander beneath the plane-trees bare,
And wish that each falling leaf
Were a *De Profundis* of fervent prayer
For a friend who needs relief!

Vainly at even my lamp I light:
I take to my beads again;
I cannot read and I cannot write
For the thought of souls in pain.

I rise in the midst of the night to pray,
Leaving my soft warm bed —
Love and pity must have their way
In the month of the helpless dead!

PETROLEUM OR COAL OIL.

Rev. A. J. Lambert, S. J., in Western Home Journal.

The reverend gentleman in a recent lecture in Detroit, Mich., described the formation of petroleum or coal oil, formed from vegetable matter in the bowels of the earth. By distillation the several products, rigoline, gasoline, naphtha, kerosene, etc., were effected. Kerosene is composed of hydrogen and carbon, which must be properly proportioned or the oil will not be good. If too much hydrogen, the oil is dangerous; an excess of carbon gives poor light. In combustion, the incandescence of carbon particles gives the light. The Bunsen burner allowed air to pass to the flame, by which rapid combustion of the carbon was effected, and little light but great heat was evolved. The danger from coal oil was in its hydrogen. The hydrometer was explained. Good oil should register forty-five to fifty or fifty-five, at sixty degrees Fahrenheit. He preferred his own testing apparatus to that prescribed by law. He raised the temperature of a cup of oil to one hundred and forty-five degrees, when the vapor ignited from a light. This was good oil. Any person could test oil by taking a cup of water just hot enough to prevent one holding the hand in it, which would be about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and pouring a few drops of oil on the water. If the oil then ignited from a match, throw it away. It is the vapor from oil which is dangerous. Confined in the lamp, a flame reaches it and it explodes, igniting and scattering the oil. In about four hundred samples of oil he had tested, he generally found it to fall ten degrees below the brand. Oil marked one hundred and fifty he found was but one hundred and thirty. In metal lamps especially, the oil became heated, and if the wick was out of order, or there was a hole in the wick tube, the vapor drew down the flame, and an explosion was the result.

Pomades — carboline, cosmoline, vaseline — are made of petroleum, and they seem to do very well.

A sample of bad oil — about ninety — was ignited by a mixture of permanganate of potassa and sulphuric acid.

Coal-oil stoves are among the most dangerous articles in common use. The oil is heated — cooked — and the vapor is ready to be ignited.

Pouring oil into the stove to hasten the fire when the hired girl gets up late in the morning was another dangerous practice. The Free Press and Post reporters drew on their imaginations here. The former made Father Lambert say, "Thousands of servant-girls annually lose their lives through this carelessness"; the latter, less daring, said "he alluded to the disappearance of the hundreds of servant-girls annually, owing to the careless handling of the death-dealing agent." [We may here observe that filling the can with water once or twice generally effects a cure.]

A preventive against explosions was the use of wire gauze, as in Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp. Gauze No. 40 — 1,600 meshes to the square inch — was to be used. Flame could not pass through that. You might place gunpowder on one side of the gauze, and it could not be exploded from the other unless the gauze was heated to redness. Take off the brass cap from the bowl of the lamp by scraping away the plaster of Paris, place a cylinder of the gauze in the lamp, resting on the bottom of the bowl and coming over the neck, replace the cap, and the lamp is perfectly safe. This was the invention of a Jesuit father, but the idea had been patented some years ago, and a

new patent was refused. Everybody could fix his lamp without infringement, at a cost of a few cents. By placing screens of the gauze over the apertures in the oil can, oil could be poured on a fire with impunity. The oil might catch, but a puff of breath would extinguish it. The non-explosive lamp powders (brickdust and salt), and the old lady's remedy of a piece of red flannel in the lamp, were about as beneficial as the fabled pinch of salt on the bird's tail.

He had applied the gauze to oil stoves, and could assert that the non-explosive gauze oil stove was absolutely safe.

Water thrown on burning oil sinks to the bottom and spreads the oil on top. Carbonic-acid gas will extinguish it. This gas he produced, and showed its effect on fire. It was composed of bicarbonate of soda and sulphuric acid. Where large stocks of kerosene and gasoline were stored, packages of these compounds should be placed over the tanks. A steam of water would convert them into the gas, which would smother the flame. Cover the oil with a layer of this gas, — which was heavier than air, — and the fire was out. This he demonstrated. Gasoline was more dangerous than gunpowder, for the latter did not give out vapor.

In cases of fires among silks, etc., the water generally damaged more than the fire. Fill the room with carbonic-acid gas and no damage was done. Tanks could be erected and the gas pumped out by engines by the fire department.

The reverend speaker concluded by illustrating spontaneous combustion. He saturated a rag with a mixture containing among its ingredients kerosene, and in a few moments it began to smoke and then burst into flame.

The lecture, interspersed as it was with experiments, and delivered in Father Lambert's clear style, was very interesting, and at its close the reverend speaker was heartily applauded. We hope we may soon hear him again on a scientific subject. He is a learned chemist, and knows how to impart his knowledge.

EVENING MASS.

In the time of St. Augustine (that is, in the fifth century), says Father O'Brien in his "History of the Mass," it was customary throughout Africa to celebrate mass on Holy Thursday evening in memory of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament on that day. It used to be said by a priest who had already broken his fast. (Martene, *De Antiquis Eccl. Ritibus;* Bona, *Rer. Liturg.*, 255.) Touching this mass, the fourth Council of Carthage decreed as follows: "The Sacrament of the Altar must not be celebrated unless by a priest who is fasting, except on the anniversary of the institution of the Holy Eucharist." Another custom, too, that prevailed in certain places was to say mass for the dead at any time of the day that one of the faithful died, and this whether the priest had broken his fast or not. (See article on the *Offertorium* of masses for the dead.) But this practice was condemned almost as soon as its introduction by several councils, among others by those of Carthage in Africa and Braga in Spain. (Bona, 255.) As the majority of the Oriental churches do not reserve the Blessed Eucharist as we do, and this principally for the reason that leavened bread will soon corrupt in such climates as theirs, they are necessitated, in order to give the Holy Viaticum to the dying, to celebrate frequently in the evening, which, of course, they will do after having broken their fast. The Copts never reserve the Blessed Sacrament from one mass to another, but will celebrate any hour of the day or night that they are called on to communicate to the dying.

"Shall a husband keep his wife informed of his business affairs?" asks an innocent. There is no necessity. She will find out five times as much as he knows himself, without the least trouble.

STATUE TO ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Sermon by Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan.

THE Church of St. Vincent de Paul, near the corner of Decatur Street and Park Avenue, St. Louis, was forty-five years old Sunday, Nov. 14. It was dedicated Nov. 14, 1835, when it was one of the four Catholic churches in St. Louis, and when the Catholic population did not exceed 15,000; now it is nearly 100,000. The anniversary of the dedication was fittingly celebrated Sunday within the Octave, when a new and beautiful statue of St. Vincent was blessed by Bishop Ryan. It is to be placed in a niche above the middle entrance to the church.

The statue, made in Munich, Bavaria, is of composition, and about six feet five inches in height. It weighs eight hundred pounds and cost $600, the amount being contributed by members of the congregation.

It represents the great apostle of charity in cassock, surplice, and stole, in the attitude of preaching to a multitude. The figure is that of an erect but venerable priest; and in the expression of the face, the artistic perfection of the drapery, and the gesture of the hands, which are spread gently forward as if in the attitude of ecstatic exhortation, there is a suggestion of life and beauty that at once impresses the beholder.

BISHOP RYAN'S SERMON.

After blessing the statue, Bishop Ryan preached an eloquent sermon upon the life and character of St. Vincent de Paul. The bishop said that the occasion of blessing the statue of a saint of God ought to be one in which the minds of his hearers should be centred upon three objects: To honor God in the saint, to honor the saint, and to imitate the saint's example. We ought to honor God in the saint because the saint spoke God's greatest words. To form a saint required the suffering and death of Jesus Christ in order to be sanctified. Judging the work by the price paid for it, it was worth all the highest honors. All the glories in heaven and earth were created by Almighty God, and yet God could not make a saint among free agents unless the free agent corresponded with His grace. God did not force us to be good. God could not make a saint without his will and co-operation. A saint was a glorious being who gave honor to God, and hence the reward to him who could transgress and did not; who could do evil and refrained from it. Man by his free action became a saint, and hence was God's noblest work; a being who acted from the same motives as God himself. God acting for himself acted from the highest motives. The saint was a being who acted most like God, and whose model was God. Therefore, in honoring God in his saints, the act was reflected upon God himself.

The bishop continued by saying that his hearers assembled to do honor to the saints of God, — men of our race who best deserve that honor; men who acted purely and upright. He then in detail described the work of various saints: those who labored and prayed in secluded places, and those whose efforts were devoted to the busiest haunts of men. These, he said, had saved the world by their love of God from evils which would otherwise have afflicted it. Those who worked in solitude and in the highways of the world were the great philanthropists who freely gave their services to God and the world. When the French converted a Catholic church into a pantheon for hero-worship, they intended to show their indifference to religion by placing in it statues of those whom they called the benefactors of humanity, who were outside the pale of the Church.

But much as they hated religion, among these statues appeared that of St. Vincent de Paul. They dared not omit to place him among the friends of mankind. And yet how different were their motives and those which actuated the saint! He acted through sympathy and love of God; a love of the poor for the sake of Jesus Christ. This was a feeling that the worldly philanthropist understood not. In every outcast of the streets of Paris St. Vincent de Paul saw the Outcast of the stable; in every prisoner in the dungeons he saw Jesus Christ a prisoner; and in every sufferer in the hospitals he saw the Victim of Galilee. His charity was intense, and added to it was the motive of a personal love of God. His charity was universal, and not a devotion to pet charities but a devotion to all, and hence in all he saw the image of God. It was not peculiar or limited, but was universal. There were those who labored hard in this way for a while, but when ingratitude came they were chilled and discouraged. Once when some one had spoken ill of Socrates, he said: "This is strange, — I have never done a favor for him." Let cold ingratitude come to the worldly philanthropist and he falls back upon himself, in selfishness and hatred for the world, and retreats from the work of charity. Not so with him who acts for God. He does not expect gratitude, but knows that he will receive his reward from God.

He eulogized Vincent's work as a priest at a time when the priesthood did not rank high in France; spoke of the reformation he effected in the clergy, and the great good he wrought through the purified ministry among the people. In the foundation of the order of Sisters of Charity, that noble organization of women whose lives are consecrated to doing good and serving God, St. Vincent had left a legacy of his love to the Church and to the world that could not be too fully appreciated. These magnificent, self-sacrificing holy women were to be found in every part of the world, working for the amelioration of distress and for the elevation of souls, under all sorts of circumstances; pestilence and war offered no barrier to the progress of the good they were doing; and in the homes of the poor, everywhere their angel faces shone like bright promises from God, and their soft hands brought comfort and consolation in furnishing temporary relief from sickness and starvation. The Right Reverend speaker said he was present at the Mother House of the priests of the mission, in Paris, in 1868, on the occasion of an anniversary celebration in honor of the saint; he saw the place where Vincent's body is preserved, and saw the multitude of priests and sisters who came to do honor to their patron and to look upon his resting-place. As they passed around the remains he could not help but think that the saint still lived, and that he always would live in the lives of those who had followed his precept of charity and adopted the code of the orders he had established.

Bishop Ryan closed his sermon by beseeching his hearers to learn to love God, to practise charity to their fellow-men, and to live up to the principles of their faith. When the statue that now stood in the sanctuary was placed in its niche above the door of the church, the figure of the saint should be always a reminder to them of the virtues that distinguished him, of the great charities that he practised: they should give themselves to God, as Vincent had done, and in doing so would come to love God as Vincent had loved him, to love their fellow-men as Vincent had loved the poor and distressed of his time; and when these two objects were accomplished their lives would be like his, and dying they would pass into the glories of eternity, a blessing which the speaker said he sincerely wished them.

WHAT is better than a head full of notions? A heart full of grace.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER V.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY.

Born in 1755. — Called to the Irish bar in 1780. — Fondness for field sports. — Made king's counsel and gets a place. — Marries Lady Mary Butler. — Change of ministry occasions loss of office. — Mr. Ponsonby works at the bar. — Supports the party willing to give full power to the Prince Regent. — Brings Lord Clonmel's conduct before Parliament. — Opposed to the Union. — Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1806. — Death in 1817.

This Irish parliamentary leader and distinguished member of the Irish bar was the third son of the Right Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. George Ponsonby was born on March 5, 1755, and very carefully educated. He became a student at Cambridge, where he took his degree; and having studied for the bar, was admitted to practice in 1780. But he did not, at first, devote himself zealously to professional labor. He was extremely fond of field sports, and took more delight in chasing sly Reynard over hill and valley than in pursuing an intricate case through the mazes of special pleading. Next to field sports, politics occupied Mr. George Ponsonby's attention.

The young lawyer or his family did not neglect the main chance. The Duke of Portland was viceroy, and the Ponsonby family had influence; thus this barrister without a brief, within two years after being called to the bar, was made a king's counsel, and appointed First Counsel to the Commissioners of the Revenue, with a salary of £1,200 a year. He was then in a position to support a wife, so he married Lady Mary Butler, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough.

What strange freaks of fortune occur from day to day! Truly

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Again, in the words of the same renowned author: —

> "Lo! even that which mischief meant most harm,
> Shall in the hour of trial prove most godly;
> Evil shall back upon itself recoil."

The recall of the Duke of Portland on a change of ministry in England, and the substitution of the Marquis of Buckingham as viceroy in Ireland, cost the newly married counsel his place. Mr. Marcus Beresford was appointed to succeed Mr. Ponsonby as First Counsel of the Excise. This led to very great results in the future career of George Ponsonby. He had an aristocratic wife to support; the small hands of children were tugging at his gown. These required constant toil to procure them bread and butter; and fortunately for them and for himself, he was equal to the call. The great legal store he laid in when a law student was now improved by use, and soon his professional gains amply compensated for the loss of his office. He no longer was seen mounted on his spirited hunter by the covert side, cheering, with mellow voice and echoing horn, the pack drawing within; but he was heard in the Four Courts. There, laden with a well-stored bag, he might be seen hurrying from court to court, now arguing ably before Lord Lifford in Chancery, then running into the King's Bench, or called from the Exchequer to the Common Pleas, and stating a case at Nisi Prius. Soon he was as popular and as successful in the House of Commons as he was in the Law Courts; and no member proved more formidable to crush the hydra of corruption, which filled many seats in the House, than Mr. Ponsonby. He greatly distinguished himself by the support he gave the party in favor of making the Prince of Wales regent, with full and unlimited power, during the illness of King George III., in 1789. Despite political differences, it is pleasant to note kindly personal feelings; and of these, instances on the part of John FitzGibbon are not numerous. When elevated from the bar to the woolsack, FitzGibbon presented his bag to Mr. Ponsonby, thus intimating to the solicitors who usually retained him, to whom they might safely confide their future briefs.

Mr. Ponsonby, in conjunction with Mr. Curran, brought the judicial conduct of Chief Justice Lord Clonmel, for issuing attachments against Mr. Magee, before the House of Commons. The motion was resisted by the government. Mr. Wolfe, then attorney-general, deprecated the motion. This very able and amiable man was ultimately himself lord chief justice of the King's Bench, with the title of Lord Kilwarden, and was killed in the streets in Dublin during Emmet's rebellion in 1803. Mr. Wolfe pressed Mr. Ponsonby to withdraw his motion, which he declined to do. It was, however, negatived without a division; but Lord Clonmel was taught a lesson he never afterwards forgot.*

Mr. Ponsonby was a strenuous supporter, as were all his family, of Catholic emancipation. He threw all his talents into the scale for the support of the liberal administration of Earl Fitzwilliam during that popular viceroy's short tenure of the castle. When Lord Camden succeeded Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. Ponsonby was in opposition, and steadily resisted the enactment of the Legislative Union. The Irish Parliament, however, was doomed. In 1806 Mr. Ponsonby became lord chancellor of Ireland. He died in London in 1817.

CHAPTER VI.

GRATTAN AT THE BAR.

Not generally known to have been a barrister. — Born in 1746. — Education. — Adopts the policy of Dr. Lucas in opposition to his father. — Is disinherited. — Becomes a law student. — A speech interrupted. — Ready retort. — Called to the bar in 1772. — Dislikes his profession. — Joins the Home Circuit. — Unprofessional conduct regarding fees. — Abandons the bar for Parliament. — Enters the House of Commons in 1775. — Dies in 1820.

THE fame of Henry Grattan as an orator and politician has so completely eclipsed his legal proficiency, that few are aware he was by profession, if not by practice, a member of the Irish bar. His "Life" has been written by his son; and the career of the patriot and the statesman having been so often carefully detailed,* I shall apply myself to such anecdotes and events of his brief legal life as I have been able to collect.

Henry Grattan was eldest son of the recorder of Dublin, in which city he was born in 1746. Besides his paternal connection with the bar, he had also a claim on his mother's side; she was daughter of Lord Chief Justice Marley. Henry Grattan was educated at the school of Mr. Ball, in Great Ship Street, Dublin, and had as his schoolfellow another barrister's son, destined to play a very important part in Irish legal and political life, and to prove the most formidable adversary of Grattan. This was John FitzGibbon, afterwards lord chancellor and Earl of Clare. Grattan subsequently went to the school of Mr. Young, in Abbey Street, and in 1763 entered Trinity College. Here he studied the great masters of ancient eloquence, until he could repeat the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero with readiness and precision. The recorder (Henry Grattan's father) represented the city of Dublin in the Irish Parliament, and had for his colleague Dr. Lucas, who was an advanced Liberal, while the recorder was a stanch Conservative. The recorder cordially disliked the doctor's politics, but young Henry Grattan most fully shared and supported them. This so incensed the recorder that when dying he bequeathed the family mansion and property, which had been in their possession above a century, away from his eldest son. This strong proof of parental displeasure naturally caused him sorrow, for it is hard to be the victim of a father's unkindness, even though deserved.

Although deprived of the family

* For many curious details respecting this strange nobleman, see "Ireland before the Union," by W. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq., J. P.

* One of the best works on the life and labors of this great Irishman is "Henry Grattan: A Historical Study," by J. G. MacCarthy, M. P.

estate, Henry Grattan was not left destitute. A small property was secured to him by marriage settlement, and he had great talents. The bar was regarded as the proper profession to exercise his abilities, and Henry prepared to become a barrister. In Michaelmas term, 1767, he entered his name as a law student of the Middle Temple, London, where he had chambers in common with Mr. Day, afterwards Judge Day. The situation of the Temple proving distasteful to so ardent a lover of nature as Henry Grattan, he resorted to the more congenial glades of Windsor. In the forest he roamed not only by day but by moonlight, reciting poetry, and fancying himself in the groves of Academus or the Forum of Rome. On one occasion he beheld the spot, near Windsor forest, where some notorious criminal had expiated his guilt, and as yet the gibbet remained. Grattan apostrophized the "hanging wood," as George Robins once called it, and was in the frenzy of an oratorical display when some wit who was passing tapped Grattan on the shoulder, and pointing to the tenantless gibbet, made the inquiry, "How the d—l did you contrive to get down?" Grattan readily turned the tables upon the wit. "I suppose," he said to his interrogator, "you have an interest in asking *that question.*"

Grattan's nightly soliloquies and solitary rambles caused the suspicion to be entertained that he was deranged. His landlady complained to his friends "he was in the habit of wandering about the place great part of the night, and talking to some imaginary person whom he called 'Mr. Speaker.'" Although reading law, he seems to have had no relish for the science. In a letter to a friend he thus bewails his fate: "Instead of Pope's and Milton's numbers, I repeat in solitude Coke's distinctions, the nature of fee-tail, and various constructions of perplexing statutes. Your life, like mine, is devoted to professions we both detest. The vulgar subtilties of the law are as terrible to me as the uniformity of the drill is to you. Our different studies will never divide us: our antipathy to these studies will be a bond of union." Grattan was called to the Irish bar in 1772. Though, as we have just seen, he disliked his profession, he determined to persevere, and fit himself for the honest discharge of its responsible duties. As he says in one of his letters, "I begin seriously to apply myself to the study of the law." He had no taste for the pursuit, yet he analyzed and indexed, read up cases, and went through law reports, which, to the scientific and sharp-witted lawyer, are as interesting as sensation novels to the lovers of fiction. Yet they were, to the mind of Grattan, "frivolous or illiberal." With the firm spirit of resolution he attended the Four Courts, duly habited in wig and gown, and went the Home Circuit. He had friends among the gentry, especially in Meath and Kildare, and the attorneys were desirous of giving him a fair start. The agents in the great case of Dutton *v.* Napper were willing to secure the young barrister. This case turned upon the legitimacy of Mr. Napper. It was, I believe, in this case Mr. Grattan adopted the very unfrequent course — in legal annals — of returning his fee when the client for whom he was concerned failed to succeed on the trial. He was certainly never very ardent in his love for law. Writing to a friend early in his professional life, he says: "I am now called to the bar, without knowledge or ambition in my profession. The Four Courts are, of all places, the most disagreeable: the lawyers in general are ardent rather than an eloquent society."

In 1775, three years after being called to the bar, Lord Charlemont's influence caused Mr. Grattan to be elected a member of the Irish House of Commons. The congenial atmosphere by which he was then sur-

rounded, the frequent opportunities afforded him for outbursts of his fervid eloquence, and the desire to advance liberty of conscience and civil rights, so as to include the Catholic millions of his fellow-countrymen, henceforth induced him to abandon the practice of the law, and devote himself to politics. With this latter portion of his remarkable career it is not my province to deal. It has already been stamped, as it ought to be, upon the Irish heart. He died, in 1820, Ireland's noblest son.

CHAPTER VII.

BARRY YELVERTON, FIRST LORD AVONMORE, CHIEF BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Born in 1736, a fellow-countryman with Curran. — His school-days. — Ushers' fare. — Success in Trinity College, Dublin. — Marriage in 1761. — Called to the bar in 1764. — A member of the Irish Parliament in 1774. — Lawyers in Parliament. — Different modes of selecting judges in England and Ireland. — Convivial habits of Irish legal practitioners. — The Monks of the Screw. — Charter Song. — Attorney-General in 1781. — Father O'Leary's *bon mot*. — Appointed chief baron of the Exchequer in 1783, and created Lord Avonmore. — Irish Law Reports. — Case of Judge Johnson. — Affecting passage in Curran's speech on behalf of Judge Johnson. — Curran's reconciliation with Lord Avonmore. — Curran's story of the butcher and the calf. — The toast of "Our Absent Friends." — Hesiod's Phantasmagoria. — Death in 1805.

Barry Yelverton, the first Lord Avonmore, was born near Kanturk, in the county of Cork, in 1736. It is a wild but picturesque region, watered by the Munster Blackwater. Only a few miles northward, at Newmarket, in 1747, eleven years later, the celebrated Irish advocate and parliamentary chief, John Philpot Curran, was born. So these two ornaments of the Irish bar, the Irish senate, and the Irish bench were contemporary, and from the same district. The school of Kanturk gave Barry Yelverton sufficient learning to qualify him for the position of usher; and, self-relying and self-asserting, he trudged his way to Dublin, and sought employment. Yelverton accepted the situation he deemed himself fit for, at the school of Mr Buck, in North King Street. The future chief baron of the Irish Exchequer found Mr Buck by no means liberal in his commissariat department. The master resolved the ushers and schoolboys should have the same food, and this was of Spartan simplicity, — bread and milk. Yelverton aspired to something more varied, and obtaining no concession, terminated his engagement with Mr Buck. He entered Trinity College, obtained a sizarship, and bade farewell to bread and milk. In old Trinity he made good way. From a sizar he became a scholar, and his good looks and winning ways gained him a wife with a fortune. He married, in 1761, Mary, daughter of William Nugent, Esq., of Clonlost, county Westmeath. Yelverton did not depend solely on his wife's fortune for support He wrote for the press in London, while keeping his terms, and was called to the Irish bar in 1764.

Mr. Yelverton's abilities as a barrister were soon apparent, and his powers as a speaker ranked very high. He aspired to a seat in the House of Commons, and in 1774 his wish was gratified. He was elected member for Carrickfergus, and joined the few but earnest men who struggled for the independence of Ireland. While working in Parliament with Grattan, Hussey Burgh, Flood, and the rest of the men of '82, Yelverton was not unmindful of the claims of his profession. He did not allow the interests of his clients to suffer by devoting to his party what he owed to them. This preference of politics to professional duties was no uncommon occurrence at this time. The attendance of members of the Irish bar in the Irish House of Commons was often a subject of complaint to their clients. An attorney named Howard calls attention to the conduct, or rather he considers it *misconduct*, of the Irish bar in the year 1750, which he contrasts with the English. He says: "There is not any nation on earth where lawsuits are so tedious and so expensive as in this poor kingdom, let the right be as unquestionable as

it may. In England suits are generally determined in a quarter of the time they are here, and at one quarter of the expense; but there the counsel are confined to courts, and it is a rare thing to see more than three counsel on a side, unless it be some very extraordinary case. But in this kingdom the practice is for members of the bar to take business in any branch, and pass from court to court, as if justice was to be taken by storm. So what can the unfortunate suitors do? If they were to employ but two or three counsel, they may, when a case comes on in one court, be engaged in another, and this is looked on as sufficient excuse; so that the courts must be kept in exercise by bringing some of the scattered forces to the engagement until the main body may come in, or the cause may be undone. Then every one must speak in the cause; and so, as they are seldom in the way to hear about what the others have said, repetitions necessarily follow."

Besides the ill effects of this "multitude of counsel," which may be safety, but is safety purchased at a dear price, the attorney thus refers to the way in which Irish judges were selected in the last and (may we not add?) the present century: "The people of England have one great advantage in regard to their judges. They are there seldom taken from the bar and placed on the bench on account of their interest or abilities in the House of Commons. The gentlemen of this profession in England are but of small consideration in the House when compared with the country gentlemen, who excel them, not only in the knowledge of the Constitution, but in oratory also. Here few others but lawyers speak in the House." Mr. Howard rebuked, with severity, the intemperate habits of the Irish lawyers, which he contrasts with the abstemiousness of their brethren in England. "I have had occasion to transact business in London several times, and I can affirm that there is no such thing practised there as for men of business to sit whole evenings over their bottle, in the midst of term; and I have myself heard several of them say they could not conceive how many of the profession of the bar in this kingdom (Ireland) effected any business, for that they seemed there to do nothing but walk the courts the whole morning, and devote whole evenings to the bottle." *

Barry Yelverton shared the convivial habits of the time, and was an active member of the society called "The Monks of the Screw." This social club met every Saturday during term in a house in Kevin Street, Dublin. The leading men of the time — Lord Charlemont, Flood, Grattan, Curran, Bowes Daly, Yelverton, and other members of the bar, and of both Houses of Parliament — belonged to it. Curran was prior, and composed the Charter Song, which in these pages must not be omitted: —

When St. Patrick this order established,
He call'd us the Monks of the Screw!
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do:
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best in the sky;
And he swore on the word of a saint,
That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year when your Octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you,
And when to the convent you come,
Leave your fav'rite temptation behind you;
And be not a glass in your convent,
Unless on a festival, found:
And this rule to enforce I ordain it
Our festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste till you 're tempted;
Whilst sober be grave and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting,
As oft as you 've nothing to eat.
Yet, in honor of fasting, one lean face
Among you I 'll always require:
If the abbot should please, he may wear it, —
If not, let it come to the prior.

This last hit was a capital one. Mr. Doyle, the abbot, was a large, burly man, with a face like a full moon; while Curran, who was prior, had a lean, emaciated countenance. The society grew small by degrees, until it was dissolved in 1795.

Mr. Yelverton's position at the bar had been steadily progressing; and when, in 1781, Mr. Scott offended the

* Howard's Exchequer in Ireland, Vol. I. xv.

government, and he was displaced as attorney-general, the office was given to Mr Yelverton. Shortly after this he was at Killarney with his friend, the witty Father O'Leary. Both were present at a stag-hunt, and the hunted deer approaching the attorney-general, fell quite exhausted at his feet.

"Dear Mr. Yelverton," exclaimed Father O'Leary, "what wonderful instinct that stag possesses! He comes directly to you, expecting that in your official capacity, you 'll at once issue a *nolle prosequi* in his favor."

Yelverton's tenure of office was quickly terminated by the untimely death of Chief Baron Burgh, in 1783. The vacant seat on the bench was taken by the attorney-general, who was created Baron, and subsequently Viscount Avonmore.

The want of law reports in Ireland while Mr. Yelverton was at the bar prevents our judging his ability as an advocate; but the Irish Term Reports of Messrs. Ridgway, Lapp, and Schoales, published in 1796, display the clearness, force, and fertility of his reasoning powers on the bench. He grappled fully with each question before the court, viewed it under different aspects, and came to a sound and just decision.

Though Yelverton was eleven years older than Curran, they were schoolfellows and friends. But in Coleridge's words,

> "Alas! they had been friends in youth:
> But whispering tongues can poison truth;
> And constancy lives in realms above."

Their friendship was severed, and for years they met as strangers. They were once more united under the following interesting circumstances: In 1805 Curran was counsel for Judge Johnson, who was indicted for a libel which appeared in Cobbett's Political Register in 1804. This libel attacked the then Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Hardwicke, and the Irish lord chancellor, Lord Redesdale. It powerfully contrasted the character of Lord Kenyon with that of the Chancellor: "The professional pride of Lord Kenyon would never have suffered him to enter into a combination to sap, by underhand means, the independence of his brethren on the bench. He would never have suffered the Great Seal in his hands to be used for the purpose of garbling the bench, in order to gratify those who might be contented publicly to eulogize the government, which privately they must have despised; nor would he have employed any of his leisure in searching into office for precedents by which he might harass the domestic arrangements of others whose pride and integrity could not bend to his views, and thus double the vigor of his attack by practising upon the hopes of some, and endeavoring to work upon the fears of others."

The authorship of the libel, which was in the handwriting of Judge Johnson's daughter, was traced to her father, — one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland. A bill of indictment was found against the judge by the grand jury at Westminster, on which Lord Ellenborough, chief justice of England, issued a warrant for his apprehension. The judge was arrested at his house at Miltown, near Dublin. A writ of habeas corpus, returnable into the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, brought Curran to argue the case on behalf of the judge before the barons of the Irish Exchequer, Lord Avonmore presiding.

Referring to his anticipations of defeating the proceedings at Westminster by the learning of the barons, Curran thus continued: "These soothing hopes I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life: from the remembrance of those attic nights, and those refections of the gods, which we have spent with those admired and respected and beloved companions who have gone before us, over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed." (Here Lord Avonmore burst into tears.) "Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them.

I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory. I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man; when the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose; when my slender and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my good lord, we can remember those nights without any more regret than that they can nevermore return; for

"'We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'"

When the arguments were over, the majority of the barons (Sir William Cusac Smith *dis entient*), holding Judge Johnson rightly committed, a tipstaff informed Mr. Curran the chief baron desired to see him in chamber. Curran hastened to his old friend, who affectionately welcomed him, saying "unworthy means had led to the estrangement, but they should no more prevail." The reconciliation henceforth was lasting.

Lord Avonmore had one great fault in a judge: he jumped too suddenly at conclusions. An anecdote is told of the way Curran demonstrated this fault to his Lordship. Entering the Court of Exchequer one morning later than usual, Curran found a case he intended to argue had been struck out of the list owing to his absence. On applying to have it reinstated, Curran, addressing the chief baron, said: "My Lord, the circumstance I am about to state will, I trust, show your Lordship I really required a little time to elapse, in order that my mind could recover from what I so recently witnessed."

"Good gracious! what was it, Mr. Curran?" eagerly inquired the kind-hearted old judge.

"I will tell your Lordship as calmly as I can. On my way to court I passed through the market."

"Yes, I know, the Castle Market," struck in his Lordship.

"Exactly, the Castle Market; and passing near one of the stalls, I beheld a brawny butcher brandishing a sharp, gleaming knife. A calf he was about to slay was standing awaiting the death-stroke, when at that moment — that critical moment — a lovely little girl came bounding, in all the sportive mirth of childhood, from her father's stall Before a moment had passed the butcher plunged his knife into the breast of —"

"Good God! his child!" sobbed the judge, deeply affected.

"No, my Lord, but the calf," rejoined Curran; "*but your Lordship often anticipates.*"

Lord Avonmore was frequently lost in revery, and quite oblivious of what was passing around him. Both he and Curran were at a dinner party, and Curran, who sat next to the chief baron, observing him quite abstracted when the toast "Our Absent Friends" was drunk, nudged him. "My Lord," he said, "our host has just proposed your health, which has been received in very cordial terms; surely you will respond."

"Thank you, Curran, really I was not aware of it," replied the chief baron, and up he got; and, to the surprise of many and the amusement of more, made an eloquent speech in reply to a toast which was not given.

Counsel, especially Curran, seemed then to have indulged in freedoms which would not be permitted in our time. While addressing an ignorant jury on a Nisi Prius case in the Exchequer, before Lord Avonmore, Curran was resolved to raise a laugh. Continuing his speech he said. "You heard my learned friend, gentlemen, shoot the arrows of his wit at the poverty of my client. You, gentlemen, doubtless are familiar with the well-known passage, in the writings of the Greek historian Hesiod; I mean that

one in his 'Phantasmagoria' in which he so pathetically bewails the ills of poverty: —

"'Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facet.'"

The chief baron, who, as Curran well knew, was a profound classical scholar, addressed the wit: —

"Mr. Curran, what are you thinking of! Hesiod was a poet, not historian. I never heard of any book of his called 'Phantasmagoria.'"

Curran. — "My Lord, I am surprised you did not. Surely he wrote it?"

Lord Avonmore. — "That may be; but you will not find in it the lines you quote. They are not Hesiod's at all. They are written by Juvenal."

Curran. — "He quotes them probably from the 'Phantasmagoria.' The original are Greek"

Chief Baron.—"Mr. Curran, really you must be under some strange delusion. I tell you they are Latin; I am as familiar with them as with my 'Blackstone.'"

Curran. — "Well, I suppose your Lordship is right, and if it was a point of law, of course I would respectfully bow to your Lordship's ruling. But this is a matter not of law, but of fact; and what I ask your Lordship to do is, to send the question, as a collateral issue, to *that* jury, and I'll stake my reputation that they'll find the poetry *Greek*."

The point of Curran's joke now flashed on the chief baron's mind, and he almost shook the bench trying to contain his laughter, while the amazed jury were puzzled to see the relation this argument had to the case before them, — an action of assumpsit on a bill of exchange. From being an ardent Nationalist in the House of Commons, Lord Avonmore, in the Lords, supported the bill for the Union, and was thereupon raised a step in the peerage, — from a baron to a viscount.

Lord Avonmore resided at Fairfield, near Dublin, where he enjoyed the society of his friends at his hospitable board. He died Aug. 19, 1805, in his sixty-ninth year.

CHAPTER VIII.

RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

Born in 1747. — His father seneschal of Newmarket. — Early culture. — Anecdotes of his student days. — Called to the bar. — First great case. — Duel with Major St. Leger. — Enters Parliament. — Curran and FitzGibbon. — Curran suspected of disloyalty. — Emmet's rebellion. — Emmet and Sarah Curran. — Visit of Major Sirr. — *Bon-mots*. — Appointed Master of the Rolls — Dislikes his appointment. — Anecdotes. — Death in 1817.

THE most renowned member of the Irish bar was assuredly John Philpot Curran. He does not require any very lengthened place in these pages, for the filial affection of his son, the late William Henry Curran, has left us an admirable memoir of this illustrious man. As I have already given several anecdotes and *bon-mots* of Curran in my notices of Lord Avonmore, I place him next in succession to his old and eminent friend.

Curran was born in Newmarket, county Cork, in the year 1747. His father held judicial office, though a humble one, being seneschal of the Manor Court of Newmarket It is probable from attending this local court Curran acquired his desire to go to the bar. He laid the foundations of his fervid eloquence, and knowledge of the Irish heart, by mingling freely with the people in the picturesque region which surrounds Newmarket. He roamed, as a boy, along the banks of the Oondalua, as it tumbles over the ledges of rock near his native town, and the foaming Awbeg was a favorite haunt of the poetic boy.

This was Spenser's Allo; and the Irish Rhine, as the historic Blackwater is justly called, was Curran's favorite stream. Rambling along the banks, he learned the history of the ruined castles and prostrate abbeys, and all the legendary tales and traditions of this district; they were told by the peasantry at wakes and weddings. When his school days were over, and his college career ended, Curran went to London to keep his

terms for the bar. His finances were often very low, but his spirits kept high, and though oppressed by poverty he did not give way to despair. A story is told of his going dinnerless to St. James's Park, where, sitting hungry on a bench, he began whistling an Irish tune. An elderly gentleman paused to rest on the same seat, and struck by the melancholy look of the youth, inquired "how he came to be sitting there, whistling an Irish tune, when other people were at their dinner."

Curran replied "he would be at his dinner, too, but a trifling matter — delay in remittances — obliged him to dine on an Irish tune." The stranger, struck with the playful manner of the youth, invited him to dine at a neighboring tavern, and erelong was delighted with the humor of the young Irishman. Curran was equally pleased with his new friend; and years afterwards, when Curran was known and famous, recalled this occurrence to the recollection of his generous entertainer, — Macklin, the celebrated actor, — with the assurance, "You never acted better."

Curran was in the habit of attending a debating society in London, and from not speaking, aroused the bile of an impudent spouter, who addressed him as "Orator Mum." This called forth a retort from Curran, which so confounded the unhappy object of his wrath that he never again entered the arena. Curran, when called to the bar in 1775, had considerable junior practice. He made £85 the first year; £132 the second; and before he was five years at the bar was earning £1,000 a year. He went the Munster Circuit; and the occasion in which his abilities as an advocate were first disclosed was when a poor priest, the Rev. Mr. Neale, brought an action against the Viscount Doneraile for a violent assault. The priest had publicly remonstrated with one of his female parishioners for living an immoral life. Lord Doneraile, accompanied by his cousin, Major St. Leger, called at the little cottage where the priest resided. On ascertaining from the priest that he had spoken of the woman's conduct from the altar, the angry nobleman insisted on the priest withdrawing his censure. The priest said "the bishop alone could do so." Thereon Lord Doneraile horsewhipped him. The priest brought an action for this assault. It was for trial in Cork in 1784; and it is said several members of the Munster bar refused to be concerned against Lord Doneraile, who had great influence at the time. Curran undertook to state the plaintiff's case, and he did so with great power. He severely lashed the defendant's cousin, the major, who, in leaving the army when his regiment was going into the field, had shown the white feather. So Curran called him "a feather-bed soldier, a drummed-out dragoon." The major was called as a witness, and when cross-examining, Curran said, "You are a soldier, sir?"

"No," was the reply; "I am an officer."

"An officer and no soldier!" rejoined Curran.

The jury found a verdict for the priest; and though the damages were small, — £20, — getting any damages at the time from such a defendant was regarded as something wonderful.

The major was resolved to avenge his tarnished reputation. As duelling was the order of the day, he sent a challenge to Curran, who went to the ground. When they were both placed, the major asked Curran to fire first.

"No," replied Curran. "I am here by your invitation, so you must *open the ball.*" Both fired, and missed, on which the duel ended. Major St. Leger died soon after, and Curran declared "he was killed by the report of his own pistol." Curran represented the borough of Rathcormack in the Irish Parliament, and was one of the most earnest and persistent enemies of the Union. He had many contests in the House of Commons with the Castle party, and in partic-

ular with FitzGibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare. Curran was constantly selected by the men indicted for high treason in 1798 to defend them. He used, as every advocate ought to do, his utmost efforts in behalf of his clients; but such was the state of men's minds at that period that the advocate was often confounded with the client, and Curran was suspected, nay, charged with, disloyalty. "I feel no shame," he replied, "at such a charge, except that it should be made at such a time as this, — that to defend the people should be held out as an imputation upon the king's counsel when the people are prosecuted by the state. I think every counsel is the property of his fellow-subjects."

In 1803 Robert Emmet's rebellion broke out, and was the cause of the murder of the humane chief justice of the King's Bench, Lord Kilwarden. The discovery of Emmet's romantic attachment to Sarah Curran led to unpleasant consequences with the lady's father. Curran thus relates what took place: "I was riding to court, as usual, the morning after the outbreak, when the appearance of Major Sirr at the head of some dragoons much surprised me. He rode up to me, lamenting, with much courtesy, the occasion of our meeting, and intimating that in consequence of some papers found on Mr. Emmet, he had orders to search my residence. Almost thunderstruck, I at once proffered him every facility in my power. To my utter amazement, a correspondence of which I had not even a suspicion was discovered." Curran at once presented himself for examination before the law officers at the Castle, and received from the attorney-general * the utmost courtesy and consideration. The prose of Washington Irving and the poetry of Moore have forever embalmed the loves of Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran.

One of the causes of great interest in which Curran acted as counsel was the prosecution of Sir Henry Hayes for carrying off Miss Pike, a Quaker young lady; she was rescued, and for two years the perpetrator of this outrage was not amenable. When arrested and bills of indictment found, Curran appeared for the prosecution, and made a masterly speech. The case enlisted the feelings of the people against the prisoner; and a woman, rushing up to Curran on his way to court, exclaimed, "More power to you, councillor, and that you may gain the day."

"If I gain the day," replied Curran, "you will lose the (*K*)*night*."

The case was tried by Judge Day, a very able man. Once when he went as judge on the Munster Circuit, there were so many prisoners for trial in Limerick that he feared he could not open the commission for Kerry at Tralee without sitting very late. When he continued long after the usual time, and showed no intention of leaving court, the members of the bar remonstrated, but without effect. At length, near midnight, as he still held on, a slip of paper was handed to him by the crier's wand.

He read it, smiled, and announced "he would try no more cases that night" The paper contained these lines, written by a member of the bar: —

"Try men by night! My lord, forbear,
Think what the wicked world will say:
Methinks I hear the rogues declare,
That justice is not done by Day."

This judge, a very tall man, was seen walking with Sir Arthur Clarke, a mere dwarf in comparison. "There goes," said a wit, "the longest Day and the shortest (K)night." Sir Arthur, who kept the bathing establishment in the rear of North Great George Street, Dublin, was happily termed "the Knight of the Bath."

Some of Curran's *bon mots* deserve preservation. Here are a few. When examining a witness to prove the delivery of coals which had not been paid for, he said: —

* Right Hon. Standish O'Grady, afterwards Chief Baron Lord Guillamore.

"The defendant got the coals?"

"He did."

"I believe the payment was *slack*."

"Indeed it was."

He had occasion to cross-examine Mr. Lundy Foot, the eminent snuff manufacturer of Dublin; and when Mr. Foot hesitated to respond to his question, Curran was sure to cause a laugh with "Surely that 's a poser; a d—l of a pinch."

They were great friends, and Mr. Foot, little mindful of Curran's punning propensities, applied to him for a motto for his coach.

"Would you mind its being in Latin?" quoth Curran.

"Not if it suited," said Foot.

"You shall find it suits exactly." And he gave "*Quid Rides.*"

Having a horse-jockey to cross-examine, Curran found him a tough witness to deal with. At last he asked:

"How old is this horse-dealer?" (the plaintiff in the case).

The witness hesitated.

"Come, sir," said Curran, "is he so old that he has lost his teeth?"

"Do you think," replied the witness, "I would know his age, like that of a horse, by feeling the mark in his mouth?"

This created a laugh against Curran, but he soon turned it by saying, "You are wise not to try, for I understand your master is *a great bite*."

Curran was ever ready to give his advice to the unfortunate. When told he might be deprived of his rank of king's counsel for his intrepidity in 1798, he said, "They may take away the *silk*, but they leave the *stuff* behind." *

The speeches of Curran have been preserved, and their perusal shows how great a master he was of oratory. Their effect on bench, bar, jury, and audience was magical. In 1806, the Fox and Grenville coalition restored the Whigs to office, and Curran's friend, Mr. George Ponsonby, became lord chancellor of Ireland. He resolved Curran should be provided for, and accordingly induced Sir Michael Smith to resign the Rolls, to which Curran was appointed. This, unhappily, did not please Curran; for though the salary was excellent,—£4000 a year,—the office was one for which he was entirely unsuited. His son thus refers to this latter objection: "It imposed on his mind the necessity of unaccustomed labor and unaccustomed restraint, to which opposite habits of so many years did not allow him easily to submit. It had no political consequence; and therefore to him, who had acted such a part in the history of his country, it seemed rather a compensation for former services than as a means for taking that honorable share to which he felt himself entitled in an administration that promised such benefits to Ireland."

There was in addition an arrangement by which it was settled that Mr. Ridgeway, secretary to the late master of the Rolls, was to have £5 0 a year It was expected that Mr. Curran would have paid this, but he refused, and Mr. Ponsonby paid it out of his own pocket.* This probably caused the estrangement between Curran and Ponsonby. Though the friendship between them was broken for many years, when the latter was dying in London, in 1817, Curran called at his house, and the two became friends ere yet the grave closed over them both, as it did that very year. Curran continued master of the Rolls for only six years. While in office in 1812, he was invited to contest the borough of Newry, and did so, but General Needham was returned. His health obliged him to leave the bench in 1813. He travelled on the Continent, and while in London, met Lord Erskine at dinner at Carlton House. The Prince Regent having spoken of the rank of the bar, Lord Erskine is reported to have said, "Though of a noble family, it has not only added to my wealth but to my dignity." The

* King's or queen's counsel wear silk, the outer bar counsel stuff gowns.

* Ryan, Worthies of Ireland, Vol. II. p. 409.

Regent then asked Mr. Curran to favor him with his opinion. "I am," he said, "perhaps a better illustration of its advantages than his Lordship. He was ennobled by birth before he came to it, but in my person it raised the son of a peasant to the table of his prince."

Curran died at Brompton, London, Oct. 14, 1817. His remains were interred at Paddington, but in 1834 were removed to Glasnevin, Dublin, where they rest under a classic tomb, inscribed "CURRAN."

To be continued.

A STRANGE STORY.

AFTER the lapse of a generation, history is entitled to become possessed of one fruitful cause of disquietude, without a knowledge of which the transactions of that day will be imperfectly understood. During the whole period of the imprisonment O'Connell was an unsuccessful wooer. He was laboring under the most distracting influence that can possess a man of his years, — a passionate love for a gifted young girl, who might have been his granddaughter. His family were naturally alarmed by this incident, and the more so, doubtless, that the lady whom he proposed to place at the head of their house differed from them in race and in religion, and their feverish anxiety could not fail to react upon him. Their fears were allayed in the end by the lady's persistent refusal to become his wife. But this result was not calculated to restore the composure of O'Connell. In truth it left him discontented and perturbed in a high degree. Nor was this all: he was now suffering from the disease of which he died. A competent critic, with the best opportunities to form a correct judgment, has declared that even during the trial it was plain he was fatally invalided. "The old fervor had departed, the old mastery was no more." And less than three years later, the French physician who attended him at his death pronounced, after a *post mortem* examination, that he died of softening of the brain, and that the disease had lasted for at least two years. — *The Story of Young Ireland*, by SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

OSIERS.

WHO that has ever travelled through the low-lying country adjoining the banks of the Severn and Avon, but must have noticed how land, otherwise comparatively useless, can be utilized by growing beds of osiers? The climate of Ireland is peculiarly suited for the growth of plants of the willow family; and yet, strange to say, except in the counties of Armagh, Louth, and part of Meath, the culture of them is not carried on to any extent. It is not an unusual thing for farmers in the former county to make half their rent, and sometimes more, by the sale of osiers. The rods are cut in the fall of the year, tied in bundles, stacked, and afterwards sold to dealers, who drive about the country looking for them. As much as £10 per acre is occasionally obtained for the crop. Any kind of land will suit for their growth; swamps, bogs, river-sides, etc., may all be utilized. A bed of them once planted requires no outlay. It may surprise the farmers of Cork and Sligo to hear that the willows used by their coopers in making the butter vessels are often supplied from county Armagh. It is not an unusual thing when driving through some of the districts in county Louth to see a farmer and his little children profitably engaged in barking the rods for the Dublin basket trade. One would be inclined to wish that the farmers along the banks of the Shannon could see such a sight, so that they might be told to go and do likewise. — *Dublin Freeman.*

"LET us be collected," as the water-rate said to the income-tax.

A COUNTRY paper calls the mother-in-law "the queen of terrors."

FAILURE OF AN ORANGE EXPEDITION.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE Boycott expedition is over: the troops have left Lough Mask, Captain Boycott has accompanied them, and all is quiet. General Bedingfield has, like the king of France of the old distich, "with twenty thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again." One tangible result alone remains of this absurd campaign: the bill, which must be a very smart one, and the effect on the health of the soldiers and police, exposed under canvas to the severities of a premature winter, and deprived of that active employment which in a real campaign enables men to bear up against hardship and fatigue It is only fair to say that under trying circumstances, the Northern laborers who formed the nucleus of the expedition, and their military and constabulary escort, bore themselves with great propriety. The poor Northerners had been fooled into entering on an expedition their adhesion to which was obtained under gross false pretences. We do not wish to say anything harsh of the unfortunate owner of Lough Mask House; but unless the vast mass of evidence as to his relations with those around him is a huge bulk of falsehood, he has only himself to thank for the quarrel between him and the people. Nothing is more certain than that he and those who acted with him did all in their power to give to the expedition of which we have now heard the last an inflamed and provocative character. At the very first public mention of the matter, it was stated by Mr. Forster that he had long before offered protection for any number of laborers required by Captain Boycott to save his crops The persons, however, who organized the expedition cared nothing for Captain Boycott and his crops. The expedition was got up simply for the purpose of infusing into an agrarian difficulty the poison of sectarian strife. Captain Boycott was described as a persecuted Protestant in the midst of a Papist population. The "deliverers" sent down to Lough Mask were Ulster Protestants, ostentatiously described as Orangemen The expedition was held up to the public as a kind of defiant invasion of the Western lands by the men of the North. In a word, everything was done to give a sectarian color to the business; and it was plain that the promoters believed that some fracas between invaders and invaded would rouse the Protestant North against the Catholic West, and send the men of Antrim and Down into the landlords' camp. Utter confusion has come upon all such plans. The men from the North came: they were not molested or interfered with; they go back thoroughly disgusted with the whole business, convinced that Captain Boycott's religion had no more to do with his feud with the people than had the color of his hair. In a word, the attempt to rouse the North against the West, Catholic against Protestant, Down against Mayo, has utterly failed. Sydney Smith said that he hated hearing Irishmen cry "Erin go Bragh"; their cry should be "Erin go bread and butter." Now, the peculiarity of this movement is that its cry is "Erin go bread and butter." The Irish have often been roundly abused for their nursing of sentimental grievances. The present agitation is as free from sentimentality as was the famous wish of the French king who desired to see a fowl in the Sunday pot of every peasant in France. It is a battle for better houses, better clothes, better food, better living, happier times for the people who dwell upon and till the land of Ireland; and it is a battle, victory in which will equally benefit the Scotch-descended

Orange Protestant farmer who dwells by the Bann, and the Celtic Catholic farmer who dwells by the Shannon. These Ulstermen who have been working at Lough Mask will have tales to tell when they go back to their homes in the North. They will have to tell that in Mayo they saw squalid huts and miserable patches of land, and signs of want and suffering and poverty, unknown in their own province. They will have to tell that this arises from the fact that in Mayo the tenant has had to struggle against complete insecurity; that in Ulster partial security has given him some chance of living. They will come to their own conclusions as to the transformation which would pass over Ireland if this partial security were developed into complete security, and extended over the whole island. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." The stars in their courses are fighting for the cause of the Irish tenant. The Boycott expedition was planned to ruin the tenants' cause by bringing about bloodshed and civil war, setting province against province, and creed against creed. The scheme has failed; it has been foiled by the wisdom of the people, and by let us say, the good conduct of those who under false pretences were fooled into the expedition. The invasion of Mayo will do no harm; it may do some good.

POTATO DISEASE.

THE report of the select committee appointed to inquire into the best means of diminishing the frequency and the extent of failure of the potato crop was issued on Tuesday. It states that the scientific witnesses were agreed in their belief that the disease spread during the summer by means of spores or seeds; that a single fungus would produce thousands of millions of such spores, and that each of these spores would be capable, in a period of time not exceeding forty-eight hours, of becoming a developed fungus and of producing fresh spores. It is desirable to take the precaution of burning the stalks of diseased potatoes, so that neither the diseased stalks nor tubers should be thrown upon the land or the manure heap. All the scientific witnesses objected to sowing a second crop within a certain period in the same land, and agreed that it seems hopeless to prevent the spread of the disease when it has once set in, except perhaps by cutting or pulling the stalks, which would prevent the ripening of the potato and lessen the weight of the crop secured. With good cultivation, a new variety might be expected to degenerate in about twenty years. The chief essential conditions for the rapid spread of the disease seem to be the coincidence of moist weather with a particular state of the growth of the plant and development of the fungus.

THE TRAMP'S DEVICE.

HERE is a Baltimore tramp's tale: "At Perryville I went to a house with a brick in my hand, and asked the lady if she would please be so kind as to put some butter on it. The request excited her curiosity, and she asked: 'Why do you want to put butter on a brick?' I told her I was going to eat it. 'Surely,' she said, 'you are not so hungry as to eat a buttered brick? Come into the house and I will give you food.' I bagged a square meal, for which I had set so nice a trap. In the western section of the State I asked for something to eat at a house, and was refused. I then begged for a looking-glass, which aroused curiosity to know what I would do with it. I replied: 'I want to see myself starving to death.' They then gave me what I wanted."

A GROWING EVIL.—That clothing won't grow with the grower.

How would you measure your lover's sincerity? By his sighs.

"GRIFFITH'S VALUATION."

Irish-American.

"GRIFFITH'S VALUATION" is a phrase now often heard (but not always understood), in reference to Irish affairs; the tenant-farmers of the South and West of Ireland having almost unanimously resolved not to pay rents above the rate fixed by "Griffith's Valuation." The origin of the term dates back nearly fifty years. In the early part of the present century, the government had undertaken to make what is known as "The Ordnance Survey" of Ireland; not alone for military and state purposes, but also to serve as a basis for fixing the rates of taxation, which since the Union had been in an unsettled and unsatisfactory condition. The new Poor-Law Unions were also just coming into existence; and as the rates for their support were to be assessed on the land, it was necessary to establish a standard by which they might be regulated. To attain these ends, a corps of statisticians and valuators was attached to the staff having the survey in charge; among them were such eminent Irish scholars as the late Eugene O'Curry and John O'Donovan. Sir Richard Griffith, who had chief control of the statistics and valuation, had had experience as a practical farmer in Kildare. He had also studied in London and Edinburgh the science of chemistry, geology, and mineralogy, and for two years was a pupil to a well-known agricultural and professional valuator in the Lothians, where, as in other parts of Scotland, farms are let on the nineteen years' lease system. He prepared for the government a complete set of valuations, founded on a chart issued by him in 1839, and continued at the head of his department until 1868. He did not commence his duties until 1830, and then the system which he adopted fixed the valuation with reference to the capabilities of the soil, modified by peculiar local circumstances. Under the Poor-Law Act a separate valuation of tenements for the assessment of poor rates was undertaken; and as these were in the hands chiefly of local valuators, inconvenience and in many cases much injustice was experienced. To remedy these the Tenement Valuation Act was passed in 1846, subsequently merged in the Act now in force, — 15th and 16th Vic., Chap. 63, — passed in 1852, under which Act Sir Richard Griffith was appointed commissioner. The nominal value of property was based upon the revenue it was capable of yielding; and his rule to ascertain the correct value of property was to add one third to his own valuation, "which would give," to use his own words, "very nearly the full rent value of the land under ordinary circumstances."

The high prices obtained for agricultural produce during the war with Napoleon, in the early part of the century, had created such a competition for the possession of land as to give to it a fictitious value; and rents were doubled and trebled by the intervention of "middlemen," who bid for the holdings of the smaller tenants, in bulk, as fast as they "fell out of lease." As it is said in the Scriptures, they literally "ground the faces of the poor"; but the curse denounced against those who "remove landmarks" and "add field to field" fell on them like a visible judgment, and to-day there is not left a remnant of the once powerful and arrogant tribe of "middlemen," so graphically described in the writings of Banim and Griffin and Carleton. The evil they had done, however, lived with them. The head-landlords, or lords of the soil as they are called, who were and are mostly absentees, did not feel inclined to forego the

high rents that had contributed so materially to swell their incomes. They substituted the agent and the bailiff for the extinct middlemen; and with the new and improved legal machinery placed at their disposal by successive Parliaments (in which all the legislators were themselves landlords), they ground the unfortunate tillers of the soil more ruthlessly than ever. The disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders was the first blow to the class of small cottier farmers, depriving them of their political value in the social scale, which had hitherto saved them from eviction, though only at the cost of chaining them to the soil they tilled for others, like the serfs of Russia. The imposition of poor-rates, barony cess, and grand jury (or county) cess, which by various ingenious devices were all made to fall on the unfortunate tenants, increased their burdens, which were rendered still more intolerable by the exemption from the heaviest of these taxes of all glebe lands and plantations, by which the rich demesnes surrounding the landlords' luxurious residences escaped assessment, and the weight of taxation fell on the arable and pasture land, from which alone the tenant could derive any profit, while the waste and unavailable acres were measured and charged to him at the same rates as though they were fertile ground. The repeal of the Corn Laws — passed for the benefit of the English manufacturing interests — struck another blow at the Irish farmers, exposing their products to direct competition with the boundless resources of Russia and America, without in any way cheapening for themselves the cost of production, or lightening the load of rent under which for generations they had staggered in rags and misery. Successive periodical failures of the potato crop, on which alone the Irish peasant could presume to depend for his living, culminating in the disastrous one of 1846, completed the ruin of the Irish farmers, and sent 5,000,000 of our people into famine graves or exile. The substitution of steam for sailing vessels, in ocean navigation, bringing New York, in point of time, as near to Liverpool as Cork or Belfast was fifty years ago, has made that ruin irremediable under the present circumstances of the Irish peasant: a vital proof of the utter viciousness of the feudal land system, since the very progress of mankind only serves, under its influence, to make the condition of the Irish people more wretched. The freeholding farmer of the Western prairies can now lay down the products of his land in the European markets at rates thirty per cent cheaper than the same can be raised in Ireland, *while the tenant has to pay both rent and taxes.* Griffith's Valuation, therefore, — made at a time when none of those conditions, so adverse to the Irish tenant, prevailed, — is not only as high a rent as any government should undertake to enforce, but under the changed circumstances of the case, it is absolutely certain that it could not be sustained on a fair, critical examination.

From the death of Cuthbert Manei, secular priest, and proto-martyr of the seminaries, hanged at Lancaster, under Elizabeth, Nov. 29, 1577, to the death of the last martyr in England, Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, hanged under Charles II., July 1, 1681, two hundred and sixty persons died for their religion. Of these one hundred and forty-six were secular priests, seventy-three were laymen, three were women, twenty-three Jesuits, eight Benedictines, and seven Franciscans. The secular priests were exactly double the number of the laymen, and the laymen and women double the number of the Jesuits, Benedictines, and Franciscans together.

The real phantom sail — a mock auction.

WALTZING.

Rev. F. H. Lentz.

It is no secret to the world that the Catholic Church forbids her children certain kinds of dancing. With this prohibition the world finds fault, and affects to believe itself aggrieved by the denial of legitimate pleasures. Prominent among those is that called waltzing. Has it ever occurred to fashionable young people, and older ones too, who permit their sons and daughters to indulge in such amusements, that there is a natural reason why they should be forbidden such recreations? To those who are not wilfully blind we think we can show cause why waltzing should be tabooed even in fashionable society. It may not be an agreeable dose, but the best of mortals must sometimes use very bitter pills to repair the ravages of an insidious disease.

For us poor mortals, that which we cannot approach familiarly, that which we cannot understand or fathom, that which is forbidden, invariably possesses a charm beyond what is common. It immediately becomes a mystery to us, the secret of which we long to discover; and mystery, to a great extent, governs the world.

Laugh at it as we may, — like Banquo's ghost it will not down at our bidding. We have yet to learn that we are very little wiser than our forefathers were, when they nailed a horseshoe over the door to drive away witches. It was not the power of the Pagan gods which made them revered and respected by their votaries, but the mystery with which their originators surrounded the pretended deities. People venerated what they could not understand; they respected that with which they could not become familiar. And to-day the world finds itself honeycombed by powerful societies, whose members are held together and controlled only by the mystery and secrecy with which their affairs are conducted. But in truth, it is not in false religions and senseless societies alone we need seek for the use of mysteries in governing man. The Almighty himself has done so from the beginning. He led the Israelites out of the land of Egypt by signs and wonders, which astonished them no less than they frightened their enemies. During the reign of the old law, when he did not terrify them, he excited them by his manner of preventing all familiarity. Even in the new law, has he not mysteries over which many, in their vain conceit, have fallen while trying to fathom their depths?

But it is not alone among such exalted subjects that man finds mysteries. In our midst, he seeks them and discovers them too, or allows his imagination to do so for him.

Among these latter class may be placed woman. She, 't is true, figures in his daily life. He has been nurtured, brought up, and cared for, perhaps, by her, through many a pain. She may be his daily companion; in her he finds nothing at which to wonder. But "distance lends enchantment to the view"; and if to him she is unapproachable, or he must with her keep his distance, she immediately becomes, to him, a mystery. Although in nothing may she differ from others of his acquaintance, there is something about her he wishes to know and does not. Or let any strange woman, veiled, pass along the streets of some village, and you set the men of the place in a flutter of excitement to know who she is, or why she covers her face. A hundred other strangers may pass the same way without exciting a remark, while the veiled one alone is the centre of attraction. But suddenly she lays aside her veil, and the mystery is dissipated. Is it, then, a matter of surprise that

those sensual and false prophets of the East required their women to go always veiled? They were great observers of human nature, and knew that even vice palls on a besotted and satiated race. Hence they chose to excite the desires of their followers by concealing behind veils and cloister-like walls the objects of their wishes. Even the libertine feels this charm, and seeks pastures new with a zeal worthy of a better cause, although it would require no effort to find numberless companions among his own class. The pleasure of all sin is greater in the anticipation than in the accomplishment; and man ceases to respect the companion of his fall afterwards, however much he may have previously esteemed that person. It is not in the nature of things, even if he is to blame for the fall.

What, then, are we to say of those amusements where delicacy and modesty are put to shame? If "familiarity breeds contempt," what will be the result of those entertainments in which young people have the sanction of society for their careless conduct? Take any bright, pure-minded young lady that conducts herself modestly in society, and who dares lay their hand upon her, much less insult her? The basest of men are cowed in her presence; and as long as she holds herself free from the illusions to which she may be tempted, she is safe not only physically and morally, but also in the minds of her gentlemen admirers. She is to them a superior being, whom they dare not defile by even the slightest word. If, however, she is not careful of her company and her manner of acting, is too easily approached, too ready to accept the proffered aid of any one with good address and in whatever way offered, they soon learn she is like one of themselves, and the illusion vanishes. He has discovered what he knew all the time, that she is flesh and blood like himself; yet it is a discovery, for he had heretofore looked up to her as something different from the rest of the human race. How then can she expect a man to feel nobly towards her, to look up to her, to almost venerate her, when she not only allows him to approach her, to lay his hands upon her, but to publicly clasp her around the waist, and even while the eyes of the world are on her, for some length of time to fold her in his arms. Blind indeed must she be, and deaf, too, to all the promptings of her nature and woman's innate modesty, if she does not see how such a life but lowers her in the eyes of those who fain to most admire her. In truth, no woman who has not lost her modesty would tolerate such liberties, were it not for the tyranny of society, which is heartless to none more than its victims. As far as woman is concerned, such conduct defeats its purpose.

Do men think well of the amusement? We think not. There is not one of them whom it would not shame to see his wife or daughter so treated in private; whose ire would not be excited, or who would not consider the insult so outrageous that blood alone could wipe out the stain. What strange reasoning that people may do in public what in a private house would ostracize them from society! Yet you go nightly to such amusement, and allow your wives and daughters to indulge in them, when both honor and decency are openly violated, and that veil (modesty) which renders the homeliest woman beautiful is torn aside and trampled under foot.

Had man sought to devise some means of mischief, we are at a loss to conceive how he could more openly and effectually have accomplished his purpose. We are treated to periodical tirades against the amusements of the poor, some of which are sinful enough. But no one among the high and mighty, outside the Catholic Church, dares attack that recreation of society which destroys hundreds of homes and leaves no woman in the eyes of man unspotted. Let his professions be what they may, he cannot

respect her, once she has allowed her maidenly modesty to be thus outraged. Were the evil to end with the ball-room, it is enough to make every pure-minded man and woman blush with shame. But such sins travel fast. What is done to-day in fear and trembling is committed to-morrow with boldness and impunity, until what commenced with a would-be innocent amusement ends in shame and disgrace. Yet what is laid bare to the eyes of the world is nothing in comparison to what shall be revealed in the Day of Judgment What matter of surprise is it, then, if the seed thus publicly sown produce so rich a crop of both public and private evils, that thoughtful men stand aghast at the freedom with which crime is committed?

A TRUE OLD CATHOLIC.

DURING the Civil War, writes Henry Kenelm Digby in his "Broadstone of Honour," once when the famous Marquis of Worcester was marching in Cardiganshire, near the ruins of a monastery at Strata Florida, a woman who was a hundred years old was presented to him, who had remembered the monks in Catholic times, and who had lived above threescore years in great regret for the loss of the public service of the altar, and in constant private devotion, without seeing a priest or thinking that any could be found in England. The marquis asked her: "When the religion altered, you altered with the religion?" She answered: "No, master; I stayed to see whether or no the people of the new religion would be better than the people of the old, and could see them improve in nothing, but grow worse and worse, and charity to wax colder and colder, so I kept to my religion, thank God, and I mean, by God's grace, to live and die in it." When the marquis told her he would take her to Raglan Castle (his seat in Monmouthshire), where she would find a priest, and might hear mass every day, she was so transported with joy that she died before the next morning. The marquis wept when he heard of her death, and said, "If this poor soul died where she might have served God, how joyfully will she serve him in a place where she will never die!"

A MAD ELEPHANT.

A MAD elephant, a splendid old tusker, found his way into Fyzaba lately. On his way he destroyed large quantities of grain, which lay piled up on the sides of the road, overthrew several carts and wagons, and is reported to have killed several men. A fakeer, whose dead body was carried away to be thrown into the river, would not, in his foolhardiness, although warned, get out of the excited animal's way. A blow from one of the ponderous feet crushed the life out of the poor man at once. Hundreds of natives sallied out to see the elephant, with and without old guns and bludgeons. Their yelling made him mad, and he frequently and furiously rushed at them; and nothing could have saved some of them but for his movements being hampered by an enormously thick iron chain, which was around one of his legs, and which appeared constantly to entangle itself with his feet. The *kotwal* had sent for a few experienced and plucky natives from the commissariat, and for two *sowaree* camels, with bells around their necks, to help to capture him by driving him into a place in which a network of iron chains and strong ropes had been prepared to trap and secure him. After a considerable time had elapsed, he was frightened into taking refuge in a grove of mango-trees, and was again made prisoner of. The natives were marvellously plucky, and showed great nerve in approaching the brute.

THERE are not less than 10,000 students attending the Catholic colleges in the United States.

JOHN BRIGHT ON IRELAND.

In a recent speech in Manchester, Mr. Bright said: Ireland has never been able to obtain anything through Parliament without the consent of England. Supposing England had never been able to obtain anything without the consent of Ireland, and supposing Ireland should have been as ignorant of England as England has been of Ireland, you would not have had anything very just or very wise with regard to your legislation. (Hear, hear.) How often have the sovereigns of England showed that they cared much for Ireland? (Hear.) How often have they visited that country? If there were a man with three or four large landed estates, and one of those estates was in a condition of chronic misery, — if everything went wrong there, if it did not yield its produce, if the people were discontented and insurrectionary, — if he was a wise land-owner he would care little about visiting the other portions of his property, but he would pay particular attention to the property which was in this condition. I should say the same of the sovereign of a country. Since the days of William III. how many English sovereigns have visited Ireland? Those of you who have read Byron's "Irish Avatar" will remember that George IV. once went to Ireland, and the first verse of those celebrated lines. expresses, I think, only too truly the relationship that has generally existed between the kings of this country and Ireland: —

> Ere the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
> And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
> Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave
> To the long-cherished isle which he loved like his — bride.

(Cheers.) Queen Victoria once visited that country, and a very happy visit it appears to have been. I think it is a pity that it was not renewed. (Hear, hear.) I should like to have seen the sovereign of this country with a great palace in one of the most beautiful parts of Ireland. (Hear. hear.) I should like to have seen the sovereign spending as much time annually in Ireland as in Scotland. (Loud cheers.) Of course I would not expect too much from any such influence as that, but I would expect something, and all in the right direction. The aristocracy in that case would have known more about Ireland; there would have been probably fewer Irish absentee land-owners; it would have been the fashion to have gone to that country; probably thousands of tourists would have gone there who have never been there, and a kinder feeling between the two countries might have grown out of it, and at least a great deal of mutual knowledge. (Hear.) Ireland has not been strong enough to successfully resort to force to obtain that justice which has been denied to her peaceful demands. She has tried force again and again, but there has been no chance of successful rebellion in Ireland. I am not sure that it would not have been better if Ireland had been stronger both for attack and defence. The partnership betwixt the two countries would have been more equal, and I undertake to say that if Ireland had been in that position we should long ago have understood her wants and have given her justice, and by this time, I believe, we might have had a united kingdom. (Cheers.)

A Michigan boy ate a bar of soap on a wager, and then drank a lot of soda to take the taste out of his mouth, and the way he spouted suds and soap-bubbles for the next half-hour baffled the skill of fourteen doctors, who madly performed about him, not having been informed of the cause of the lad's suffering. They are all at loggerheads now about what to call the case.

MR. PARNELL ON EMIGRATION.

SPEAKING at Waterford, Mr. Parnell said: Emigration has been held up to us as one of the great panaceas for every misfortune which exists in this country. Now I know America pretty well; I have travelled through a great part of the United States: and I can assure you that I have nowhere seen such room for emigration—that is to say, I have nowhere seen so much land suitable for settlement—as you can see in any of the Irish counties. I don't care what county you go to, whether you go to county Waterford, or county Cork, or county Kerry, or county Westmeath, or county Meath, or Mayo, or Galway,—everywhere you go to you see all the rich lands without any inhabitants, and on the poorer lands and on the bogs you see the people crowded together in small holdings. Well, then, before we talk of emigration to some other country, would it not be better for us to develop the fields of emigration which exist in our own country? The county of Meath would not exist very long in America before the government laid its hands upon it and lotted it out into farms for the purpose of settlement by enterprising farmers from the West of Ireland. So far from our agricultural population being too much for the country, it will be shown that it is a great deal too little; but we shall have to wait perhaps for ten or fifteen or twenty years before we shall have a population suitable for the agricultural requirements of this country. To go into statistics, I may tell you that the agricultural portions of Ireland are far less populous than the agricultural portions of France, Belgium, Holland, and other continental countries. It is a perfect fallacy to say our country is too thickly populated: the poor lands are too thickly populated, but the rich lands are not populated at all. Give us, then, the advantages God has given us, and allow our people to live on our rich and fertile lands, and you will find, as I have before said, that so far from being too many, we shall be a great deal too few. We have now 10,000 Irish landlords; we also have all the hangers-on of those landlords, the agents,—that will be another 10,000. We may put down two bailiffs to each agent,—that will be 20,000 more, and will make 40,000. Each agent must also have a solicitor,—that will be 50,000. Each agent must also have a shopkeeper with whom he deals exclusively: allowing one shopkeeper to each agent and each solicitor and each bailiff, it would give us 40,000 shopkeepers who are interested in the prosperity of the land-owners of Ireland. That gives us a total of 90,000. I suppose we may allow one wife to each of these; and at a moderate estimate, I suppose we may allow three children. Counting the wives we have 180,000, and counting the children we have something like 500,000. Recollect what this means: It means a population of 500,000 people who feel that their only chance of maintaining their position—a position that the law gives them as at present established—is the maintenance of English misgovernment in Ireland. This example shows you some of the forces that we have to contend with; and I say that until we break the interests of 500,000 men, women, and children, living in this country and living out of this country, we never shall obtain for the majority of our people the right of self-government. On the other hand, if you once take away from this population 500,000 men, women, and children to resist the five millions of the rest of the country,—and the government cannot do it if you are organized, and if you are determined,—it is utterly impossible that they can stand against you. Look at the case of Captain Boycott

the other day. He was a very plucky man, and yet the government of England was obliged to employ something like seven thousand soldiers and police for a whole fortnight to save £100 worth of turnips and potatoes — and some hay. I forgot the hay. But the hay was too bulky for transport, and so the country people carried it away when Captain Boycott's farm was left derelict on the departure of the military. They may repeal the Habeas Corpus Act to-morrow if they like, though I don't say I would let them, after we have had our say in the House of Commons. But after they have done all this, — after they have got the power to put any man in prison on any policeman's warrant, — they are no further advanced than they were at the commencement; all their acts, all their statutes, are just so much waste paper, and they will discover that it is impossible, in these days of enlightened public opinion, to continue the governing of this country against the will of the majority of the people.

TINNED FOOD.

To the poor, who cannot afford to be over-particular as to the food they purchase, a recent inquiry as to the causes of an outbreak of disease at Nantwich will be of interest. The conclusions come to were that foreign or tinned meat or fish is dangerous, unless special precautions are taken. One whole family had been attacked with scarlet fever, and the cause of the attack was traced to the family having eaten a questionable American ham. The medical gentleman who came to this conclusion had no apprehensions as to well-cooked meat; but as to foreign hams he advised that they should be either not eaten at all, or that they should be cooked in thin slices, so that every fibre might be penetrated with heat. An outbreak of typhoid fever had occurred in an adjoining parish, and the same doctor ascertained that the child died immediately after eating of tinned fish. These things are worth knowing. Thorough cooking is a more valuable and necessary thing than many people imagine. Never to eat tinned meat or tinned fish without passing it through a fiery ordeal would be a good protection against such dangers as those brought to light at Nantwich; and if properly done, it would add to the flavor of the tinned food more than anything else.

A GREAT WORK.

Rev. Father McDonnell, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., has secured 5,000 acres of excellent land in Southwestern Minnesota, on which he intends to found the Home of the Sacred Heart, for the care of destitute and friendless Catholic children. Speaking of his project, he says: "I hope to see a thousand children being provided for in the Home. The land is some of the finest in Minnesota. Of the 5,000 acres there is not one of untillable land. As to the cost, if I had now the amount of money expended for Randall's Island Refuge, New York, in 1876, including the officers' salaries, I could establish this Home in Minnesota on a basis that would for all time maintain yearly as many children as the House of Refuge had that year. For instance, $20,000 would pay for the land, $50,000 would erect plain and comfortable buildings to start with, $12,000 would purchase teams and other live stock, and about $24,000 would remain for a contingent fund. One year from the time I commence to build I shall be able to take in 1,000 children, and I believe I can maintain that number without limit of time, and without further expense to the public."

The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers — they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of commnn unpoetic life. — *Father Faber.*

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

Most Rev. Patrick F. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, in Dublin Review.

It is only a little more than half a century since the opinion was first broached that Boulogne-sur-Mer, in the North of France, was the birthplace of our national apostle, St. Patrick; and yet so great was the learning and ability of the Rev. Dr. Lanigan, who propounded this opinion, and so highly esteemed were his labors in the revival of the study of the ecclesiastical history of our country, that it at once took a firm hold of the popular mind, and has ever since been generally adopted by the popular writers of our history. Far different, however, was the opinion generally held for the past by those who had devoted their lives to illustrate the antiquities and the literature of Ireland. Colgan, in the seventeenth century, the golden age of Celtic studies, pointed to North Britain as the country hallowed by our apostle's birth; and he declared this to be the common opinion of all who hitherto had written on the subject.* A century later the illustrious Innes was able to assert that "the learnedest of the Irish and other foreign writers" were agreed in assigning Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, as the precise place where St. Patrick was born;† and Petrie and O'Donovan and O'Curry, the great masters of Irish literature in our own days, have adopted the same opinion.

The question is one of fact, and like other historical questions, must be decided by the weight of the evidence that is produced in its favor. It is one, however, in which the spiritual children of St. Patrick take the deepest interest. Few nations have cherished for the first fathers of their faith such love and reverence and honor as the Celtic race, at home and abroad, has ever shown to its great apostle. The persistent efforts which, during the past years, have been made by Protestant writers to misrepresent his teachings, have only served to enliven more and more the ardor of the affection of his devoted sons, and perhaps there never was a time when his name was so honored, and each memorial of his blessed life so cherished, as at the present day.

To proceed with some order in our inquiry, I propose first to cite, with as much brevity as the matter will permit, the various passages of our writers, down to the close of the twelfth century, that bear upon this subject. I will then endeavor to recapitulate under a few heads the evidence which these witnesses of the tradition of Ireland shall have presented to us; and in conclusion I will add some remarks on the principal modern theories regarding the birthplace of our apostle.

I.

TESTIMONIES OF ANCIENT WRITERS.

A. — I will commence with the testimony of St. Patrick himself. His "Confessio" or "Declaration of the Mercies of God," which all our writers now admit to be his genuine work,* thus begins: "I, Patrick, a sinner, the most unlearned and the least of all the faithful, and held in contempt by very many, had Calphurnius, a deacon, for my father, the son of the late Potitus, a presbyter, who lived in the village of Bannavem Taberniæ. He had, close by, a small villa where I was made a captive [qui fuit vico Bannavem Taberniæ, villulam enim prope habuit etc]." I have followed in this passage the text of the Book of Armagh, which is more than a

* Colgan, "Verior et communis nostrorum domesticorum, et exteriorum Scriptorum sententia est, S. Patricium in Majori Britannia natum esse." Trias, p. 221.

† Innes, "Civil and Eccles. Hist. of Scotland," edited by the Spalding Club, p. 34.

* The whole of the text of the "Confessio," as found in the Book of Armagh, and in the Bodleian manuscript (Fell. 1, Fol. 7, *seq.*), is given by Gilbert in "Nat. Manuscripts of Ireland," part 2. The text printed by the Bollandists from a manuscript formerly preserved at the Abbey of Saint Vaast, at Arras (*ad diem* 17 Mart.), is considered to be the most accurate and complete now extant.

thousand years old, and professes to be copied from the original written by St. Patrick's own hand. The manuscripts in the Bodleian Library and British Museum have "Banavem Taberniæ." The Bollandists read "Bonaven." The text published by Ware adds "villulam Enom prope habuit," which, if correct, would give us the name of the villa from which St. Patrick was led into slavery.

In the tenth chapter of the "Confessio" we read: "After a few years, I was again in Britain with my kindred [in Britanniis eram cum parentibus meis], who received me as a son, and earnestly besought me that then, at least, after the many tribulations I had endured, I should not go away from them any more." Again, in the nineteenth chapter: "Wherefore though I should have wished to leave [Ireland], that I might go unto Britain [in Britannias], a journey most desirable to me as unto my country and kindred [quasi ad patriam et parentes], and not thither only, but that I might go as far as Gaul [usque Gallias] to visit my brethren and see the face of the saints of the Lord."

In his letter to Coroticus, a British chieftain who had led away some of his converts into captivity, our saint writes: "Among barbarians I dwell a stranger and an exile. . . . For them I have given up my country and my kindred, and even life itself unto death if I be found worthy. . . . I have written and composed this letter to be sent and delivered to the soldiers to be forwarded to Coroticus; I do not say to my fellow-citizens [non dico civibus meis], nor to the fellow-citizens of the Roman saints, but to the fellow-citizens of demons through their evil deeds . . . companions of the Scots* and apostate Picts. . . . Who is it that compelled me, constrained by the Spirit, to give up all intercourse with my kindred? . . . I was of noble birth, according to the flesh, my father being a Decurio; but for the benefit of others I bartered my nobility. I do not blush on that account, neither do I regret it. I am now given over to a foreign people for the ineffable glory of unceasing life which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, although my own people ignore me [etsi mei non cognoscunt]."

B. — I shall assign the next place to St. Fiacc's Irish poem in honor of our apostle.* St. Fiacc was a disciple of St. Patrick, and his demise cannot be placed later than the year 540. His poem is preserved in the "Liber Hymnorum," or ancient collection of "Hymns of the Early Irish Church," which probably was compiled by Adamnan towards the close of the seventh century, and of which two manuscript copies of the tenth century have been preserved. In both these manuscripts the poem is complete, and in both a preface is prefixed which assigns it to St. Fiacc, "Bishop of Sletty, and disciple of St. Patrick." A fragment of the poem is given in the "Leabhar Breac" (Fol. 99, B. 1), which Petrie styles "the oldest and best Irish manuscript relating to church history now preserved, or which perhaps the Irish ever possessed"; † and here too St. Fiacc is named as its author. Portions of the poem are also met with in the other ancient Celtic manuscripts in the British Museum, and elsewhere, as Mr. Curry informs us, and all concur in assigning the authorship of the poem to St. Fiacc. Now, this venerable authority attests that St. Patrick was born in Nemthur: —

"Patrick was born in Nemthur: it is this that has been declared in histories;
A child of sixteen years when he was brought under tears:
Succat his name, it was said; who was his father is to be known:
Son of Calpurn, son of Potitus, grandson of Deacon Odisse." ‡

* This was a Pagan colony of Irish Scoti, who settled in Argyleshire in the third century. The Christian colony of Scoti did not proceed thither till the end of the fifth century.

* The original text and translation have been published in the "Irish Eccles. Record," Vol. IV. p. 269, and more recently by Gilbert in "National Manuscripts of Ireland," Part I.; and by Stokes, "Goidelica," 1872.

† Petrie, "On the History, etc., of Tara," p. 74.

‡ I have adopted the literal translation of Stokes, "Goidelica," p. 130.

C. — In the manuscript of the "Liber Hymnorum," just now referred to, the following important Irish gloss is added on the name "Nemthur" in the first strophe of St. Fiacc's Hymn: "·i· cathir sein feil imbretnaib tuaiscirt ·i· Ailcluade," thus translated by Colgan, Gilbert, and Stokes: "Nemthur is a city in North Britain, viz., Ailcluade." The authority of these glosses is very great. The two manuscripts of the Book of Hymns, although dating from the tenth century, were copied from independent sources, as is manifest from the different hymns which they contain and the different texts which they present. Nevertheless, several of the glosses, like that which we have cited, are the same in both manuscripts. and are adjudged by the best Celtic scholars to belong to a very early age, dating probably from the first compilation of the hymns in the seventh century.

In the St. Isidore's manuscript of the "Liber Hymnorum," another gloss is added on a subsequent strophe, of which the following translation is given by Dr. Todd: "This was the cause of the servitude of Patrick: his father was Calpuirnn; Conches, daughter of Ochmuis, was his mother, and the mother of his five sisters, namely, Lupait and Tigris and Liamain and Darerca, and the name of the fifth was Cinnenum. His brother was Sannan. They all went from the Britons of Alcluaid, across the Iccian Sea, southwards on a journey to the Britons who are on the Sea of Icht, namely, the Britons of Letha, because they had brethren [*i. e.*, relatives] there at that time. Now, the mother of these children, namely, Conches, was of the Franks, and she was a near relative to Martin. At that time came seven sons of Sectmaide, King of Britain, in ships from the Britons, and they made great plunder on the Britons, viz., the Britons of Armoric Letha, where Patrick with his family was, and they wounded Calpuirnn there, and carried off Patrick and Lupait with them to Ireland." This gloss is not found in the Trinity College manuscript, and can be accepted only as dating from the tenth century.

The value of these glosses was but little known in the time of Dr. Lanigan, and hence he dismisses them with but scanty courtesy. Two instances he adduces in proof of their being of no authority. In the first place, he says the word "Letha" receives two contradictory explanations, being at one time referred to Armoric Gaul, whilst at another it is used to designate Latium or Italy. To this I reply that modern research has proved the explanations given by the glosses to be quite correct. The name Letha was, by our early writers, applied equally to Italy and to Armoric Gaul,* and the error lies with Dr. Lanigan, and not with the author of the old Irish glosses. The second example which he gives is that the phrase "Dar modhebroth" is explained to mean "God is able to do this if he chooses"; whilst immediately after, it is explained by "Be God my judge." Here again the error is to be imputed, not to the Irish gloss, but to Dr. Lanigan. The phrase, "Dar modhebroth" is a form of solemn asseveration frequently made use of by St. Patrick, as may be seen in the Tripartite Life, and in the other ancient records of our apostle's life; and in using it he appeals to the unerring judgment of God in proof of what he declares to be true. In the gloss the phrase is at first left untranslated, being premitted to the words, "God is able to do this if he chooses," which Dr. Lanigan mistook for a translation of the phrase "Dar modhebroth"; but having given the full words of the apostle, the gloss again returns to this phrase, and then assigns its correct meaning, precisely as given in Cormac's glossary,† the "Leabhar Breac," and other ancient authorities.

D. — The "Vita Secunda," thus

* O'Curry, "Lectures," p. 502; Todd, "Irish Nennius," p. 69. Italy was called Southern Letha.

† Stokes, "Cormac's Glossary," p. 106; where he cites also the passages from the "Leabhar Breac," etc.

styled in Colgan's series of "Ancient Lives of St. Patrick," records that our apostle "was born in the town called Nemthor." It adds, "Patrick was born in the plain of Tabern, — that is, the 'campus tabernaculorum,' which derived its name from the tents which at a certain time the Romans had erected there during the cold of winter." * This document is highly prized by the Bollandists and Colgan, who assign it to a very early date. Dr. Todd, judging from the details of its narrative, considers that the writer had the Book of Armagh before him, but does not assign to it an earlier date than about the year 900.†

E. — The "Vita Tertia" repeats *verbatim* the words of the document (D) just cited. It gives Nemthor as the name of the town where St. Patrick was born, and it designates the district as "Campus Tabuerni, id est, campus tabernaculorum." It adds, however, in Chap. 12, "Patrick, therefore, who was also called Suchet, was of the race of the Britons, and his country and place of birth were not far from the sea. His father, Calburnius, was the son of the venerable man Potitus."

F. — The "Vita Quarta," which is proved by intrinsic data to have been written before the year 774,‡ and is assigned by some of our writers to St. Eleran, enters somewhat more into detail regarding the subject of which we treat. "Some affirm," it states, "that St. Patrick was of Jewish descent. For when our Lord had offered up his life for the salvation of man, the Roman army, avenging His death, devastated Judea, and the Jews who were led into captivity were scattered over the whole world. Some of these settled among the Armoric Britons, of whom St. Patrick is said to have been born. And this would seem to be set forth in the Book of Epistles, which he wrote, when he says, 'We have been scattered unto the extremities of the earth for our sins, for we did not keep the law of God nor observe his commandments.' But it is more true and correct that he here speaks of that dispersion which the Britons suffered at the hands of the Romans, when some of them settled in the territory known as Armorica, near the Tyrrhene Sea. In that dispersion, therefore, his parents proceeded to the district of Strathclyde, in which territory Patrick was conceived and born, his father being Calphurnius, and his mother Conchessa, as he himself attests in his Book of Epistles, etc. St. Patrick, therefore, was born in the town of Nemthor, which name may be interpreted 'turris cœlestis'; and this town is situated in the plain of Taburnia, which was called 'campus tabernaculorum,' because the Roman army at a certain time fixed their tents there. But in the British tongue it is called the plain of Tabern. He is said, moreover, to have been born on a stone which is there held in honor. . . . The inhabitants of the place erected a church over the fountain in which he was baptized, and those acquainted with the place say that the fountain which is beside the altar is in the form of a cross." *

G. — The life of St. Patrick by Probus is the next document to which I will refer. This writer belongs to the ninth century; and as his narrative closely follows the very ancient fragments preserved in the Book of Armagh, his authority has been justly reckoned of the greatest weight. He thus begins his narrative: —

"St. Patrick, who was also called Sochet, was a Briton by birth, and having suffered many things in his youth, he became unto all his people and country a source of salvation. He was born in Britain [in Britanniis natus est]. his father being Calphurnius, a deacon, the son of Potitus, a priest; and his mother was called Concessa. They were from the vil-

* Colgan, "Trias," p. 11.
† Todd, "St. Patrick," p. 293.
‡ Todd, p. 298.

* Colgan, "Trias," p. 35.

lage Bannave, in the Tiburnian district not far from the Western Sea, which village we have ascertained beyond doubt to be situated in the Nentrian territory, in which the giants are said to have dwelt in olden times [quem vicum indubitanter comperimus esse Nentriæ provinciæ, in qua olim gigantes habitasse dicuntur]." A little later he thus writes: "Whilst Patrick was as yet in his own country with his father Calpurnius, and his mother, and with his brother Ructhi, and his sister, called Mila, in their city Arimuric, there was great disturbance there; for the sons of King Rethmit from Britain laid waste Arimuric and the other neighboring places, and murdered Calpurnius with his wife Concessa, and having led off captives their sons Patrick and Ructhi, with their sister, landed in Ireland."*

H. — The Irish "Tripartite Life," as it has come down to us, must be assigned to the tenth century, although many parts of it belong undoubtedly to a much earlier time. Its statement relating to St. Patrick's birthplace, in Mr. Hennessy's valuable translation, is as follows: "Patrick was of the Britons of Alcluaid by origin. Calpurnn was his father's name; he was a noble priest. Potid was his grandfather's name, whose title was a deacon. Conceis was his mother's name; she was of the Franks, and a sister to Martin. In Nemtur,† moreover, the man St. Patrick was born." It subsequently states that St. Patrick was reared in Nemthur [nutritus est in Nemthur], and it adds, whilst narrating some facts of his infancy, that "one time the king of Britain's steward went to command Patrick and his nurse to go and clean the hearth of the royal house in Al-Cluaid."‡

I. — It is only a few years since the genuine text of our ancient chronicler, Maelbrigte (better known under the name of Marianus Scotus), was published by Pertz in the "Monumenta Germaniæ Historica."* Marianus was born in the year 1028, and was educated in the monastery of Moville, in the county Down. He died at Mayence, in Germany, in 1082. The autograph of his Chronicle is preserved in the Vatican Library, and from it I have taken the following entries, which, however, are accurately given by Pertz. Under the year 372 Marianus registers the birth of St. Patrick in the island of Britain: "Sanctus Patricius nascitur in Britania insula, ex patre nomine Calpuirn," etc. Again, under the years 388 and 431 our saint is styled "Sanctus Patricius, genere Brittus."

K. — In the "Leabhar Breac" there is a homily or sketch of our saint's life, composed before the twelfth century, which has recently been published with a translation by the eminent Irish scholar, Mr. Whitley Stokes.† The following is the account it gives of St. Patrick's place of birth: "Patrick's race was of the Britains of Ailcluaide. Calpurn was his father's name; a high-priest was he. Otid was the name of his grandfather; he was a deacon. But Conchess was his mother's name; daughter was she of Ochbas; of France was her race, that is, she was a sister of Martin's. . . . At Nemthur now was he born; and as to the flag-stone on which he was born, when any one commits perjury thereunder, it sheds water as if it were bewailing the false declaration. . . . The holy Patrick was reared at Nemtur during his childhood." Then follow the miracles which he performed in childhood. One of these is said to have been performed when "Patrick went with his foster-father to a meeting of the Britons." Another, like that of the Tripartite Life, refers to his foster-mother being ordered by the king's steward "to cleanse the hearth of the palace at Ailcluade"; it became at once so

* Colgan, pp. 47, 48.
† Colgan's text adds that Nemthur, according to the etymology of the name, means "cœlestis turris."
‡ "Life of St. Patrick," by S. M. F. Cusack, pp. 373, 375.

* Pertz, "Monumenta," Vol. VII. p. 540.
† Stokes, "Three Middle-Irish Homilies," 1877, p. 3, *seq.*

clean through the prayers of Patrick that he exclaimed, "If all the firewood of Britain were burnt upon the hearth, it need not be again cleansed till doom."

L. — The "Book of Lismore," another venerable repository of the early records of the Irish Church, has also a fragment of an ancient Celtic homily for the feast of our apostle, in which we read: "Patrick's father was of the Britons of Alcluaid; Potaide Deacon was his grandfather; Conchess was his mother's name, daughter of Ochmas of the Franks, and she was sister of Martin; and in Nemthor he was born; and the flag upon which he was born, when a false oath is made upon it, sheds water as if it were lamenting the false oath; if, however, the oath be true, the flag remains unchanged" (Manuscripts R. I. A., Fol. I. Col. 6.)

M. — O'Curry, in the second series of his "Lectures," assigns, on the authority of the Four Masters, to Flann, of Monasterboice, who died in the year 1056, the following short genealogical poem on our own apostle: —

Son of Calphrann, son of Fotide,
Son of Deisse, not liable to reproach;
Son of great Cormac, son of Lebriuth,
Son of Ota, son of Orric the good,
Son of Moric, son of Leo, full of prosperity;
Son of Maximus, — why not name him?
Son of Encretta, the tall and comely;
Son of Philistis, the best of men;
Son of Ferenus, of no mean repute;
Son of Brittan, otter of the sea,
From whom the passionate Britons descend.
Nemthor was his native town.*

N. — In the valuable manuscripts marked H, 3.18, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a short notice of St. Patrick corresponding in part with the "Leabhar Breac." It thus sets forth his place of birth: "The radiance, the blaze, and the bright gem, and the brilliant lamp that gave light to the Western World, *i. e.*, Sanctus Patricius. Patrick now was of the Britons; Alcluaide was his native place; Calpurn was his father's name, a noble priest; Fotid was his grandfather's name; Deochan his family name, *i. e.*, his surname."

There is another short but very ancient notice which Mr. O'Curry found in his researches among our old Irish manuscripts. As I have not the special reference, I may be permitted to insert it here: "In a village, the name of which is Hurnia, in Britain, near the city of Empter, Patrick was born." (Ir. Eccles. Record, IV. 283.)

O. — Jocelyn, towards the close of the twelfth century, composed from the then existing records a very full life of our apostle. The first chapter thus begins: "There was a certain man, Calphurnius by name, the son of Potitus, a priest, a Briton by birth, dwelling in the village called Taburnia, situated in the Campus Tabernaculorum, so called from the tents which the Roman army had erected there, near the town Empthor,* bordering on the Irish Sea [secus oppidum Empthor degens, mari Hibernico collimitans habitatione]." The circumstances of St. Patrick's birth are then detailed; and it is added that at the well at which he was baptized was called St. Patrick's well, "secus limbum maris, super quem posteriorum diligentia ædificavit oratorium habens altare in modum crucis extructum."† The place is further identified in the eleventh chapter, where it is said that there stood, on a certain promontory rising above the said town Empthor, a fortification, "of which some ruins still remain. . . . This place is famous, situated in the valley of the Clyde, and called in the language of that country Dunbreaton,—*i. e.*, the rock of the Britons [in quodam promontorio supereminenti præfato oppido Empthor, munitio quædam extructa, cujus adhuc murorum apparent ruinosa vestigia. . . . Est autem locus celebris in valle Clud situs, linguâ gentis illius Dunbreaton, id est, mons Britonum."]

* O'Curry, "Lectures," 2d Series, Lect. VIII. p. 166.

* Colgan prints the name Nempthor, but adds in the notes that the manuscripts have it Empthor.

† Colgan, "Acta," p. 65.

II.

EVIDENCE GIVEN BY THESE AUTHORITIES.

Having thus given in full all the references to the birthplace of St. Patrick which are preserved in the records of our country down to the close of the twelfth century, I will now recapitulate under distinct heads the special evidence which this long series of ancient authorities presents.

1. The first place shall be assigned to the clear testimony of our ancient chronicler Marianus Scotus, who attests that St. Patrick was born "in the island of Britain." Even if the testimony of Marianus were to stand alone, it could not be easily set aside; for he had devoted his life to historical studies, and the various entries in his Chronicle which have reference to Ireland are all found to bear with them the impress of indisputable authority.

2. Several of the other ancient records call St. Patrick "a Briton," and state that he was born "in Britain." Our apostle himself calls Britain his country, and uses the plural name "Britannias" * to designate it. Moreover, he distinguishes between his native Britain and Gaul, for which he again uses the plural name "Gallias." † Now, it would be difficult for St. Patrick, writing in the fifth century, to express in clearer terms that we are to look for his birthplace in the island of Britain. The portion of Britain which was subject to the Romans had been gradually formed into five distinct provinces; that is, Britannia Prima and Britannia Secunda, and three other provinces, distinguished by the addition of imperial names. Hence the plural form of the name was at this time commonly applied to the island of Britain. It may be true indeed, as Dr. Lanigan contends, that the first inhabitants of Britain came to their home in the British Isles from the North of Gaul or Belgium; but it still remains true that it was only at a comparatively late period that the name "Britannia" began to be applied to any part of the continent. The learned Benedictine Lobineau affirms that it was only after the middle of the fifth century that this name began to be used to designate a portion of the Gaulish territory. "About the year 458," he writes, "the inhabitants of the island of Britain, flying from the swords of the Saxons, gave to a portion of the territory of Armoric Gaul the name of 'Bretagne.'" * Even then, however, the plural form of the name continued to be restricted to the island of Britain; and there is no example of its being used in reference to Bretagne in France until the close of the sixth century.

As regards the plural form of the name "Gallias," it must be borne in mind that the Gaulish territory was also divided by its Roman masters into several provinces, having the city of Treves for their capital, and comprising not only the present territory of France, but all the modern Belgium and some parts of Germany. The distinction which St. Patrick draws between "Gallias," and his native country excludes every portion of French territory from the claim of being his birthplace. We find precisely the same form of expression used by Catullus to designate the island of Britain and Gaul: —

"Hunc Galliæ timent, timent Britanniæ."

No one will hesitate to admit that it would be incorrect at the present day to use such a phrase, "I will proceed to Normandy, and will even go as far as France"; and equally incorrect would be the form of expression used by our apostle in the fifth century, in the hypothesis of those who

* "Book of Armagh," "in Britannis"; Bodleian MSS., "in Britannis." The Bollandists have in the first passage, "in Britannia," but in the second have "in Britannias."

† Jocelyn uses a somewhat similar phrase, when speaking of our apostle proceeding to the school of St Germanus: "Natale solum Britanniæ pertransiens Galliarum fines adivit." (Colgan, "Trias," p. 66.)

* Lobineau, "Histoire de la Bretagne," Vol. I. p. 5.

contend that his native place must be sought for, not in the island of Britain, but in some part of the territory of Gaul.

3. From the gloss in the "Liber Hymnorum," and from the testimony of the "Tripartite Life," the "Leabhar Breac," the "Book of Lismore," and other records above cited, we learn that Alclyde was the birthplace of St. Patrick; and from the manner in which this name is used in these records, it is manifest that it was supposed to be familiar to Irish readers from the seventh to the twelfth century, the period during which these writings were composed. Now there cannot be any doubt as to the place to which this name refers. The name itself indeed implies a high rock on the banks of the Clyde. Colgan explains it, "Al-Cluid, id est, Rupis seu Petra Cluidæ" ("Trias," p. 222); and elsewhere he writes: "In the ancient Gaelic or Irish language, *ail* is equivalent to 'saxum' or 'petra'; and the fortress placed on the high rock near the river Clyde is called Ailcluit." * So also Stokes, "Ail-Cluaide, literally Rock of Cluad, now Clyde"; † and O'Reilly in like manner explains *aill* and *all* to mean "a high mountain, a great steep, a precipice, a rock or cliff." ‡ We find, moreover, the same name often used elsewhere by mediæval writers, and their unvarying testimony refers it to the strong fort and city which some centuries ago was known as Dunbritton, but is called Dumbarton at the present day. No name indeed could be more appropriate to this precipitous rock of basalt which rises to the height of about three hundred feet on the north bank of the Clyde. "It rises sheer up, from the circumjacent low, flat, marshy tract, and it stands completely isolated from any other elevations." § Towards the summit it forms a double peak, and is cleft by a narrow, deep chasm. Venerable Bede more than once mentions it under the name of Alcluith. In the first chapter of his "Ecclesiastical History" he describes the Clyde as "a very large gulf of the sea, which in former times divided the Picts from the Britons, which gulf runs from the west far inland, where to this day stands the strong city of the Britons, called Alcluith." * Again in the twelfth chapter he speaks of "the city Alcluith, which in the language of the Britons signifies the Rock of Cluith, for it is situated close by the river of that name"; he adds that the famous wall or vallum which separated the Picts from the Britons commenced to the east at Penneltun and stretched across to the Clyde on the west, near the city of Alcluith ["juxta urbem Ailcluith"]. † It was also known to Adamnan, who Latinizes the name by "Petra-Cloithe"; that is, "the Rock of the Clyde." ‡ Hoveden, in his Annals, under the year 756, narrates how Egbert, king of Northumbria, and Unnust, king of the Picts, led their united armies to Alcluit and there compelled the Britons to submit: "Duxerunt exercitum ad urbem Alcluit, ibique Britones in deditionem receperunt prima die Augusti." A century later the siege and destruction of the fort of Alclyde by the Northern pirates are duly chronicled by the British and Irish annalists. Thus in "Brut y Tywysogion": "eight hundred and seventy was the year of Christ, and Caer-Alclut was demolished by the Pagans"; § and in the "Annales Cambriæ": "Arx Alt-Clut a gentilibus fracta est". The Annals of Ulster in the same year have "The Burning of Al-Cluade," whilst in the "Ogygia" the entry is given "Obsessio Aili-Cluith." ‖ In the "Four Ancient Books of Wales" this fortress

* Colgan, "Acta SS.," p. 188.
† Stokes, "Three Homilies," p. 4.
‡ O'Reilly, "Irish Dictionary," *ad voc.*
§ O'Hanlon, "Lives," etc., III. p. 463.

* Bede, "H. E.," I. 1.
† Bede, "H. E.," I. 12.
‡ Adamnan, "Vita S. Columb.," I. 8.
§ Ithel, "Brut of Tywysogion," or "The Chronicle of the Princes," edited for the Master of the Rolls, 1860, p. 15.
‖ O'Flaherty, "Ogygia," p. 485.

is often mentioned under the name "Alclud":—

"There will come from Alclud, men, bold, faithful,
To drive from Prydein bright armies." *

Camden in his "Britannia," speaking of Dumbarton, says: "Hæc olim Alcluid, sed postea a Britannis, qui eam longo tempore contra Scotos tenuerunt, Dunbritton id est Britannorum oppidum dici cœpit." † These extracts from British and Irish writers seem to me such as enable us to identify beyond all controversy the city of Alclyde, in which St. Patrick was born.

4. In the poem of St. Fiacc, and most of the other ancient documents already cited, Nemthur or Nemthor is assigned as the birthplace of St. Patrick. The gloss of the "Liber Hymnorum," as we have just now seen, gives this as the name of "a city in North Britain, otherwise called Ailcluade." The "Vita Quarta" further states that Nemthor was situated "in the territory of Strathclyde." By the name of Strathclyde, the kingdom, half Celtic, half British, that sprung up in the Roman province of Valentia, with Alclyde for its capital, long continued to be known. It was only in the tenth century that this kingdom ceased to exist. In the year 946 the Annals record that "Strathclyde was ravaged by the Saxons"; and in 973 its last king, Dunwallon, died a recluse in Rome.‡ I may add that the "Leabhar Breac," the "Book of Lismore," and the "Tripartite Life" all serve to identify Nemthur with Alclyde.§

There has been considerable discussion from time to time as to the origin and etymology of this name, Nemthur. In several of the ancient texts which we have cited, it is explained to mean "cœlestis turris,"—that is, a heavenly tower. Taking the Celtic name as it stands, and in its literal meaning, this explanation is quite accurate. We know from the old Irish glossaries that the Celtic *nem* corresponds to the Cymric and British *nen*, and to the Latin *cœlestis*.* So, too, the Celtic *thor* is often used as an equivalent of the Latin "turris"; thus in O'Reilly's "Dictionary" we have *tor* and *tur* explained by "a tower, a castle, a spire, a steeple." Frequently, however, in proper names, in Ireland as in Britain, it refers to a high rock, or mountain peak, as in *Torinis*, now Tory Island, so called from its rocky peaks, and in Tor. St. Michael, near Glastonbury, and the Tors of Devonshire, and the many Tory hills which are met with in various parts of Ireland.† Dr. Lanigan, indeed, finds fault with the interpretation of the name given by the ancient writers, and affirms that in order to mean "cœlestis turris," the name should be written *Nevthur*, in the aspirated form.‡ This statement, however, only serves to prove that our illustrious historian was but little skilled in the old Celtic language. It was at a much later period that the aspirate was introduced, but in the ancient forms of the language the name should precisely be written *Nemthor* for the Irish Celts, and *Nenthor* for the Welsh and Britons.§

Thus, then, the interpretation of the name given by our ancient writers corresponds to the literal meaning of

* Skene, "Four A. Books," I. 441. See other extracts in "Arthurian Localities," by Stuart-Glennie. Edinburgh, 1869, p. 88.

† Camden, p. 666.

‡ See Skene, "Annals of the Scots and Picts," and Shearman, "Loca Patriciana," Appendix 1st, p. 454.

§ Rev. John O'Hanlon, "Lives," etc., III. p. 419, refers to some of these texts as saying that Nemthur was "near Alcluaid." There is nothing, however, in any of the texts to justify this statement.

* Stokes, Cormac's "Glossary," p. 121, Turner: "The Cymric *nen*, which was probably the word on which the name was formed, means a vault, and hence metaphorically heaven, the corresponding adjective being *nenni*" (p. 276). Hence the proper name Nennius and Ninias is often Latinized "Celestius."

† Joyce, "Irish Names," p. 386: "In many parts of Ireland, as for instance in Donegal, it is applied to a tall rock resembling a tower, without any reference to an artificial structure." Of Tory Island he says, "The island abounds in lofty isolated rocks, which are called *tors* or towers, and the name *torach* means simply towery — abounding in tower-like rocks."

‡ Lanigan, I. 101.

§ Todd. "Dr. Lanigan's criticism is untenable, and only proves his ignorance of the Celtic language. This sort of aspiration occurs in the modern Celtic only" (p. 356).

the words which compose it; but I must add that this is no proof that such in reality was the origin of the name. Take for instance the name "Belfast": many of the inhabitants of that important town interpret the name as implying a "bell set fast," and this interpretation is even introduced into the city arms. Now such indeed is the literal meaning of the words which compose the name; but no one at all acquainted with the Irish form of the name would admit that such was its true origin.* It was precisely so with the ancient writers to whom we have referred: they took the name Nemthur as they found it, and assigned its literal meaning, leaving to others to inquire into its true origin.

Some Celtic scholars with O'Flaherty have derived the name from Nemidh, one of the great founders of the Tuatha-Danaan race, who dwelt in this territory, and they interpret it to mean "turris Nemathe" (the stronghold of Nemidh).† Others have sought an explanation of the name by reference to some hero called *Nem*, or *Nen*, of whom several are met with in the early history of the Celtic race. Such derivations, however, are arbitrary, based on mere conjecture, and have no ancient authority to support them.

More probable seems the opinion that it is a contracted form of "Nemeththor," derived from *thor* and *nemeth*, — that is, "the chapel rock"; for in Cormac's "Glossary," *nemeth* is explained to mean "a chapel, as if *nemiath*, or heaven-land."‡ Such contractions are not unfrequent. We have an instance at Nenthorn, in Berwickshire, which, as appears from old records, was formerly written *Naithans thirn*. It is in favor of this opinion that from time immemorial there was a chapel on Dumbarton rock, dedicated to St. Patrick. Close to the burgh of Lanark there is an ancient township called Nemphlar. Our glossaries explain the Celtic *plae* and the Cymric *ffle* to mean an enclosure, a meadow, a level place, "quasi a platea," as Cormac's "Glossary" has it; and hence we may not err in interpret this name to mean "the chapel enclosure." Some have been struck with the similarity of Nemphlar to Nemthur, and have been disposed to consider it nothing more than a corruption of the latter name. It seems to me, however, to have quite a distinct etymology; the more so as it is difficult to conceive what connection there could be between Alclyde and Nemphlar.

The late Prof. O'Curry, when examining the Celtic manuscripts in the Bodleian Library and British Museum, discovered that in some very ancient Irish texts, the name was written *Emthur;* and it has since then been generally admitted that the initial *N* is merely euphonious, being derived from the preposition or the article prefixed. It would be easy to multiply instances of proper names in which the initial *N* has been introduced in like manner: it is thus in Nenagh, Nurney, Newry, the Nore, the Naul, and several other names with which every one is familiar.* We have seen, in the extracts already given, that the name is written Empthor in the original Latin text of Jocelyn. I may add that the old Parisian Breviary, in its lessons, has "in Britannia natus, oppido Empthoria"; and the Armagh Breviary, in like manner, "in illo Britanniæ oppido nomine Emptor."

This discovery of O'Curry has led to two interpretations of the name, either of which may be considered as quite satisfactory. The first of these assumes that *Em* is the old Celtic superlative particle, and hence explains the name Empthur as equivalent to "the great rock," or "the great fort"; and it must be admitted

* See Joyce, "Irish Names," p. 348.
† "Ogygia," Part I. p. 12.
‡ Stokes, Cormac's "Glossary," p. 121.

* Reeves, "Eccles. Antiq.," p. 116; Joyce, *passim*.

that no name could be more appropriate for the precipitous rock on which the impregnable castle of Dumbarton stands. The other interpretation adopts *Entur* as the original form of the name, and from *en* (*i. e.*, *unus*), explains it to mean "the solitary rock." The numeral *en* is not unfrequently thus introduced in the Celtic proper names: as *an Endrum*, corrupted to Nendrum; *an Entreb*, "unica domus," the ancient name of Antrim, etc. This explanation has also the merit of being an accurate description of the singular basaltic rock which stands alone, arising almost perpendicularly on the north bank of the Clyde. Nor can we wonder that the original Nenthur was softened to Nemthur. We have an instance to illustrate such a change in the modern name of the same place, it is now only known as Dumbarton, while a century ago it was invariably written Dunbarton.

A difficulty here presented itself to Colgan; and Dr. Lanigan has not failed to make use of it, while endeavoring to reject the opinion that St. Patrick was born in North Britain. If Nemthur was a name of the strong British fort on the banks of the Clyde, how happens it (asks Colgan) that no trace of such a name is to be met with in any of the ancient records of British history? Colgan, indeed, could answer that only very few monuments of British history have been preserved that refer to this early period; and then it is but natural that the Roman name Theodosia should be used in preference, or the Celtic Alcluid, or the later British name Dunbritton. Some trace, moreover, of the original name, Nemthur, may perhaps be recognized in the old geographical Ravenna Treatise, which in its list of British towns gives us in one text the name Nemeton and in another Memanturum,* which may not improbably be set down as corruptions of the name Nemthur. It is only, however, since the publication of the Black Book of Caermarthen (the most ancient manuscript of Wales) that this difficulty has been set at rest forever.* We find there a poem of Taliessin, in which the very name of which we are in search is introduced. Rederech, the hero of the poem, sets out from Wales to recover the kingdom of Strathclyde, from which some years before he had been expelled. With his fleet he sails to *Nenthur*,† and there, on the banks of the Clyde, fights the battle which restores to him his lost inheritance. This passage not only supplies us with the name of this strong British fort, for which Colgan and Lanigan had searched in vain, but it leads us, moreover, to look for it on the banks of the Clyde, where precisely we should expect to find it, in accordance with the narrative given in the Lives of St. Patrick.

Conclusion next month.

* See Pinkerton's "Enquiry," etc., Vol. I. p. 430.

* Skene, "The Four Ancient Books of Wales," 1868, Vol. I.; and "Celtic Scotland," Vol. II. 1877, p. 436.

† It is to be remarked that the MS. has a modernized text, and hence presents the aspirated form of the name. Mr. Ferguson, however, asserts that the reading of the MS. is Nenthur. "Congal," 1872, p. 196.

PREMATURE WOMEN.

When girls midway in their teens throw off their natural, girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, shoot up their hair, and affect the airs and dress of young women, they would often be surprised to know what their elders really think of the improvements. One such young miss went to the depot recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herself not recognized upon greeting the visitor, as she stepped from the car. "Don't you know me, auntie?"—"Why, this is n't Maria, is it?"—"Certainly. Don't you think I look better than I did last summer when you were here?" "No!" replied the honest soul, looking the girl over; "to tell you the truth, I don't! Go home, and let down your hair, and be young while you can, for it will not be many years before you will be glad to have people take you for a girl."

THE STUFF SOME IRISH LANDLORDS ARE MADE OF.

THERE is much reason to believe that some of the murders lately committed in Ireland should not be called agrarian, but that they were provoked by other causes than the ill-treatment of tenants in a pecuniary sense. Speaking at Clonbur the day after Lord Mountmorris was killed, Mr. Redpath said of the killing of Lord Leitrim: —

The tragic death of the unhappy lord who lies dead to-day will be charged by your enemies to the land agitation. I never heard the name of the dead lord until a day or two ago, and I had already forgotten it when the dreadful crime of last night brought it to every man's lips. But this I do know, — that wherever in Ireland the Land League is strong, there not one drop of the blood of sheep or cattle or man has been shed. Here, as you all know, the Land League was weak, and you know how the landlords tried to suppress it. Mr. Redpath then denounced all resorts to violence, and quoting O'Connell's maxim, that "Whoever commits a crime strengthens the enemy," he said that the crimes of the landlords, in oppressing their tenants, had at last aroused the sympathy of Christendom for the tenants; and that such crimes as the murder of Lord Mountmorris, if they should be traced to land quarrels, would set the great current of the world's sympathy against them. In the last number of the Nineteenth Century, James Anthony Froude, the most malignant enemy of the Irish race, characterizes the assassination of Lord Leitrim as an agrarian outrage, and then dares, I am told, to call the noble leaders who surround Mr. Parnell "the patrons of anarchy and defenders of assassination." I am talking now, am I not, to hundreds of men and women who knew Lord Leitrim, and were his tenants? (Shouts of "Yes" from the audience.) Did Lord Leitrim not bear the reputation of being one of the vilest lepers in social life? (Shouts of "Yes.") Don't his tenants say that he flung a score at least of young girls into the brothels of Liverpool and New York? ("Yes.") Was not that his reputation? ("Yes.") Is it not believed by every one that he was killed on account of his personal offences? ("Yes.") Yes! these facts are as well known in Galway and Donegal and Leitrim as the similar offences of Nero and of Henry VIII. Yet Froude dares to charge the Irish political leaders with being "patrons of assassination," because the leprous Lord Leitrim was slain. I denounce James Anthony Froude before Christendom as the patron of seduction and the defender of debauchery. It is time to talk plainly, and to brand the slanderers of your race as they deserve. I dare James Anthony Froude to say that he would have introduced his wife or daughter to Lord Leitrim.

It has been said that Lord Mountmorris was a humane man, who went about doing good amongst the people in his neighborhood; but writing of his death, the special correspondent of the Boston Herald says: —

Why was he killed? If we consider the matter on the lowest ground, we should imagine that it was scarcely worth while to shed his blood. The landlord explanation, however, is that he was murdered in revenge for his acts as a land-owner, and for the purpose of striking terror into the whole landlord class. Now, there is no doubt that he was a bad landlord. His necessities made him grind his wretched tenants, whose labor had given his property any value it possessed; and this last year or two, when they could not, owing to the failure of their crops, pay the back rents as usual, he would give no reduction and he sent out processes of ejectment. Still he had not actually evicted any tenant; and therefore it would seem that, in addition to his acts as landlord, he must have given some other cause for a deed of murderous violence. The fact is, he was a bad man in many ways. As a magistrate he was a ferocious partisan. He was continually displaying his partisanship on the benches of all the neighboring courts of petty sessions. He was continually in litigation with his neighbors, summoning and fining them for unintentional acts of trespass, to which any other person would have paid no regard whatever. He sometimes, it is said, went so far as to sit in judgment in cases in which he was personally concerned. Only a few weeks since he, as a magistrate sitting at Maam, gave a decision requiring some persons to pay poor-rates, although they were rated under $4.00, and were therefore exempted from that tax by the Land Act of 1870. He was detested also for another reason. It is now well known that Lord Leitrim was shot because he was a debauchee as well as an oppressive land-

lord. Lord Mountmorris resembled Lord Leitrim in some of the worst points of his character. The newspapers and the public here are rather reticent on this topic, but it is well known that he was separated from his wife, — and that by reason of his infidelity. What if it was some relative or friend of some victim of his lust who did him to death? This, at least, is the popular view of the case; and that my readers may see that it is at least not an impossible view, I may here mention a few notorious circumstances showing the manner in which some landlords in Ireland have in the past endeavored to degrade and demoralize their tenants. At this moment there lives in the county of Galway a landlord who at one time would not accept rent from his tenants unless they brought their wives and daughters to the rent office. The scandals that occurred in consequence at last became so great that the local priests interfered and put an end to the shame. A titled land-owner in the same county used to have his bailiffs go round his estate, mark every good-looking young woman thereon, and intimate to their parents that his lordship wanted to inspect them at the rent office, — to which place, accordingly, farmers might be seen riding on rent day with their daughters behind them on pillions. Again, some few days ago, in the same county, a landlord, who was a knight, established a house of industry, ostensibly for the purpose of teaching the daughters of the tenants housekeeping. Persons were ordered to send their girls to this school under pain of eviction, and few girls ever left it safe. In short, many landlords now in existence have been accustomed to consider that they own not only their lands but the bodies of the people living on the land, and have acted accordingly. Some of them have been murdered for such conduct; and though, of course, to murder them was a dreadful and indefensible crime, still, human nature being what it is, it were a transparent pretence to think it anything extraordinary.

The truth of some of these monstrous stories may be questioned. They were at least exceptional cases, but it is too true that on many estates in Ireland the tenants were treated with a degree of cruelty scarcely surpassed in Bulgaria before the late revolution.

WE have heard some people say they could live on music. Then it must be on notemeal.

LAY OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

"GRIFFITH'S VALUATION."

FARMERS, far and near,
Long despoiled by plunder,
Let your tyrants hear
Your voices loud as thunder;
Shout from shore to shore
Your firm determination
To pay in rents no more
Than "Griffith's valuation."

That 's the word to say,
To end their confiscation;
That 's the rent to pay,—
"Griffith's valuation."

See their cheeks grow pale
When the word is spoken;
Long and loud they wail
Because our chains are broken.
Yes, the reign is o'er
Of begging and starvation,
For now we'll pay no more
Than "Griffith's valuation."

That 's the word to say, —
Down with confiscation!
Not a cent we 'll pay
But "Griffith's valuation."

Now o'er all the isle
They scorn it and abuse it:
Wait a little while,
You 'll see they 'll not refuse it.
Trembling on their knees
They 'll say, in supplication,
"Oh! give us, if you please,
'Griffith's valuation.'"

That 's the simple way
To end their confiscation;
That 's the rent we 'll pay, —
"Griffith's valuation."

Farmers, one and all,
From hill and dale and heather,
Hear your country's call,
Band yourselves together:
Standing firm and strong
In dauntless combination,
You 'll have your lands erelong
At "Griffith's valuation."

That 's the word to say, —
Down with confiscation!
That 's the rent we 'll pay, —
"Griffith's valuation."

T. D. S., *in Dublin Nation.*

WHEN is a lamp in a bad temper? When it 's put out, of course.

WHEN does a horse enjoy his food most? When he has n't a bit in his mouth.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

Lecture delivered by Rev. T. J. Conaty, at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, Mass.

Rev. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

I MUST confess to a very great diffidence in approaching the discussion of the question upon which I have been so kindly urged to contribute some thought this evening. I say diffidence, because I know that in this vast assemblage there are many who have been eye-witnesses to scenes which men of my years must gather from the pages of history; diffidence, because the interests of this grand national movement rest in my hands for the moment, while around me are men of maturer years, whose thoughts for a lifetime have been directed to subjects akin to this, — men who during the past twenty-five or thirty years have been prominent in organizations whose sole object was the good of Ireland. But if there be diffidence, there is also encouragement in the kind words that have been spoken, and in the sympathy which exists in your hearts towards the cause for which I plead; encouragement in the fact that this seems a day when every lover of Mother Erin should devote his thought to her condition, and raise his voice, however feeble, in her behalf, read over her history and seek the causes of her impoverishment, and search out for the remedies necessary to restore her to the proud position her children would see her enjoy.

A few months ago, and this hall was filled to overflowing in response to an appeal from across the Atlantic to aid starving Ireland. Among the many eloquent voices appealing to you on that sad occasion, there was one who united the words of charity with an inquiry into the cause of distress; and he, a distinguished fellow-citizen, of national reputation as a statesman and a scholar, without hesitation ascribed it to the iniquitous land system of Ireland. To-day the world is studying the Irish question. Men are anxious to know the reason for Ireland's discontent. Men are questioning why that country, so fertile, is ever on the verge of famine, and all are realizing that the fault is to be found in the land system. It is our duty, this evening, to examine this as a cause of the many evils which have hung over Ireland for the past seven centuries, that we may find in this system the reason for the existence of the Land League, and the justice of the present agitation. That we may the better understand the land question in Ireland, we will strive to find: —

1st. What system of land tenure Irish law established and recognized.

2d. What system the English conquests introduced, and the methods used by English law for its introduction and establishment.

3d. Its present condition, with an account of the modifications made for its improvement.

Having found the present character of the land system, we will search for the grievances, if any, which it may have originated, and discuss the present attempts of the Land League to redress them.

The student of Irish history can look back with fondness to the days when Ireland was a nation; when her fertile soil was owned, occupied, and governed by her children, long before the iron hand of the conqueror wrested freedom and prosperity from her borders; when Ireland was the land of scholars and of saints; when the Gaul, the Pict, the Saxon, and the Frank met in her schools to train their minds in the ancient classics and the refinements of civilization. These are scenes of pleasure, which only memory brings to view to soothe the heart saddened by the story of subsequent woes. Well has the poet said: —

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore his collar of gold
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings with standard of green unfurled
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger, —
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

"On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
When the clear, cold eve 's declining;
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining:
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time,
For the long-faded glories they cover."

In those days long past, Ireland had a land system known as *tanistry*. The country was divided, as you know, into five kingdoms: Meath, the ruling kingdom, Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. Each kingdom was subdivided into principalities or *truaths*, each owned, occupied, and governed by a clan. The chief or *tanist* was chosen by the freemen of the tribe from the governing family during the lifetime of the ruling chieftain; and hence tanistry, the system of government. The land belonged to the clan, and each freeman received all the land he

could till, necessary for his subsistence, and became proprietor of his farm, — so that he could dispose of it by will, or sell it, or sell his interest in it, to any freeman of the clan. If a stranger wished to purchase, the consent of the clan and of the chief became necessary. The tanist inherited his possessions as chief, and he could not dispose of it in any way. The *brehon* or judge of the clan, whose office was hereditary, decided all disputes, fined all landlords who charged exorbitant rents, and at certain periods, as under the old Jewish dispensation, redistributed the lands. Under this system of tanistry there were lords of the soil and lords of the herds. There was also a rent-paying class, who rented land from land-owners, or owned land and rented cattle. There were also cottiers, herdsmen, laborers, servants, attached to households or subsisting on waste lands; broken farmers, convicts, or fugitives. These depended immediately on the tanist, and were tenants at will; yet all received land enough for subsistence, and in time, under certain conditions, could become proprietors. Under tanistry, then, the land belonged to the clan; and hence all sales and mortgages were subject to the will of the kinsmen, all debts which individual members were unable to pay were paid by the clan, and every freeman was ruler of his own land, large or small.

Under this system Ireland was governed for over six hundred years; and though to our modern ideas it presents many serious disadvantages, yet we cannot but give to it a due meed of praise when we consider the prosperity and happiness which it insured to the country. Many of the crude Pagan notions that were interwoven in the code were removed by the more softening influences of Christianity, which presided over the revision of the laws ordered after the advent of St. Patrick, and the conversion of the island to his teachings.

We turn now to another chapter in Irish history, when, after Danish invaders had destroyed the seats of learning and had given occasion to quarrels among the clans, anarchy seemed to take possession of the country. Domestic strife raged; clan was pitted against clan in deadly contest. United for one grand effort at Clontarf in 1014, they drove the Danes from the soil; but it was only to renew again their petty quarrels, which culminated in the flight of Dermid MacMurrogh, king of Leinster, to England, to petition the king to assist him in obtaining his sceptre, wrested from him because of his crimes. Henry II., a Plantagenet, was on the throne of England. He heard the renegade's appeal, and gave him a letter permitting any of his nobles to assist him, on condition that the authority of England should be recognized. Richard, Earl of Pembroke, known in history as Strongbow, under promise of receiving Dermid's daughter in marriage, entered upon the expedition, and in 1170 the English intruder put foot in Ireland to conquer the land. Henry II., fresh from the murder of the sainted Becket, was led, by motives of purest zeal for religion, to undertake this crusade among the barbarous Irish; and in 1171 he visited the island to see how faithfully the salvation of souls had been attended to by his agents. But it was the soil and not souls he came to conquer, for he generously apportioned all Ireland among ten noblemen of the English nation. Though the invaders, says Davies, had not gained possession of one third of the kingdom, yet in title they were owners and lords of all.

Thus began the English conquest. The land was occupied by the conquerors, but the proud Irish spirit was never conquered. Subdued for a moment, it sought for fresh strength to shake off its yoke. The chains of the foemen could never bring that proud soul under. It is more and more defiant, and will remain so until the last shackle of conquest be torn from her limbs, and she be again glorious and free.

The conquest of Henry established in Ireland what was known as the English Pale, embracing the counties of Louth, Meath, Dublin, Kildare, Kilkenny, Wexford, and Waterford, made up of English settlers.

In 1360, Lionel, son of Edward III., claimed Connaught as a right of his wife, a Lady De Burgh, and summoned a Parliament at Kilkenny, where the famous Kilkenny statutes were passed, isolating the English Pale, forbidding the use of Irish names, the speaking of the Irish language, the grazing of Irish cattle on loyal English lands; thus manifesting what has evidently been England's plan, — to root out the Irish from the soil, that Ireland might be a pleasure park for English gentlemen, or a home for England's surplus population, or a farm-yard for England. "From the first settlement," says Plowden, "the acquisition of estates at the expense of the natives seemed to be their only object." But we must hurry on.

Sir John Davies, Attorney-General under James I., asserted the unquestionable fact, that a perpetual war had been waged for four hundred years, and had always had for its object to root out the Irish.

Richard II., the Lion-hearted, was engaged in the Crusades, and some of the English settlers in Ireland went with him. Irish settlers regained their farms. This angered England, for it claimed a patent right on confiscation, and prosecuted all infringements. Under Henry VI., Kildare was offered as a prize to Englishmen; and as a bonus, relief from taxation for six years was guaranteed.

We reach the reign of the mild Henry, he the eighth of the name, good Harry. The yoke of Rome was too heavy for his weak shoulders, and he cast it off, — establishing a mild one of his own make, which he proceeded to impose upon all his subjects. Ireland's faithless sons betrayed her, and under promise of honors, Henry was declared king of Ireland, — Henry, the enemy of her race and creed. The chieftains had delivered their goods, and the king proceeded to distribute the honors. O'Donnell became Earl of Tyrconnell; O'Neill of Tyrone; O'Brien of Thomond; and MacWilliam of Clanricarde. Churches, abbeys, and monasteries were confiscated; new patents were issued superseding all titles to the lands, annihilating the ancient land laws of Ireland, and substituting a species of feudal tenure. But the people were not a party to the act; for but few natives were present in the Parliament which Henry assembled, and the places of the renegade earls were soon filled by others.

Under Philip and Mary the septs of O'Moore and O'Carroll had their property seized, and the fires of the burning huts were slaked in the blood of the inhabitants. The territory was called "King's County" and "Queen's County," and the chief towns named Philipstown and Maryborough, in honor of the sovereigns.

Elizabeth succeeded to the throne, — worthy daughter of a worthy sire, the gentle Queen Bess. Imitating her good father, she cast off the authority of Rome and declared herself governess of the established church. John the Proud, better known as Shane O'Neill, king of Ulster, deposed his father the Earl of Tyrone, and rebelled against England. The queen, good and gentle, was in no hurry to destroy the rebellion, because, as she wrote to Sussex, her deputy, "The rising was for their advantage, as it would give them more land." O'Neill was crushed, and the land confiscated and distributed among the loyal pets of the Queen. Spenser, the gentle poet, received 3,000 acres of the best land of Cork; Sir Walter Raleigh, of North Carolina fame, received 12,000 acres in Waterford; and so on through a long line. It was during this reign that a new band of adventurers appeared in Ireland. They were termed "Undertakers," and they were such in reality. Like the carpet-baggers of our Southern States, they went around with royal letters and privileges, and seized vast tracts of land. The Earl of Desmond, by forged letters of Undertakers, was accused, and his vast estates of 583,000 acres in Munster were confiscated, and young settlers were called for in England. They came, — as Reid says, "men whom poverty, scandal, or adventure had brought thither," — and they carried desolation everywhere; so that, as has been said, "nor corn nor horn was left." "They made a desert and called it peace." Spenser said "that most populous and plentiful country was a heap of carcasses and ashes" Such was the means by which these evangelical Christians obtained possession of the soil.

But this was only the beginning. It is hard to open anew all those gaping wounds, but we must follow the land under its successive masters. James I. succeeded Elizabeth, and devoted his attention at once to the work in Ireland, formally abolished tanistry, and divided the kingdom into judicial circuits, presided over by English judges. Six out of thirty-two counties were confiscated, and preparations made to settle them by colonies of "civil men well affected in religion." Grants were made to the Protestant Bishop of Ulster of 43,000 acres. Trinity College received 30,000 acres. The trades-unions of London obtained 210,000 acres, including the city of Derry, which they rebuilt and called Londonderry; grants of 2,000 acres were made to Undertakers, officers of state, and rich adventurers. Fifteen hundred acres were given to servants of the Crown in Ireland, and 1,000 acres to natives who suited the Undertakers and took the oath of supremacy.

To give some appearance of legality to his acts, James summoned a Parliament created by himself and filled with his minions, and received their approval. But James's greed for the land was not satisfied. Under his deputy, Grandison, who succeeded Chichester in 1616, a Commission for the Discovery of Defective Titles was formed, — not their own titles, mind you, but those of the native settlers. As feudal tenure had not been general in Ireland, nineteen twentieths of the titles could be proved defective according to English law. Spies and discoverers were paid to search for flaws; and 82,500 acres were thus confiscated in Wicklow, Leitrim, Longford, the Meaths, King's and Queen's Counties, for the benefit of the English settlers. Death came to the king while he had under way a scheme to appropriate Connaught, on the ground that the patents were not enrolled, owing to the negli-

gence of the chancery courts. Charles I., his son, lost no time in following up his father's work; and his deputy, Lord Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, packed the juries, bribed the judges, and thus obtained verdicts for the king. Degradation and imprisonment were in store for all who dared oppose his will. Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon were thus confiscated. The land had been surrendered to Sir John Perrott by the proprietors, and restored to them by grants from the Queen, to be held under the provisions of English law. Not having been enrolled owing to negligence, the lands were again surrendered to James, and new patents were issued, for the enrolment of which they paid £3,000. This was likewise neglected; and under Wentworth, in 1636, they were confiscated.

Some of the Catholic gentry met and drew up a petition requesting the king to grant certain rights, mildly called "graces." For these they paid £100,000. The king promised, received the money, and gave nothing. Then came the Catholic confederation of 1641 the gallant Owen Roe O'Neill, the confiscation of 2,500,000 acres of land by the English Parliament and its sale to Protestants for £1,000,000 to support the army, Ormond and his treachery, and finally Oliver Cromwell, the scourge of Ireland. His followers were Puritan fanatics, "sworn," as Lord Clarendon says, "to extirpate the whole Irish nation." Going to battle with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other, they considered themselves like other Israelites smiting idolaters. Drogheda and its five days of blood, Wexford, its cross and its massacre, the Barbadoes and its captivity, all tell how piously these Bible-reading, God-fearing men did their work of zeal. Cromwell and his ministers did not hesitate to apply heroic remedies for grievances. Everything Irish was to be destroyed except the land.

It is a fearful thing to undertake the destruction of a nation; but Cromwell set about it systematically, by slaughter, starvation, and banishment. Witness how the land was obtained: All persons who had borne a command against the government were banished and forfeited two thirds of their estates, receiving the other third in land wherever the government saw fit. All Catholics not manifesting constant good-will forfeited one third. All persons residing in Ireland and *not found* in arms for Parliament forfeited one fifth. To all who subscribed £200, 1,000 acres in Ulster were given; £300, 1,000 acres in Connaught; and so on: 2,500,000 acres were confiscated. Cromwell was determined to exterminate the Irish people. The Irish were ordered on a certain day to leave their holdings and cross the Shannon and possess Connaught. None must be found within two miles of this river or within four miles of the sea. So complete was the uprooting that when the new survey was ordered to be made, it was found necessary to send officers into Connaught for some of the old settlers to point out the boundary lines. It is estimated that under the Commonwealth, 7,708,137 acres of land were confiscated. Under Charles II. a "bill of settlement" was passed to decide all land claims: eight hundred cases were settled when the tribunal was abolished, leaving 3,000 cases undecided because the claims of the Catholics proved too strong.

James II. came to the throne, and an attempt was made to repeal the Act of Settlement and restore the Catholic Irish to their lands. Time hurries us on to William of Orange, the Boyne Water, the violated Treaty of Limerick, and the Penal Code: 1,060,792 acres of land were taken from the Irish, their woollen trade destroyed, and every species of Satanic ingenuity used to root out the Catholic religion from the land.

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar,
Among the poor
Or on the moor,
Where hid the pious and the true;
While traitor knave
And recreant slave
Had riches, rank, and retinue."

Under Queen Anne, the Penal Code was finally carried out: "a code," says Montesquieu, "conceived by devils, written in human gore, and registered in hell." Catholics could not purchase manors, tenements, or receive rents. If their farms produced greater net profit than one third of the amount of the rent, their rights ceased, and the lands passed to the first Protestant who discovered the rate of profits. Any child could obtain his father's property by apostatizing; or he could oblige his father to bestow an annuity upon him the moment he became a Protestant. Gavelkind, which had been abolished with tanistry, was restored again, so that the property should not pass to the eldest and remain intact, but be divided between the children. In 1771 an Act was passed allowing Roman Catholics to take a lease for sixty-one years of not less than ten or more than fifty acres of bog, with only half an acre of arable land for site of a house, on condition that it be not situated within one mile of town. If not reclaimed in twenty-one years, the lease became void. In 1777 titles not litigated were allowed to remain undisturbed, and leases for any term under one thousand

years were granted. By Act of 1782 freeholds could be acquired or inherited. 1793 saw the forty-shilling franchise made universal, and this occasioned an increase in sub-letting and subdivision of the lands to increase the number of voters. In 1829 the great O'Connell scored his magnificent victory of Catholic emancipation, and began an era of reform in favor of the natives of Ireland. In 1839 a poor-law commission reported 2,300,000 agricultural laborers of Ireland reduced to pauperism, "the worst clad, the worst fed, and the worst lodged peasantry of Europe." Noble result of English conquest and English *unlaw!*

A famous landlord-and-tenant commission under Lord Devon, an absentee landlord, travelled over Ireland in 1844. It found 691,000 farms exceeding one acre each, and 8,000 proprietors in fee simple. In Connaught several proprietors had over 100,000 acres each, while out of 155,842 farms in the province, 100,254 had from one to four acres each.

Then came the famine with its tide of destruction, to scatter the families and depopulate the land. One million persons died of starvation; nearly two millions emigrated: and yet "English ships laden to the gunwales," says Perraud, "sailed out of Irish ports" in pay to Irish landlords. The Encumbered Estates Act in July, 1849, the Record Titles Act and the Irish Landed Estates Act in 1858, were passed in redress of grievances. In 1870 the famous Gladstone Land Act, great in principle but small in application, showed the world that Ireland had at last found a good friend among the ministers of England, who recognized that the whole system of land tenure in Ireland was wrong in principle as a creature of law, and recognized a certain property ownership in the tenant. He took the Ulster Tenant Right and made it legal for all Ireland; obliged the landlord in case of eviction to prove his case; granted compensation for improvements; and appointed a tribunal to judge of the tenants' rights. This was technically good, but practically inefficient, inasmuch as an amendment to the bill allowed the landlord to contract with the tenant that these privileges would not be used.

This brings us face to face with the present landed system of Ireland, after having seen the methods used to substitute it for the tanistry of the clans. Thus we come to discuss it in its present form of landlordism, differing as it does from all other forms of land tenure, possessing its own special characteristics, and presenting grievances for which justice and humanity alike will demand a redress.

Let us take landlordism as it now exists in Ireland, and try to understand its characteristics. A prominent feature of landlord power is its *arbitrary character*. Not considering himself a trustee for the community, he regards his power as absolute over his estates. For him the peasant ploughs, sows, and reaps. For him the government exists. His is the power that shapes the laws; his hands hold the purse-strings of the nation; for him justice is doled out: so that in all things his will is sought for, and his word is law. The land is in the hands of a few, and they exercise absolute control. Many, no doubt, are good and kind, but their good intentions are not remedies for the constant evils of a bad system.

Eight thousand men own the soil; and of these 6,000 are small proprietors and 2,000 large proprietors, and these latter own more than all the former together: 1,198 own from two to five thousand acres apiece, aggregating 3,675,268 acres, or one sixth of the land; 185 own from 10,000 to 20,000 acres each, 90 own from 20,000 to 50,000 acres, 14 from 50,000 to 100,000, while three own over 100,000. Compare this with the 36,144 who own but one acre apiece, and you can understand the monopoly to which the English government enslaved the Irish people.

Another characteristic of the system is *absenteeism*, that giant evil which springs directly from an alien ownership of the soil, acquired by such means as history has shown to us in the case of Ireland. In 1871 the number of absentee landlords was rated at 2,973, owning 5,129,169 acres, which gave an annual rental of £10,000,000 sent out of the country. Englishmen with property and duties in England found little inducement to live in Ireland, whose people were poor and professed a different faith. They would as soon think of dwelling in Zululand or Iceland as side by side with their impoverished tenants. They let the land on long leases or in perpetuity, to agents who managed the farms to their own and the landlords' best interests. By this there was introduced into Ireland what has been termed the hierarchy of landlordism. There was the under bailiff and the head bailiff, the chief clerk in the office; the sub-agent and the head agent: and the poor tenant had generally to propitiate all these before he could reach the great Jove. These agents enjoyed the arbitrary power of the landlords, and were soon reputed as petty tyrants, known to the people as squireens: "fellows," as Hallam says, "with the education and manners of farmers and the pretensions of gentlemen. Men who in England would be modest and laborious farmers, in Ireland sub-let

their lands at rack-rents; kept miserable packs of half-starved hounds; wandered about from fair to fair and from race to race, in laced coat and top boots, gambling, fighting, and drinking." "Little country gentlemen," says Arthur Young, who drink their claret by means of profit rents; your fellows with round hats edged with gold, who hunt in the day, get drunk in the night, and fight the next morning." Under this system, the landlord or his agent may make any rule he pleases, demand any rent he imposes, and make as many exceptions to all his rules as his whim may dictate. He may require the rent promptly on gale day, or allow arrears at his own discretion; let and sub-let all estates, inflict fines, or assist his friend the solicitor by increasing the notices to quit. Unlike landlords elsewhere, he erects no buildings, makes no improvements, but accepts all improvements made by tenants as his own property. Having absolute power over his estates, he can level all the cabins of his tenants, make pasture fields of their farms, or let them lapse into a wilderness for his fall hunting-ground. This leads us to a second grievance, the *insecurity of tenure*.

What can give greater encouragement to the farmer than the security that he may reap what he sows? What brings greater happiness to the parent than to know that the labor spent in building his home will produce in time his permanent dwelling-place? But in Ireland, under its landlord system, what is the security of tenure? In other words, what security has the tenant that he will be allowed to reap the crops he has sown; what security has he that the home formed by his life's labors will be his abode the following week? No security at all. Remember that out of 682,237 tenants, 526,628, or 77.2 per cent, are tenants at will, liable at any moment to be dispossessed of home and lands at the mere caprice of landlord or agent, notwithstanding the improvements made by them; notwithstanding even the years spent in their service. The serf in Russia is certain of a permanent home; the slave in the South had his cabin to cover him; even the beasts of the field have their dens: but the Irish cottier, whom Dean Swift termed "the unique product of Irish industrial life, worse even than English beggars," has no security for home or food.

In Ulster the tenant has some rights recognized by law, which grew out of the spirit of the charters granted to the planters under James I. A fair rent, a right to his improvements, and a compensation in case of eviction seem to be the characteristics of the Ulster Tenant Right. But the tenant-at-will has no rights which landlords need respect.

This insecurity of tenure gives rise to another feature of landlord rule, called *rack-renting*. Let us try to understand this peculiar phase of the land grievances. A thrifty, industrious tenant has leased his farm for a year for a certain sum per acre. By dint of persistent labor he has managed to make the rent and have a very small margin to spare. At the end of the year, he is informed that if he wishes to continue on his holding, he must bid for the land in advance of the previous year's rent. If others bid beyond him, he must advance on them or lose his home; and what wonder that he will promise one third, one half, or twice more than he knows it can possibly produce, in order to hold his home, which is dearer to him than all else besides? He promises, only to find himself unable to pay. This is the rack-rent, as I understand it: and who will say justice is violated when the poor but industrious tenant, finding that his industry is only the occasion of constant rack-rents, which he must promise to pay while he is certain of his inability to do so from the products of the soil, refuses to pay rack-rents? Who will speak of the sacredness of contract in the presence of such iniquity?

If fines are imposed, they are added to the rent; and remember, those fines are not for violation of the law of the land, but for violation of the agents' rules.

Some rents are said to be, by this means, as high as three hundred and fifty per cent above government valuation. On Lord Lucan's estates rents were found one hundred and twenty per cent above the valuation. The holding of one Cawley, valued at £6 5*s*., is taxed for a rent of £14 4*s*. O'Boyle's, valued at £4 2*s*, pays a rent of £10 6*s*.

Here a word as to "Griffith's valuation," which is what the government valuation is called. Sir Richard Griffith was a government valuator, who in 1848 valued the holdings. It is good to remember that his valuation was not based upon the true value of the land, but upon the actual value as a result of rack-rent. He valued them as he found them rented, and even twenty-five per cent below was not the true value; so that when the Land League advises the tenants to pay rents according to this valuation, they are not advocating injustice to the landlords.

These exorbitant rack-rents must be paid, or there follows the last feature of landlordism, *eviction*.

If there be one passionately fond of his rude cabin home, it is the Irish tenant. Every straw in the thatch, every line on

the wall, every object within and around his cottage, is full of endearing memories. If allowed to remain within those hallowed walls, he is content to slave and drudge, and give all his produce in rent. But if nature respond not to the call, if health prevent the cultivation, or if caprice of agent demand the land, eviction is decreed; and out he must go on to the highways, out from his home, be the wind ever so bitter, the snow and rain ever so blinding, the health of his dear ones ever so feeble. The law of distress gave the landlord the right to seize the implements of his toil, the cow from the byre, the blanket from the bed, the bed itself.

The law of eviction does the rest. The process server, the bailiff, and the posse of police come to his door. The English government is supporting the landlord in his cruel exactions, while the poor tenant has no one to help him but God, while he views the ruin of his home under the rude blows of the levellers. Prayers, promises, imprecations are all in vain. The doom is come, and the ditch or the workhouse is the only refuge.

Every landlord may become a Scully if he will, and the government is bound to execute his decrees.

But is this a thing of the past? Did you not read in your morning paper of the sad scene in Wicklow, on the Fitzwilliam estate, in which that old man, Kavanagh, was thrown out to die on his own threshold? Would it not bid the tear to flow when his anguish was considered? Would it not cause the blood to boil in a true man's heart, and the voice to rise in bitter curse to the system that would allow a brute to hasten the death of an old and trusted servant who was evicted for non-payment of rent? Yet Fitzwilliam, who owns 91,000 acres, which he has never seen, is said to be a good landlord.

At the quarter session in Ballina 4,000 processes for rent were entered. Sir Charles Wood says that in 1871 100,000 families were evicted, even after the Gladstone Land Act. From 1841 to 1851 the number of cabins levelled in Connaught was 89,760, showing that 300,000 were turned out of their homes.

Would you wonder that men grew desperate under such trying circumstances, and agrarian crimes resulted? The pages that tell of evictions are the saddest in our history. That long line of levelled cabins, where once dwelt a happy and industrious peasantry, those miles of waste that once resounded to the merry hum of happy children, the young and strong hearts forced to cross the wave to a Western home, the thousands who never rose from the ditch into which they were cast,—all these raise their voices to heaven to proclaim the iniquity of the system which places it in the power of men to root out the peasantry from the soil; for

> "A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never b supplied."

Do you see landlordism as it is in Ireland? Do you not see at once how radically different it is from the system of land tenure in England and America? For here the landlord makes all improvements, and the tenant has guaranteed rights which protect his property from seizure for rent. There the landlord and tenant are natural enemies, as a general thing, in religion and politics. The rents obtained do not benefit the tenants nor the community in Ireland, as in England or America. Are there not grievances, then, in Ireland? Are they not serious ones, and does not humanity demand that they be considered and redressed? That is what the Irish Land League proposes to do. It has cited landlordism to appear in the court of the world and be judged. Soon the grand trial will begin. On the one side is the landed system, with its iron grip upon the laws, with the government at its back, and the press ready to sustain it. On the other side are the people of Ireland, in the person of her leaders, with no government to defend them, but with justice and right, — confident in God, and in the enlightened humanity of the world.

They look across the Atlantic to the Irish race scattered in the Western world, and they ask all the children of the Gael to unite with them in this grand struggle. And a noble response is heard. In every city and hamlet the leagues are forming to extend sympathy and aid. The ladies, too, have entered this contest; and how energetic and enthusiastic they are, your numbers here this evening tell more than words of mine.

In Ireland the organization seems almost perfect. People and clergy demand a change. It is strong and united. The tenant farmers, from the Protestant North to the Catholic South, have linked hands for the battle. They feel that the day has come when England must give another answer than coercion; the day has come when the manhood of Ireland will assert its right to live upon the soil. They tell the English statesmen, in the words of Pitt, that the bayonet will not prove the injustice of their claims; that the musket will not show the falsity of their principles; that martial law will never demonstrate that they enjoy the blessings of a free constitution.

They have taken the constitution; and discarding all secret organizations, they announce themselves as determined to

agitate until the grievances of the land system are redressed, and the land is used for the people. They remember that O'Connell was denounced as a revolutionist and told that he would never succeed, and yet Catholic Emancipation was granted. They remember that the Reform Bill of 1832 was contemptuously refused, notwithstanding the persistence of Brougham and Cobden, and yet the Reform Bill was passed. The Disestablishment was called confiscation, and this too was passed. The Land Act of 1870 was denounced by the landlord press of the kingdom, and the Land Bill became a law. American slavery fought a long and bitter fight, but it finally yielded. What did it all? Agitation! persistent, united, lawful agitation. They ask you, then, to unite with them, that the voices of united Erin, from the uttermost bounds of earth, be heard, giving no uncertain sound, but demanding the rights of humanity for the land of the Gael.

Here my task ends; for the duty imposed upon me simply obliges me to an explanation, simple and clear, of the Irish Land League and the causes that have given birth to it. I feel that in doing this I have taxed your patience considerably; but I may be pardoned when I think that my hasty glance at history may lead others to enter more deeply into the matter, and thus enlighten public opinion. What good will come from this movement? I know not. Will the land system be radically changed? Signs point to a great change. France made a radical change after a bloody revolution, cast off the feudal tenure and established small proprietorships; and France to-day, in an agricultural point of view, is most prosperous. Prussia, in 1810, under Stein, transferred the lands to the tenants and gave government paper to landlords. In Russia the peasant tills the soil and is paid in land; the serf cultivates it and is paid by freedom. Why not so in Ireland? "Vested rights," we are told, prevent it. Vested rights often generate vested wrongs.

What was thought of vested rights when Parliament arbitrarily approved of all the confiscations of Henry II., James, Elizabeth, and Cromwell? Did we hear of "vested rights" when Boston cast English tea into its harbor and shook off the yoke of England? What became of the vested rights of the church by law established? Did not the Parliament of Richard II. tax absentee landlords two thirds of their revenue? Did not the Land Act of 1870 withdraw in principle the profits landlords had in improvements, and assert a co-proprietorship for the tenant in the soil? And were not these vested rights? Property has rights, but it has also duties. Government is for the good of the greatest number; its duty is to provide for the well-being of a community. The happiness of the people is the supreme law. Yet Sir Toby Caulfield, after the flight of the earls, said that "no people in a Christian country were ever the victims of such flagrant injustice inflicted by a government pledged to protect them." Nature intends that all shall have a living from the goods of nature. Landlords are not of divine institution. Ireland is not for them; but they are for Ireland. They are subject to government supervision, as the ship-owners, the railroad corporations, the factories, etc.

I remember reading, in one of Edmund Burke's speeches on the East India question, something that has an application to-day: "It has been said that if you violate the charter, what security has the charter of the bank in which public credit is so deeply concerned, and even the charter of London? In like case, no security. No charter should protect such mismanagement from correction and such public grievance from redress." Landlordism has no right to unlimited action against the welfare of the people. The condition of Ireland is deplorable: no industries to speak of, nothing but agriculture, and that under the iniquitous system, is locked up in monopolies; water privileges that might be utilized, harbors that might be full of the world's trade, land that might give a decent living to twice the population, — but all is blight under English misrule. Well might Mr. Froude say England has been a cruel step-mother.

What then is Ireland's message to-day? To Americans she can appeal by the friendship which she manifested in the days of the Revolution, by the bravery of her sons in the wars of 1812 and 1847, by the blood of her children shed for the Union on every battle-field of her history, by the brain and energy which her exiled sons have spent in her service, by the love for freedom which has given expression to sympathy for every suffering race, — by all these and a thousand other voices, Ireland appeals that America may aid her in her struggle for her own land, that her children may live and prosper where God destined their home should be, on their native heath. To the Irish race, happy in this land of freedom, Ireland appeals in this day of her crisis. Her sons are in the dock to defend her against landlordism. Their hearts need courage, for the enemy is strong. Will they withstand the struggle? God grant it! If they fail, the people will still go on with the battle. Irish men and women, children of Irish parents, to

you Ireland appeals in this day of her crisis. Unite your voices, join in solid phalanx, enter the leagues, agitate.

How will it end? O God, who art just and merciful, hear thy children call on thee! In the day of rack and gibbet they were faithful to thee; bless them in their great and final struggle for the land thou gavest them. Strengthen the arms of their leaders, give light to their rulers, and restore to freedom thy long-enslaved people.

Erin, mother Erin, may thy children hope to see thee come out of this struggle more glorious and resplendent. May the shackles of slavery, which have long bound thee to feudal lords, be stricken from thy limbs, and may the full moon of freedom shine around thee yet, that thou mayst be all that we wish thee, —

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

THE EXODUS.

TWENTY thousand two hundred and sixty-six people gone from Ireland in one quarter, — that ending on the 30th of September last. Be it remembered that the old and the young are not well mixed in the crowd that have been last year rushing from their native land to distant countries. They are mostly adults, strong men and women, of whom the great majority are in the prime of life. The figures above show an increase of 7,501 over the exodus of the corresponding quarter in 1879, and 5,507 over the average loss in the third quarter of the ten years between 1870 and 1880. In nine months of last year 84,819 people bade adieu to Ireland. This represents an increase over 1879 of 49,297.

THE STATE TRIALS have begun in Dublin. Chief Justice May, whose extraordinary speech caused so much comment, has declared that he will take no part in the trial. This resolve of his is generally approved of. The jury consists of eight Catholics, three members of the Church of England, and one Quaker. At the celebrated O'Connell state trials the striking of the jury was so managed that in Catholic Dublin there was not a single Catholic on it.

DANGER AHEAD.

T. D. Sullivan, in Dublin Nation.

["By the side of Colonel Twentyman rode Mr. Robinson, habited, as usual, in a wide 'Tam o' Shanter' cap. . . . I observed to-day a marked change in the behavior of the country people whom I met. Not one touched his hat or wished you good morning, so great a change has been effected in a people by nature kindly and good-natured, by the teaching of the Land League."—*Lough Mask correspondent of the Daily Express.*]

THERE 's danger brewing,— *that* I see;
A change is in the people's habits:
'Time was when they were wont to be
As meek and mild as hares and rabbits;
Time was when all those Mikes and Pats,
On all their roads and fields and passes,
Would never fail to touch their hats
To members of the "better classes"!

But now not one will cock his eye,
Save in the way of jeer or banter,
When Mr. Robinson goes by,
Majestic, in his "Tam o' Shanter."

'T is much too plain this omen means
Those people hate our Constitution;
Their jaunty and untouched *caubeens*
Portend a dreadful revolution:
Ah, me! such men, some years ago,
Would humbly bow, and all keep standing
Bareheaded in the rain and snow,
Before a presence so commanding!

But now the change! — alas, alas! —
We need coercion here *instanter*,
When Mr. Robinson can pass,
Unnoticed, in his "Tam o' Shanter!"

Of course this shame is brought about
By that confounded Land League's teachings;
The good old ways are put to rout
By Parnell's wild and wicked speechings.
'T is time the reign of wrong and ill
That brings such dire effects were ended;
But that can never be until
The Habeas Corpus Act 's suspended.

Then who will dare to cock his eye
With silly jeers or idle banter,
When Mr. Robinson goes by,
Rejoicing, in his "Tam o' Shanter"?

THE Democrats of New York appear to be in earnest in their efforts to effect the reorganization of the party in that city. It is something of an experiment, and if they can steer clear of the old, and not get too much new machinery into their composition — too many rotten timbers — they may make a success.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Thomas DeCantillon Church.

I.

SWEET Ballyheigue! * thou art dear to me:
Thy peaceful homes by the shining sea;
Thy pebbly beach and thy sand-hills fair;
Thy lordly halls † in their outline there,
Crowning the summit of verdant lawn,
Where sport the hare and the graceful fawn;
The ocean grand with its thunder-roar,
Breaking in foam on thy sparkling shore;
Thy lonely dells and thy peaceful vales,
Embalmed in song and in weirdsome tales;
Thy heath-crown'd hills and thy mountains high,
Tow'ring aloft to the azure sky, —
All, all remind me of an old roof-tree,
That reared its head by the shining sea.

II.

Some years agone, round its cheerful hearth,
The song was raised, and the shout of mirth,
Resounding forth at the close of day,
Bespoke the reign of a cloudless May.
Under the shade of its ivied wall,
My mother bloomed, with her sisters all:
Her golden hair and her eyes of blue
Contrasted well with the crimson hue
That mantled her cheeks with a wondrous glow,
Height'ning the sheen on her brow of snow;
And she was pure as the ocean's foam,
A shining light in that ancient home;
Her beauty rare and her stature tall
Made her the joy and pride of all.

III.

But where to-day is that peaceful home?
You still may look on the ocean's foam;
You still may gaze on the shining sea,
But never again on that old roof-tree.
The spring-tide comes with its robe of green,
And summer-time with its ripening sheen;
Brown autumn roams o'er the fruitful land,
And winter, too, shakes his icy hand;
Though seasons may roll till time is o'er,
You will never see that old home more!
It wooed the fate of the ancient race
Whose scions lived 'neath its shelter-place;
It fell to the ground "unwept, unsung,"
Till DECANTILLON first his harp unstrung;
For my heart was wound round that old roof-tree,
That reared its head by the shining sea.

IV.

In Ballyheigue there 's a lonely grave,
A hallowed spot where the wild flow'rs wave;
'T is my mother's home — alas! too soon
Was she cut down in her life's bright noon;
Ah! the leveller, Death, hath dimmed the eye
Of her, whose latest parting sigh
Was heaved in pain for her orphan boy.
She 's gone, alas! and in memory,
I vainly strive to bring back to me
Her voice and form, her beauty rare,
Her mild blue eye and her golden hair.
I drop a tear by the Hudson's wave,
And waft a prayer to my mother's grave.

* Ballyheigue, a picturesque village in North Kerry, on the bay of the same name.

† Ballyheigue Castle, the splendid baronial seat of the Crobies, built after the early English style. The DeCantillons, Barons of Ballyheigue, lost their immense estates in North Kerry, because of their fealty to the Catholic house of Stuart, whom they followed into exile.

THE O'DOWD.

The scene which one of the London theatres presented night after night for several weeks when that portion of Boucicault's new play, "The O'Dowd," in which Irish election speeches are introduced, was put upon the stage, is thus described: Then the popular candidate appeared on the platform, — the idol of the people, son of the O'Dowd. He began to speak: a deep silence ensued; it was the pause before the outburst. It is impossible to convey the impression created by the following lines, — a thunderbolt falling through the roof of the theatre could scarcely have taken the audience more by surprise: —

Mike. — My gallant opponent has told you Ireland cannot support her population. Fifty years ago she supported over 8,000,000; now there are less than 5,000,000, yet there are too many! Then she was a nation; now she is population. Then she was a sister; now she is a domestic servant, — the Cinderella of the family. Must we be told that our people encumber their native land, which can be put to a more profitable purpose than to raise men? For speculation claims the soil is better suited to a sheepwalk, where the carcass butchers of Europe can fatten sheep on our hills and stable cattle in our deserted homes!

All. — Huroo!

Mike. — And where shall we go? Why, we can follow the 3,000,000 that have crossed the ocean. Those worthless, idle, thriftless vagabonds, that were changed on their arrival on that shore into thrifty, hard-working, invaluable citizens, the life-blood of American labor, a source of American wealth and prosperity! How was the nature of those millions changed? Was it climate? or was it freedom? Must we be told that if Cinderella does not like her place in the family she had better go?

All. — Freedom!

Mike. —

A time there was, ere Ireland's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
But times are changed! and now a sordid trade
Usurps the soil and banishes the spade.
One master grasps the whole domain alone,
While, scourged by famine from his humble home,
The starving peasant leaves his cabin door,
And seeks with bleeding heart a kinder shore.
Ill-fated land! to hastening ills a prey,
Where few grow rich and multitudes decay!
So spoke the Irish prophet-bard a century ago.

From one part of the audience there went up a cry of deprecation. But from an overwhelming majority a roar responded, — such a roar that one feared that an "unpleasantness" would result. But "the yeas had it"; and when the scene closed in and Mr. Boucicault was called forward, "the pit rose at him." If there was a dissentient voice it was inaudible. In the fourth and last act is the scene of "the Interdict." The O'Dowd has been dispossessed of his estate by the English money-lender and turned out to die in a ditch. The possessor, Rainsey Leaket, is interdicted by the population: no one will work for him or serve in his house; no tradesman will sell to him; the beggar drops the money given to him as alms by the man who is tabooed by a conspiracy of the people. Again at this scene the murmurs arose, and again they were put down. When Mr. Boucicault entered for the last scene he took the audience by surprise The vacant madness and misery of the old man was not the kind of artistic effort they expected from Conn; the applause was suppressed by voices that evidently expected some explosion of fun from Myles na Coppaleene: but when the catastrophe arrived and the ship drifting on the rocks was saved by the daring seamanship of the young O'Dowd, they caught at the intention, and then the pit and gallery, and even the entire audience, joined in applause that seemed as if it would never end.

The London Economist estimates that the immigrants to this country in 1880 bring with them $35,000,000 in specie, while the average value to the United States of each person in adding to the productive resources of the country is $940, so that the number landing in 1880 constitutes an actual and potential addition to the wealth of the country of $100,000,000.

ST. BRIGID, PATRONESS OF IRELAND.

BRIGID was born of noble parents at Faugher, near Dundalk, a few years after the great St. Patrick had arrived on his mission to Ireland. Her feast occurs on the 27th of February. As the custom then was, she took part in all the household duties, and thus her sanctity was first revealed. One day, after milking the cows, she gave the contents of her pail to some poor persons who were passing, and then, fearing her mother's anger, prayed God to make good the loss. On reaching home Brigid's pail was found to be fuller than those of the other maidens. From her childhood she gave everything she could lay hands on to the poor; and her father, who found his goods, even to his sword, thus disposed of, determined to bestow her in marriage without delay. Her beauty found her many suitors, but Christ was her only love, and she prayed to be always his. Her desire was granted. A rapid disease disfigured her, as it seemed, for life, and she was free to take the veil. Yet when Brigid, prostrate before the altar, consecrated herself to God, her scars and wounds vanished, and her face shone anew with a surpassing comeliness, giving her the very lineaments and likeness of the holy Mother of God. She chose for her cell a hollow oak-tree, hence called Killdara or Kildare, and here she founded the first Irish nunnery. She died in the year 528.

SCHOOL HYMN TO ST. BRIDGET.

Old Irish Air, "The Old Woman," to which is Moore's "Love's Young Dream."

I.

Hail! our patroness, St. Bridget dear,
Green Erin's Queen;
Hail to thee, who wilt our prayers hear,
Unknown, unseen.
We rev'rence thee;
We'll faithful be,
And build to thee a shrine;
Oh! 't will be young hearts' pure, holy love,
May it be thine!
Oh! 't will be young hearts' pure, holy love,
May it be thine!

II.

In the good and olden times, thou saved
Dear Ireland's faith,
When our fathers' blood the earth had laved,
For faith brought death.
Oh! do not let
Us e'er forget
The price our faith has cost;
For we live in proud and haughty days,
And God's not lov'd!
Oh! we live in proud and haughty days,
And God's not loved!

III.

Holy Bridget! hear our humble prayer, —
"Our faith preserve!"
Our forefathers, "Mary," may we ne'er
From their faith swerve!
Oh! make us heed —
What most we need —
Our church's warning voice:
She, all science and truth can make us know,
For God is truth;
She, the Spirit here on us below,
To guard our youth.

DECEMBER 29, 1880. BREATHNAÉ.

Useful Knowledge.

PEOPLE do not reflect that they may soon die; if they did their quarrels would soon terminate.

INNOCENCE is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again though watered with tears.

A GOOD deal is never lost: he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of lifetime is unrolled.

IT should be a fixed rule that floors, particularly those of sleeping-rooms, are to be scrubbed only on dry days; and where the health of the inmates is delicate, the drying should be quickened by lighting a fire in the room.

GREEN CORN ON THE COB.—Take off the outside leaves and the silk, letting the innermost leaves remain on until after the corn is boiled, which renders the corn much sweeter. Boil for half an hour in plenty of water, drain, and after removing the leaves, serve.

SALT MACKEREL, and indeed any salt fish, may be eaten with impunity when properly cooked and served up with lemon. A fresh lemon, sliced and laid over a dish of properly cooked mackerel, emits an odor when mingled with the fishy odor that is to most persons absolutely agreeable, and in some persons even whets the appetite. If the juice of the lemon be now pressed out on the fish the taste is very much improved.

FAG-A-BEALAC.—These words (of which we here give the proper spelling), which mean "Clear the way!" were applied to the Eighty-seventh Royal Irish Fusileers by Major Hugh (Lord) Gough, in 1811, at the battle of Barossa. The French were making a glorious onset, when the Major uttered the rallying cry, and the Fusileers, reversing their muskets, dashed in among their enemies, literally clearing the way with the but-ends of their guns.

BAKED FISH — For a dinner for four. — Take of codfish three pounds, at eight cents a pound (cost twenty-four cents); boil it, take out the bones, and shred it into small pieces; chop as much parsley as you buy for one cent very fine, one small onion very fine, and mix them, with salt and pepper, through one pound of bread-crumbs (cost of all, six cents); put the fish and the bread-crumbs in layers in the pudding-dish, finishing with the bread-crumbs; put lumps of butter (cost five cents) over the top, and pour rich milk over it till it rises nearly to a level with the fish, and a little grate of nutmeg over all (cost of milk and nutmeg, five cents).

FRIED SMELTS. *French style.* — Carefully wipe two pounds of cleaned smelts with a dry cloth; dip them in milk, then roll them in finely powdered cracker crumbs, next in an egg beaten with a salt-spoonful of salt and a quarter of a salt-spoonful of pepper, and then again in cracker crumbs; fry them in enough smoking fat to cover them until they are golden brown, take them from the fat with a skimmer, lay them on a napkin or a piece of paper, to absorb the fat, and serve them laid in rows, with a few quarters of lemon on the side of the dish.

PICKLED SALMON.—Take four pounds of salmon and cut it into pieces of about an inch and a half thick, across the bone. Lay it in a pan with enough water to cover it, add a pint of vinegar, a tablespoonful of salt, ten bay leaves, six blades of mace, and a teaspoonful of whole peppers. When the salmon is boiled take it out and drain it, putting it in a cloth. Reboil the liquor, skimming it, adding a tablespoonful more of vinegar. Boil for fifteen minutes. When the fish is cold put the fish in a jar without breaking it, pour on the liquor, and cover the jar closely. When California salmon are in the market this pickled salmon is a very inexpensive dish.

DISHES should always be rinsed in clear, hot water, after having been washed in soapsuds. Nothing is more unpleasant at the table than to notice a certain stickiness that the soap is likely to leave. It is necessary also from a sanitary point of view: the caustic alkali is corrosive and unwholesome, and the grease is often impure. It is a simple matter to make hard soap which is not only agreeable but which has the great merit of cleanliness. To seven pounds of tallow use three pounds of resin, two pounds of potash and six gallons of water; boil for three hours, or better still for five; turn from the kettle into a wash-tub; let it stand all night. In the morning cut into bars and lay them on a table or board in the sun, to harden for two or three days. This quantity will last a family of four persons a year, if used for ordinary household purposes.

The Humorist.

A SHORT-TAILED dog is unable to express his feelings without great exertion.

WHAT nation is the most warlike at present? Vaccination, because it 's always rising up in arms.

A COUNTRY plumber takes half a column of his local newspaper to advertise "Cast Iron Sinks." Who ever said it did n't?

THE tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together; the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear.

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying that they made a man forget all his other troubles.

UNDER the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get smashed up by railroad collisions, or who financially come to grief.

"MAMMA, the teacher says all people are made of dust."—"Yes, my dear, so they are."—"Well, then, I s'pose negroes are made of coal dust, ain't they?"

IT was a well meant but novel compliment from a lady, who declared to her parson she did not know which most to admire, — his sermon or his wife's new dress.

A CONCEITED young country parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, said, in allusion to his rustic audience, "This morning I preached to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the lady, "when you called them your 'beloved brethren'!"

DOUBLE AND TWISTED. — A laughable circumstance once took place upon a trial in Lancashire, where the Rev. Mr. Wood was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, Ottiwell Wood, the judge, addressing the reverend person, said: "Pray, Mr. Wood, h w do you spell your name?" The old gentleman replied:—

"O double T,
I double U,
E double L,
Double U,
Double O, D."

Upon which the astonished lawyer laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met in his life, and after two or three attempts declared he was unable to record it. The court was convulsed with laughter.

MR. GALLAGHER AND THE HOUSE CLEANERS — Mr. Gallagher had a tough time of it the other night when he went home late. Unknown to him, the women folks had begun a siege of house-cleaning, and got about two dozen chairs taken from different rooms set in a row in the front hall. When he came in he found no gas burning, and not seeing the chairs, tumbled over the first one. He made some remarks in disapproval of the conduct of the person who left the chair in his way, and moving the chair started ahead again. Over the next chair he went. "Well, confound the fool who left these chairs here!" he said, as he rubbed his shin and moved the chair. He was sure he was all right then, and once more started ahead. That time he scraped about two inches of hide off his leg, and was mighty mad. He however moved the chair, and then tried again to advance. As he struck the next chair and fell over it heels over head, he swore bitterly, and rising put the chair aside with a kick which hurt him more than it did the chair. By the time he had struggled with three more chairs, he was raving like a madman. When he came to tackle a rocker, in his rage he grabbed it up to throw it, and one rocker raked his left ear, while the other hit his jaw and loosened two teeth Then he struggled with six more chairs, and finally got hold of a reclining chair and hurt his fingers. That discouraged him, and he turned to work his way to the door. But the chairs he had left in his wake, upset in all ways, were worse than those ahead. and he fell over them, rapped his shins against the ends of the legs, and when he went down, as he did about as quickly as he got up, he was sure to skin himself in five or six places, bump his head and wrench his spine. He had got himself so surrounded by upset chairs, that whichever way he turned he rapped and scraped himself; and finally, when the family was aroused by his yells and came with lights, he had got himself so entangled in the rocker and the reclining chair and two or three other chairs, that he had to be helped out. And the rest of the night he spent fixing himself up with court-plaster and swearing great oaths, and the next time his wife is going to clean house he is going to be notified in time to let him go three hundred miles into the country.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE short and sharp letter which Mr. Gladstone directed his private secretary to write to Mr. Boycott is thoroughly characteristic of that statesman. Boycott wanted the whole military force of England to be summoned to Ireland, and he had the impudence to ask the Premier to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act throughout the country. In a few striking sentences, Gladstone told the applicant for these extreme measures that perfect order reigns in Ireland, and that the law of redress is open to everybody. Here, even intelligent men think that Ireland is a scene of utter lawlessness and misrule, that human life and property are not safe, and that the whole island is seething with the very worst elements of revolution. Nothing can be further from the truth. The great measure in which Mr. Parnell and the Land League are engaged is thoroughly legal and constitutional. We should not put much credence in the reports of the Associated Press: Parnell's speeches were grossly misreported. It is, moreover, an encouragement to Ireland, that the entire body of the clergy, both bishop and priest, are in full accord with this movement. The younger generation of Irishmen, the children of the noble sires of '98, are, it is true, very impulsive and hot-headed, and like the angel in Milton's poem, their voice is for war; but states may be saved without the sword. It is a compliment to the legal acumen of American lawyers that the defence of Parnell was offered to Mr. Benj. F. Butler and to Judge J. S. Black. The reason assigned by Mr. Parnell for his request for American counsel (in a private letter to an American friend) is that the government, by a brief, has retained the ablest solicitors. Poor Lord Byron said of the English bar, that there was not one of them that would not plead for a ribbon more eloquently than for justice; referring to the petty distinctions of knighthood, in which the true-born Britisher glories. It is fashionable to speak lightly of Byron's poetry; but Catholics should not forget that his maiden and only speech in the House of Lords was in favor of Catholic Emancipation, and that his friend Shelley espoused the cause of Ireland when it cost much to do so. These two men, in the opinion of competent critics, were the greatest English poets since Shakespeare. Mr. Gladstone is a true friend of Ireland, and, it is said, sympathizes with the thoroughly honorable and legal course which the leaders of the movement are pursuing.

THE man of blood and iron, the idol of all the haters of the Catholic Church, Bismarck, is now engaged in a crusade against the Jews. The German Hebrews can afford to laugh at him, because they are exceedingly wealthy, and are by no means to be cajoled into investing in German stocks and bonds. The fact is that the cumbrous German Empire is falling to pieces of its own weight, as Horace said of the Rome of the Cæsars. The Hebrews are not only the wealthiest of the citizens of Germany, but they are also the shrewdest. It is a curious exemplification of the words of our Saviour, that "the world loves its own," that Protestants are mightily indignant at this persecution of the Jews. Bismarck per-

secuted Catholic bishops, priests, and people, but there was not a word of sympathy from Protestant press or people. The Catholics had not much money. Mr. H. W. Beecher, and the forty thousand other preachers with whom America is afflicted, protest against this violation of the rights of the Hebrew conscience. Dean Swift, who was a parson himself, said that in his day the theological views of the ministers depended upon the contribution box. If a rich old maid in the congregation wanted a change in the "Book of Common Prayer," the obsequious parson would go further than the limits specified by the maid, — he would suggest that the "Book of Common Prayer" be entirely dispensed with; and even that certain books of the Bible itself might with propriety be omitted. Catholics are not glad that the Jews are leaving Germany. It is a pity that the Hebrews are so accustomed to persecution, and so hardened in suffering, that they have little or no spirit left. Disraeli, in his novel "Coningsby," pays a glowing tribute to the Catholic Church for her efforts to protect the Hebrews against the violent mobs and the fanatical uprisings of the populace in the Middle Ages. Pope Innocent III. was of Hebrew lineage, and Leo X. came from the Medici family, who were also of the Jewish race. Disraeli has also traced to a Jewish origin the mother of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus; and it is certain that one of the generals of the society, Aquaviva, was of that race. The Hebrew, when he becomes a Christian, which however is unfortunately rare, surpasses in piety, devotion, and profound reverence (the result of the Semitic nature) converts from even Christian sects.

In the January number of the Atlantic Monthly there is a very appreciative article on Count Joseph de Maistre, whose books, "The Pope," and "The Spanish Inquisition," are recognized authorities. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is enthusiastic over the Count's "Soirées de St. Petersbourg," a beautiful and instructive work filled with the very soul of Catholic sentiment and philosophy. He was the antagonist and conqueror of Voltaire, though of course that infidel writer's works are circulated in places where De Maistre's name is unknown. It is a good sign of the times that the Atlantic Monthly publishes such articles as this, acquainting the best class of American readers with the life and achievements of a man far superior to Chateaubriand as a philosophical writer, and as Catholic as he was chivalric.

We learn from the London Quarterly, that the society for the revision of the Scriptures have attached much and deserved importance to the edition of the New Testament annotated by Tischendorff. This great Biblical scholar, although a non-Catholic, was furnished with rooms in the Vatican, in order to enable him to prosecute his studies in sacred Scripture. The late Pope Pius IX. was wont to visit the study of Tischendorff, and with his own wise suggestions con with him the priceless manuscript of the New Testament, known as the "Codex Vaticanus." The Vatican library is the richest in the world in the way of manuscripts, dating for centuries before Christ. Pius IX. also allowed Tischendorff to have the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, in the "Codex Vaticanus," photographed, in order to settle forever a Unitarian falsehood that this manuscript did not contain the verse "and the Word was God," — the illustrious declaration of our Saviour's divinity.

We nominate Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, the champion Catholic editor of the United States, president of the forthcoming Congress of Catholic Editors — Donahoe's Magazine for January, 1881.

Does Mr. Donahoe want to have us killed, done to death in the zenith of our prime? We would sooner undertake the capture of Sitting Bull, dig potatoes on Boycott's farm, or be foreman of a jury *in re* Kate Sprague, than preside at such a meeting. — *Western Watchman.*

We don't want to have Father Phelan "kilt," but we want him to kill off some of the "literary fellers" that are itching for a fight.

THE collection for the Pope in the archdiocese of New York amounted to $19,167.58.

IT causes a cold shudder to hear a Catholic curse and swear. A good Catholic never swears. It is only the nominal one.

WE are pleased to learn that Mr. Manly Tello, editor of the Cleveland Catholic Universe, is recovering from his late dangerous illness.

THE Pontiff has been making inquiries as to the prelates who attended the great Vatican Council in 1869, and finds that one third of them now slumber in the tomb.

THERE are two Irish settlers in the new Legislature of Buenos Ayres, which opened 7th ult.: Mr Edward Murphy, of Las Heras, and the venerable Dean Dillon, the founder and proprietor of the Southern Cross.

THE 18th of December was the eighty-first anniversary of the burial of Washington. It was on the 18th of December, 1799, the fourth day after his death, that his remains were placed in the tomb at Mount Vernon.

REV. FATHER O'KELLY had been commissioned by the directors of the Colonization Association, through the president, Bishop Spalding, to explain in the Eastern cities the advantages opened to Catholics in the West.

THE amusing sketch entitled "Tom Hackett," which appeared in our December and January issues, should have been credited to the Celtic Monthly. We found it without credit in a Dublin paper. The story is a capital one, and does credit to the ability of the author, John Locke, Esq.

MR. HEALY and Mr. Walsh have been tried on the charge of having intimidated farmer Manning; but Mr. Manning swore that he never was intimidated, — that he was neither threatened nor afraid. Still, the jury was out an hour before it came to a verdict of not guilty. Mr. Healy says that what has happened foreshadows what will happen on the trial of Mr. Parnell; and we see no reason for doubting the soundness of his prediction.

IT is estimated that the number of papers in the world is 30,000, of which 15,000 are in the English language.

A STATE FOR OUR SURPLUS GIRLS, — Oregon; for in that State men exceed women by 32,009. It is a Pacific State, possibly from the lack of women. Its population increases slowly, — a state of things that would be changed by the going thither of a few myriads of girls.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC AMERICAN. — This fine illustrated weekly has entered upon its new year. Although the publisher has not yet realized pay for his herculean efforts to publish a Catholic illustrated paper to compete with those outside of the Church, his efforts, we trust, will yet be appreciated and rewarded. In order still more to make the paper equal to any published, he has advanced the price to $4.00 a year, and ten cents single copies. We cordially recommend the paper to the patronage of our friends.

LIQUOR SELLING ON SUNDAYS. — Pursuant to a call made by Bishop Keane of Richmond, Va., a meeting of the Catholic liquor dealers was held in that city for the purpose of taking action on the question of Sunday observance, by the suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks on that day. Bishop Keane made a powerful address in advocacy of the movement, and submitted a series of resolutions for adoption, and a pledge for signatures setting forth the sacred obligation of keeping holy the Lord's day, recognizing the practices of selling and drinking liquor on that day as violations of the commandment of God and precept of the Church, and promising not to sell drink on the Lord's day, nor permit it to be sold by those over whom they have control, and to a discountenance of the practice in others. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the pledge signed by thirty liquor dealers. Committees were appointed to procure signatures of all Catholics in the city engaged in the business. We wish we could persuade our Catholic liquor dealers to close their saloons during the forenoon of Sundays. Thousands now spend their Sunday mornings in the saloon who would otherwise go to mass. — *Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

Why cannot a similar movement be made in all our large cities and towns throughout the country?

THE new papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Jacobini, was among the four last cardinals raised to that dignity in 1879. He is fifty years old, and the youngest member of the Sacred College.

THE new-year's number of DONAHOE'S has the usual variety of entertaining reading, and gives the opening paper on the "Outlines of Geology and Geological Notes of Ireland," which promises to be very interesting as well as instructive. — *The Tribune, Toronto, Ont.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY. — This number begins the third year of the publication, and we must congratulate its veteran editor on his ability to say that "so far" he is "more than satisfied with the success attained." And on our part we can honestly say he has fully merited all possible success; for in the whole range of Catholic periodicals there is no other eclectic comparable with DONAHOE'S MONTHLY, in the judicious selection and interesting variety of its contents May it "live long and prosper." — *The Morning Star and Catholic Messenger, New Orleans.*

THE LATE JOHN MURPHY, Catholic publisher of Baltimore, was one of the early pioneers of the Catholic book trade in this country. His publications were of the very best character, and have exercised great influence in forming the Catholic mind of the country. Elsewhere we give a portrait of Mr. Murphy, with a brief biographical sketch, for which we are indebted to Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, of the Catholic Publication Society of New York.

THE now notorious Protestant martyr of Mayo, the hero of Orangemen all the world over, is the son of a lady who may be ranked among the most devout converts in the Catholic Church. In Paris, where she had lived for many years, she was known for her zeal in the cause of the clericals; and her salon, which was a favorite resort for Catholic society, was honored by the presence of Cardinal Manning, whenever he visited the brilliant capital. Nor is Mrs. Digby Boycott the only member of her family belonging to the Church. Her faith is shared by Mr. and Mrs. Essex Digby Boycott, the Countess Geraldine Digby Boycott, and Madame Mabel Digby Boycott, the two latter having left the world for the cloister.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS must excuse us this month for omitting their department. We will endeavor to make up for the omission in our next issue.

THE third year of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE begins with the January number, and opens with propitious auguries. Looking back on the work done by it during the two years of its existence, this may be honestly said of it, that it has been clean, sound, and operative for good. If its future consist with its past, it will have the best wishes of all true men and the support of a wide circle of readers. — *Catholic Mirror.*

IF you examine your prayer-books, you will find that in most cases the Feast of the Immaculate Conception is not set down in the list of Days of Obligation. The reason seems to be that the editions printed since the day was made of obligation are printed from the old plates used before 1854, and publishers have not thought it worth the expense to make the alteration. Just for curiosity sake, and to see how careless publishers are, examine the prayer-books you have. — *I. C. B. U. Journal.*

ALDERMAN HUGH O'BRIEN is found on the right side again, — advocating an amendment to the school laws so that the expenditure in any one year shall not exceed $25 per scholar, and urging the passage of an order looking to the limiting of municipal indebtedness to $13 per thousand on a fair valuation. The maximum figures are placed high enough to make the propositions feasible, and we believe Alderman Slade, to the contrary notwithstanding, that the people will rejoice at the passage of both of the orders submitted by Alderman O'Brien. It is refreshing to find now and then a public servant who not only supports good measures, but originates them. — *Boston Post.*

THE WASHING CHINESE. — At its regular meeting, the Brooklyn, N. Y., Board of Aldermen, which is made up of representatives of almost every nationality under the sun, endeavored to adopt a new license ordinance which, among other provisions, had one discriminating against the Chinese, by requiring a license fee of $5.00 for Chinese laundries. After a good deal of squabbling, in which aldermen of American, Irish, German, and English birth took part, it was resolved to amend by providing that no person other than a citizen of the United States should receive a license to carry on any kind of business which requires a license.

ASSEMBLING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT assembled on the afternoon of Jan. 6. After alluding to the war in South Africa, and other matters, the Queen's speech has the following allusions to the

STATE OF IRELAND.

The anticipation with which I last addressed you of a great diminution of distress in Ireland, owing to the abundant harvest, was realized; but I grieve to state that the social condition of the country has assumed an alarming character. Agrarian crimes in general have multiplied far beyond the experience of recent years. Attempts upon life have not grown in the same proportion as other offences, but I must add that efforts are being made for personal protection far beyond all former precedent by the police. Under the direction of the executive, I have to notice other evils yet more widely spread. The administration of justice has been illustrated with respect to these offences, through the impossibility of procuring evidence, and an extended system of terror has thus been established in various parts of the country which has paralyzed almost alike the exercise of private rights and the performance of civil duties. In a state of things new in some important respects, and hence with little of available guidance from former precedent, I have deemed it right to put in use the ordinary powers of the law before making any new demand; but a demonstration of their insufficiency, amply supplied by the present circumstances of the country, leads me now to apprise you that proposals will be immediately submitted to you for intrusting me with the additional powers necessary, in my judgment, not only for the vindication of order and public law, but likewise to secure, on behalf of my subjects, protection for life and property, and personal liberty of action. Subject to the primary and imperious obligations to which I have just referred, I continue to desire, not less than heretofore, to prosecute the removal of grievances and the work of legislative improvement in Ireland, as well as in Great Britain. The Irish Land Act of 1870 has been productive of great benefits, and has much contributed to the security and comparative well being of the occupiers of the soil, without diminishing the value or disturbing the foundations of property. In some respects, however, and more particularly under the strain of recent and calamitous years, the protection which it supplied has not been found sufficient, either in Ulster or in other provinces. I recommend you to undertake further development of its principles in a manner conformable to the special wants of Ireland, both as regards the relation of landlord and tenant, and with a view to effective efforts for giving to a larger portion of the people, by purchase, a permanent proprietary interest in the soil. This legislation will require the removal, for the purpose in view, of all obstacles arising out of limitations on ownership of property, with due provision for the security of interests involved. A measure will be submitted to you for the establishment of a county government in Ireland, founded upon representative principles and framed with the double aim of confirming popular control over expenditure, and of supplying a yet more serious want by extending the formation of habits of local self-government.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS

was somewhat lively. Sir Stafford Northcote, in a very animated speech, attacked the government's foreign and Irish policies. Mr. Gladstone replied. Mr. Thomas O'Connor followed Mr. Gladstone, and was delivering a very fervent speech, when a stranger in the gallery ejaculated, "Speak the truth, O'Connor, and defy them all" This incident caused some little excitement, but it subsided when the offender was ejected, which was promptly done. Following the speakers whose remarks were devoted principally to the Irish question, Mr. Lawson made a spirited attack on the government's Basuto policy, after which the debate was adjourned.

THE HOME-RULERS,

Messrs. McCarthy and Parnell, to-day in Parliament gave notice of amendments to the reply to the Queen's speech. At a caucus of the Home Rule members of Parliament held to-day at the Westminster Palace Hotel, after the adjournment, a resolution was passed that Mr. Parnell move an amendment to the reply to the Queen's speech, protesting against the coercion measures recommended in the speech, indicating, as they do, the understood policy of the government towards Ireland, and asking certain pertinent questions concerning the proclaimed districts, in which, by virtue of their being proclaimed, the local magistrates are temporarily exercising extraordinary powers.

PARNELL TO OPEN THE DEBATE.

LONDON, Jan. 7.—Mr. Parnell will open the debate in the House of Com-

m ms this evening. The government is making arrangements for continuous sittings in order to pass the coercion bill as early as possible.

LONDON, Jan. 7, 1881. — In the Commons, this evening, Mr. Forster, chief secretary for Ireland, replying to James O'Kelly (Home Ruler), member for Roscommon, justified recent prohibitions of the Land League meetings A scene arose. Mr. O'Kelly moved the adj ournment of the House, apparently with the intention to resort to obstruction. He protested against the illegality of the prohibition. Thomas Sexton (Home Ruler), member for Sligo County, and other members followed, protesting against tyranny, and the shackling of the freedom of speech of those struggling for their lives.

Mr. O'Kelly's motion to adjourn was rejected, — 30 to 38.

Mr. Forster, chief secretary for Ireland, replying to a question put by Mr Gibson (Conservative), stated that 153 persons were under police protection in Ireland, and there had been 2,573 agrarian outrages up to the end of December.

The debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne was resumed. Mr. Parnell charged the London press with entering into a conspiracy against the good name of Ireland. He defended the actions of the Land League, which, he declared, always deprecated outrages. Mr. Parnell concluded by moving his amendment to the address, declaring that the peace of Ireland cannot be promoted by suspending the constitutional rights of the people. Mr. Forster said that Mr. Parnell must have known that the result of his speeches would be a committal of outrages.

Messrs. O'Donnell and O'Connor rose to a question of order.

The speaker ruled that Mr. Forster was in order.

After a strong speech from Mr. Gibson, attacking the government for its dilatoriness and denouncing the Land League, the debate adjourned.

THE IRISH SITUATION. London, Jan. 7, 1881. — A despatch from Dublin to the Times says: The prosecution of the indicted Land Leaguers, and the prospect of repressive measures in Parliament, have not had any quieting effect upon the lawless classes in the West of Ireland. A bailiff and his wife, and the wife and son of a tenant, were recently seriously assaulted at Ballinamore, county Leitrim, by parties of armed men. For the last month no petty sessions have been held at Ballinamore, but the League court sits regularly, and its authority is widely acknowledged.

The three land commissioners, in their report sent to the government, recommend the adoption of the three F's (fair rents, free sales, and fixity of tenure). They admit the principle of free contract, but intimate that, practically, such freedom does not exist. They propose that rent be fixed by two arbitrators, one representing the tenant and the other the land court, with power to summon an umpire if necessary, and that the rent, when fixed, is to remain unchanged for twenty-one years. They would take away the power of eviction, except for non-payment of rent, sub-letting, or waste. Occupying tenants are not to be allowed to contract themselves out of the Act, but non-occupying tenants are to be allowed to do so, subject to certain limitations, and corporations and limited owners should be enabled to sell the amount of annual payment, not to exceed the present rent The commissioners recommending the adoption of the three F's are Lord Bessborough, Baron Dowse, and William Shaw, M P. The dissenters are Kavanagh and O'Conor Don.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED. — We refer to the very interesting and instructive lecture of Rev. Father Conaty in our issue this month.

Two fathers of the Society of African Missions are in this country to obtain aid for evangelizing the colored races of Africa.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, who, like the prophetess Cassandra, said many true things but was never believed, once said that "the man who would encourage a revolution in Ireland while England was at peace with the world was either a fool or an arrant knave."

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME. — Money is flowing into the treasury of the Land League from all sections of the United States, Canada, etc. Notwithstanding that so much is sent to Ireland in this way, it has not reduced the flow of money from friends in this country to their parents and relatives in Ireland. From one house in this city, that of Patrick Donahoe, during December, $29,-704 was sent to friends in Ireland. For the year 1880, $184,620 was paid for drafts and $37,332 for passages. The drafts represent 13,550 persons, principally serving-girls. There are several other offices and banking houses who remit money to Ireland in this city. — *Boston Daily Globe.*

Events of the Month.

THE trials of Parnell and his colleagues began on the 28th ult., in the Four Courts, Dublin.

THE Pall Mall Gazette, of all the London journals now the best informed on the state of Ireland, considers the situation unpleasant and provoking, but not hopeless.

THE New York Tablet says it has proofs to show that one of the Democratic appointees raised a fund of twenty thousand dollars which was used to defeat Mr. Grace for mayor.

THE Catholic papers of Spain assert that a learned local physician has discovered that the figure on the crucifix in Burgos Cathedral is a human body in a perfect state of preservation, and without a sign of decomposition. It is said to have been there since the middle of the eleventh century.

MR. HUGH KING, Treasurer of the "Irish National Land and Industrial League," New York, has just issued his report, from which it appears that the receipts from Sept. 24 to Dec. 30, 1880, were $2,152.37; out of which the Treasurer has remitted to the League, in Ireland, £400; $93.35 was expended for hall rent, printing, and stationery: leaving a balance on hand of $117.02.

THE HON. MR. ANGLIN, in his place in the Dominion Parliament, gave notice that he will move for an inquiry as to how the $100,000 voted by the Dominion Parliament for the relief of the Irish people has been disposed of. Mr. Anglin suspects that most of the money went into the pockets of the landlords, and it is not impossible, as those gentry have a custom of thinking themselves entitled to everything on this earth of ours.

A TROUPE of Arabs is in this country, giving exhibitions of the dress and customs of the people of the East. One of them, a Bedouin named Sheik Abou Dayeh, was present the other day at a ballet performance in a theatre in Boston. When the Amazons filed out before the footlights in their scant costume, he turned to the manager of the troupe, who was with him, and asked whether the young women were all orphans. "Oh, no," answered the manager. "Have they brothers and fathers?" asked the Bedouin. "Yes," he was told. "Well," he said, "why don't they kill these girls? I would if they were my sisters, before I would allow them to appear like this."

THE Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald does n't like to see girls wear chin-whiskers on their foreheads.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY for January, 1881, — Vol. V., No. 1, — has thirty-one good articles, half a dozen of which are Christmas reading. If all the coming numbers will be only as good as this, we can safely prophesy that the subscription list will roll up to grand proportions. — *Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

THE Parnell Land League of New York have adopted resolutions to Boycott the New York Herald. They pledge themselves thus: "We will not only not purchase it ourselves, but will endeavor by all means in our power to induce others to follow our example; we will labor to decrease the number of those who advertise in its columns, and we will withdraw our patronage in business from all persons who use it as an advertising medium."

THE newspapers of the country are astonished that Bernhardt has been such an unparalleled success in Boston after her comparative failure in New York. After her season in the latter city it was the universal verdict that not her public acting but her private actions were to blame for her failure. Then how comes it that she has earned $50,000 in Boston by her two weeks' engagement? Boston is a very high moral city; but when did Boston place free-love among the crimes? Bernhardt is good enough for Boston. — *Western Watchman.*

THE IRISH A SOBER PEOPLE. — James Redpath writes from Ireland: "Now, I assert, from my personal knowledge, and from the concurrent testimony of hundreds of priests in the different parts of Ireland, as well as by other trustworthy evidence, that excepting on very rare occasions, such as a fair day, the Irish peasant rarely drinks at all. On fair day he does drink, because it is the custom of the country for the seller to treat the buyer to a drink after the sale of a sheep or a cow. The charge that the Irish peasant is a constant drinker is a gross and cruel calumny. Of course there are a few rash, foolish creatures who are an exception; but as a rule, the Irish peasant is temperate, both from necessity and from religious influences. Drunkenness is exceedingly rare in rural Ireland. It is so in rural America. Drunkenness is principally confined to the large cities and towns.

THE work of enlarging the Welland Canal will be completed, it is expected, by July next. New York is beginning to realize the fact that the St. Lawrence route will eventually rob her of the bulk of her foreign grain trade.

THE celebrated Irish-American lawyer, Charles O'Conor, has recently become a citizen of Massachusetts and relinquished his citizenship in New York State. He now resides at Nantucket, with the intention of remaining, and has brought with him his Fort Washington household. Every few days packages of books arrive for him; and it is understood that he is writing a law treatise, which is to be his final professional effort, and his payment of the debt which Lord Chancellor Bacon declared that every lawyer owed his profession. Mr. O'Conor has found that in all seasons the climate of Nantucket best agreed with his lungs and digestion, and secured him ability to exercise and work. He has therefore closed his office in New York City, but of course may be consulted for opinions by correspondence. Mr. O'Conor is now entering his seventy-sixth year, but seems so vigorous that nonagenarians regard him as a young man.

THE ABSENTEE DRAIN. — The drain, which may be fairly reckoned at £3,000,000 annually, means systematic pauperization of Ireland by her land-owners. It is a process as short-sighted as it is cruel. To it the Irish landlords owe their present ruin. They have spent abroad the money that would have benefited the Irish people, and therefore themselves. They have deliberately watched a poor country becoming poorer, forgetful of the inevitable result which is now upon them. Mr. Hyndman shows us that on the most moderate calculation, a sum of no less than £120,000,000 has been taken out of Ireland for no good purpose whatever, since the Act of Union, — the chief drain having been from the poorer districts. The bowelless Irish landlord, living in luxury abroad, has known all his life that he was taking capital from a country which was miserable for the lack of capital; he has resorted to evictions; he has employed middlemen, — agricultural sweaters; he has lifted roofs from the heads of families, who have sunk to absolute pauperism on his land. No liberal Christian man can approve the conduct of Irish landlords as a class. They have brought a noble peasantry to rags; they have reduced an honest, chaste, and chivalrous race almost to the level of wild men of the woods. — *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.*

ANOTHER CATHOLIC TO BE HONORED. — A bill has been introduced into Congress by Representative Page, of California, making the anniversary of the discovery of America by the Catholic Columbus a national holiday. We hope it will pass, as we have too few national holidays. The bill sets forth the following preamble: —

WHEREAS, Christopher Columbus discovered America on the thirteenth day of October, A. D. 1492; and whereas, it is fitting that this event should be commemorated by an appropriate recognition of its anniversary: therefore, be it

RESOLVED, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, that Sect. 996 of the Revised Statutes relating to the District of Columbia be and the same is hereby amended, by adding to the days therein declared to be legal holidays within the District of Columbia, the twelfth day of October, and such day shall be a holiday for all purposes mentioned in said section.

THE Church ends the joyful Christmas tide on the 2d of February, the Feast of the Presentation in the Temple and of Mary's purification, in accordance with the law. During the past forty days we have been contemplating the babe in the manger of Bethlehem. We have heard the angel choirs announce the glad tidings and with the shepherds knelt in adoration; we have gone again in company with the wise men from the East and offered our gifts; and on this day we are asked to the Temple, and with Mary, hear the holy Simeon foretell the sorrow that will pierce the mother's heart. Hence, on that day we can anticipate in our hearts the sufferings of the Man-God.

The blessing of candles on this day was first instituted in the seventh century, to replace a pagan ceremony of going through the streets with lighted torches, in honor of one of the Pagan goddesses, and Jesus, the light of the world, was presented in the Temple. According to St. Ivo, of Chartres, the wax formed from flowers by bees, the emblem of virginity, signifies the virginal flesh of the divine infant and the purity of the Blessed Mother. St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, makes the blessed candle emblematic in three things: the wax, the wick, and the flame. The wax, which is the production of the virginal bee, represents the flesh of our Lord; the wick, which is within the wax, is his soul; the flame which burns on the top reminds us of his divinity.

THIS is a good number of Donahoe's Magazine. Don't you think so, reader?

THE CENSUS. — From the statistics of population now published and under data, it may be predicted with a good degree of certainty that the total population of this country will be fifty millions, probably a few thousands in excess With a population of more than five millions, as the census tables show, New York State keeps her place at the head of the sisterhood of the Union.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER A PRIEST. — A sacrilegious attempt was made to stab the Rev. Father M'Keogh, P. P., Ballinahinch, recently. He had just before been endeavoring to settle rival claims at the Land League office, in Killaloe, but without success. In the evening, at Ballina, one man of a party of four lunged a knife at the priest, inflicting a slight wound in the hand. Father M'Keogh seized his assailant, but allowed him to escape. No arrests have been made.

TRIAL OF HEALY AND WALSH. — The trial of Mr. Healy, M. P., and Mr. Walsh took place at the Cork Assizes They were charged with attempting to intimidate a farmer named Manning, near Bantry, to give up possession of a holding, from which a former tenant had been evicted. Manning, however, declared that it was advice and not menace which was used towards him. The jury, after an hour's deliberation, acquitted the prisoners.

WHAT NAME? — The Paris Figaro writes: The general of the Jesuits has been called the Black Pope. What title should be given to the superioress of the Daughters of Charity, who commands an army of 22,000 souls? The superioress-general has just been elected. There were nine hundred votes, and the scrutiny took place in the chapel of the mother house, Rue du Bac. The choice fell upon Mother Derrieux, head of a military hospital at Lyons. Mother Derrieux will arrive as soon as possible at Paris, and take into her hands the reins of her great government.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has altogether given the large sum of £4 180 during the present year to assist the struggling and industrious fishermen of the coast and islands of Cork. This noble act will enable many of the "toilers by the sea" in the South of Ireland to carry out their perilous labors with a great increase of comfort. There is a mine of wealth (if the phrase may be used respecting water) in what Lord Beaconsfield calls the "melancholy ocean" surrounding Ireland; but unhappily the means of making it conduce to the support of the people are very scanty.

THE National Convention of the Irish National Land and Industrial League of America will be held in Buffalo, N. Y., on Jan. 12 and 13.

THERE are now about thirty thousand troops in Ireland, with ample military stores in various parts of the country. England is taking great measures to repress an exhibition of the national feeling.

CAPTAIN CAREY, who became widely known in connection with the death of the French Prince Imperial in South Africa, has determined to join the transport service, leaving his regiment, the 98th, and thus ceasing to be a combatant officer. The change appears to accord with the fitness of things. Capt. Carey was a very poor hand at fighting, but we should think he might prove quite a success in the transport service. He showed at the Inyotozi River that he could move the troops under his command with uncommon promptness and speed. The Prince is dead, and his body was denied a tomb in Westminster Abbey. The captain lives, and flits about at pleasure from one arm of the service to another. No wonder the Eastern saying runs that "A live dog is better than a dead lion."

THE Bishop of Autun, France, one of the most liberal of the French prelates, in a consolatory letter to the expelled Oblates of his diocese, passes a eulogium on England, the country in which they are about to seek refuge. He says: "There, where two hundred years ago the act of saying mass was punished with death, you will find the security and rights refused you in 1880 by the ministers of a republican government which calls itself Liberal. Pity us more than we pity you, for in a day or two you will be in a really free country, and 'the existing laws,' which persecute you in your own country, will protect you in a foreign one, while we must continue the experience, in which for some months since the most necessary rights and most necessary of public guarantees have succumbed. . . . I have too good an opinion of France to think she will permanently submit to the yoke of armed impiety against reason, against justice, against conscience, against God. She, too, will rise in the name of true liberty, at this moment so profaned. Take care not to bind yourselves by indissoluble ties to the friendly country which is about to afford you hospitality. In spite of distance and in spite of the *coup de force*, which for the moment separates us, remain sons of this ancient Æduan city, which you loved and which loved you. It is not its children, but foreigners, who have proscribed and driven you hence."

IRELAND has not been strong enough to successfully resort to force to obtain that justice which has been denied to her peaceful demands. She has tried force again and again, but there has been no chance of successful rebellion in Ireland. — *John Bright.*

POOR old Arthur Kavanagh, after fifty years of service to the Earl of Fitzwilliam, was overtaken by illness, and could not pay the noble earl one year's rent of his little cabin. Then the Earl of Fitzwilliam got a writ of eviction and sent his gamekeeper, with two bailiffs, to execute it; and when they were carrying Kavanagh out of the cabin, the old man "gave one gasp and died in the gamekeeper's arms." Ah, yes, there *are* murders in Ireland.

THE NUN OF KENMARE. — An indignation meeting, at which 8,000 persons attended, was recently held at Kenmare, county Kerry, to denounce the infamous acts of parties in London, England, who had sent threatening letters to Sister Mary Frances. The meeting passed resolutions condemning in fitting terms the cowardly acts of the writers of the letters, and gave expression to the love and esteem in which the good Nun of Kenmare is held by the people.

WHILE so much noise is made about the few actual and the numberless imaginary outrages in Ireland, the following statement passes almost without comment: "The number of coroner's inquests held in England and Wales in 1879 was 27,056. Their total cost was $430,000. Verdicts of wilful murder were returned in one hundred and fifty-three cases; seventy-eight of the victims were women. The suicides were 1,941; four hundred and eighty of them women. In 9,776 cases the jury found the cause of death undeterminable."

MR. GLADSTONE has an Irish emigration scheme in his mind, whereby the state will help persons to leave their country, if peace shall be preserved. But just now the Irish seem uncommonly inclined to take possession of all Ireland, with the determination of keeping it. Apparently they are disinclined to go west much farther than Munster and Connaught, Kerry and Galway. They do not mean to substitute Erin-go-West for Erin-go-bragh. Times *is* changing! How do Mr. Bull and the Masters Bull-Pup like secession? They thought it was a fine thing when the blister was made to draw on us, and eleven of our States rebelled, setting an example which Ulster and Connaught, Munster and Leinster, seem about to imitate.

"DEAR sir," said an amateur farmer, just from the city, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

CATHOLICS who sell liquor on Sunday, will look to it how far they will be made answerable for the young men whom they keep from mass on that day. — *The Catholic Columbian.*

THE Tammanyites are going back on John Kelly. Quite a large number withdrew from his banner. John will learn that there is nothing so successful as success; and nothing so adverse as adversity.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY. — An incident of a most significant kind is reported from America. The newly chosen House of Representatives has only just come together at Washington, and it has signalized one of its earliest meetings by adopting a resolution declaring its sympathy with the tenantry of Ireland in their efforts to obtain a redress of the unjust land laws of the country. This resolution was unanimously adopted, both the parties in the House uniting to show American sympathy and good-will for Ireland. We need scarcely say that we have more than once had abundant evidence that the good-will does not lie in words alone, and the resolution of the House will draw still closer the relations of love and regard between Ireland and the great Republic of the West. — *Dublin Freeman.*

THE VATICAN AND IRELAND. — The Aurora denies that the Irish bishops are pursuing a policy displeasing at heart to the Pope, and adds: The Pope and the bishops have never thought of preventing peoples from aiming at the legitimate satisfaction of their needs and respect for their rights, provided they never deviate from justice and rectitude in the choice of means. Rebellion, outbreaks of passion, incendiarism, destruction of property, and homicide clearly are not among such means and the Pope and the bishops are perfectly agreed on this point. They render service to government in this respect, the more valuable inasmuch as their services touch souls and cost nothing. Here their action stops. If after this the Irish, or any other people, have grievances to prefer and rights to enforce by proper means, that is their affair. The Church, loving her children and imbued with the love of Jesus Christ, wishes just reasons for complaint to be removed and rights to be acknowledged; but it does not therefore descend from the lofty region of principles to mix in the details of the movement. Thus it has always been and will always be.

NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR IRISHMEN.

We are on the eve of a new year, — one which promises to be big with great results for Ireland; and we have to offer four precepts for the guidance of Irishmen by way of New-Year's gift. They are given in all sincerity and after mature thought, and we ask that they may be laid to heart.

Firstly, to Irishmen in Great Britain we say: AVOID POLITICAL DISCUSSION ON IRLEAND, ABOVE ALL, IN PUBLIC HOUSES. We have our sound reasons for this advice. Discussion seldom convinces an enemy, — it stirs up angry passions. If your English or Scotch fellow-worker is really anxious for enlightenment, refer him to impartial histories, and to the incontrovertible logic of statistics. But do not be drawn into an argument. Faith is not shown by gesticulation, nor force by strong words.

Secondly, to Irishmen in America and the colonies we say: ESCHEW RHODOMONTADE, AND RECOLLECT YOUR KINSFOLK AT HOME It is reckless and the courage of a braggart to babble indiscreet bluster under a free sky, and incite those who are still, to an extent, in the power of an oligarchy, to outbursts of foolishness. This cheap "sunburstery," as John Mitchel used to stigmatize it, is undignified and unworthy of sane and brave men.

Thirdly, to Irishmen in Ireland we say: ACT WITHIN THE LAW, BUT ACT ENERGETICALLY. Do this and your ultimate triumph is not only assured, but at hand. He who commits a crime hampers the limbs of his friends, and but plays into the hand of his adversary.

Fourthly, to Irishmen everywhere we say: HELP THE CAUSE. Impress upon yourself that cordial Unity, conscientious Tolerance, and dogged Perseverance are the watchwords of success in every great national movement.

The bundle of wood could not be broken when bound in a withe, but the twigs taken separately were easily snapped across. That is the beauty of Unity.

The man who is making for the hill-top may start by a different route from you, but you are certain to shake hands at the summit. Do not quarrel with him, so long as the goal is the same. That is the advantage of Tolerance.

The spider that the Bruce saw eight times recommencing to spin out his fractured web, and doing it effectively in the end, is a lesson on the value of Perseverance imparted by an insect to mankind.

Take these precepts kindly from us, men of Ireland; learn them by rote, live up to them, and calmly await the issue. Never forget your principles or strike the flag. And trust us, the issue will be the peace which is coveted. — *London Universe.*

DURING the recent severe illness of Archbishop Purcell, his brother, at his request, wrote to Bishop Elder, requesting that he might permit his body to rest beside his mother in the little graveyard in Brown County. His filial piety was equalled only by his humility. When the memory of his greatness and his misfortunes shall have been forgotten, "this will be told in remembrance of him." — *The Western Watchman* (St. Louis).

A DULL CHRISTMAS. — So dull and sad a Christmas has never been known in Dublin, say the despatches from the Irish capital. This they declare in full remembrance that the Christmas of a year ago came during a time of famine. How could a day consecrated to peace and good-will be other than dull when troops are marching hither and thither in Ireland and war-ships taking position on her coasts, English soldiers garrisoning her cities and towns, and English police her villages and hamlets?

MR. JOHN SWEETMAN, of Dublin, has purchased 20,000 acres of land in Murray County, Minnesota. He has made arrangements to settle sixty families in this colony in the coming spring. For this purpose he has already contracted for the erection of sixty suitable houses for the settlers, and also a commodious church and priest's house. Whilst Mr. Sweetman is prompted by the most charitable motives to ameliorate and elevate the condition of his suffering countrymen, he looks to make this undertaking a financial success.

A PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. — At the beginning of this year, an illustrated weekly paper for Catholic boys and girls was started at Baltimore, Maryland. Its stories have been so excellent, and its pictures so beautiful, that it has won for itself a wide circle of friends. It has just doubled the number of its pages, and had engraved for it a very pretty heading. As it has the approbation of Archbishop Gibbons, the favor of many pastors and parents, and its own intrinsic merits to help it to success, it ought to become a regular visitor in thousands of Catholic families. Its cost is only $1.00 a year, which is less than two cents a week; and when large quantities are taken in Sunday schools, a reduction from this price is made. Get it for your children. Address orders to The Chimes Publishing Company, 53 Lexington Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

THE convention between Russia and the Vatican, which gives such satisfaction at Rome, was largely brought about by Prince Oubril, Russian Ambassador at Vienna, where Cardinal Jacobini was nuncio. The prince is himself a Catholic. A Russian plenipotentiary is to be sent to Rome. The convention does not include the Polish Catholics.

A REPUBLIC REDIVIVUS. — The stanch men of the Transvaal have risen at last and claimed their ancient inheritance, their indefeasible right of self-government.

No grosser crime have English satraps committed in recent days than when they marched down upon the peaceful valleys and busy towns of the Boers, and seized upon the government of a free and independent country. There was not the least pretext for the outrage done; not more at least, than the pirate offers when he grapples with a modest merchantman and makes him yield to overmastering force.

Transvaal protested, and carried its protest to all the governments of Europe; but none of them cared to vindicate the cause of suffering justice. Oppressed nations do not find much favor in the eyes of prosperous nations. The Boers, however, bided their time; bided with a patience that surprised us, but with a knowledge of the conditions of the country which they alone possessed. They might have struck when the Zulus were up in arms; they waited in a manner which seemed puzzling if they were as much in earnest as their words indicated, but at length they find their opportune time. All imperial troops are withdrawn from the country; colonial volunteers (none of the bravest) are alone to be confronted, and they already have work enough on hand elsewhere: consequently the epoch is auspicious, and the blow for liberty is struck at length.

The deliverance was accomplished in a marvellously simple manner. Five thousand Boers took possession of their capital, pulled down the British flag, sent aloft their old beloved banner, and enthroned again their brave Republic in the midst of its devoted citizens. There was no violence done, because not a hand was raised to stay them, and thus the victory was achieved.

Of course the English papers libel them, bluster, and talk big, going so far even as to dream that the Boers will surrender if asked. But the Boers may laugh at the baffled bullies, for they have won the admiration of the world, and recovered a jewel — liberty — compared to which all the diamonds of African mines are as lustreless pebbles. — *Dublin Irishman.*

MR. PHILLIP CALLAN, M. P., who was convicted, at the last sessions of the Central Criminal Court, of publishing a defamatory libel concerning Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., surrendered to receive judgment, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £50 to the Queen, and in addition, the costs of the plea of justification. The fine was paid.

A MONUMENTAL statue to General Kearney was unveiled in Military Park, Newark, on the 28th of December. Generals Grant, Sherman, and McClellan, with senators, governors, and other men of civil and military distinction, were present to honor the occasion. The statue is of life size, and was erected by the State of New Jersey.

WHEN Sir Everard Digby was executed for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, the executioner, as usual, plucked out his heart, and, according to custom, held it up, saying, 'Behold the heart of a traitor." Digby was heard to say distinctly, "Thou liest" Lord Bacon relates this to show how far the heart may be considered as the seat of life.

WE see the English government has been threatening the Nun of Kenmare. Now we are great sticklers for neutrality laws; but, while desirous of living in peace with the government and people of a friendly state, we give due warning that we shall consider ourselves at liberty to let slip the dogs of war the moment they lay a hand on the Nun of Kenmare. — *The Western Watchman.*

THE CUNARD LINE. — In order to meet the increasing business of the line, the Cunard Steamship Company has contracted for five new steamers, the "Servia," "Catalonia," "Aurania," "Cephalonia," and "Pavonia"

These steamers are of the largest class, aggregating 30,000 tons, with every known improvement for the comfort and safety of passengers. The "Servia" and "Catalonia" will be in commission next spring, and the others later in the season.

The sailings, during 1881, will be from Liverpool to New York every Saturday, to Boston every Wednesday, from New York to Liverpool every Wednesday, and from Boston every Saturday, with extra sailings when required

The high standard of excellence attained by the Cunard Line during the past forty years will be maintained in all branches of the service; and, with the improved outlook for business throughout the country, we hope for increased sales from your section.

During 1880, the Cunard steamers carried across the Atlantic about 56,000 passengers.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Lynch. Cole & Meehan, New York.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC for 1880. A most interesting book for the Irish-American reader. Poetry, history, music, engravings, and scenery of Ireland. All for twenty-five cents. Noonan & Co., Boston, can furnish it.

T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

THE CHAPEL CHOIR BOOK: A collection of Catholic music, consisting of Masses, Anthems, Chants, and Hymns; prefixed by a short treatise on the art of singing. Edited by Geo. W. Lloyd.

This book was published by Mr. Donahoe some twelve years ago, and had a large sale. The "big fire," which destroyed all Mr. Donahoe's stereotype plates, consumed this also, and the book has been out of print for some years. The new edition has been revised and improved by the choir director of St. James Church, Boston, and is an improvement on the old edition. The retail price is $1.50. A discount allowed when purchased in quantities.

FAMILIAR INSTRUCTIONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND THE CHURCH. By a Catholic Priest.

The author of this book is well known to the Catholics of New England. The N. O. Morning Star and Catholic Messenger says of it: "This little book of 167 pages bears the *imprimatur* of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Boston. The instructions are given with directness and simplicity. The substance of the work is identical with that contained in the large catechisms; but being in the form of monologue, is free from the interruptions arising from frequent questions. Altogether, we have rarely seen a work of its size so well adapted to make 'intelligent Catholics' of all who shall study it carefully."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TREVILLE CHASE, a novel, by C. H. Dering, has lately appeared in London. It is highly spoken of by Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne, who thus speaks of it: "The story turns on two points, to which it serves as the framework: the principle of faith, and the mischief of mixed marriages. The principle of faith is put clearly, pointedly, and trenchantly. It is cleared of all lumber, and then shines by its own light. The mischief of mixed marriages is worked out through the story, and comes up with a number of unpleasant faces, repulsive as they are unpleasant." We learn that the book, which is in two volumes, will shortly appear in this country. The English edition is sold for $4 25. Messrs. Noonan & Co. can furnish it. Of course the American edition, if published, will be much cheaper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VICK'S FLOKAL GUIDE, for 1881, is a very handsome issue. This publication is standard among seed and plant catalogues, and is the most elegant of them all.

VENNOR'S WEATHER ALMANAC is published by the American News Company, New York. As its name indicates, it supplies weather in large quantities for all the year round.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Calm on the Listening Ear of Night," Christmas Anthem by D. F. Hodges. "Little Voices," song and chorus, words by Geo. Russell Jackson, music by A. Bardey. "I Wonder," song, words by F. E. Wetherby, music by Frederic H. Cowen. "Heaven with Thee," song by Roeckel. "Memories of the Past," duet, words by Geo. Russell Jackson, music by J. L. Gilbert. "I 'll meet Thee, Darling Katie, by and by," song by Geo. M. Clark. "The Little Street Peddler," song, words by Frank Dumont, music by L. E. Hicks. "I alone the Cross must bear," song by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "Old Dominion Minuet," by H. J. Bennett. "The Butterflies," waltz and polka, by L. Strealbog. "La Pluie de Roses," impromptu for piano, by C. Kolling. "Original Heel and Toe Polka," arranged for piano by C. O. Fosgate. "Old Dominion Gavotte," by H. J. Bennett. "Pirates of Penzance Lancers Quadrille," arranged by E. H. Bailey. "The Little Watchman," by Theodore Oesten. "Waltz Song," by Theodore Oesten. "Harvest March," by Hubert A. Baker.

IT is said that there will be no parade in Boston, on St. Patrick's day this year, but that all the efforts of Irish-Americans will be put forward to aid the struggle now going on in Ireland. With this end in view, it is probable that a lecture or some grand entertainment will be given on the night of St. Patrick's day.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

REV. FATHER TIERNAN, pastor of Dover, Wis., died on the 11th of December.

REV. ARTHUR DORAN, P. P., of Skerries, departed this life at the parochial house, Skerries, Dec. 13.

REV. JOHN MCANANY, of the Church of the Annunciation in Philadelphia, died on the 26th of December.

REV. FATHER DONNELLY, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Kansas City, Mo., departed this life on the 14th of December, at the age of seventy years.

THE REV. THOMAS SULLIVAN, C. C., of Kingstown, Ireland, died on Sunday, Dec. 12, at Waterford, where the reverend gentleman had been stopping for some time.

REV. EDWARD MURRAY, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Noblestown, Pa., departed this life at noon on the 16th of December, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

THE death of REV. WILLIAM M'GARRY, C. C., took place at the Presbytery, St. Mary's, Athlone, on the 29th of November. Father M'Garry was born near Dromod, county Leitrim, in the year 1845.

VERY REV. FATHER JULIEN BENOIT, V. G., died at the cathedral house he had built for the bishopric of Fort Wayne, on the 2d of December. In Fort Wayne Father Benoit had lived and labored forty years.

REV. FATHER O'CONNELL, parish priest of Prescott, Canada, died at Chicago, on Monday morning, Dec. 20, on his return from the South, where he had been for the past few months endeavoring to recover his health.

VERY REV. JOHN MCCLOSKEY, president of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md., died at eight o'clock, Saturday evening, Dec. 25. Dr. McCloskey succeeded Rev. J. A. Watterson, D. D., as president, on the latter's elevation to a bishopric, having been previously vice-president and treasurer of the institution.

THE death of the Very Rev. Dean Gordon, of St. Mary's Church, took place at the Deanery, Patrick Street, Greenock, Scotland. Dean Gordon was the son of Mr. James Charles Gordon, of Glenbucket, was born in Tomintoul, Banffshire, on the 24th of January, 1808, and was thus within a few weeks of seventy-three years of age.

REV. FATHER TERENCE FITZSIMMONS, formerly of SS. Peter and Paul's, South Boston, died Dec. 8, at the residence of his nephew, Terence Fitzsimmons, Chicago, with whom he had been living for a year past, aged sixty-seven years and nine months. He was ordained a priest in 1835. He remained at South Boston twenty years. For nearly forty-five years did the venerable priest perform his labors, erecting churches and Catholic institutions of learning, including a fine one at Elgin, Ill., and SS. Peter and Paul's, South Boston.

IN San Francisco, on the 2d of December, at St. Mary's Hospital, REV. E. M. COYLE. Deceased was a native of Virginia, county Cavan, Ireland. He came to America at an early age, and feeling a vocation for the priesthood, he entered St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y., where he completed his course of classics and philosophy, after which he entered the seminary of St. Mary of Angels, at Niagara, N. Y., where he completed his course in theology, and where he was ordained in June, 1878.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER RYAN. — Rev. Father Ryan, assistant rector of St. Peter's Church, Lowell, Mass., died on the morning of Jan. 1, at St. John's Hospital, from the effects of injuries received a few days previous, by falling from a stairway at the hospital, while attacked by epilepsy. He was thirty-three years of age, and a native of Ireland. He came to this country about nine years ago, immediately after being ordained; and after a service of about seven years as an assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Boston Highlands, came to Lowell, and has since been assistant at St. Peter's. He was a devout Christian, and had many warm friends among all citizens, of all denominations. The funeral took place on the 3d of January.

EVERY one will regret the death of big and big-hearted FATHER JOHN NOLAN, the venerable priest of Kildare. Father John, than whom there were few better known

or finer looking men in the whole country, had reached the advanced age of seventy-one years, for thirty-seven of which he ministered as a good, popular, and patriotic priest amongst the people of the diocese of Kildare. He became parish priest of Geashill more than twenty years ago, and in 1867 was translated to Kildare. The whole story of his life is that of one simple, pious, healthy, generous effort as a typical Irishman and priest. The circumstances of his sudden death are touching. He had gone to see his brother, the Rev. Thomas Nolan, P. P. of Abbeyleix, who has reached the patriarchal years of eighty-eight, and who lies very ill. While engaged in this last fraternal act, the younger brother, Father John, received his death summons.

Very Rev. John McCloskey, president Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md., died at eight o'clock Saturday evening, Dec. 25. Dr. McCloskey succeeded Rev. J. A. Watterson, D. D., as president, on the latter's elevation to a bishopric, having been previously vice-president and treasurer of the institution. Dr. McCloskey was born at Carlow, Ireland, in 1817.

SISTERS.

The mother of the Rev. Father Moran, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, died on the 29th of December, at the residence of her son, Dr. Moran, Boston Highlands.

At the Convent of the Visitation, Summerville, near Mobile, Ala., on Friday, Dec. 24, 1880, Sister Mary Aloysia O'Brien, aged thirty-five years and four months, eldest daughter of Joseph O'Brien, of New Orleans, and a nun of the Visitation Order for the past fifteen years.

LAY PEOPLE.

T. M. Ray, who was a fellow-prisoner with O'Connell, is dead.

Capt. Timothy Dacey, the noted Fenian leader, died at his residence in Lawrence, Mass , of rheumatism of the heart, on the 18th of December. He was a captain in the "Fighting Ninth" during the war, was for many years connected with the State militia as captain of Co. I, Sixth Regiment, and was a member of the Legislature in 1877. Capt. Dacey will be remembered as being rescued, with Col. Kelley, from English officers at Manchester, Eng., in 1868, for which rescue Messrs. Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien were executed.

James Redpath delivered an extremely interesting lecture at the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday evening, Jan. 2, on Irish affairs and what he witnessed in Ireland. He spoke for two hours and a half, and was followed by Mrs. Parnell, mother of the agitator. The hall was crowded. The receipts were for the Land League.

An Illustrious Irishman. — The liberal-minded Prime Minister of Austria has been attacked with great virulence by the constitutional party or Parteitag He answered the vehement harangue of Dr. Schmeykal, and the Marquis de Copp, by giving satisfaction to the liberal party, and in preaching concord in all the parties; and the Parliament about to resume its labors will certainly support his efforts. The Opposition will be embarrassed, as Count Taaffe proposes reforms that they never attempted to realize. The Schmerling Ministry reduced the right of voting from fifty francs to twenty-five francs for the electors of Vienna. Count Poloki reduced it to fifteen francs for the electors of Vienna. To-day the ministry, it is said, intends reducing to seven francs fifty centimes, and proposes to grant to the communes the direct right of voting, which belongs exclusively to the large land-owners. The *Journal des Débats* says: "In place of a revolutionary policy, Count Taaffe prefers reforms less radical and Jacobin, but more in conformity with the spirit of the population He does not desert the Empire, as his adversaries pretend he does, but he appeals to all patriots. It is a practical programme, which can be summed up in the well-known verse, '*Que chacun dans sa loi cherche un peu la lumière.*'" What a loss for poor Ireland are such men, who are the friends of progress and the guides of great nations! — *J. P. L., in Dublin Irishman.*

Yours affly friends in Xt
Sister Mary Francis Clare
Superior of Poor Clares. Kenmare. Co Kerry.
Ireland

THE NUN OF KENMARE.

Sketch of Sister Mary Francis Clare.

Miss Cusack was born on May 6, 1830. Dublin has the honor of being her birthplace, and the spot around which are entwined the associations of her childhood. She belongs to a family which has played no unimportant part in Irish history, — a family which produced such a name as Lord Chancellor Causac, who was an intimate friend and admirer of the great Hugh O'Neill, of Tyrowen. Early in life Miss Cusack's health was delicate; but nevertheless, she was from her infancy zealous and hard-working. She was educated in England, where she formed many friendships, but where she never for a moment forgot that she was an Irishwoman. "I have the old blood in me," she writes, "although I was educated and lived in England many years." At the age of sixteen she commenced to pen articles for the press. Being of an exceedingly studious nature, and gifted with a refined taste, she took a delight in tracing on paper the thoughts she entertained on various subjects. These essays, the germs of a young imagination, were but the forerunners of the many works, more mature and profound, which in later years have made the Convent of Kenmare synonymous with being the home and habitation of Irish literature. Miss Cusack was always of a deeply religious turn of mind; from her childhood she possessed an innate desire to do works of charity, and help the needy; and prompted by a wish to devote her life to a mission of such a nature, in an untrammelled position, she entered a community of sisters of her own religion — the Protestant one — where she entered on her career of charity. Here, however, she did not find herself altogether at home: some idea induced her to believe that she was not perhaps in the right place; this idea afterwards grew into a conviction, and erelong we see her bidding adieu to the community in question, and embracing the Catholic faith. It appears that as long as she remained a member of the English Church, she enjoyed some valuable private property of her own; but of the greater portion of this she was deprived, on account of her change of religious persuasion. However, no motive of a worldly nature should weigh aught in the balance where the peace of one's conscience and the welfare of one's soul are weighed and considered; and far from Miss Cusack's mind was such a motive, when she sacrificed to a sense of duty her own private advantages. Her entry into the Catholic Church was quickly followed by her novitiate and subsequent profession as a nun. The same late eminent ecclesiastic, Cardinal Wiseman, who confirmed her, received her into the convent soon after, on July 25, 1856. From the period when she became a Catholic, his Eminence urged her to work at the pen. He saw how talented she was, and he desired that her talents should be properly exercised and cultivated. Like his successor, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Wiseman held Miss Cusack in high esteem, he encouraged her in all her undertakings, and a few days before his death he sent her the last work he ever penned.

In the year 1861 the late Miss O'Hagan, sister of the present Lord O'Hagan, founded the Convent of the Poor Clares at Kenmare. To assist her in her enterprise, and to work it out successfully, the services of Miss Cusack were put into requisition, and it was then she left England, and threw in her lot with the Abbess O'Hagan and the other sisters who were entering upon their holy work in the wilds of Kerry. It was a consola-

Continued on page 257.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. V. BOSTON, MARCH, 1881. No. 3.

Do justice — you Emperor, you King, you governments, be just to your peoples under peril of destruction, which sooner or later will fall upon injustice; you oppressed people, strive for your rights by every legitimate means, but only by such, and you must succeed. — *Leo XIII.*

Know you not, oh! Christian parents, that the very best and most lasting inheritance you can bequeath to your children is a solid Christian education? Houses and lands and stocks in banks may quickly pass from their hands, or may become the cause of their ruin, but a Christian training is something that no adverse fortune can take away, and rarely fails to bring a twofold blessing — on donor and recipient. — *Father Cronan, in Catholic Union.*

A FRENCH PARSON ON THE PRIEST-HUNT.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

It is not complimentary to American intelligence that we are apt to accept without demur, the views and judgments of foreign writers, not only upon questions remote from our own experience, but also upon domestic problems. We pay to hear Tom Hughes, M. P., denounce our political institutions, and in the face of our better knowledge, argue us into believing that a sand-patch in Tennessee, far from railway communications, is the very best spot for a colony. Mlle. Bernhardt takes for granted that her American audiences know nothing about Corneille or Racine, and she contents herself with wriggling over the stage in death-throes which are laughed at in Paris but awfully impressive in New York. The Rev. Mr. Sheshedrai, a converted Brahmin, arrayed in Oriental costume, fills the eye of a Pan-Presbyterian council. A worthless Italian priest assures his American dupes that he has bearded the Pope in the Vatican itself, and needs only a few thousand dollars to convert to Protestantism several members of the sacred College of Cardinals. Obscure scribes of the London press instruct us on the Irish question, while we give no heed to Irishmen themselves who are ready to die for the truth of their statements and convictions. Although we can easily possess ourselves of the original and authentic sources of information upon the great questions that agitate Europe, we indolently or capriciously refuse to examine them, content to submit our minds to the manipulation of those whose interest it may be to pervert the truth. So well aware of this American failing are the sharpers of Europe, that they are emboldened to indulge in reckless assertions, which they have reason to believe will be swallowed by the "most gullible of nations."

The latest example of this imposition upon the ignorance or the indolence of the American public is afforded in the last November number of the

International Review, by Rev. E. Pressensé, a French parson, who undertakes to defend the suppression of the religious congregations in the French Republic. He is the only man of any character or reputation that has ventured to applaud the priest-hunt. This defence comes with peculiarly bad grace from a man who has written a book on liberty of conscience, which is filled with fierce criticism upon the "persecuting spirit of Romanism." It looks as though M. Pressensé would make quite as inexorable an Inquisitor-General as any of the Dominicans that harried the Albigenses. In the last analysis, the war upon the religious orders is an invasion of the most sacred and personal rights of man; and had M. Pressensé a spark of chivalric devotion to the cause which his book on liberty of conscience championed, he would range himself on the side of the persecuted monks. This has been the course followed by many of his Protestant colleagues in France itself. We feel assured that he would not dare to publish in France an article which — no doubt! —he deems good enough for America; just as the North American published an article of Froude which an English magazine would reject. Even the infidel press very generally condemned the French Republic for engaging in the priest-hunt: not, it is true, on the high ground of liberty of conscience or the rights of citizenship, — for infidelity, when in power, ignores both,— but on the ground that the government has made a blunder; and in the ethics of statesmanship, a blunder is worse than a crime.

In the opening paragraph of his article, M. Pressensé asserts that the legality of the March Decrees, by virtue of which the Jesuits and non-authorized religious communities were suppressed, was never questioned. He says that existing laws were fully operative against these religious societies; that no one questioned them; and that the only mistake which Jules Ferry made was not to insist upon the fact that the religious communities are, in the eyes of French jurisprudence, *outlaws*, — persons having no legal rights. We do not know who the editor of the International Review is, but he is manifestly unfit for his position. No doubt he may shield his ignorance and incompetency under the statement that the editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by his contributors; but good editors who act upon this principle are not such fools as to print communications shamelessly crude, illogical, absurd, and false. Why, the most superficial reader of the daily press knows that the ablest lawyers in France protested against the March Decrees; that judges and prefects resigned their offices sooner than enforce them, — and their resignation was precisely on legal grounds, without reference to their religious feelings or predilections; that the Ferry Educational Bill elicited the warmest opposition from non-Catholic members of the *Corps Législatif;* and that a Protestant prime minister resigned, sooner than engage in what he deemed to be an unconstitutional measure. The ablest diplomatic, legal, and statesman-like minds of France are as much opposed to the whole priest-hunt as the most fanatical "Romanist" of *La Vendée*. Men who perchance dislike Catholicism as much as Gambetta, are not disposed, like him, to lose their official and professional reputation in the opinion of Europe.

It is hard to believe that M. Pressensé is ignorant of the famous "opinion" of M. Rousse, the present leader of the French bar, on this very subject of the legality of the anti-religious measures. This "opinion" was published in June, 1880, and was accepted by all, except the fanatical communistic gang, as completely establishing the unconstitutionality of the priest-hunt. It may be that M. Pressensé was too busy preparing windy sermons for the Pan-Presbyterian Council which met in the autumn at Philadelphia, to give much heed to so trifling an event as the dissolution of education in France, — for this is what the priest-hunt will result in. Besides, he must be a fatally obtuse man not to see that his own petty conventicle may be swept away by the flood that has burst upon the great religious houses; though, to be sure, the very insignificance of French Protestantism is its best protection. For his benefit, then, we give a summary of M. Rousse's "consultation," which expresses the legal judgment of the French bar.

The March Decrees were based mainly on a law of 1790, which declared monastic vows unrecognizable by the government, and which abolished the regular orders and congregations in which such vows are taken. This law, according to M. Rousse, while inflicting "civil death" on the community, gave "civil life" to each religious. They could leave or remain in their houses. Subsequent legislation, by recognizing full liberty of conscience, abrogated this law; for certainly religious, as men and citizens, have a conscientious right to assume such obligations. He shows that no existing law prohibits persons belonging to religious associations from living together. He proves that suppressions of religious orders under the monarchy were conducted with due process of law, and not in this high-handed way, by merely executive and administrative measures. The Republic is governed principally by the constitution of 1848, and its whole spirit is that of liberty. According to articles 7, 8, and 9 of that constitution, liberty of conscience, liberty of association, and liberty of teaching are guaranteed to every French subject. The law of 1850 gives the right to every Frenchman of full age to open a free school. M. Thiers, no friend of the Jesuits, declared that the constitution recognized their full right to teach. For eighteen years, under the Second Empire, the religious communities exercised this right. M. Rousse also quotes the opinion of his illustrious predecessor in the leadership of the French bar, Berryer, who in his day was the ablest international and constitutional lawyer in Europe, and who, in 1845, when this identical question was agitated, showed, in a "consultation," that no law at that time in force prevented religious association; that if such law existed, which was doubtful, — and a doubtful law is no law at all, — the government could not dissolve the community by imperative decree or order, but it would have to go into the courts, or wait for an act of the legislature; and that this forcible suppression would be difficult of accomplishment, and bring deserved odium upon the government. Innumerable difficulties in the way of violations of private property and personal liberty would undoubtedly spring up; and the advice of the great lawyer, based both upon clear legal evidence and the dictates of common-sense, was, *Quieta*

non movere. But as everybody knows, the real design of the enemies of the Church is not the prohibition of teaching by the religious congregations, but their extermination. Therefore the great advocates and defenders of the liberty of France look with alarm upon this invasion of the rights of Frenchmen. As one of them said: "Religious liberty is not less admirable than other kinds of liberty; and we have no right to exclude from teaching, Frenchmen and citizens merely because they believe themselves called to a sacred vocation."

The most wretched subterfuge of Pressensé is the citing of a law which forbids more than twenty people to assemble without authorization. This is to prevent cabals against the government. Why, the great religious houses were open day and night to the inspection of the government. The officials were besought to visit the schools and to examine the methods of education. M. Pressensé thinks that the Jesuits had two plans of training, like the esoteric and exoteric instruction of the ancient philosophers, who taught the initiated to worship idols in public, but to adore the one only God in private. This is a gratuitous assumption. The school-books were before the government. The graduates of the Jesuit schools went up to the university, and to the great government institutions of special education. From official figures, the religious orders had under instruction 2,208,919 children. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the religious did nothing but indoctrinate these children with hatred to the Republic. These lads were to enter the service of the Republic in various capacities. The Jesuits, who were mainly engaged in imparting the higher education, fitted young men for the different professions, for civil service, etc. Their graduates were distinguished for thorough competency in various official positions. We are asked to believe that the chief object of religious education was to produce discontented citizens! On the admission of their enemies, the Jesuits are a shrewd body of men; but could such a course of education be aught but foolish to a degree? No boy of any spirit would stand the constant depreciation of his own country and government; and as a monk does not cease to be a man, the most devoted adherents of the Republic are in fact found among the religious orders. If the Republic were true to its proud professions, the Church in France would be far more glorious under her than under Louis XIV., or Napoleon III.

The hollowness of all Protestant advocacy of liberty of conscience is shown by M. Pressensé's rabid insistence upon the right of the state to exercise rigid surveillance over religion. This is the craven spirit of Calvinism, the low crouching of Lutheranism, always anxious to uphold the supremacy of the civil power in matters of religion. It is the cringing of Episcopalianism, which recognizes the sovereign of England as the head of the Church, and in spirituals, as in temporals, supreme. It makes a man's blood boil to hear this *fanfaronade* about Protestantism being the religion of liberty, of individual independence of judgment. The whole system is based upon the most servile subjection to the state. If a Catholic is subject in spiritual matters to the Church, there is a justification for it, and a logical consistency. He honors

the pope, not as a man or a king, but as the vicar of Christ. But this slavish subjection of the conscience to the state, which Hobbes advocated and which Protestantism has always preached, is hateful to the Catholic soul, and will be hateful so long as there remains a spark of the liberty with which Christ made us free. It is to the crooking of the pregnant hinges of the knee that Protestantism owes its success, as all men know. This Pressensé would turn Jew, if Gambetta demanded it. The servility of the Protestant ministry seems inborn Here, where the state lets them alone, they are most anxious for the state to assume pontifical powers. They want the constitution to be supreme in religion. They cannot get along without a despot. They are apparently not satisfied with the humiliation of their subjection to ignorant and stingy vestrymen and sewing-societies. What right has the French government or any government to interfere with the Jesuits, or with any creed? The best men in the Church in all ages, the very spirit of the Church, opposed those hot-headed zealots that persecuted "heretics." It was governments that undertook their suppression, and that in consequence claimed a right to dictate to the Church, who never asked their bloody help in the matter. And why should the religious orders not yield humbly to France? asks Pressensé. The Catholic Church receives a handsome pension from the state. Ah! so money must purchase submission, — but this is Protestantism. Pressensé is determined to live and die a Vicar of Bray. The French government has stolen more from the Catholic Church than would pay its yearly subsidy for three centuries. A French priest, refined, educated, devout, and charitable, has to live on less money than an American bootblack makes, even in dull times.

The French Church was never more united to its head, the vicar of Christ, than now. This surprises and offends M. Pressensé. He calls this unity of the Church Ultramontanism, and ascribes its power to the Jesuits. If so, all the greater honor to them, for Christ prayed for nothing more earnestly than for the unity of his Church. The entire French hierarchy, in this present stress, unite in identifying the cause of the Church with the cause of the religious orders. The bishops refuse to distinguish between the secular and the regular clergy. They declare that the religious life is an outgrowth of the Church; that the exercise of the evangelical counsels is a part of Christianity, though these counsels are ignored by creeds that falsely call themselves Christian; that the Church will never consent to their abrogation, as in fact she cannot; and that the Christian commonwealth owes much to the religious orders. Literature, education, science, missionary work will suffer immensely from this attempt to dissolve the great congregations. This testimony is an evidence of the thorough union that exists in the French episcopate and clergy, and it is this testimony which Protestantism and infidelity dislike to see. The Vatican Council united the Church by settling forever the questions about papal supremacy, which kept France agitated. These questions, even in the days of Bossuet, were kept alive more for political purposes than through any positive theological dissent from the infallibility of the pope. Happily

that great truth has emerged from the mists of captious discussion, and shines, not only as it did in the ancient Church, but with the fuller lustre of an explicit article of faith.

The American admirers of M. Pressensé should abate their admiration for this champion of liberty of conscience. As we have said, the people of this land accept conclusions without examining premises. It seems to us that any question about which it is worth while to form an opinion should be examined with thorough and patient care. We cannot understand how men rest satisfied with the haziest views about matters of profound importance. An American, above all, should cultivate that critical and philosophic habit of mind which his political condition demands. We should make it our pleasure as well as duty to trace the truth or falsehood of the statements submitted to us, and not, like children, accept everything on authority; or, if we are too idle to do this, we should content ourselves with taking an unproven statement for what it is worth. This man Pressensé happens to be that *lusus naturæ*, a French Protestant. This extraordinary fact has given him some notoriety, Frenchmen being either Catholics or infidels. M. Thiers and M. Guizot called themselves Protestants, but they were, more properly speaking, deists. The number of Protestants in France is, statistically, about half a million, although the "French Protestant Church" is a high-sounding title. It is servility itself, and eagerly grasps the petty subsidy which the government throws to it in conjunction with a few Jewish synagogues. In order to make a claim for more money on the government, this parson Pressensé, and a few others, held a synod, in 1873, in which they tried to form a union of all the Protestant churches. In order to bring in all shades of Protestant opinion, they actually agreed to drop the divinity of Christ entirely, as a fundamental article. The proceedings savored more of the character of a club of freethinkers than of ministers of Christian churches. The press made fun of them, and hinted that if the government got word of their antichristian platform of union, it would consider itself quit of the subsidy. This was enough. Calvinists and Lutherans, the only sects that are paid, summarily left the synod They would have given up Christ, if it would have increased the stipend; but they concluded to adhere to him even at reduced rates. It is in keeping with the French parson's policy and judgment to require the Jesuits to worship the government, in a degree of prostration proportionate to the salary received. We should not have discussed his lucubrations at this length, if he did not afford us a capital specimen of a large class of frauds who take America and Americans for easy game and gain.

For the first time in history an Irishman occupies the position of Lord Mayor of London, and another Irishman has just been elected mayor of New York, — the "Green Isle" being thus represented in the persons of the chief magistrates of the two greatest cities of the Old and New Worlds. Let us hope it is an omen of the close of her "long night of darkness," and the approach of "the dawn of the better day."

MIVART'S "LESSONS FROM NATURE."

WHATEVER else the world lacks in this latter quarter of the nineteenth century, want of teachers is not one of those needs of which it has any right to complain; for we find on every side, with ready tongues and pens, those who are but too often theorists with theories all their own, scientists with sciences all of their own evolving, willing to guide and willing to teach us, if we will only be led and taught by them. And though it may happen that many of the discoveries of such as these will be found to contain more talk than thought, and more words than wisdom, yet it will generally, too, be found that brilliant as they often are in their oratorical completeness, but yet bristling with phrases hard of comprehension and shrouded in reasonings twined and twisted in convolutions which many will gladly evade the following of, their conclusions are adopted by some of those who, though they may have heard the talker, will have hardly followed him from his starting-point. Deductions are often adopted by those who do not know the premises upon which they are based; and this, so often the case in matters wherein doubt is not possible or not advisable, is just as likely to occur where men are rather inclined to have their thinking made so easy for them as at this day daily journalists and popular scientists will make it for those who have not the inclination or perhaps the mind-leisure to do the work themselves. How many ardent politicians of the smaller kind there are whose midday diatribes are based on the matutinal "leader" of their newspaper it would be hard to say, but it is not difficult to discern that with so-called science it will be somewhat the same; and hence the necessity which exists for placing before people of this kind — and this kind are the majority — evidences of the unreliability of the teaching proffered them by the "popular" talkers of the day. To meet this necessity many an able writer and speaker has stood forth; but of those who have, not one has given more evidence of his fitness for his task than he whose work,* now open before us, induces these remarks.

Every one knows that of the modern pseudo-scientific theories, that of which we have heard perhaps most is the one which tells us that men and brutes differ only in degree and not in kind; that man was originally, in the first beginning of things, not a whit more elevated in his sense of moral right or wrong, no more cognizant of a horizon unbounded by his appetite, than the four-legged creatures which preyed about him; and that he has attained his present condition by a process of self-improvement, of "progressive development." This "theory of evolution" or "manistic hypothesis" has opposed to it that which places man in a nobler position, and pronounces that from the first beginning he was superior to other animals, and that even though his robes were but a shaggy hide, his sceptre but a loosely shaped, roughly hacked stone, yet he was then as much viceroy over the brutes as he is now. This "dualistic" hypothesis therefore is, "that man at the very first moment of his existence was at once essentially man, and separated, at his very origin, from the "highest brutes by as impassable a gulf as that which anywhere exists between them to-day."†

While, therefore, the advocates or teachers of the doctrine of degradation will have it "that races have existed without articulate speech or any equivalent symbolic system, without perceptions of 'right' or 'wrong,' and without religious conceptions,"‡ those of the other more correctly maintain not only "that no race will be found anywhere without a mode of rational expres-

* Lessons from Nature, by St. George Mivart. † Ibid., Chap. VI. p. 130. ‡ Ibid.

sion, moral perceptions, and religious conceptions (however rudimentary or atrophied), but also that the first men possessed all these." *

Here now placed in juxtaposition are the two propositions: and though it may appear to us, and those who with us think it no discredit to believe as wiser than us have been content to believe, unreasonable to ask for proof of what it has never occurred to us to doubt, we must remember that our belief has been attacked; that our case has been impugned; that the right of man to rank as man, sole and unapproached amongst created things on this sphere, and not as the companion of the apes or fellow of the other brutes, must be as skilfully maintained and at least as plausibly supported as his claim to his rank has been boldly denied and plausibly assailed. Hence it is that those who undertake such task think it best to first clearly ascertain what are those points upon which evidence — affirmative or negative — would be accepted by unbiassed judges for or against the high position held by man on earth, and which he claims to have been the prerogative of his species from the first creation of the world.

What the points are upon which evidence is needed, Mr. Mivart describes in his able work, which by the way is dedicated to the last great Englishman whose name has been added to the roll of cardinals, to that ablest and humblest Oratorian Father, to that Prince of the Church and humble follower of Saint Philip, who has so enriched the literature of our language and left so many of every race his debtor. The tests are three: (1.) "Can any direct evidence be found of races of man, past or present, existing in a brutal or irrational condition?" That is, can clear proof be given that now or at any other time the smallest tribe of man exists or has ever existed "without articulate speech, or any equivalent symbolic system, without perceptions of 'right' and 'wrong,' and without religious conceptions"? (2.) "Does available evidence clearly point to the past existence of such a condition?" (3.) "Are races anywhere to be found in a condition which is less remote from mere animal existence than from the highest human development of which we have as yet experience?" That is, can we find any people so degraded in their condition as to be fairly ranked nearer to the brutes than they are far from highly civilized men? That is, supposing the American or Englishman to rank as in the first place, and the brutes as in the tenth, can we find in any part of the world a race of human beings to whom can be fairly assigned, say the ninth place rather than fourth or fifth? Will we find any that are not quite as far above and superior to the beasts as they may be inferior to highly civilized, educated beings? "Should unmistakable evidence of the sort" — of the affirmative kind to our question — "be forthcoming, then the existence of an essential difference, a difference of kind, between human and brutal nature could no longer be maintained. It would also follow that if other animals have arisen by a merely natural process of development, reason could oppose no barrier to the belief that the origin of man, in the totality of his nature, was also due to such a merely natural process. If, on the other hand, no such direct evidence is forthcoming, and none even pointing clearly in the indicated direction; if also, no races can be found in a condition nearer to irrational brutality than to the highest refinement, — then it must be admitted that we have no scientific ground for asserting that man is of one nature with the brutes, or that it is an *a priori* probability that his origin was the same as theirs." † In the absence of such evidence there is at once established a highly probable negative case against those who support the evolutionistic theories; but if, going further, the evidence produced proves that there "is a difference in kind between the lowest races of men and the highest species of

* Lessons from Nature, Chap. VI. page 130 † Ibid.

brutes, pointing to a difference of essential principle, and therefore, of origin"; and yet again when we know and our opponents admit that neither ethnology or archæology will supply anything to support their case, but will rather "by their eloquent silence supply us with additional grounds for maintaining that the progress of physical science will but more and more clearly bring out the difference existing between all merely animal natures, and that of the rational animal man," * — then surely the decision of the tribunal of opinion must be that man boasts a nobler ancestry, and a career in its totality hallowed by a higher sanction, than if he could trace his descent from some nimble but grovelling ape, and could only assign his higher desires to natural wisdom, and that of the kind which comes of experience, which teaches so well though sometimes in so bad a school. It is well, perhaps, to again repeat, that, revelation apart, the secret of man's origin is not one of those things which reason unaided can discern; the utmost that can be accomplished is, to see how far the available evidences substantiate his highest and oldest claims.

In dealing with the three tests propounded for the evolutionists' theory, it is requisite to investigate the question in five aspects, which will enable us to clearly see how the evidences are pro and con. These five subordinate points are: (1) Language; (2) Morals; (3) Religion; (4) Progress; (5) Community (or unity) of nature between men of the most diverse races. And it will be well to see, necessarily very briefly and imperfectly here, how facts tell for us hereupon; and this Prof. Mivart's work enables us to do.

It will be evident that if man, of all creatures inhabiting this earth, is and has ever been the only one possessing the gift of rational language, — that is, language expressive of the results of reasoning, — we have at once discerned in him a quality which no amount of twisting of argument can prove to be the result of merely self-improvement upon a substratum of brutality. We will recognize on a little consideration that there are many kinds of vocal utterances which do not constitute the true language of which we speak, and which man only can prove claim to. Take the cry of pain from blow or disease, for example: this man or brute may utter, but no reasoning power is betokened by it; the cry may not even be articulate, almost certainly will not. And again we find sounds articulate but yet not expressive of reason; such are the repetitions of the parrot or of some idiots, who, perfectly destitute of comprehension, will repeat every phrase they hear. We will also find gestures which we cannot ascribe to reasoning powers, but must likewise consider as being merely the expression of feelings and emotions. These are the only forms of expression which research has discovered in the brute species, or amongst those unhappy human beings who have never been blessed with reason. Let some call them "languages" if they will, — a name is not always an actuality; at all events, they in no way form that which alone constitutes "true speech; viz., sounds which are both rational and articulate," or those which though rational are not articulate, as gestures which answer to and convey rational conceptions, such as those of deaf-mutes. Power of reasoning may be as well shown by gesture as by tongue. Mr. Darwin and those who follow his lead, knowing that the weakest part of their case lies at this point, try rather to evade it and seek to wing over the distance, wide as it is, between instinctive cries and gestures and expression of reasoning by word or sign, by means of a series of "might haves" or "may haves." Mr. Darwin gravely writes that "it does not appear altogether incredible that some unusually wise ape-like animal should have "thought of imitating the growl of a beast of prey, so as to indicate to his fellow monkeys the nature of the expected danger. And this would have been the first step in the formation of

* Lessons from Nature, Chap. VI. p. 130.

a language." Well may Mr. Mivart quote Wilhelm von Humboldt's words, all too limited though they be, "Man is man only through speech, but in order to invent he must be already man." It is comprehensible that a man might train one of the lower animals to write a set form of words; we do not say he could do so, but neither can we say that he could not: we do, however, fearlessly affirm that no amount of training would ever enable the brute to write an original sentiment or a self-composed description. This question of language has been slightly complicated by the too rash assertions of certain travellers that the mutual communications of some tribes of men have but small resemblance to articulate sounds or organized language. These assertions have, however, been always disproved on proper investigation, as is, by simple self-asserting facts, Prof. Huxley's assertion that "A man born dumb . . . would be capable of few higher intellectual manifestations than an orang or a chimpanzee, if he were confined to the society of his dumb associates"; for as Prof. Mivart says, "Quite contrary to this, there can be no doubt but that a society of dumb men would soon elaborate a gesture language of great complexity," and therefore he finds in the words of another writer that "Man is essentially what the derivation of his name among our Aryan race imports, not the 'speaker,' but he who *thinks*, he who *means*."

On the subject of morals, Prof. Mivart begins with the following affirmation, the justness of which he perfectly proves: "Perceptions of right and wrong, and of our power of choice, and consequent responsibility, are universally diffused amongst mankind, and constitute an absolute character separating man from all other animals." In proving the correctness of this declaration he investigates three questions, which it is perhaps best to give in his own words: (1.) "Whether there is any evidence that moral perceptions are wanting in any savage tribe?" (2.) "Whether any races exist in a condition which may be considered as a transitional state between our own and the non-moral condition of beasts?" (3.) "Whether any peoples have their moral perceptions so perverted — so remote from those of the highest races — as to result in the formation of abstract judgments directly contradicting the abstract moral judgments of such highest races?" The evidence obtainable on all these points is conclusively negative, and proves that there is no people, and no trace of a people, devoid entirely of sense of moral right and wrong; and here it is to be remarked that this *sense* of right and wrong is not to be confused with the *doing* of right or wrong, for it is not allowable to argue the entire absence of sense of morality in any given tribe from the existence within it of depraved customs. Probably the miserable natives of Australia are about the lowest in civilization of any existing tribe of men, and yet they have and enforce a rough legal punitory code which takes cognizance of many offences. The Greenlanders strongly recognize the laws of *meum* and *tuum;* and if one of their race, finding a piece of drift-wood, place upon it a stone, no other Greenlander will attempt to touch the timber. The wretched inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego believe in "retributive punishment for wasting human food." The Sioux Indians punish the slayer of his fellow brave, unless the deed has been done in blood revenge. This is the custom of the Dayaks also; in fact "no known tribe, however low or ferocious, has ever admitted that men may kill one another indiscriminately." *

It may be, of course, and indeed is said by some, that the inchoate morality of the lower tribes is the result of self-developed improvements upon the systems of their predecessors, and that the existence of any ideas of morality amongst them now by no means proves the earlier existence of such; but Mr. Mivart quotes Prof. Rolleston, who wrote in reference to the remarks of

* Mr. Tylor in Contemporary Review, June, 1873, quoted by Prof. Mivart.

an eminent evolutionist, as follows: "It is strange indeed that Sir John Lubbock does not see how his method of accounting for the genesis of right and wrong, like that of all other utilitarians, actually presupposes their existence. How could the old men 'praise' or 'condemn' except by reference to some pre-existing standard of right and wrong?" It is in point of fact impossible to fix a strictly natural origin for the primitive ideas of morality of the lower races, and most decidedly it is utterly impossible to find a brutish derivation for them. No ape or dog ever respected a bone or nut because a weaker one had first claim to it, yet it would be hard to find savages so degraded that they would not respect the sanctity of the wigwam wherein they had been given shelter or broken bread. Prof. Mivart says, with reference to the third point upon which he seeks evidence, that having regard to "morals," "If opponents have been unable to bring instances to show the existence of a non-moral race, still less can they prove that of one, the moral principles of which are *inverted*. . . . we may safely conclude that there exists no evidence whatever, yet discovered, of the existence of races either non-moral or with a really inverted morality, or for the evolution of a 'moral state' from a brutal, non-moral condition of mankind"; and he truthfully sums up all the evidences when he declares that "we have a power of discerning, and of freely obeying an objective moral code which our faculties are organized to discern; a power of forming more or less developed moral judgments being universally diffused amongst mankind, while there is no evidence that any such judgments are formed by even the very highest members of the mere brute creation."

In regarding the universality of religious conceptions amongst men, we need hardly point out that as of course no such thing exists amongst the highest ranks of the brutes, so we find again an essential point of difference between our nature and theirs; a difference which cannot have been the making of even Mr. Darwin's "unusually wise ape" who "may have" made use of his powers of mimicry so sagaciously. What is meant here by the words "religious conceptions" must be understood: they do not signify a properly organized faith or even a correct belief; they signify merely the general diffusion amongst all considerable bodies of men of a general belief in the existence of a great beneficent Being possessed of power to reward and punish, with power to know, to will, to do, — of a general belief in the existence of powers and beings more than human, and the belief, shadowy and even corrupted as it may be, in a second life beyond the grave. General rules, we are told, are proved by exceptions; so in this case, where we are regarding general beliefs, it will not do for one of our opponents to place his finger on the name of some individual body and say, "Here is one at all events devoid of all you claim as most distinctive between man and beast." This would be to prove nothing but the contention we wish to see established; because we can easily comprehend a tribe of men growing up regardless of the beliefs of their fathers, scoffing at the faith of their fellows, teaching their children none such, and leaving their progeny bereft of anything approaching religious conceptions. We need not, unfortunately, go to the heart of Africa or to the islands of the Pacific to ascertain the possibility of such a state of things; the highly cultured atheists of Europe prove in no uncertain way that this hideous supposition is no baseless one. Will those who, with the advantages of culture and education, throw away and trample on the belief in the "phantasm called God,"* be likely to be the fathers of

* In a leader in the London Tablet, of Jan. 17, 1880, we find the following relative to the burial of a notorious Garibaldian freethinker: "The published programme for Colonel Sgarallino's funeral in Leghorn declared that 'no hypocritical minister of the phantasm called God, sullied by his presence the modest chamber of the dying patriot'!"

a people religious or blessed with veneration? When we see such things possible in the centre of civilized society, in a land whose traditions even are of civilization, can we say that similar or nearly similar are impossible in savage or pastoral life, or can we deduce from the mere existence of a non-religious tribe of men now, evidence of the brutal want of faith of their fathers? The only reasonable answer must be "No." Absence of religious belief, or its existence corrupted and degraded now, will go rather to show that the people in question have had a holier, nobler, and truer past. The traveller in the solitudes of Mexico or Africa comes suddenly on the remains of some ancient city, some noble temple; and as he passes with difficulty through its vegetation-encumbered highways, or deserted aisles, over its chariot-marked pavements and sandal-worn marble, through its reptile-haunted passages, through all the débris of destruction and the chaos of ruin, he sees in its mouldering sculptures, in each decaying plinth and capital, in every shattered arch and lintel, evidences of a bygone time when life and culture, art and happiness, hope, and perhaps piety dwelt within those ruined walls. So with degraded religious beliefs: they may be, nay, almost surely are the relics of a better past, of a holier time, of a past veiled in the mists which shroud the memories of the dead centuries.

The question as to whether the existing savage races are to be regarded as degenerate descendants of higher races, or rather as the improved descendants of lower, is that which is considered under the head of "progress." Indirectly we have in the foregoing remarks touched upon this point, inasmuch as that which bears upon savage religious ideas also tends to throw light upon it. It *may* of course be, without contradicting our own beliefs, that on this point the evolutionists are to *a certain extent* right, and that the savage races which we know are evidences of "progressive development." though not from brutality; but so far as fair investigation or unprejudiced consideration helps us, we cannot avoid deciding that the contrary is the decision which the evidence compels us to give.

Without going to those which we generally rank as the savage races, we may at once see in the stories of certain peoples, whose position is certainly not in any such category as these, that degeneracy is unfortunately all too possible. Mr. Mivart says, "Social progress is an exceedingly complex phenomenon, the result of many factors; and even existing instances of retrogression, as in Spain, are palpable enough, while no one probably will contest the inferiority, in many respects, of the Greece of our day and that which listened to the voice of Aristotle or Plato." Might not the learned writer have also referred to the difference between the miserable fellahs of the Egypt of to-day, and the people who own the sway of the Ptolemies; to the distance which separates the famine-scourged Persians of our time from those who fought and conquered for their Sassanian kings; as well as to that which intervenes between those who now dwell where Tyre and Carthage, Babylon and Nineveh, once stood, and the whilom inhabitants of those proud cities, as further proofs of the case he supports so well? When we do turn our eyes to the homes of the inferior races, to Central America, Africa, or the islands of the Pacific, we find ample evidence of a bygone civilization in those lands which the present inhabitants would from disuse be unable to utilize, — would not even comprehend the advantages conferred by.

As regards the substantial identity of nature between the men of our time and rank in the scale of civilization and those of former ages, or of different place amongst the peoples of the earth, little need be said. We know on historic evidences, which none deny the accuracy of, that the powers, the frailties, the virtues and sins of men have ever been somewhat the same. Some

gradations there have been, some ascensions, some declensions; but looking at human history as a whole, the man *per se* of to-day is the man whom we see, in our mind's eyes, standing aghast at the shadow of his own destiny, at the possibilities before him, the first dawn he saw the sun rise upon his earthly exile. "Our poor, obscurely thinking, roughly speaking, childishly acting, impulsive cousin of the wilds, the *Homo sylvaticus*, is not a useless tenant of his woods and plains, his rocks and rivers. His humble testimony is of the highest value in supporting the claims of his most civilized brothers to a higher than a merely brutal origin. The religion of Abraham and Chrysostom, the intellect of Aristotle and Newton, the art of Raphael, of Shakespeare, of Mozart, have their claim to be no mere bestial developments supported by that testimony. Through it these faculties are plainly seen to be different *in kind* from complex entanglements of merely animal instincts and sensible impressions. The claim of man, as we know him at his noblest, to be of a fundamentally different nature from the beasts which perish, becomes re-enforced and reinvigorated in our eyes, when we find the very same moral, intellectual, and artistic nature (though disguised, obscured, and often profoundly misunderstood) present even in the rude, uncultured soul of the lowest of our race, the poor savage, — *Homo sylvaticus*."*

So far we have only been concerned with man's intellectual nature, — that portion of his being which to our mind constitutes him *man;* but the evolutionists fancy that in his bodily structure and constitution they have found support for their theories and substantiation of their deductions. That, however, they are as mistaken hereupon as upon the other points which we have considered, there can be no doubt. They point to the fact that many of the lower animals are subject to the same diseases as man, that certain drugs have similar effects upon both, that alcohol in excess produces illness in both, and various other real or fancied similarities of bodily constitution; which, though perhaps worthy of note, are about as valuable arguments in support of Mr. Darwin's theory as if they had pointed to the fact that a rifle bullet will produce similar effects on man and ape. The actual structural similarity between man and the gorilla tribe is much less than many have been led to think; and when properly examined, lends but weak support indeed to the theories of the evolutionists. We are told that "half a truth is as bad as a whole lie," and probably looking at any subject so as only to take a moiety of it under scan of our vision is somewhat worse than not looking at it at all; and more particularly so and more reprehensible when one proceeds to dogmatize from the little they have seen, not caring for the fact that factors which are important in arriving at a correct conclusion have through malice or error been omitted from sight. The "mountain beyond the Alps" which the evolutionists have omitted from their consideration is the fact that man is an animal, — an animal who, although capable of much more than mere animalism, yet as a being condemned to a temporary existence, requiring many strictly animal qualities to meet its varied exigencies, necessarily needed certain bodily powers similar to some of those possessed by some of the lower species. This is really all that the much-vaunted researches and discoveries of the evolutionists prove; and when they produce what they call their evidences, based upon the structural similarities referred to, these evidences are so sinuous and misleading that in the words of eminent Dutch naturalists "they form rather a network than a ladder." † For all the proof the Darwinians can give us of the justness of their deductions is to point to certain anatomical similarities between various members of the ape tribe and man. These anatomical similarities are of the slightest, and are so widely spread that to argue in favor of the idea of a

* Lessons from Nature, Chap. VI. p. 197. † Ibid., p. 175.

common descent for men and apes from them, is something as if a botanist uncovered the roots of trees of diverse species, and proclaimed that they had their origin in a common seed because they held their grip of earth somewhat in the same manner. As Mr. Mivart points out, the Darwinian common ancestor of our poor selves and still poorer monkeys "must have had the wrist of the chimpanzee, the voice of a long-armed ape, the blade-bone of the gorilla, the chin of the siamang, the skull dome of an American ape, the ischium of a slender laris, the whiskers and beard of a saki," * and many other now equally widely separated characteristics; and then, if the regrouping of all these be allowed to the theorist, what will have been produced but "an ancestral form so like man that it might well be called an *homunculus?* and we have the virtual pre-existence of man's body supposed in order to account for the actual first appearance of that body as we knew it." †

In point of fact, the evolutionists are in the position of the straying traveller who, after a weary search for the track he wants, finds himself at the end of the day at the point from whence he started; they too are toiling in a circle from which they never emerge until, ceasing to search for a path of their own finding, they content themselves with that which was open to them throughout.

Necessarily very briefly and most imperfectly we have tried to give an idea — a general and loose one — of the theories of those who would deduce the origin of man from a purely natural rather than from a higher source, and recalled, so far as we were able and the limits of this article permitted, the more glaring weaknesses of their case, as well as a very few of the leading points of our own. It only remains, then, in conclusion, to again own, and in so doing to lend weight to what has gone before, that the arsenal wherein we have found the means of defence ready to our hand is that which Christianity owes to the genius and labors of Mivart.

W. D.

A DIABOLICAL ACT.

When those who ought to be the guardians of morality become its assailants, their conduct is reflected amongst the people to whom they should be guides. Since the establishment of the Third Republic in France a progressive war has been carried on against religion, the safeguard of society. The outrages on sacred persons and things reported as having occurred amongst the French populace have kept pace with the legislative enactments against the freedom of the Church and of conscience, increasing in gravity just in proportion as the legal measures increased in injustice. The French parliamentary session which has just closed has been specially, indeed solely, distinguished by the virulent hatred of religion shown by the makers of the laws, and the period which it covered has also been marked by the insults offered to religion by private individuals throughout the country. In different places clergymen have been hooted and assaulted, and have been subjected to many other indignities. Perhaps, however, the most revolting incident which has disgraced the country for many years — revolting especially because of the wickedness of its conception and the time of its occurrence — took place on Christmas night last. In one of the churches of Paris a quantity of vitriol was poured into the holy-water font. The result was, of course, that those who used the liquid in blessing themselves were badly disfigured. Considering such facts, and the course the French government is taking, one can only say, "Quousque tandem?"

* Lessons from Nature, Chap. VI. p. 176. † Ibid.

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OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND GEOLOGICAL NOTES OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Limestone: Its Composition, Distribution, Durability, Upper and Lower Formation, Intermediary — Uses of Limestone — Calp — Chalybeate Springs near Dublin — What is Lime? — Mortar — Caverns in Limestone — Stalactite and Stalagmite — Travertin of Italy — Sulphate of Lime in Boiled Water — Marbles — Oölite — Chalk, Variation of into Marble Flint.

Limestone, or carbonate of lime, is by far the most largely developed rock in Ireland, and is an accumulation of fossil remains upon a scale of magnitude so vast, and dates back so far into primeval ages, as almost to exceed our powers of belief. There are few limestones in which these remains cannot be discerned in condition more or less perfect. Generally speaking, as marble, it has lost its stratification, and in some it has become crystallized — as in the purer examples — from being subjected to the action of subterranean heat, which has totally obliterated the traces of such remains. The limestone formation extends through the entire central districts, stretching from Fair Head to Dingle north and south, and from Dublin Bay to Galway Bay east and west, and occupying a superficial area of over 10,000 square miles; and there is no county except Wicklow where it is absent. Granite has often been described as the most enduring of stone, and this to a certain extent is correct, although applying only to limited examples, as we have already shown; but limestone as a general rule is a far more lasting rock. We have only to refer to the numerous remains of structures throughout the country in proof thereof, many of them still preserving their ornamentation in sharpest outline.

The limestone strata consist of three distinct beds, formed at widely different periods in the history of the earth; and these consist of the upper, the lower, and the intermediary, called calp. The lower formation is the most generally diffused, having been upheaved long ages ago through the other intervening stratified rock; it varies in color and in texture from the light gray crystalline (as at Sheephouse, Drogheda), the light blue (of Galway, King's County, and Carlow), to the deeper shades of calp, and the Galway, Kilkenny, and Carlow marbles, together with the beautiful variations of green, red, and yellow, until it ends in the purest white.

Carbonate of lime, either as limestone or in its different varieties of marbles, is the most important, most useful, and one of the most interesting productions of Ireland, whether considered in its applications to agricultural purposes, its uses in arts, manufactures, and medicine, or as limestone in its various applications to building, either as the main constituent of the structure, the materials of the art-ornamentation which adorns it, or in its calcined state the cement which consolidates it together, and which latter, if judiciously treated, restores it again as material to its original state.

Calp, or the intermediary formation, is limestone in its most impure state, but nevertheless is highly valuable for building purposes; it is extensively developed throughout the country, but more particularly in Dublin, Cavan, Fermanagh, Leitrim, Roscommon, and Sligo. Wherever it occurs it is largely used for rubble work, and frequently employed as ashlar. It has one great defect: if not laid in its bed of deposition it speedily decays, falling away in

laminated scales; and this will continue even when covered by a cemented or compoed surface, if exposed to atmospheric influences.

Calp is of much deeper color, much closer texture, and considerably harder than ordinary limestone, but frequently of soft slaty formation, and occasionally shot with veins of crystallized carbonate of lime, which form the white streaks observed in this stone. Iron also exists to a small extent, and is sometimes seen in the form of pyrites, the glittering substances occurring in a few instances in some of its beds, as bisulphuret of iron; and it is from this source the chalybeate springs arise which occur in it. Several of these springs exist in the neighborhood of Dublin, particularly in the valley of the Liffey; and there was one many years ago at Portobello, which has latterly given rise to much discussion. But the disputants seem to be unaware that sulphuret of iron in a quarry is not inexhaustible; the spring may remain, but the vein it has permeated through may long since have been washed out.

The origin of limestone is very remarkable, and as we have already shown in Chap. I., it is a deposition of terrestrial matter carried down by rivers to the depths of the ocean, covering over the remains of shell-fish and coral animals, to which generation after generation had contributed their respective shares, where they arrived at great thickness and solidity, until at length they became hardened into rock by the infiltration of water holding carbonate of lime in solution: coloring matter being imparted to it by vegetable débris contained in the terrestrial matter above mentioned. But all these shells, etc, being composed of lime, and as they must have existed ages before what we now recognize as carbonate of lime was produced, the question naturally arises, What is lime? Lime, then, is an earth, the oxide of the metal calcium, and exists abundantly in sea-water; so also does carbonic acid: and it is generally allowed it is to the presence of both the formation of sea-shells is due, and to this source carbonate of lime owes its origin.

It is altogether unnecessary here to describe the process by which carbonate of lime is converted into hydrate or slacked lime; but it may be of importance to remark that mortar used for building, if properly treated, and made with pure sand, will, from the slow absorption of carbonic acid from the atmosphere, be again restored to its original form of carbonate. We have numerous instances of this in the ancient buildings throughout Europe.

Water-worn aspect of Limestone, Lower Lake of Killarney.

We have stated that limestone is most durable; but a casual observer passing through districts occupied by it will form opposite conclusions in observing

its water-worn aspect throughout the country. This is particularly observable in the lower lake of Killarney, where the stone has assumed every variety of fantastic shape, occasionally looking like gaunt spectral forms rearing themselves above the surface of its waters.

But it is in subterranean rivers and caverns where its disintegration is shown upon a scale of vastness which many will scarcely believe is occasioned solely by the solvent power of water. Carbonic acid will dissolve the hardest rocks, and every stream flowing through a limestone formation holds it in solution in considerable quantity; and it is curious to remark that the same power which produces limestone acts inversely, but only again to reproduce it upon an infinitely more extended scale in the depths of the ocean. The limestone formations of Ireland, entirely occupying its lower levels, form the beds of numerous rivers, and every fissure in the rock which allows water to permeate becomes a source whence underground watercourses are maintained, if lower levels are accessible; and in this way caverns are excavated in the solid rock, and rivers alter their courses underground.

We have many remarkable examples of subterraneous rivers, particularly in the county Galway. The drainage of Lough Mask into Lough Corrib is of this character, in the streams surrounding the village of Cong, which the late Sir W. Wilde, in his "Lough Corrib," page 161, thus alludes to: "There is water everywhere; gliding by in the broad river, gushing from the surrounding rocks, boiling up in vast pools that supply several mills, oozing through the crevices of stones, rising in the interior of caverns, appearing and disappearing where its wayward nature wills; passing in and out everywhere except where man tried to turn it into the monster dry canal." Nature will not be cheated; thus limestone districts always exhibit this peculiarity. Man cannot change what the Almighty dispenser of the universe has otherwise ordained.

Outside Oughterard, in the same country, a mountain stream has percolated underground, and excavated its course into Lough Corrib, passing underneath the ruins of Aughnanure Castle,* and also under a natural bridge which it has formed on its way. The fountain called the Marble Arch, at Florence-court Park, near Enniskillen, is of this character, and is well worth attention, as, percolating from its source through the Coulcagh hills, it forms a *jet d'eau* here. There are numerous such instances throughout Ireland; but perhaps the most remarkable is that of the river Ardsallus, in Clare, which winds its devious way through the celebrated Tomines, — immense caverns, excavated by nature's hand, like vaulted tunnels, through the solid stone, their gigantic roofs superimposed over the river, while pendent stalactites of immense proportion, looking like huge Arctic icicles, meet you at every turn, the dim rays of light penetrating from the distance imbuing them with every variety of color, although, from the metallic oxides they hold in combination, they need no reflected light; presenting, as Sir R. Kane observes, in his "Industrial Resources," "a scene of magnificence never to be forgotten by those who have viewed it."

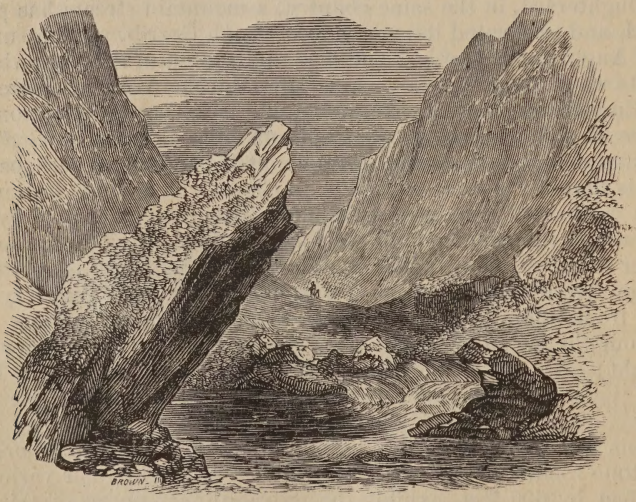
The caverns of Mitchelstown, on the borders of Tipperary and Cork, formed in the limestone rock, and covering an average surface in their various chambers of 700 feet by 600 feet, exhibit the extraordinary power of this percolation of water, and again in its restorative qualities in forming stalactite and stalagmite, the magnificent columnar formations throughout these caverns

*This castle is situated about two and a half miles southeast of Oughterard; and there is a curious story in connection with the river, which has formed a course for itself under its walls, which we have already given some years ago in a description of the building, but it may as well be repeated here: "Tradition tells strange tales in reference to this castle. Our attention being directed to a trap in the floor of the dungeon-keep, we were informed that prisoners were consigned after execution through it to their last resting-place, by being lowered into the torrent underneath, where their bodies were rapidly borne off in the stream."

almost defying description; the prismatic colors which they display by torch-light must be seen to be appreciated.

Caverns of Mitchelstown.*

The caverns of Belmore Mountain, near Enniskillen, are another and extraordinary example. It is easy to understand how these immense chambers



The Gap of Dunloe.

have been excavated, as we have already shown, by the power of water, and in the diversion of its course by percolation or otherwise at a different level,

* "The Garret Cave extends two hundred and fifty-five feet in an easterly direction, with a sweep to the south; its breadth at the commencement being fifteen feet, and augmenting gradually, until at its widest part it becomes fifty-five feet.

"The grand Kingston Gallery is the most remarkable compartment of the entire excavation. It is a perfectly straight hall, one hundred and seventy-five feet in length and seven in breadth, with a direction about one point to the west of north. The arching of this gallery is in the Gothic style, and its walls are everywhere glazed with spar, in some places red and in others mottled, but nowhere of a perfectly white color." — Dr. Apjohn in Dublin Geological Journal.

it has then almost abandoned them and left its own creation to the restorative influences of stalactite and stalagmite; but it is difficult to imagine how the deep clefts in mountainous portions of the country have occurred Split-up chasms or passes almost perpendicular, through hundreds of feet of superincumbent cliffs, arrest attention in numerous instances. In the county Cork, the pass of Keim-an-eigh is one of the most remarkable. Giant masses of beetling rock rise to stupendous height at either side; the arbutus, the rowan-tree, and the holly, contending with each other which shall gain the ascendency, climb, in their fullest perfection, the steep sides of its acclivities. The Scalpe, near Dublin, also the Glen of the Downs, are similar examples: also Kieshcorran, Sligo; Barnesmore, Donegal; and the Gap of Dunloe.

A little purling stream runs quietly through their lower levels, and it is possible these chasms are old dried-up courses of former rivers, which have selected different routes when disturbed by volcanic agencies.

Stalactite and stalagmite are produced by water, holding carbonate of lime in solution, percolating drop by drop through the overlying strata from the roofs of caverns in limestone districts, the stalactite hanging down like icicles; while the dropping underneath therefrom, when consolidated, is called stalagmite, the water evaporating, leaving behind successive crusts of carbonate of lime. Stalactite and stalagmite eventually unite, producing column after column, sometimes clustered and sometimes isolated, which, when hardened by age and absorption of carbonic acid from the atmosphere, produce variously colored stone, according to the mineral character of the veins the water which produced them has permeated through.

Stalactite and Stalagmite. Ardsulus, Clare.

In volcanic countries petrifaction is produced in much shorter time than with us, the celebrated travertin of Italy (according to Lyell) becoming "a solid stratum of stone about a foot in thickness in four months"; it is hard and crystalline, and yet it is only a deposit from the water of springs holding lime in solution. Where these springs exist, a very beautiful and highly interesting method is devised for producing works of art in stone. The streams containing the lime are diverted and made to pass over falls, so as to produce exceedingly fine spray. Moulds of suitable material are then hung within its reach, and after the lapse of a few days they are completely incrusted in stone, with every line as perfectly drawn as in the original.

Before the introduction of the Vartry system into Dublin, the incrustation of lime in vessels used for boiling water was well known, forming a solid mass, which, after a short period, became almost impossible to remove. The canals which supplied this water, running through limestone districts, held a large quantity of carbonate of lime in solution; also sulphate of lime, from the springs rising through the calp formation in which portions of their courses lay. Being afterwards exposed in the city basins, they imbibed sulphuric acid from the smoky atmosphere; and it is possible that these incrustations, if collected, could have been converted into what is known as Paris plaster.

With regard to marbles, an immense variety exists, and it is unquestioned

there is no lack of quantity, which the following extract from Dr. (now Sir Robert) Kane's "Industrial Resources" fully demonstrates; but unfortunately for the country foreign marbles are to be had in abundance, while the native material cannot generally be obtained manufactured. In this we must except the celebrated Galway (black), and in a lesser degree the Connemara (green), for both of which there is considerable demand; and we are happy to observe that within the last few years a considerable impetus has been given to the manufacture of Irish marble.

"The limestone districts of Ireland contain numerous beds, which the closeness of texture and the purity or variety of color render available for ornamental purposes as marbles. I shall only enumerate the localities in which the most remarkable marbles are found. There is no county which does not afford specimens of greater or less excellence. The principal quarries of black marble are those of Kilkenny, and near the town of Galway; these are both in the upper limestone. The Kilkenny marble takes a beautiful polish, and when first cut is quite black; but the organic matter to which its color appears to be due gradually passes off, and ultimately white marks of fossils of varied and interesting forms present themselves upon its surface. The Galway marble quarries are situated along the verge of Lough Corrib; they supply a large quantity of marble annually to London and New York, but are capable of almost indefinite development. Near Armagh is found a marble which, from the excellence of its surface, and the variety of red, yellow, and brown tints which it shows, possesses great beauty; it contains abundant remains of fossil fish.

"A similar marble, elegantly variegated with yellow and purple, occurs at Churchtown, in Cork, which county is indeed rich in this material, there being found black marble at Churchtown and Doneraile; purple and white and blue and white marbles also at Churchtown; ash-colored, gray, and dove-colored marbles at Carrigaline and Castlemary; pale brown marbles at Kilcrea.

"In Kerry there are black and white variegated marbles near Tralee; and in the islands in the river Kenmare, near Dunkerron, marbles of various colors. — black and white, purple, white and yellow, and some specimens of a purple color veined with dark green, resembling blood-stone.

"At Craigleith, in Down; at Lyons and Ballysimson, in Limerick; at Westport, in Mayo; and at Castlebegs, in Tipperary, are quarries of black marble. At Clondeslough, in Clare, a fine bourdella marble. Near Shannon Harbor, on the Galway side, fine sienna and dove marbles. At Clonmacnoise, Kings's County, and Dromineer, in Tipperary, are fine gray marbles variously tinted, and peculiarly sound and useful. At Killarney occurs a very beautifully striped white and red marble; and a brownish red, mottled with gray of various shades, at Ballymahon, in Longford.

"The primitive limestone of Connemara and Donegal supplies white marble, which in Galway is often absolutely pure in tint, but in Donegal is more frequently of a grayish cast. The Galway marble has been already noticed as the strongest of limestones when used for building.

"The West of Galway and Mayo is also remarkable for the serpentine rocks, which afford the beautiful variegated green and white marbles so deservedly esteemed; the most valuable quarries of this remarkable mineral are situated near Clifden, on the estate of Mr. D'Arcy. This marble is exported in considerable quantities."

Large quantities of continental marbles are annually imported into Ireland, many of them very inferior to what can be produced at home. We have often stood in amaze looking at the numerous quarries of Galway, particularly in the neighborhood of Oughterard, where if easy access to the water carriage

of Lough Corrib were available, mines of inexhaustible wealth would be made accessible.

Oölite. — This stone is very extensively developed all over the world, and consists of the shells of the most minute description of foraminiferæ, which existed in millions upon millions of myriads in the waters of primeval seas. Pouchet, in "L'Univers les infiniment Grand, les infiniment Petits," Paris, 1867, tells us that Paris, the most beautiful city in the world, is built of miscroscopic shells, being the labor of minute insect life in the far depths of the mighty waters.

Oölite is recognized as a carbonate of lime (of which the Bath and Portland stones of England are familiar examples), and found only in Antrim, Mayo, and Derry. Its name is derived from two Greek words, signifying "egg-stone," from its resemblance to the roe or eggs of fish, being composed of small grains like sand closely cemented together by calcareous matter. Being easily worked, it is most useful for decorative purposes, and hardens by exposure to the weather; but it does not occur to any extent in Ireland. Like all other formations, it is divided into different groups, among which the argillaceous laminated stone called lias is found, which, from its fine-grained texture, is much used by lithographers.

Chalk is another and nearly similar example of the work of minute insect life. It consists of the following divisions: Upper chalk, a soft substance which you can scrape with your nail, and contains nodules of chert and layers of flint; lower chalk, a much harder substance, examples of which are seen under the basalt on the coast of Antrim; and chalk marl, containing a mixture of marl.

The green sands are also classified in the chalk or cretaceous system.

Chalk exists in considerable quantity in the counties of Antrim and Derry; the basis of the entire northeast coast of the former county is composed of it, and it stretches to a considerable distance southwards. It is upon chalk rock, which presents a characteristic feature in the abrupt prominences of the seaboard line stretching from Strangford Lough and beyond the romantically elevated Castle of Dunluce,* that the columnar basalt rests. In many of the mountain districts of Derry, chalk crops out on the acclivities, capped by massive basalt. Along the Portrush coast it is well developed, and many interesting examples are seen in the white rocks of Dunluce. Where veins of trap have been forced through it, it is converted into limestone, generally of a crystallized texture and considerable hardness, and this, to a large extent, of both sides of the invading vein.

Dr. Berger ("Geo. Trans.," 1st series, Vol. III. page 172) thus writes in allusion to these veins: "The extreme effect presents a dark-brown crystalline limestone, the crystal running in flakes as large as those of coarse primitive limestone. The next state is saccharine, then fine-grained and arenaceous; a compact variety having a porcelaneous aspect and a bluish-gray color succeeds; this towards the outer edge becomes yellowish white, and insensibly graduates into unaltered chalk."

Flints occur in numerous instances throughout the upper depositions of chalk, and when examined by high microscopic power they are invariably found to include traces of animal life, — some of the zoöphytes, perhaps a sponge, in which silica has been deposited and accumulated.

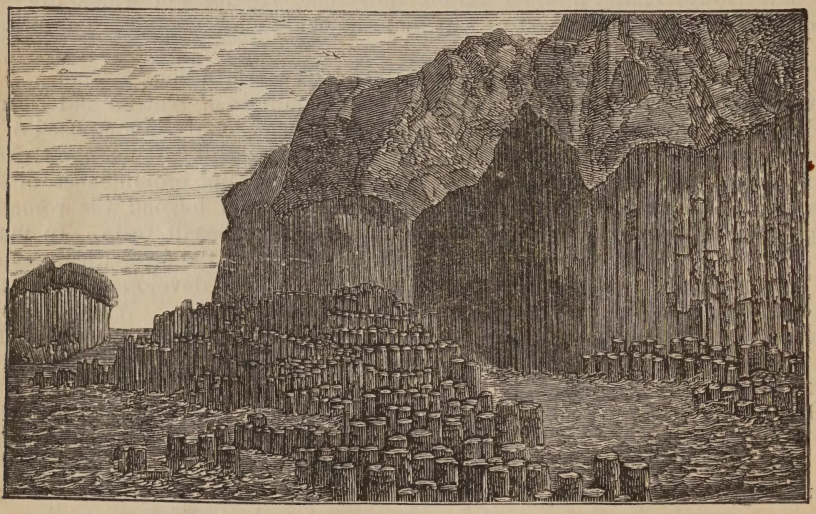
Upper chalk, though highly absorbent of water, possesses the property of

*Underneath the Castle of Dunluce is an immense cavern, excavated by the continuous action of the sea on the chalk formation upon which the superincumbent basalt rests; and there is a tradition attached, that part of the floor of one of the apartments over this cavern suddenly gave way, upon the occasion of a festival given by the Lady Margaret M'Donnel, and that the occupants, with one exception only, were precipitated into the sea.

not permitting fluids to permeate through it; and it is in consequence largely used for the purpose of lining ponds and reservoirs. If a little salt be added, to prevent worms boring through, it forms the most effectual possible puddling for canals, water works, etc. (Of course these remarks are only applicable to districts where chalk can readily be obtained, as the cost of carriage would act as prohibitory to its use at considerable distances.)

Gypsum, or sulphate of lime, is lime combined with sulphuric acid. It is now acknowledged with regard to the white marls of Montmartre, the largest known accumulation (the Paris basin) that gypsum is a fresh-water deposit, but largely intermixed with calcareous marine matter, occurring, as we occasionally find it, in the course of a river being cut off in its connection with the sea either by an elevation of the coast-line, as at Baiæ, Naples, or in a more familiar way by the constant action of the tide elevating a beach.

A few miles from Dublin there is a small mountain river, which delivers itself on the shore close to the Ballybrack station (Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway), having no apparent outlet, the tide continuously washing up sand in its course; and the river water (except in the case of floods, when it forces itself through the obstruction) has no escape except by percolating through the constantly recurring barrier of sand raised against it. During the prevalence of high tides the estuary of this river becomes a salt-water basin; and if its course lay through a limestone district, gypsum would form in considerable quantity therein.



Fingal's Cave, Staffa.

OUR RACE IN NEW ZEALAND.

Right Rev. Dr. Redwood, Bishop of Wellington.

When Catholic missionaries went to New Zealand, they had much to undo as well as to do; but they brought to the performance of their arduous task all that heroic fortitude, indomitable perseverance, and forgetfulness of self which ever characterize the missionary priest of God's holy Church, and their labors have been crowned with a success that must give joy and consolation to the hearts of all true Catholics. In his own diocese there were 8,000 Maoris, of whom about 1,000 were Catholics. They had lately built a church for them, and last year he had a catechism printed and circulated among them. Many of these are sharp in business, they are civilized, and they are far superior in many things to the ordinary range of men in the rural parts of England. But nevertheless, many of them continue in that half-savage state which is characteristic of a country in a state of transition from barbarism to civilization. But the aboriginal inhabitants are dying out, and this from a variety of causes. The government is making exertions to arrest their decay, but in vain. That civilization of which we boast, and which is in many things but a state of corruption, introduced into the country on its entry certain excesses to which the natives succumbed, and the fatal effects are now seen in the fast-hastening decadence of the race. When he went to Wellington a few years ago it had only 10,000 inhabitants. Since that time it had more than doubled its population, which now reached 22,000. In his diocese there was also another city, called Christchurch, which had about 4,000 Catholics, whilst in Wellington they had between 3,000 and 4000. The Catholics were about one sixth of the whole population of New Zealand, and the vast majority of these were of the Irish race. They have carried with them from their own land to their new home that devotedness to the faith which their race has never failed to display, whatever the trials which its profession entailed. And, true to their traditions, the Irish of New Zealand have remained loyal to their Church; despite trial and persecution they have kept the faith, and kept it *well*, which after all is the grand point. They are Catholics, not by profession only, but by practice; they come to their duties, they are zealous in the service of the Church, and they are doing wonders for the faith. But let them not imagine that they had not their trials. They had their struggles, and one of these was of a kind that the Catholics of England had as yet no practical acquaintance with. The Catholics of New Zealand were the victims of a great injustice through the educational legislation of the country. The government, by a majority of six in the Lower House, and by a majority of one in the Upper House, passed an education bill whereby education is absolutely secularized. But though they never ceased to protest against the crying grievance which a so-called "Liberalism" subjected them to, they maintained that right intact, though at a great personal sacrifice. Deriving no assistance from the government, the Catholics were maintaining their own schools in such efficiency that they were surpassed by none. The self-denial which distinguished the Catholics on the subject of education was not less seen in their church-building. Church rises after church as if by magic; and the generosity with which they contribute, and the readiness and cheerfulness with which they perform the manual labor attending their erection — often (as in the case of the church now being raised at

Tamaru) carrying the stone from a quarry several miles away — are admirable. In the district named are a large number of Irish farmers who were once miserable in Ireland, but who have grown rich and prosperous without losing the love of the faith which they brought with them from the old land. Scenes worthy of the Middle Ages are often enacted on the site of a new church. At the present time Catholicity in New Zealand is most flourishing, and there is every promise of a great and glorious future before it in that country.

GAVAZZI, THE APOSTATE.

THE veteran apostate priest, Gavazzi, has come to the United States to collect for what he calls the "Free Church of Italy." This so-called church has a membership of less than one thousand, and most of those who belong to it are, like its founder, apostates from the true faith. There is a wonderful amount of impudence in Gavazzi asking the American people to support a band of bad men and women, who, having found the strict moral code of the Catholic Church too irksome, proved faithless to the "Spouse of Christ," and set up a form of religion not unlike that professed by the Presbyterians.

There seems to be little doubt that Gavazzi, the apostate, has come to this country at the invitation of the anti-Catholic and Know-Nothing associations which honeycomb the Protestant portion of the nation. Like every traitor from the Church of God, Gavazzi boasts that he constantly preaches against the pope. The excommunicated wretch, like his prototype Judas, vents his malice on Him who proclaimed himself the truth; and yet, with blasphemous lips, he calls himself a Christian minister. Like all his class (and thank God, they are not numerous), the unfrocked Barnabite monk is a sycophant of Cæsar. There is, in truth, no greater sycophant to the civil power than a renegade from the Church, just as there is no more powerful supporter of the people's liberty than the Catholic religion, having at its head the Vicar of Christ.

In the entire catalogue of crimes committed by man, there is none more detestable than that of apostasy. As the great French orator Lacordaire remarked: "The cause of the horror which apostasy from the faith excites within us is the fact that it is treachery against the reason which God has given us. It is not the fact of changing religion that produces this shock of indignation and disgust, because we ourselves call over to the faith Indians, Pagans, Mohammedans, and Protestants, and we know that in so doing we are not making renegades. Whence comes, then, the contempt and horror we feel for one who leaves us, traitor to his God, deserter from the camp of Israel? It is this certainty which we possess, that the miserable has given himself over to absurdities in spite of the protestations of his reason; he has yielded to vile suggestions; he has exchanged eternal for temporal hopes."

Yes, Gavazzi is a traitor to his God, and even such papers as the New York Times do not hesitate to accuse him of wilful lying when he says that "Italy gives every prospect of yet being numbered among the Protestant nationalities of the earth." The apostate knows better, and if he collects money with such misrepresentations, those who contribute richly deserve to be swindled. Gavazzi's congregation does not increase, and his preaching does not pay; hence his attempt in New York (where every charlatan can levy a tax) to "raise the wind." Doubtless if he had money enough he could bribe infidels in the slums of Rome to join his "Free Church," but he could not make any true Christian join it. The best thing Gavazzi could do is to join his forces with Bishop McNamara. We trust that no Catholic will even through curiosity be induced to attend any of the proposed lectures of the apostate. — *Cath. Herald.*

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ST. PATRICK.

Continued from February number.

5. SEVERAL of the ancient texts affirm that St. Patrick's birthplace was situated in the Plain of Tabern, or Taburn, which the Celts would call Magh-Tabern, and which is Latinized Campus Taberniæ. The particulars which are added all seem to identify this plain with the rich valley which is watered by the Clyde, and from the rock of Dumbarton stretches for miles inland towards the Frith of Forth. Through this valley ran the famous wall erected by the Romans against the Picts: —

The isthmus between the Forth and Clyde [writes Mr. Skene] presents towards the west the appearance of a great valley, having the Campsie and Kilsyth hills on the north, and on the south a series of lesser rising grounds extending in a continuous line from sea to sea; while the hills on the opposite side recede as the valley approaches towards the east, till the view from the southern rising ground extends over the magnificent plain of the Carse of Falkirk, with the upper part of Frith of Forth stretching along its northern limit. The Roman wall was constructed along the ridge of the southern rising grounds, and the remains of this stupendous work have at all times arrested the attention of even the careless observer. This great work, as it presents itself to the inspection of those who have examined it minutely, consisted of a large rampart of intermingled stone and earth, strengthened by sods of turf, and must have originally measured twenty feet in height and twenty-four feet in breadth at the base. It was surmounted by a parapet, having a level platform behind it, for the protection of its defenders. In front there extended along its whole course an immense fosse, averaging about forty feet wide and twenty feet deep. To the southward of the whole was a military way, presenting the usual appearance of a Roman causewayed road. This great barrier extended from Bridgeness, near Carriden, on the Frith of Forth, to Chapel Hill, near West Kilpatrick, on the Clyde, a distance of twenty-seven English miles, having, at intervals of about two miles, small square forts or stations, which, judging from those that remain, amounted in all to nineteen in number, and between them were smaller watch-towers.*

Such being the valley of the Clyde, we may inquire whether its history harmonizes with the account of the "Campus Taberniæ" as given in our ancient records. The documents D and E inform us that the plain of Tabern was so called from the huts or tents which the Roman troops had erected there. The "Vita Quarta" states that this plain was known to the Britons as Magh-Tabern, but was called by the Romans "Campus Tabernaculorum," from the number of tents erected there by the Roman army. Jocelyn gives the same explanation of the name. Now, this is precisely what we would expect to find in the valley of the Clyde. More than once the Roman legions had encamped there to repel the incursions of the Picts. We find the Emperor Theodosius sending his troops thither in the year 369, that by occupying its *castella* or outposts the Northern marauders might be kept in check. Again, in the year 396, when the Britons applied to the Roman commander, Stilicho, for aid, "a legion was sent to Britain, which, for the time, drove back the invading tribes, and garrisoned the wall between the Forth and the Clyde." *

Dr. Todd, in his "Memoir of St. Patrick," takes to task our ancient writers for giving such an explanation of the name. "Some of the biographers say," he thus writes, "that the place had its name of *Tabernæ* or *Taberniæ* from the tabernacles or tents of an ancient Roman camp which was formerly there. This cannot possibly be so; for *tabernæ* signifies booths or shops, not tabernacles or tents."†

Now, it is not our ancient writers who have fallen into error, but Dr. Todd has been himself betrayed into a most singular mistake. In later times, indeed, a distinction was drawn between the *tabernæ* and the *tabernacula;* but strictly speaking, as the learned Latinist, Facciolati, writes, *taberna* indicates "omne utile ad

* Skene, "Celtic Scotland," Vol. I. p. 77.

* Skene, Ibid., I. 105. † Todd, p. 358.

habitandum ædificium"; and the same writer adds the authority of Festus to prove that both words were originally the same: "Tabernacula dicuntur a similitudine tabernarum." *

The ancient writers, however, seem to imply that the Roman name of Campus Tabernaculorum was only a secondary one, superadded to the older British or Celtic one of Tabern, or Magh-Tabern, by which the valley of the Clyde was designated. The Rev. Duncan Macnab, in his "Archæological Dissertation on the Birthplace of St. Patrick," inquiring into the etymology of this old Celtic name, derives it from the words *tabh* (*i. e.*, "the sea") and *Erin;* so that Magh-Tabern would mean "the plain of the Irish Sea." This would perhaps be a satisfactory explanation if the plain in question were bordering on the Irish Sea; but extending as it does inland towards the Frith of Forth, it is not so apparent how such a name could be given to it.

The learned author of the "Ogygia," writing two hundred years ago, when the Celtic traditions were much more vivid and more clearly defined than at the present day, records — not as a conjecture but as a matter of history — that the valley of the Clyde was at an early period known as Magh-Taburn, from Taburnus, the ancestor of the Tuatha-Danaann. "In former times," he writes, "in the territory of Alclyde, at Dunbriton, in Scotland, there was the 'Campus Taburni'; in its town, Nemthor, St. Patrick was born. Wherefore, by the writers of St. Patrick's Life, it is written 'Campus Tabernaculorum,' as if it were so called from the tents of the Romans who pitched their camp there; but it is to be held that the name was derived rather from that Taburnus (or Tabarn), the ancestor of the Danaans, who from that district of Britain passed over to Ireland." †

6. Probus, who is one of the most accurate of the historians of our apostle's life, gives us the "vicus Bannave" as the place where Calphurnius dwelt. Some, indeed, have cited his words as if he placed St. Patrick's birth in the village Bannave, but Probus makes no such statement. He very clearly asserts that the parents of our apostle, Calphurnius and Concessa, were [e vico Bannave] "from the village Bannave in the Tiburnian district, not far from the Western Sea." It is manifest that this "vicus Bannave" of Probus is the same as the "vicus Banaven" of St. Patrick's "Confessio," which is sometimes writen Bonaven; for in our early Celtic pronunciation the *a* and the *o* are constantly interchanged.

Can we find any trace of such name in the valley of the Clyde, whither all the past indications of which we have spoken have almost unconsciously led us to look for the scenes of St Patrick's childhood? I unhesitatingly say, Yes. The name itself, indeed, implies nothing more than "the river's mouth"; as *bun*, *bon*, and *ban* are constantly used to indicate the mouth or efflux of a stream, and *avon* or *awe* is the common name for a river or stream, in all the Celtic dialects. Thus we have the Avon-ree, Avon-mor, Avon-beg, and a thousand similar names. The well-known name Bunmahon, in Irish "Bunmachuine," marks the village situated at the mouth of the river Mahon, still known in Irish as Machuin. So, too, with the names Buncrana, in Donegal; Bunratty, in Clare; Bundoran, Bunnamairgey, and others.

Looking now for some such name in the neighborhood of the Clyde, we meet, in the Life of St. Cadoc, with the mountain Bannawc, near which, it is said, St. Cadoc erected his monastery. This has been identified with the range of hills, now called Catkin, which runs through the parish of Carmunnock, formerly Carmannac, down to the southern bank of the Clyde. The ancient name is still preserved in that of the parish, for in the Cymric dialect *b* passes into *m* in

* Forcellini, "Lexicon Totius Latinitatis," *ad voc.*
† "Ogygia," Part III. cap. 13, p. 178.

combination,* and thus the name Carmannoc is nothing more than Caer-Bannawc. So, too, we have Bunawe at the mouth of the Awe, where it falls into Loch Etive; and we find also Banavie in Lochaber. The latest Scottish writer on the subject, in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, says: —

> As Scotchmen acquainted with the topography of the west country, we can be at no loss to indicate localities in plenty, of which one may have been intended. Bannave would answer admirably to denote the mouth of the Leven where it joins the Clyde; and Taburnia, or Tiburnia, is a designation most appropriate for a river district, or a *ross* placed between two streams. The most probable site for the Bonaven of St. Patrick is the confluence of the river Aven, or Avon, with the main stream of the Clyde, near which the present town of Hamilton stands. A more exact correspondence of locality with the name as it has been transmitted to us could not be desired. Tabernia, or Taburnia, would thus be the present district of Strathaven, or the upper course of the Clyde itself, which might well be so designated in reference to the falls; presenting, certainly, one of the most striking combinations of beauty and grandeur of natural scenery contained within the bounds of our island.†

The instance here adduced of the river Aven or Avon, which falls from the south into the Clyde, seems indeed to bring us to the very name of which we are in search. The valley through which this river flows is called Strathaven. And as the name Bannave or Bonaven is a generic one, perhaps we should have here the reason why St. Patrick, to distinguish it from the other villages of the same name, should have called it "Banaven Taberniæ," and why Probus also should have described it as "the village Bannave in the Tiburnian district." Its distance from Dumbarton does not seem to me an insurmountable difficulty in the case, as it is not at all improbable that the residence of a Roman nobleman like Calphurnius would be situated some miles distant from the capital of the province. It is deserving of remark that precisely at the confluence of the Clyde and Avon, there exists on the eastern bank of the latter stream an artificial hillock or mound, which probably marks the site of an ancient village. Should, however, any one find a difficulty in accepting this opinion, we must add that the river Clyde was supposed to fall into the sea at Dumbarton, — "ad Dunbritton mare subit";* and hence it should not surprise us that on that account some village on either bank, in the immediate neighborhood of Alclyde, would have received the name Bannave or Bonaven.

7. Probus adds one other phrase which serves to define more particularly the territory in which Bannave and Tabernia are to be sought for. He states that it was "not far from the Western Sea" [haud procul a mari occidentali]. So, too, Jocelyn tells us that Nemthur was a town "bordering on the Irish Sea." Now precisely by these names do we find the sea that separates North Britain from Ireland designated by the early writers. The Vita Quarta seems to place this district "juxta mare Tyrrheneum," which name generally designates the Mediterranean Sea. In the present text, however, it is probable a mere blunder of the copyist for the Latinized form of the Celtic *iar* or *iarthar*, which would be the precise Celtic word used in reference to the Western Sea.

8. The teritory of *Nentria* is also a distinctive name which Probus's text presents to us. Mr. Turner makes an ingenious conjecture relative to the origin of this name: "Nentria I believe to be the primal or archetypal name of the district of Strathclyde. . . . It was probably derived from the Cymric *nant*, a valley, and *dwr*, water; and the literal meaning would thus be 'the valley of the stream,' Strathclyde being the valley of the

* "Four Books of Wales," I. 174.
† Turner, p. 275.

* Camden, "Britannia," p. 666.

Clyde." * To me, however, it appears that Nentria is nothing more than a Latinized form of the name Nentur, by which the Britons designated Alclyde; and thus "Nentria provincia" would mean "the territory of Alclyde." This fortified town, being the capital of the Scoto-British kingdom, soon gave its name to the surrounding territory, and we find its rulers indifferently styled by the old Scotch writers the kings of Strathclyde and the kings of Alclyde.† It would be pretty much the same as when, at the present day, we speak of Dumbarton City and Dumbartonshire.

9. We must not omit the descriptive words which are added by Probus, "in which [territory] the giants are said to have dwelt in olden times." It is a strange coincidence that in the passage already referred to in the Life of St. Cadoc, it is said that this saint, when he visited North Britain and was engaged in erecting his monastery near the mountain Bannawc, — that is, in the parish of Carmunnock, — found there "the grave of a giant," who when raised to life said he had been king of the territory beyond the mountain Bannawc. We have also seen how the learned author of the "Ogygia" records the Irish tradition that the valley of the Clyde derived the name Taburnia from the great founder and father of the Tuatha Danaans, and that it was precisely from this district that this heroic race passed into Ireland. Now, these Danaans are the giants and heroes of our mythological history: "all the gods of Irish Pagan story are connected with their race." ‡ Their sepulchral mounds at Moturra, in the county of Sligo and elsewhere, are still popularly known as "the giants' graves." §

10. We further learn from Probus that at the time that St. Patrick was led into captivity, the British marauders plundered "his city Arimuric and the neighboring places." It has been generally assumed as a matter of course that these words have reference to Armoric Gaul. It is, indeed, beyond the reach of controversy that the seaboard territory of Gaul was called Armorica; and it is equally certain that it derived its name from the Celtic words *ar*, upon, and *moir* or *muir*, the sea. And Camden writes: "Armorica in the old Gaulish and now in the British signifies *by the seaside*." However, there is nothing in the text of Probus to lead us to suppose that he here refers to Armoric Gaul. He speaks not of a territory, but of *a city*, called by the name of Arimuric; and of a city so named there is no trace in Gaul. It seems sufficiently probable that in the present text the city derived its name from the Roman wall or rampart which stretched across the valley of the Clyde, of which we have already spoken. In "Cormac's Glossary" we find *mur* explained to mean "a rampart." * Even to the present day we find the name Dalmuir attached to the district close to the Old Kilpatrick, on the banks of the Clyde, where the fosse or wall terminated; and at a short distance there is a town called Dalmuir, a station on the line of railway between Dumbarton and Glasgow. Some Scottish archæologists affirm that the name Dalmuir corresponds in meaning with the old Celtic Aridh-muir, or Arimuric.

11. The name Hurnia, given, in N, to the village where St. Patrick was born, is a generic one, and is often met with in Celtic districts. It is derived from the word *urnaidhe*, and is generally used to designate a place of prayer or pilgrimage. Mr. Joyce gives us the following details on this name: "This word, which is variously written *urnaidhe*, *ornaidhe*, or *ernaidhe*, signifies primarily a prayer; but in a secondary sense it is applied to a prayer-house, — Latin *oratorium*.

* Turner, p. 277.
† Skene, "Celtic Scotland," Vol. I. p. 235.
‡ Dr. Matthew Kelly, "Cambrensis Evercus," Vol. I. p. 512.
§ See "Annals of the Four Masters," by Dr. Donovan, *ad An.* M. 3330, 3370.

* Stokes, "Cormac's Glossary," p. 116.

It takes most commonly the form Urney, which is the name of some parishes and townlands in Cavan, Tyrone, and King's County. The word often incorporates the article in English, and becomes Nurney, which is the name of several parishes, villages, and townlands in Carlow and Kildare. It occurs in combination in Templenahurney, in Tipperary." * The town Nurney in the county Carlow is marked "Urney" in the old map of Ireland by Mercator; it was in former times a famous place of pilgrimage, and O'Curry writes that "Urnaidhe, in this instance, and whenever applied to a church as its name, means *cillnahurnaighe*, 'cella orationis.'" † Now from the "Origines Parrochiales Scotiæ," we learn that the church at Old Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, was in olden times a famous place of pilgrimage. Before the twelfth century, Alwin, Earl of Lennox, "confirmed a grant to that church of all the lands of Edinbernan and Baccan, and others," which had been granted by his predecessors, and he added himself the lands of Cateconnen; and from the old deeds which are still preserved, we know that towards the close of the twelfth century these lands were in the possession of a person called "Beda Ferdan," who lived at Monachkenneran, on the Clyde, "in a large house of wattle," and of three other persons, all of whom were bound for all service "to receive and entertain the pilgrims coming to the church of St. Patrick." ‡

12. Jocelyn mentions the village Taburnia. This perhaps is a mistake for Urnia, or it may have been another name for the same place, for it may be explained to mean a place of pilgrimage on the seacoast, which would appropriately be referred to Kilpatrick on the banks of the Clyde. All the other details given by this writer clearly point to the neighborhood of Dumbarton as the birthplace of our apostle.

13. The name Enonis, in one manuscript of the "Confessio" of St. Patrick, given as the name of the villa in which Calphurnius and his family dwelt. This reading, however, is considered very uncertain, not being found in the oldest and most accurate texts. It is, however, a Celtic name, and would mean a villa on the river bank, precisely as we see so many villas at the present day called "river-view" or "sea-view," or some similar name. It may also be remarked that the Cymric Yddon, which would be pronounced Enon by the Celts, occurs more than once as a proper name in the "Four Books of Wales," * and other early records.

I have thus endeavored, as far as our limits would permit, to illustrate in detail the various places named in the ancient records in connection with the birthplace of our apostle. They all lead us to the valley of the Clyde, and I have no hesitation in accepting the tradition of the Scottish Church, which from time immemorial has marked out Old Kilpatrick as the hallowed spot in which St. Patrick was born. The Breviary of Aberdeen, the only proper one of Scotland that has been preserved, gives the seal of authenticity to this venerable tradition: "St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland (we there read), was born of Calphurnius, of illustrious Celtic descent, and his mother was Concessa, from Gaul, a sister of St. Martin, of Tours; he was conceived with many miraculous signs at Dumbarton Castle, but was born and reared at Kilpatrick, in Scotland, near the said castle." † In the diocese of Glasgow there are no fewer than six ancient parishes dedicated to St. Patrick, and Dr. Forbes gives a list of ten other churches or districts which in various parts of Scotland have honored St.

* Joyce, "Irish Names," p. 309.
† Ordnance Survey Letters, County Carlow.
‡ "Orig. Par.," I. 20, 501; V. 229.

* Skene, "Four Books," Vol. I. p. 434; Vol. II. p. 432.
† "Brev. Aberdon.," *ad diem* 17 Mart., Fol. LXX. *b*.

Patrick as patron. This proves how popular and how wide-spread was the devotion of the Scottish Church to our apostle. Kilpatrick on the Clyde is the oldest of these Scottish dedications. It is called Old Kilpatrick, to distinguish it from another town a few miles more inland, called East Kilpatrick. It gives name to Kylpatrick Parish, and has for its limit to the north the range of hills called the Kilpatrick Hills. In the "Origines Parrochiales," we read that "of the places in various parts of Scotland, including six parishes in the diocese of Glasgow, which derived their appellation from the apostle of Ireland, the most ancient and distinguished certainly was Kylpatrick." * Its present church only dates from 1793; but as we learn from the authority just cited, the church which it supplanted was at that date considered "a very ancient building, and erected on the site of one still more ancient." † Close to Old Kilpatrick is the plateau called Chapel Hill (formerly united with Kilpatrick) where also St. Patrick's memory is held in benediction, and where the remains of an old Roman town may easily be traced. The holy well once dedicated to our apostle is situated a little to the south of the graveyard in which the church now stands, being separated from it, however, by the modern road from Dumbarton to Glasgow. It is probable that this was the well over which the original church was built, and to whose waters miraculous effects are ascribed in several of the old narratives relating to the infancy of our apostle.

Kilpatrick ‡ was an outpost of the great fortress of Alclyde. The ruins of Roman construction, which still mark the country around, attest its importance in former times. It was here too that the Roman wall or vallum terminated, as the Scottish antiquaries are now agreed; * and four forts, which may still be easily traced, linked the extremity of the wall with the great fortress itself. This will serve to explain to us how it is that the ancient writers may well have named Nemthur or Alclyde as the place of St. Patrick's birth, although it is to Kilpatrick or its immediate neighborhood that we must look for the precise spot which was rendered illustrious † by that event. As an outpost it was in a manner identified with the fortress to which it belonged. At the present day, a person living at one of the suburbs or outposts of Paris is justly said to reside in Paris. It was precisely so in the matter of our apostle's birth. We may take another instance from the references made to the Roman wall, which, as we have seen, terminated at old Kilpatrick, but which, nevertheless, by the ancient writers, with Venerable Bede, is said to have joined the Clyde; "juxta urbem Alcluith." ‡ Thus, then, writing at a distance as to time and place, the historians of St. Patrick's life justly stated that he was born at Nemthur or Alclyde; whilst those who wished more particularly to designate the precise spot declared that his birth took place at Hurnia, famed as a place of pilgrimage, which, from the special veneration shown there to our saint, in after times became known throughout Scotland as Kilpatrick. It is not necessary to repeat here what has been said in the preceding pages, that the other circumstances which refer to St. Patrick's birthplace all harmonize with Kilpatrick: it was

* "Orig. Parroch.," Vol. I. p. 20.

† "Orig.," *cit.* It is added that in the Clyde, opposite the church, there is a large stone called St. Patrick's Rock; and it is the tradition that St. Patrick's vessel, in full sail, struck on this rock, but sustained no injury.

‡ "The parish of Kilpatrick has been described in every account as peculiarly rich in Roman antiquities; and we are told on good authority that a sculptured cross, said to have been taken from near the Roman wall, was long used as a foot-bridge over a burn in these latter days of iconoclasm." — The Labourer, September, 1865, p. 270.

* We have already given the words of Skene. Centuries ago Fordun, treating of this wall, had written: "In ripa fluminis Clude juxta Kirkpatrick terminatur." — "Scotichron.," Vol. I. p. 4.

† A quarter of a century ago local tradition pointed to a ruin at Glenlucet, near Bowling, between Kilpatrick and Dumbarton, as marking the place where St. Patrick was born.

‡ Bede, "Eccl. Hist.," Vol. I. p. 12.

situated in the plain of Tabernia, not far from the western coast and from the Irish Sea, and precisely where, towards the close of the fourth century, we would expect to find the Roman decurio Calphurnius holding his half-civil, half military command.*

III.

REMARKS ON SOME MODERN THEORIES.

A FEW remarks on the other principal theories which have found adherents in later times will now serve to place in bolder relief the consistency and truth of the opinion which we have here briefly explained.

Don Philip O'Sullivan Bearre, in his "Patriciana Decas," advanced the opinion that St. Patrick was born in Bretagne, or Brittany, in France. He was led to adopt this view by the statement of some ancient writers, as well as of several Continental breviaries, that our apostle was "Brito natione," which words he translated "a native of Brittany." Suffice it, however, to remark, that at the time of St. Patrick's nativity the name of Bretagne, or Brittany, had not been as yet transferred to the shores of Gaul.

Mr. Patrick Lynch, secretary to the Gaelic Society, contended in his "Life of St. Patrick" that "Nemtur" referred to the city of Tours, in France, and he translated it "Holy Tours." For this singular translation, however, he gives no authority. Indeed, there seems to be no reason for assigning a Celtic name to this flourishing city. In early times it was known by its classic name of Cæsarodunum; and at a later period, from the tribe of the Turones, whose capital it was, it was called "Civitas Turonum," from which title at a comparatively recent time the modern name was derived.

Dr. Lanigan was the first to contend that we must look to Northern Armoric Gaul for St. Patrick's native town, and with considerable display of historical research endeavored to prove that the modern Boulogne, in Picardy, was the precise place rendered illustrious by his birth. In his proof he relies mainly on the words of St. Patrick regarding his father, Calphurnius, in the beginning of the "Confessio,"—"Qui fuit a vico Bonaven Taberniæ"; from which he thus argues: —

> Bonavem or Bonaven was in Armoric Gaul, being the same town as Boulogne-sur-Mer, in Picardy. That town was well known to the Romans as Gessoriacum; but about the reign of Constantine the Great, the Celtic name Bonaven or Bonaun, *alias* Bonon, which was Latinized into Bononia, because more general. According to Bullet, who informs us that *am, aven, on,* signify a river in the Celtic language, the town was so called from its being at the mouth of the river: *bon,* mouth, *on* or *avon,* river. Baxter also observes that Bononia is no other than Bonavon or Bonaun; for *aven, avem, avon, aun,* are pronounced in the same manner. The addition of "Taberniæ" marks its having been in the district of Tarvanna or Tarvenna, *alias* Tarabanna, a celebrated city not far from Boulogne, the ruins of which still remain under the modern name of Therouanne. The name of this city was extended to a considerable district around it, thence called *pagus Tarbanensis, Tarvanensis regio.**

Throughout Dr. Lanigan's argument there is this radical defect: that St. Patrick in his "Confessio" does not name "Bonavem Taberniæ" as his birthplace, but only as the place of the family residence, whence he himself was led into captivity. Even, therefore, if it were admitted that Boulogne-sur-Mer was indicated by "Bonaven Taberniæ," the historical argument which assigns the birth of St. Patrick to North Britain remains unimpeached. Two of the ancient writers, in fact, state that our apostle was led into slavery from Armoric Gaul; but they nevertheless affirm that he was born at Alclyde, and that his family having gone from North

* It is a strange coincidence that as early as the year 162, a general named Calphurnius Agricola was sent to command the Roman troops at the Clyde. See Skene, "Celtic Scotland," Vol. I. p. 79.

* Lanigan, "Eccl. Hist.," Vol. I. p. 93.

Britain on business to Gaul, he was there made captive. Moreover, the etymological derivation of Bononia is not without its difficulties. Some, with Cluverius, wish it rather to be derived from the name Buenen, by which the northern tribes of Belgic Gaul designated it; others derive it from the name of the river on which the city stands, which is now called the Liane, but was known to the Romans as "Fluvius Enna," under which name it is marked on the ancient maps. This is also the name given to it by Malbrancq. Should either of these derivations be admitted, it would be vain to endeavour to refer Bonaven to Boulogne-sur-Mer.

But another insuperable difficulty here presents itself: How could the term *vicus* be applied to Bononia in those early times? And we must remark that, as well by St. Patrick in his "Confessio" as by Probus, this phrase is used, — "e vico Bannave." Surely Bononia at the time we treat of was not a mere village, or *vicus*, but was rather an *oppidum insigne;* indeed, one of the most important towns of Northern Gaul. It had long been the chief military station of the Roman armies in Armoric Gaul. There they had marshalled their troops for the invasion of Britain. Carausius had made it the capital of his empire in the West. Constantine, too, had for a while sojourned there. A short time before St. Patrick's birth the Emperor Julian, the Apostate, had made it his headquarters in his expedition into Gaul. The remains of the Roman buildings which once adorned it still attest its importance. In the year 449 it was able to repel the assault of Attila. It was not till the ninth century, when it was destroyed by the Normans, that it ceased to be reckoned among the chief towns of France.*

Being thus a place of importance, both civil and military, its name was clearly defined. No names were more familiar than those of Gessoriacum * and Bononia; and St. Patrick, wishing to be understood, would assuredly have employed, not an archaic form, which centuries before might possibly have been in use, but the ordinary name by which the place was known to every one at the time when he wrote. Often as the city is referred to by ancient and mediæval writers, there is not a trace of the name Bannave or Bonavem having ever been used to designate it.

But in Dr. Lanigan's hypothesis what becomes of the second name, Tabernie? We may pass over the singular mistake of our historian, who confounds together Tarvanna and Tervanna, though the former was the ancient name of Therouanne, thirty miles from Boulogne; whilst the latter designated the modern town of St. Pol, which is twenty miles farther on.† Both places were, however, of far less importance than Boulogne, and there is not a shadow of proof that the "regio Tarvanensis" ever extended to the seacoast. But Dr. Lanigan contends that some such additional designation was necessary in order that the Bononia to which St. Patrick referred might be distinguished from Bononia in Italy and elsewhere. This might be true, indeed, if St. Patrick had ever made use of the name Bononia; but surely no one would ever have dreamt of applying the name Bannave to the Italian city; and were some distinctive designation required, is it not some such term as "Maritima," or "Gallica," or "Armorica," that would be applied to the seaport town, and not the unheard-of name Tabernia?

Dr. Lanigan appeals also to the authority of Probus, but it is only by introducing a very important change into the genuine text of Probus that he brings it to bear on his novel

* See "Statistique Monumentale du Département du Pas de Calais," Arras, 1840; also "Congrès Archéologique de France," 27th session, 1860, etc.

* Two centuries and a half later, it was called Gessoriacum by Venerable Bede, "Hist. Eccl.," Book I. p. 1.

† Paulinati, "Comitum Tervanensium Annales," cited by Hoey, p. 123.

theory. Probus, as we have seen, writes: "Quem vicum (Bannave) indubitanter comperimus esse Nentriæ provinciæ." Dr. Lanigan, however, without assigning any reason, thus cites the text: "Quem vicum indubitanter comperimus esse Nevtria provinciæ"; and from the "Nevtria" thus introduced into the text he concludes that, according to Probus, the village Bannave was situated in the province of Neustria, in Gaul,* and that the same Neustria is indicated in all the various texts which refer to Nemthur. All this, however, falls to the ground when we look to the authentic text of Probus, in which the "Nentria provincia" admits of no explanation except that which we have given in the preceding pages. Even if we were to suppose that "Nevtria" was the genuine reading of this text, we should interpret it as a mere aspirated form of the Celtic Nemthur, and it should follow the interpretation already given of that name. It cannot, however, by any possibility, be referred to Neustria, a name which began to be used only in the sixth century, and which French philologists derive from "Neuest reich," the new kingdom which was formed in the northwest of Gaul, whilst Austrasia occupied the northeastern territory.

Mr. Cashel Hoey, in an interesting paper read before the London Academia of the Catholic Religion,† adopts for the most part the opinion of Dr. Lanigan. Whilst, however, he admits that Bannave designates the modern Boulogne, he contends that Tabernia is to be sought for in the town of Desvres, which in the Middle Ages was Latinized "Divernia"; and pursuing the same etymological line of reasoning, he turns Nemthur into Tournahem; and he indentifies with the town Enna, not far from Desvres, the small villa Enon, which in one MS. is introduced into the text of St. Patrick's "Confessio." This theory does not explain away any of the difficulties that we have met with in Dr. Lanigan's opinion; on the contrary, it only makes the confusion still more confused. Desvres is an obscure village about fifteen miles from Boulogne. It was known in ancient times as Divonia; for the name Divernia is nothing more than a very late attempt to give a classical Latin form to the modern French name Desvres. But strangest of all, as, according to Mr. Hoey, St. Patrick was born at Bonaven Taberniæ, we must be ready to admit that Boulogne and Tournahem are the same place, and that Enna is close by Boulogne, though it is in reality close by Desvres. Before, however, we dismiss this theory, I must warn the reader against a statement made by Mr. Hoey. "The opinion," he says, "that St. Patrick was born in France has always had a traditional establishment in Ireland. It is asserted in one of the oldest of his Lives, that of St. Eleran, and indicated in another, that of Probus."* Now, the text of Probus has not a syllable to indicate any such opinion. The words which Mr. Hoey, improving on Dr. Lanigan's reading, assigns to Probus, "Quem vicum indubitanter comperimus esse Neustriæ provinciæ," may contain, indeed, some such reference; but they are not the words of Probus. And as regards St. Eleran, we have already given his text in full (see F, above); and although the author traces our apostle's descent from those who dwelt in Armoric Gaul, yet he clearly and expressly states that his parents lived in Strathclyde, and that his native town was Nemthor in the plain of Tabern. Thus Mr. Hoey's reference to these two texts is plainly incorrect.

MM. Hancock and O'Mahony, editors of the second volume of the "Brehon Laws," affirm that St. Patrick was born in the neighborhood of

* Lanigan, "Eccl. Hist.," Vol. I. p. 102.
† Hoey, "On the Birthplace of St. Patrick," "Essays," etc., p. 106.

* "Essays," etc., p. 110.

Bristol.* Their argument is one of the most illogical that has been of late years advanced in historical matters. Nemthur, they say, is identified, by the scholiast of the "Book of Hymns," with Alclyde. Now, the name Caer-Britton, given to Alclyde by the Roman-British writers, was also given to Bristol in the early Roman times. They therefore conclude that Nemthur, St. Patrick's birthplace, was none other than Bristol. This whole argument, as is manifest, hinges on the testimony of the scholiast of the "Book of Hymns." Now, this ancient writer does not affirm that our apostle was born at Caer-Britton, which might perhaps justify in some way the line of reasoning which these writers have pursued; but he expressly states that his birth took place at "Alclyde, in North Britain." Suffice it to say that Bristol was not Alclyde, neither was it situated in North Britain.

There are two other theories which, though they do not directly refer to the question of which we now treat, yet cannot be passed over in the present controversy; for they seem, indirectly at least, to cut away the ground from under the position which we have taken. The first of these has been broached by Mr. Nicholson,† who on mere visionary grounds pushes back the date of St. Patrick's birth to the first quarter of the third century, and places his mission to Ireland in the year 254. This theory has nothing to commend it. Its avowed purpose is polemical, for Mr. Nicholson desires his readers to understand that St. Patrick had made our people a nation of Protestants in the third century, and that Palladius was sent to Ireland by the Pope in the fifth century to bring them from Protestantism into the pale of the Catholic Church. If the date thus assigned to St. Patrick's mission were true, it would undoubtedly be vain to look for Calphurnius, a Christian deacon, holding the office of Roman decurio in the frontier city of Alclyde, early in the third century; but while glaring inconsistencies are met with at every step in this theory, one argument alone will suffice to refute it. Mr. Nicholson, when citing the "Book of Armagh," finds it necessary, in order to preserve some appearance of truth for his theory, to deliberately alter the ancient text which he professes to cite. Among the headings of the annotations of Bishop Aedh, we find the following in the "Book of Armagh" (Fol. XX. a. 1): —

De ætate ejus quando iens videre sedem apostolicam voluit discere sapientiam.

De inventione Sancti Germani in Galliis et ideo non exivit ultra. . . .

De ordinatione ejus ab Amothorege Episcopo, defuncto Palladio.

Now, the second of these headings is thus altered by Mr. Nicholson: "De inventione sancti generis in Galliis et ideo non exivit ultra"; which he translates: "Concerning his finding a holy set of men in Gaul, and that therefore he went no farther." * It is not thus, however, that history is written. When such a deliberate alteration of an authentic text is found necessary to give some color of consistency to a cherished theory, such theory stands self-condemned. The place of St. Germanus is clearly defined in the history of the Church; and it is sufficiently manifest that if St. Patrick was at the school of this great saint in the fifth century, he could not have flourished as a great Christian missionary toward the middle of the third century. It is strange, however, that Mr. Nicholson did not advert to the fatal blow which is given to his theory by the concluding words of Bishop Aedh, who, so far from antedating the mission of St. Patrick two centuries before Palladius, expressly attests that it was not till after the death of Palladius that St.

* "Ancient Laws of Ireland," Vol. II. (Dublin, 1869), p. 22.

† "St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland," by R. Steele Nicholson, p. 3.

* Nicholson, p. 24.

Patrick was consecrated for the apostolate of our people.

The second theory to which I wish to refer has been quite recently advanced by the Rev. I. F. Shearman, in his work entitled "Loca Patriciana." Whilst, however, I reject Mr. Shearman's theory, far be it from me to say one word disparaging him or the valuable work with which he has enriched our ecclesiastical literature. He has, in many of its chapters, rendered important services to the hagiology of the Irish Church; and by his unwearying toil in illustrating many obscure passages in the lives of our early saints, he is justly entitled to the gratitude of all students of the ecclesiastical history of our country. But in the subject now before us, he has undoubtedly allowed his mature judgment to be outrun by a very fanciful theory. For fourteen centuries Ireland has honored St. Patrick, the son of Calphurnius, as her chief apostle. Now, however, Mr. Shearman tells us that we have been quiet mistaken. The apostle of our country, if his theory is true, was another saint of the name of Patrick, commonly designated in the Celtic records "St. Sen-Patrick"; that is, St. Patrick, senior. It was only at a later period that St. Patrick the son of Calphurnius entered on the mission field; but for some reason, which it is not easy to understand, and which Mr. Shearman makes no attempt to assign, the writers of our early Church transferred to the later missioner all the important facts which belong to the career of the real apostle, St. Sen-Patrick. If all this be true, our past inquiry will have been made in vain; for the St. Patrick of whose birthplace we have been in search was Patrick the son of Calphurnius, whom, in Mr. Shearman's opinion, we have undeservedly styled the "apostle of Erin." Let it not be said that I have in any way exaggerated Mr. Shearman's theory; on the contrary, his own words seem to me far more forcible, when he writes that the old authors whom we have cited "shut out from view the *real* apostle Sen-Patrick, consigning him to obscurity and almost to a historical extinction." *

It would be out of place in our present inquiry to enter, at any length, on the refutation in detail of this singular theory. We have only to view it as it bears on the subject now before us; but whosoever calmly considers it under this aspect must unhesitatingly conclude that it arbitrarily ignores every record of our country's history, and is inconsistent with the witness of the Irish Church for fourteen hundred years, as to the father and chief apostle of our faith.

The true place of St. Sen-Patrick is clearly defined in our early Celtic records. He was a native of Wales, and he adorned the schools and monasteries of that country by his learning and virtues. He was even for a time the tutor of our great apostle, and was associated with him in evangelizing our people, but toward the close of life returned to his native Wales. A portion of his relics were in after times enshrined at Glastonbury, another portion being preserved in Armagh. While, however, his merits are thus extolled, there is not in any one of the Irish writers the smallest trace of his being considered the apostle of our country. † On the other hand, all our writers are agreed in this, that St. Patrick, the son of Calphurnius, was Ireland's apostle; and they reckon it as St. Sen-Patrick's greatest eulogy that he was "the tutor of our apostle." See how clearly the most ancient and venerable of our martyrologists, St. Ængus, in his "Feliré," assigns to each of these saints his proper place. On the 24th of August, the festival of St.

* "Loca Patriciana," p. 434, note.

† Mr. Shearman's authority is the Iolo MSS., with some bardic traditions of Wales. These MSS. and traditions, however, belong to a very late age, none of them dating earlier than the fifteenth century. We are not to be surprised that some of the Welsh writers would exaggerate the merits of their countryman, and ascribe to him some of the facts which belong to the apostle of Ireland.

Sen-Patrick, the following strophe commemorates his fame: —

With the relation of the host of Srenath
(*i. e.* Glastonbury),
Whose history is made illustrious,
Sen-Patrick, a battle chief,
The amiable preceptor of our Patron.

But on the 17th of March, St. Patrick the son of Calphurnius is thus commemorated: —

The blaze of a noble sun,
The Apostle of undefiled Erinn,
Patrick, with many thousands,
The bulwark of our poor people.

The testimony of St. Ængus should alone suffice to set at rest all question as to the apostolate of St. Patrick, son of Calphurnius. The "Feliré" was written in the eighth century. Its author, St. Ængus, had devoted his life to the study of the lives of the saints of Erin; and hence this work, which has been handed down to us in authentic MSS. of the most venerable antiquity, bears with it an unquestionable authority.

So, too, another Irish martyrologist of illustrious repute, Marianus O'Gorman, in his "Metrical Calendar," whilst, on the 24th of August, he merely gives the name of the senior St. Patrick, on the 17th of March styles St. Patrick son of Calphurnius, —

Patrick, Apostle of Erinn,
Head of the faith of the Goedhil.

In the "Leabhar Breac" (Fol. XCIX. b. 1), there is a brief chronological treatise, which is held in high repute by our antiquarians.* It thus begins: "We ought to know at what time Patrick, the holy bishop, and chief preceptor of the Scoti, began to come to Ireland to preach and baptize, and to resuscitate the dead and to cure all diseases, and to banish all the demons from Ireland, and to sanctify and consecrate, and to ordain and bless," etc.; and subsequently it designates him of whom he speaks, "Patrick the son of Calphurn"; and it adds the testimony of St. Eleran, surnamed the Wise, who died at a great old age, in the year 664. Here is the character given by Eleran of Patrick, when he brought an account of him to the religious of Clonard: —

Meek and great was the son of Calphurn,
A vine-branch bearing fruit.

The liturgy of our early Church also bears witness to the same St. Patrick who is honored on the 17th of March being the apostle of our people. In the "Missale Vetus Hibernicum," published a few months ago by Mr. Warren from the MSS. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the following prayer is given for St. Patrick's feast on that day: —

O God, who in Thy Providence didst choose St. Patrick, Apostle of the Scoti, to lead the Irish nations [Hibernenses gentes] who were wandering in darkness and in the errors of Paganism, unto the true light of the knowledge of God, and to make them, by the laver of regeneration, sons of the Most High God, grant, we beseech Thee, through his pious intercession, that we may hasten without delay to those things that are holy, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

The most ancient of our annalists, Tighearnach, is equally clear on this point. The earlier entries registered in his Annals have been more than once questioned by our ablest writers, on account of the conflicting texts presented in various MSS.; but regarding the death of St. Patrick the son of Calphurn, its genuineness is recognized by all. Tighearnach marks it under the year A. D. 493, and styles the saint "Patricius Archiepiscopus et Apostolus Hibernensium," and adds the quatrain, which even in his time was considered ancient: —

From the birth of Christ, a pleasant period,
Four hundred above fair ninety,
Three noble years after that
To the death of Patrick, chief Apostle.†

*It is printed in Irish, with a translation by Petrie, "History of Tara," p. 74.

* Warren, "The MS. Irish Missal," London, 1879, p. 150.

† See Petrie, "History of Tara," p. 88.

Moreover, the various writers who have already attested for us the birth of St. Patrick in North Britain leave no doubt as to the apostolate of him to whose birthplace they refer. Thus St. Fiacc's Hymn, while registering St. Patrick's birth at Nemthur, in the fourth strophe styles him "the son of Calpuirn," and in the subsequent strophes sets forth as his eulogy that he brought "the people of Ireland from evil to life"; that "till Patrick preached to the Scoti, the sons of Emer and Emeron were in perdition," and "until the Apostle came to them, on Ireland's people was darkness, the peoples adored false gods." *

The "Vita Secunda," though it is incomplete, sufficiently indicates St. Patrick's apostolate when it attests that not to Palladius, but to him, was given the conversion of our people.

The "Vita Tertia" tells us that Calphurnius was St. Patrick's father, and it adds the following eulogy of our saint: —

"The Lord sent to this island this missionary St. Patrick, glowing with the fire of the Holy Spirit, that he might give life to our hearts, and convert us from darkness to light; and when all the apostles will assemble with their peoples on Judgment Day, St. Patrick will go before us: for he is given us as our Leader by God; he is our Pastor, our Judge, our Father, our Apostle." †

The "Vita Quarta," in the fifteenth chapter, affirms that it was so arranged by a benign Providence that St. Patrick would be led a captive to our shores, that thus "he might learn, in his youth, the language of the nation whose apostle he was destined one day to be."

Probus, at the very outset, states that St. Patrick was the son of Calphurnius; and in the subsequent chapters, repeatedly declares that he was our spiritual father, the apostle of our nation (Chap. 32), by whose labors the faith of Christ filled the whole land, "fides Christi omnia nostra loca implevit" (Chap. 26).

In the preface to the first part of the "Tripartite Life," St. Patrick the son of Calphurn is called "one of those rays by which Jesus Christ, the Sun of Justice, has illuminated the universe, the glowing and bright-shining lamp of the Western world, the father of the faith and of the spiritual life of the Irish people [Pater fidei te spiritualis regenerationis Hibernorum *]." Almost the same words are repeated in the Life of our Apostle in the "Leabhar Breac": "The people that sat in darkness beheld a great light; they that were in the land and in the shadow of death found a light whence came their illumination. . . . Now one of the splendors which the Sun of Righteousness shed upon the world was the splendor and the flame, the precious stone and shining lamp which enlightened the West of the world, *Sanctus Patricius Episcopus*, to wit, holy Patrick, high Bishop of the West of the world, father of the baptism and belief of the men of Ireland." †

But — what should of itself suffice to set this question at rest — we may appeal to the witness of St. Patrick himself. In his "Confessio," ‡ which is now admitted by all authorities to be one of the most authentic and most precious records that have come down to us from the early centuries of our faith, he pours out his soul in thanksgiving to God for the wondrous mercies vouchsafed to him; and among these mercies and the blessings accorded to his humble ministry, he expressly mentions his mission to our people, and the conversion of Ireland from the darkness of Paganism to the holy light of Christian truth: "For I am truly a debtor to God [he thus writes], who has given me such grace, that many people should be born again to

* See Stokes, "Goidelica," p. 131.
† Colgan, "Acta," p. 29.

* Colgan, "Acta," p. 117.
† Stokes, "Three Middle-Irish Homilies," 1877, p. 5.
‡ We have seen already how, in the very commencement of the "Confessio," he declares himself the son of Calphurnius, "patrem habui Calphurnium."

God through me, and that among them everywhere there should be ordained priests for this people newly come to the faith. . . . Wherefore behold how in Ireland they who never had the knowledge of God, and hitherto only worshipped unclean idols, have lately become the people of the Lord, and are called the sons of God. . . . What shall I render to Him for all the things that He hath rendered to me; but what shall I say or promise to my Lord? For I see nothing unless He gives it Himself to me; but He who searches the heart and reins knows that I ardently desire and am ready that He should give me to drink His chalice, as He has permitted others to do who have loved Him. Wherefore, may it never be permitted by my Lord that I should lose my people whom He has gained in the ends of the earth."

Thus, then, we have an uninterrupted tradition handed down from age to age, and beginning with the very first century of our nation's faith, that St. Patrick, the son of Calphurnius, was the apostle of our people. In Mr. Shearman's theory, two things should be explained: First, how it is that the Irish Church, so remarkable for its love and reverence for the sainted fathers of its faith, should have so completely ignored the life and the memory of its true apostle; and secondly, how it could have come to pass that the various writers who chronicled the deeds of St. Patrick, sixty-six of whom are referred to by Jocelyn and by the "Leabhar Breac," should have conspired to assign to one who was not our apostle the *gesta* and the miracles and the Life of the true apostle.*

* The reader must be cautious in accepting Mr. Shearman's references. For instance, under the birth of St. Patrick Senior in A. D. 372, we have the reference to "Chronicon Mariani" ("Loca Patr.," p. 434). Now Marianus gives, indeed in that year the birth of St. Patrick, but expressly adds that it was St. Patrick, the son of Calphuirn. The following is the entry of Marianus: "Sanctus Patricius nascitur in Britania insula ex patre nomine Calpuirn: presbiter fuit ipse Calpuirn, filius diaconi nomine Fotid. Mater autem erat Patricii Conchess, Soror Sancti Martini de Gallia." (Vatic. MS.)

There were, undoubtedly, many saints of the name of Patrick in the early Irish Church; so, too, there were many Bridgets, yet one stands forth alone the patroness of Ireland. At least four St. Patricks may be reckoned in the very first age of our country's faith; and yet, what is more remarkable, all of them receive some distinguishing epithet except *the one*. There is Palladius, otherwise called Patrick; there is St. Patrick, known as Patrick Senior; there is a little later St. Patrick Junior; one alone is *the* Patrick, who requires no such distinguishing epithet, but is always honored pre-eminently as the father of our faith: this is St. Patrick the son of Calphurnius, who, by his sanctity and fruitful missionary toil, merited to be styled the Apostle of Erin, whose birthplace we have endeavored to illustrate in the preceding pages.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruction; the food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying it first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. We see our friends and neighbors die among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world!

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Come, free from bands your fathers' faith,
Redeem its shrines from scorn and scathe;
The hero's fame, the martyr's wreath
Will gild your life or crown your death;
Maurice O'Connell.

NAPOLEON, now in his retirement at Paris, with the Italian wars and treaties off his hands, was enabled to devote all his energies and his ample leisure to mature and carry into effect his project for the invasion of Ireland. The Directory, already suspicious of his ambitious designs at home, were anxious to have so dangerous a rival for popular favor at a distance from the seat of government, and accordingly gave to his proposed expedition not only their sanction but all the encouragement in their power. The arsenals at Cadiz, Toulon, and Brest were all put in motion; arms were being manufactured, magazines supplied, ships built, repaired, and altered to serve as transports of war. With like energy in the interior the armies were being collected, massed, and equipped, so that in a few weeks 150,000, or as stated to the representatives of the Irish Committee, 265,000 were available for instant embarkation. This force was massed between Brest and the Texel, under the name of the Army of Ireland, ready to be put to sea on the first favorable occasion.

"Colonel MacMahon, we are at length prepared," said Napoleon one evening to our hero, as he sat with him in his library. "A safe passage to Ireland is all we now require. The English, though afraid of us on land, have all the advantages on sea. The great source of weakness to the Republic is her deficiency in good seamen. To-morrow I start on a tour of inspection. I intend to visit Boulogne, Calais, and other seaports, and learn the best port from which to embark. Then we will watch our opportunity. By the way, have you seen Wolfe Tone and Teeling to-day?"

"Yes, sir, and they have given all particulars as to the condition of Ireland, which is now ripe for revolt. There are 500,000 of the United Irishmen, organized and partially armed, under the direction of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who only await our landing to rise in insurrection."

"Very good; we will not keep them long waiting. What do the deputies intend doing? Would they wish to accompany us?"

"They are very anxious, general, for commissions in the Irish army."

"Well, they shall have them. When I return from the provinces, places can be assigned them. I trust I may then find poor Du Brurier amongst others able to resume service."

"I think he would wish to come with us, sir, if he were at all equal to the voyage."

"I am sure he would, poor fellow, but I had rather he did not overtax himself just now. If he be able to take the field, at all events I will recommend him for the next major-generalship that offers. Now I will bid you good-by for a few days, Colonel MacMahon. I leave early in the morning. When next you see me be prepared to take short notice for the march."

During the succeeding four weeks, whilst Napoleon was proceeding on his tour of inspection along the coasts, MacMahon, having no heavy duties to engage his time, had little to do whilst he remained in the barracks save to dream upon the coming war, and the battles so soon to be fought on Irish soil.

Society and amusements of the capital, into which most of his brother officers eagerly plunged, had for him little attractions, so that by far the greater number of his idle hours he spent with General du Brurier and the Countess Madeline in her beautiful château, near Versailles, far away from the bustle of the city. Autrechamp had availed himself of the month's rest to visit his father and sister in Brittany.

MacMahon had at the request of

the countess gone over early one morning to the château for the purpose of assisting her in the choosing of a site for a bower. The place they selected for its erection was on an elevated piece of pleasure ground which commanded a prospect of Paris with a distant view of the Seine, and close by a fountain which, with its bright spray, diffused a coolness and verdure over the green sward round, while its clear waters fell into basins of marble in which gold and silver fishes disported themselves. During the entire day they directed and superintended the work of construction; and at evening, when it was completed, Madeline ran merrily to the house to summon her uncle, and bring him out to see the result of the day's labor, and enjoy in it a while the coolness of the evening.

When Madeline had placed the general on a couch in the arbor, she left him to the society of MacMahon, and returned to the house to give directions for the evening meal. After the general, to whom every act of his beloved niece afforded the most intense delight, had profusely praised the taste and judgment that had planned the work, and then carelessly referred to some topics of interest of the day, he remained for some time silent with his eyes closed, and his companion thought he was asleep; but he suddenly opened them, and in a graver tone than before, spoke thus:

"Edward, I am glad we have this opportunity of conversing alone. The hour is fast drawing near when we must for a time be parted. You have known me now for some time; I think you have ever found me a plain and outspoken soldier, honest and just, I hope, in my actions, and one never accustomed to conceal his real sentiments under the false tinsel of conventional politeness. I call a man what I find him, and I rarely pay compliments where I believe them undeserved. You will, I trust, give me credit for sincerity now when I tell you that of all men I am acquainted with — and I know many who are estimable — I value you the highest as a friend. Rest assured, were not my opinion of you very high I would never make to you the proposal I am now about to make. My niece is allowed to be beautiful. I think you know her to be amiable and accomplished. She is heiress to some of the fairest lands that gird the Rhone. What remains I shall say in a very few words. Life is uncertain. Were it to please God I should die, whom would she have to protect her right in these stormy times? Accompany the Irish expedition, which God prosper. On your return to France, as may He grant, with life and health, be prepared to find the reward of honorable deed, and a dowered bride in Madeline du Brurier."

So suddenly, so unexpectedly came the general's proposal that MacMahon was at first lost in astonishment, and when his thoughts became sufficiently calmed to permit him to speak, it was in vain he sought words in which to frame a reply. Noticing his embarrassment, General du Brurier continued: —

"Nay, say nothing. I know what obstacles in your high sense of honor you would raise. Virtue is the nobility which we alone regard. But even from the standpoint of a man of the world, your position in the army entitles you to aspire to the hand of any lady of our nobility."

"My dear and beloved general," MacMahon slowly began, "I have remained silent because I knew not words in which to express my gratitude for the overwhelming honor you have done me. You have offered me a prize to which, in the highest flights of my ambition, I should never have dared aspire. But you will, I know, sir, pardon me if I make you one suggestion. Have you not overlooked the older and superior claims and merits of Louis Autrechamps?"

"The more I know of you, Edward, the more do I discover the innate nobleness of your character. Who

but you would have remembered the interests of a friend at such a time?" (here MacMahon colored,) "but rest assured I have well and maturely weighed the relative merits, the character and disposition of each, long since, and also formed the best judgment I could as to which of you Madeline herself would be inclined to regard the more favorably. Louis is an upright, virtuous, and honorable young man, but in my opinion he lacks the vigor of will and force of character that belong to you, — qualities that are so essential for him to possess, who would hold his own in the present troubled state of things. In disposition he is all mildness and docility, and when duty requires courageous as well as a lion, but yet I think more suited to obey than to command, to follow than to lead, to execute than to plan. Madeline requires a protector, who would possess not alone the courage and the will, but the tact, the foresight, the worldly wisdom to protect her title and possessions from those who would seek to deprive her of both."

"With God's blessing you will long be spared to act as such yourself, general; but how, think you, does the countess regard Louis?"

"That I have well considered; she entertains for him, unless I greatly mistake her, the affection that she would for a dearly loved brother, and no more. Of her sentiments towards you she has never spoken, nor have I ever questioned her. An avowal of love where it was not solicited would be looked upon by her, as it would both by you and by me, as both undignified and unmaidenly. In all probability the subject of marriage has never seriously entered her thoughts; but the time is fast approaching when she must be settled in life, and from what I have observed in her manner, her many unconscious allusions with regard to you, which betrayed solicitude for your welfare, anxiety for your safety, the general interest in you so casually though so frequently expressed, as well as other matters, small but significant, I err greatly in my knowledge of the human heart if I be mistaken when I say that your suit would not be unacceptable to her."

There was, again a pause, after which MacMahon spoke: "General du Brurier, I scarcely know how to commence. At the encomiums you paid me awhile ago I felt the blush mount my cheek. I felt humiliated and debased when I knew in my heart it was unmerited The honor you have just done me is in my opinion the greatest that could be paid me by man. Any one who is sensible — and all who know her must be — of the exalted virtues, the grace, the beauty, and the many peerless attractions of the Lady Madeline, — I allude not to her wealth, — must regard him upon whom she bestows her hand and affections as amongst the most blessed and favored of his kind. My dear patron and guide thus far in life, to you I will confide a secret which, since I set foot upon the shore of France, has remained locked up within my breast. There is one in Ireland to whom I pledged troth while yet a boy, long ere I thought of departing from my native shore. That pledge I have never for a moment wavered in. Did you see her, as I trust one day you shall, you could understand how little merit is due to me, even under such temptations as the present, for remaining true to my early promise. The high sense and appreciation of honor which I have ever known you to manifest bids me now to look with confidence for your approval."

The general, after a few moments, warmly grasped the hand of the young soldier. "Edward," he said, while his eyes filled with tears, "I will not conceal from you that the answer you have just given was unexpected, and has blighted some of my fairest hopes. I dearly loved and esteemed you from the time your character first became known to me, and from then until now I had ever in my own mind destined

you and Madeline for each other. But although this sudden disappointment to the desire of years is a crushing blow to me, yet, believe me, my regard for you, great as it before was, has increased a hundred-fold since I have heard from you the pledge in fidelity on which you act. Against that, as a man of honor, I can urge nothing. I have only to commend the nobleness of the spirit that has remained true to it so long and will to the end, and to regard it as a lifelong regret that I can never claim you as relative of mine. She who possesses an affection so constant and devoted as yours is surely to be envied by her kind."

No further words were spoken. A long silence ensued, which was at length broken by the return of the countess.

In the course of the following week Autrechamps and the other officers on leave returned, and Napoleon came back from his tour of inspection. One evening MacMahon was summoned to wait on the commander at his château. He found Bonaparte in the garden standing beside a statue of Minerva, — the spoil probably of an Italian gallery of art, — his eyes fixed upon the ground as though absorbed in deep thought.

"Colonel McMahon," he said, looking up and stretching out his hand to Edward, "I have desired a conference with you alone, to tell you, ere it be announced to the general army, what I fear you will hear with pain. Circumstances for once have proved too strong for me, and I am obliged to yield. You are aware that as soon as the army for the Irish invasion had been massed between Brest and Havre, I hastened to inspect the seaports that I might discover the best for the embarkation of my troops. Every harbor I have visited from Antwerp to Boulogne. Night and day have I conversed with and learned the opinions of those mariners who have a lifelong acquaintance with every creek and bay of the coast. I have considered long and deliberately with them the chances of a safe passage to Ireland, and it was not without mature and anxious thought I came to the resolution that I have. It is thus affairs stand: The fleets of England line the Channel. The disastrous battle of St. Vincent has taught us a lesson we must not forget. Our naval conscripts, rude in the arts of the sea, cannot contend with those hardy English veterans inured from their cradles to the perils of the waves. I must confess the invasion of Ireland appears to me at the present time too desperate a risk to run. I will not chance it. I will not hazard on such a throw the fate of France. The army destined for Ireland I mean now to employ in Egypt. But be not cast down: on our return from that country an opportunity for a new expedition may be afforded us, when we can sail with better prospects of success."

Had a thunderbolt fallen from out the cloudless sky above him and shattered to fragments the marble figure at his side, MacMahon could not have been more astounded. Here were all his hopes and prospects in one instant dissipated and scattered to the winds, and at the moment he believed them on the point of being fulfilled. A blow so overwhelming always stuns for the time being, and leaves the mind cool and collected. It is only afterwards, when we come to reflect, that we are able to estimate its force and meaning. Such was the case with Edward, who calmly and simply answered, without any more show of agitation than if he had been a disinterested person whose opinion on the subject was desired: "The invasion of Ireland by France, general, must be either now or never. There are 500,000 there at this moment at the call of the Dublin Directory, who only await our landing to give the signal, and all will be up in arms. Such a condition of things it is impossible can last for any length of time. The English government will be sure to gain intelligence of the

organization. The leaders will be all thrown into prison, and then the vast fabric will fall to pieces. General Bonaparte, could you not spare a small army? Give me 10,000 men to sail with for the Irish coast, and when next you hear of me I promise you my letter will be addressed from the Irish capital."

"My dear young friend, I admire your patriotic devotion. I would gladly comply with your wishes, but every man I possess I shall require for Egypt. I like your ardor and enthusiasm; but for the present turn your eyes towards the rising sun, and let him be emblematic of your future fortunes. On our return to France after a victorious Eastern campaign, on the honor of a soldier I promise you the Irish invasion will engage my most serious attention."

"General," cried McMahon, in a tone of desperation, "is there no hope, no chance, then, for my countrymen? Can there be no army, however small, sent to their assistance?"

"Except a thousand men or so that might be collected later on in the year; but what could such a force effect against the entire army of England?"

"Much, everything, provided they be landed in Ireland while the strength of the people themselves is yet unbroken. General, with your permission, I will resign the command of my regiment, and seek a commission in the new army to be raised for the Irish invasion."

"Nonsense, boy, nonsense! Would you mar the prospects of your future life, and abandon a career that has been so brilliant up to this, and all to embark on an enterprise so hopeless and so hazardous? Come with the army of Egypt, and this moment I appoint you general. Give me the favor of your society at supper to-night, General MacMahon."

"Many, many thanks, commander, for your generous offer, but I cannot accept it. My bleeding and suffering country cries to me for aid; I cannot be deaf to her cries. Permit me to act as I have proposed. On some future occasion I may perhaps obtain from you the station you now so kindly offer; but let me now continue what I am, and in my present rank serve in the Irish expedition."

Napoleon suddenly turned round and grasped the hand of Edward. "By Hercules!" he exclaimed, "your patriotism is the noblest I have ever come upon in my experience, and I have seen enough of life for my years. It is worthy of a Hannibal or a Coriolanus. How refreshing it is to contrast it with that which some of our leaders here profess! Yes, MacMahon, you *shall* remain behind. I cannot, as I would wish, leave you your whole regiment, but you may keep out of it whichever company you please. With such a nucleus form a new army; and though much I regret your loss to myself, I wish you every success in your daring and chivalrous project."

MacMahon, whose hopes had almost been restored by this time, returned in good spirits to his lodgings, where he found Autrechamps, to whom he communicated the strange news.

"Why, Louis," he added, "we are in good fortune still. In a few weeks we will have again an army; a small one, no doubt, but what the Irish want are leaders, not soldiers, and of the latter we can provide enough. But what is best of all, we shall be almost certain of an uninterrupted voyage, for the English fleet will follow the army to Egypt. But one misfortune of this new arrangement to us, Louis, is that it will cause us to part company. Whilst you will be winning fresh laurels in battles by the Pyramids, I will be probably trying the skill of my dragoons on the helmets of King George's hussars."

"Why, you really seem to think, Edward, that I don't mean to share with you the glory and danger of the enterprise."

"I certainly don't intend to allow

you, Louis. The commander permits me to retain one company out of my regiment, and my selection shall not be made from your division. Your chances of advancement in life you shall not thus forego in order to prove your friendship for me."

"For this, and I think you will allow it is for the first time, Edward, I shall presume to disobey you. I am determined, whatever happens, you shall continue to be my commanding officer. You cannot shake me off; nothing short of a court-martial can get rid of me. Turn your course where you will, east or west, wherever you lead there I shall follow."

"Well, good Louis, I shall press you no further to your own interest. You are welcome to accompany me to Ireland; but for the great sacrifices you shall make I have no reward to promise you beyond the thanks and gratitude of a liberated people."

On the 19th of May, 1798, the army of Napoleon, being embarked on the fleet at Toulon, set sail for Genoa, *en route* for the Egyptian coast. Meanwhile, MacMahon, assisted by Autrechamps, was applying himself at Paris to expand by recruits and volunteers the company he had selected into a new regiment. He soon received material and unexpected auxiliaries from General Humbert, who, by permission of the Directory, devoted himself and his small army to the new Irish expedition, and was nominated its commander-in-chief. In a short time a force of some 5,000 men had been collected; but despite the unceasing importunities of Tone, Napper Tandy, and Teeling, the deputies of the Irish committee, that they would not delay sending assistance to Ireland, now in full rebellion, and notwithstanding the tremendous results which it was manifest would attend the immediate landing of a body of well-disciplined troops, however small, to the aid of 200,000 men risen in arms, — yet so great was the terror with which a probable collision of their fleet with that of the British inspired the Directory, that it was not until the great bulk of the latter had sailed under Nelson for the Nile that they consented to Humbert and his transports putting to sea. At length, in August, the general set sail from Rochford, accompanied by Serrurier, McMahon, Autrechamps, and other inferior officers, and some 1,060 men. Three days later, Wolfe Tone, in the "Hoche," attended by eight frigates, containing in all a force of about three hundred, followed from the same port. But now, having seen the army of Humbert fairly embarked and in full sail for the Irish shore, we must for a while bid it farewell, as it is necessary we should anticipate its arrival by some months, and resume the history of those whom we have lost sight of for many pages, and also notice some of the events that have meanwhile occurred in Ireland, so that we may fully comprehend the situation of affairs in that country at the time of the French landing.

CHAPTER XX.

NINETY-EIGHT.

Brothers, rise, your country calls;
Let us gain her rights or die!
In her cause who nobly falls
Decked with brightest wreath shall lie;
And freedom's genius o'er her bier
Shall place the wreath and drop the tear.
Robert Emmett.

Within that land was many a malcontent
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who worked his wantonness in form of law.
Byron.

As it is on the eve of the Irish Rebellion, 1798, our next scene opens, it may not be out of place, before proceeding with our narrative, to take a brief glance at the history of Ireland for some years previous to that memorable insurrection, in order the better to understand the causes which contributed to bring it about, and the exact position of affairs at the time we resume our story.

By the Treaty of Limerick, 1688, as is well known to every student of Irish history, the Catholics of Ireland were guaranteed civil liberty, such as they had enjoyed under Charles II.,

and all privileges in the exercise of their religion consistent with the safety of the established government; yet hardly had its terms been ratified and signed than they were in spirit and in letter most shamelessly violated by those who had placed William and Mary upon the throne. In the year 1695 the first new Penal Act was passed; and from that time until nearly the middle of the subsequent century the Cromwellian and Williamite settlers and their descendants, who composed the Parliament of Ireland, continued session after session enacting a series of statutes against the Catholics, until at length there had been framed a code of laws which, for their severity and for the fiendish ingenuity that contrived them, stand without parallel in the penal annals of the Christian and pagan world.

To the control and supervision claimed and exercised by the Parliament of England over that of the sister country were the native Irish indebted for the boon of life. The same authority which forbade the Irish Parliament to make its own laws restricted its power to prosecute. Illiberal and intolerant as were the English legislators of the time of Anne and the first and second Georges, they yet in ferocious and diabolical cruelty fell far short of their Irish subordinates.

Thus, in a condition more abject and degraded than that of the Helots of ancient Sparta, did the people of Ireland for nearly a hundred years remain the subjects of an ignorant, coarse, and brutal band of aliens, who had despoiled them of their possessions as of their liberties, and in whose counsels there was not to be found a man friendly to their interests and their cause. As to those who are generally regarded as the leading patriots of the time, Molyneux, Lucas, and Swift, the labors of these three great men were wholly and exclusively devoted to the emancipation of the Irish Protestants from the government of England. The first, whose powerful pamphlets on Irish rights so roused the indignation of the English that by order of Parliament they were burned by the common hangman, was the deadly foe to Catholic freedom. The second would have eradicated the last vestige of Catholicity from the land; and as regards the third, whose powerful pen was so long exercised in the cause of free trade and self-legislation, from first to last there was no one more indifferent to the miseries and sufferings of those whom he termed the "mere Irish" than the witty dean of St. Patrick's. In that dreary period of Irish history from 1693 to 1779, the first prominent character we notice who deserved in the true sense the name of patriot, and who labored in the cause of Irishmen without distinction of sect or creed, was Henry Grattan.

The first act of that illustrious man, when the Irish Parliament had in 1782 under his leadership obtained its freedom, was in conjunction with the celebrated Ponsonby to introduce into it a bill for Catholic emancipation; but although supported by a number of distinguished men, among whom Frederick Augustus Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Protestant Bishop of Derry, was one of the most energetic, yet his proposed measure was rejected by an overwhelming majority. Session after session he persevered in bringing it forward, and each time it met with a like fate. It was in vain that he appealed to the Parliament against their selfish and short-sighted policy, and warned them that to withhold from their Catholic fellow-countrymen their just liberties would ultimately lead to the loss of their own. The other leaders of the period, Flood and Charlemont, with their more numerous partisans, opposed and defeated all proposals for concession.

His own position at that time is thus described by Thomas Moore: "Born of Catholic parents, I had come into the world with the slave's yoke around my neck, and it was all in vain that the fond ambition of a mother looked forward to the bar as

opening a career that might lead to honor and affluence." Such was the condition of the Catholics up to 1793, but an Act in that year threw open to them Trinity College and the outer bar. Thomas Moore was the most remarkable of those who availed themselves of the first, Daniel O'Connell of those who became members of the second. More than this the Parliament would not grant, but nevertheless the spirit of toleration was making rapid strides among the educated party in the country. This spirit had been first manifested by the Dublin Volunteers in 1792, who on the 12th of July of that year refused to march, as had been their custom on that anniversary, round the statue of King William, and pulling the orange decorations out of their caps, mounted green cockades in their stead. At a subsequent meeting numbers of their body were offended by the bigotry of Henry Flood, who spoke on that occasion; and this caused a division in their ranks which ultimately led to their dissolution. Grattan and Ponsonby still persevered in their measures for emancipation and Parliamentary reform; but the House of Commons, which the agents of Pitt were now urging on to its ruin, ever rejected their bills. It was during one of the debates of this time that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, on being told that he should either resign his army commission or support the government, tore from his uniform his medals and epaulets, and trampling them under foot, forever renounced all offices in the British service.

The policy now of the English minister was to set Catholic and Protestant against each other, so that, profiting by their discord and the consequent national weakness, he might the easier carry out his nefarious designs against the liberties of Ireland. It was about this time that a number of men of various religious denominations, sensible of the fatal chaos into which their common country was drifting, banded themselves together under the name of United Irishmen, with the avowed common object of seeking Catholic emancipation, abolition of the tithes, and parliamentary reform. The principal founders were Wolfe Tone, Hon. Simon Butler, Napper Tandy, Neilson, Keogh, McCormick, Byrne, and Sweetman. A year later they were joined by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and afterwards by Thomas Addis Emmett, Arthur O'Connor, and Dr. McNevin. So they went on increasing daily in strength and numbers, until by the end of 1796 they had attained to such a perfect system of organization as to fill the government of the country with the most anxious apprehension.

The condition of the great mass of the people may be described in a very few words. In addition to the penal enactments the tenant farmers were oppressed by two grinding classes of tyrants, the middlemen landlords and the tithe rent holders. The cupidity of both was insatiable. While the harvest of the struggling tenant was still in the field the proctors came down upon it; the fat of the poor man's industry was seized in the name of the Church, and he was left to satisfy as he best might the demand of the landlord, who quickly followed the parson, and exacted to the last penny an exorbitant rent, — oftentimes, when all other means failed, by labor paid for at a rate of wages at which the tenant was only able to satisfy his debt by toil worse than that of the Cuban planter's slave. In such a state of things popular discontent went on yearly increasing, until by 1795 it had assumed alarming proportions. It was in vain that Grattan, Ponsonby, and Curran denounced the tithe system, and demanded a committee of inquiry. The energies of Parliament were, as it were, paralyzed. It saw the dangers which threatened on all sides, but took no measures to avert them. The English minister, Mr. Pitt, and his Irish agent, Lord Castlereagh, in order more easily to

accomplish their designs against the liberties of the country, now conceived and soon put into execution the diabolical project of driving the people into rebellion by tortures, massacres, and every kind of oppression. House burning, shooting, half-hanging, picketing, etc., became the order of the day. Free quarters — which meant, as Sir Jonah Barrington explains, "officers and soldiers made despotic masters of the persons, houses, food, and property of the peasantry" — were everywhere established. Protestants were urged to prosecute the Catholics. Protestant clergymen were bribed to excite from the pulpit the passions of their congregations to acts of outrage. Orange lodges were formed, whose members paraded the surrounding districts with orange ribbons, burning down all the chapels within their reach, and committing every species of outrage upon the people. "Insurgents called Protestant Boys," says Grattan, "that is, a banditti of murderers, go about committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty." A branch of the society, who entitled themselves "Peep-o'-day Boys," and whose boasted mission it was to accomplish what Cromwell had undertaken but failed in, and leave not a Papist beyond the Shannon, went out at early morning, burned down every Catholic dwelling-house in their neighborhood, and in many instances murdered their inmates.

Such was the general state of things when Grattan, despairing of effecting anything in a Parliament so perverse, and unwilling to remain a passive spectator in the terrible scenes he knew would soon be enacted, resigned his seat and sought for a while a home abroad, leaving to her fate, with a heavy heart, the country of which he had made a nation. At this juncture the United Irishmen Directory, now that the greatest constitutional leader had shown himself powerless to do aught, seeing the people brought by the cruelties of the executive almost to a state of desperation, believing that the only and ultimate resource lay in the sword, resolved to appeal for armed assistance to the French. It was not without considerable hesitation they determined on this course. The fate of Holland and Italy was still fresh before their eyes, and the principles of the Jacobin Republicans they held in abhorrence; but they saw how precarious were the chances of success for an insurrection, in which masses of men without order or discipline would have, without foreign aid, to encounter and defeat regular and well-armed soldiers. They asked only for a small army, — 10,000 French, Lord Edward Fitzgerald considered amply sufficient to enable the people to overturn the existing government; and had that number been landed at the time when Napoleon set out for Egypt, there can hardly be a doubt that the rebellion would have succeeded.

The military organization of the United Irishmen, as Sir Jonah Barrington remarks, far exceeded that of any association in history. Its ramifications extended into every branch of society, from the highest to the lowest. Of those who directed its movements, by far the greater number were Protestants and Presbyterians; and whilst with feelings of horror and indignation we now reflect upon the cruelties at that time perpetrated by the agents of Pitt and their Orange supporters, with how much the greater sentiments of admiration and gratitude ought we not to revere the memory of that band of Protestant gentlemen who, having everything to lose and nothing personally to gain in the venture, with a disinterestedness worthy of the brightest days of chivalry, espoused the cause of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, nobly willing to risk fortune and life in the struggle to obtain for the latter the liberties they themselves enjoyed.

Within the walls of Trinity College, at the time to which we refer, party spirit was raging at a fever heat.

Fierce debates were being nightly carried on within the hall of the Historical Society. The students were divided into two parties, the Orange and the National. Whilst the greater number was on the side of one, nearly all the genius and learning of the university was on that of the other. The first possessed brute force, the second method and organization. The patriotic party, coming fresh from the gallery of the Parliament House, where from the lips of a Grattan, a Curran, and a Plunket they had drunk in the enthusiasm that inspired them, ever gave a turn to the topics under discussion so as to bring them around to the great questions of the day; and the principles of emancipation and civil liberty were advocated by their leader, Robert Emmett, with an irresistible eloquence. The university authorities viewed with alarm the spread of liberalism within its walls, and adopted various measures to restrain its progress. Visitations were held, one of which has been most interestingly described by Moore. Students who refused the oath of allegiance were expelled, amongst the rest Emmett himself, who forthwith proceeded to France, and was heard of no more during '98.

Too late the government became sensible of the extent and power of the association of United Irishmen; and at length they were filled with the most serious apprehensions lest the insurrection they were exciting should go far beyond what they had desired or contemplated, and instead of affording the means of rendering English rule in Ireland the more absolute, really succeed in overturning it altogether.

To be continued.

MECHANICAL PROFESSIONS.

THERE never was a doctrine more untrue than the — now, we trust, almost obsolete — one, derived from a false distinction of monarchies, that mechanical professions are menial, and beneath the station of a true gentleman. The truth is, they are the only professions that have substance and reality and practical utility. All else seems, on reflection, to be mere speculation, — ideality, dreaming. leather, and prunella. The greatest men in the annals of the world — the men that have done most to enlighten it and advance the prosperity of the human race — have been mechanics. It is the directness of mind, the plain good sense these pursuits inculcate, which have led to those immortal discoveries that have enriched and ameliorated the condition of the whole human race. Name but an Arkwright, a Fulton, a Watt, a Franklin, a Whitney, etc., and where among the closet men — the academicians. the doctrinaires — do you find their equals? True, Newton, Laplace, Gay-Lussac, etc., have discovered great principles, but nothing that compares with the usefulness that has come from the inventions of mechanics' minds Let the sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their noses at mechanics as they do at merchants, — it is to the workingmen only that the rod of empire has been given; and the revolutions on the globe which spring from the mechanic inventions of steam and the press, and which are hourly advancing with a pace that excites astonishment, prove incontestably that the progress of mind, of humanity, liberty, and civilization, and of mechanics' labor, are indissolubly wedded.

A PRIEST who was examining a confirmation class in the South of Ireland asked the question: "What is the Sacrament of Matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class answered, "'T is a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for a better world." "Being," said the priest, "the answer for purgatory." "Put her down," said the curate; "put her down to the foot of the class." "Leave her alone," said the priest; "for anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

WHAT A GALLANT SOLDIER SAYS OF HIS RACE.

General Sir F. Roberts was recently entertained at a banquet in Dublin. In returning thanks for the toast of his health, General Roberts said: To say I am deeply grateful for the true Irish welcome the people of Dublin have extended me since my return to this country, after an absence of many years, would but feebly express my pride and pleasure to-night. Whatever my feelings of pride and pleasure may be, they are increased a hundred-fold by knowing that this banquet is not only offered to me as a personal compliment by the nobility and gentry of Ireland, but is also offered to them as a mark of their approval of those grand troops that have been associated shoulder to shoulder in Afghanistan, nobly upholding the honor of our Queen and common country. Irish hospitality is proverbially lavish, but I fear it would have taxed the resources of Dublin itself to have given a banquet to all my late comrades, even if it were possible to assemble them here. It was not my good fortune to have under my immediate command in Afghanistan one of our national regiments. Had the chances of the service admitted of it, I feel confident our Irish boys would have done their duty as well and have given as good an account of the enemy as their English and Scotch comrades. I must not be mistaken in using the word "boys," even by an Irish audience. I don't mean the word in its literal sense; I mean the seasoned old boys, ranging from twenty-two to thirty years of age, who, believe me, my lords and gentlemen, are the backbone of her Majesty's forces. In the English and Scotch regiments there was a strong Irish element. I know from my own experience that for bravery in the field and good conduct in quarters that element could not be surpassed. It was not, however, in the lower ranks alone that Irishmen were conspicuous. In the higher and more responsible positions, Ireland had her fair share of men of whom she may well be proud. The names of Brigadier-General Charles and Hugh Gough, the two brothers who are intimately connected with the recent military history of India; Palliser, and the ever-forward White of the 92d, and all my good and excellent staff officers; Galbraith and Kennedy, — these names occur to me at this moment as amongst the brave and loyal Irish officers who came to the front during the war. But any special mention of Irish officers would be incomplete, were I to omit the name of the lamented Brigadier-General Henry Brooke, who died in endeavoring to save a wounded comrade in the sortie from Candahar; our gallant Frank Brownlow, of the 72d, or Galbraith, of the 66th, — both of whom fell as they would wish to fall, at the head of their splendid regiments. Deputy Surgeon-General Porter's name is well known to the medical schools of this city. He fell a victim to disease, brought on by exposure and hard work. So long as Ireland can contribute brave hearts such as these to our army, there is no fear that the great reputation which she has built up with the best blood of her sons will be dimmed. To return to more cheerful recollections, let me assure you that even in Afghanistan we Irishmen were not unmindful of those natural ties which time may to a certain extent weaken, but certainly can never sever; for as each 17th of March came round, as many Irishmen as the exigency of the service and the attention of the Afghans permitted assembled to do honor to the glorious memory of our patron saint. And I can assure you, though the commissariat products were not so palatable as the products of Kinahan or Jameson, still our fun was fast and furious, our spirit high, and our national songs as loudly

applauded as in any similar gathering in the old country. I think I may be permitted to add, as a proof that wherever Irishmen are, their hearts are in the right place, that money was collected by the Irish in Cabul for the relief of their starving brethren in this country; and in this they were materially aided by their English, Scotch, and even native comrades. Your Excellency, though my words lack the polish and classic purity which this distinguished company has perhaps a right to expect from one who to-day received a high honorary degree from our historic university, you will accept them as meaning what I feel. Permit me, then, on behalf of myself, and of the troops I shall ever feel proud to have commanded, to offer you my sincere and hearty thanks for the great honor you have done me this evening; an honor which is considerably enhanced by the many beautiful Irish ladies who adorn this hall, and whose presence to-night adds such lustre to this magnificent gathering.

A COURTING IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

Detroit Free Press.

THIRTY years ago, Michigan people were a frank and truthful set. Strangers could come here and trade horses with their eyes shut, and breach-of-promise cases were unknown. Folks meant what they said, and when they gave their word, stuck to it. Exactly thirty years ago this month, a widower from New York State appeared in Lansing on business. That same business carried him over to De Witt, eight miles away. While on the way, he stopped at a log farm-house to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well along in years; and after some general talk, the woman queried, "Am I right in thinking you are a widower?" — "Yes." — "Did you come out here to find a wife?" — "Partly." — "Did anybody tell you of our Susie?" — "No." — "Well, we 've got as bouncing a girl of twenty-two as you ever set eyes on. She 's good-looking, healthy, and good-tempered, and I think she 'll like your looks." — "Where is she?" — "Over in the woods there, chopping down a coon tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?" — "No. If you 'll keep an eye on my horse I 'll find her." — "Well, there 's nothing stuck-up or affected about Susie. She 'll say yes or no as soon as she looks you over. If you want her, don't be afraid to say so." The stranger heard the sound of her axe, and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout, good-looking girl, swinging the axe like a man; and in two minutes he had decided to say, "Susie, I 'm a widower from New York State, I 'm thirty-nine years old, have one child, own a farm, and want a wife. Will you go back home with me?" She leaned on the axe, and looked at him for half a minute, and then replied, "Can't say for certain. Just wait till I get these coons off my mind." She sent the tree crashing to the earth, and with his help killed five coons, which were stowed away in a hollow. "Well, what do you say?" he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking. "I 'm yourn," was the reply; "and by the time you get back from De Witt, I 'll have these pelts off and tacked up, and be ready for the preacher." He returned to the house, told the old folks that he should bring a preacher back with him, and at dusk that evening the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courtship, and yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan.

WHY do not more of our young men succeed in life? We know: because many are lazy, many are given to tippling, and many spend more than they earn. Success from these conditions is impossible. Every young man can succeed with God's blessing, if he wishes.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER IX.

RIGHT HON. JOHN FITZGIBBON, EARL OF CLARE, LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

Born in 1749. — Arrogance as a boy. — Demeanor in college. — Called to the bar in 1772. — His success on the College Election Petition. — Position in the Irish House of Commons. — State of Ireland. — The Irish Volunteers. — The Irish government. — Patriotic speech of Fitzgibbon in 1783. — Grattan presses for Fitzgibbon's appointment. — His ingratitude. — Conduct in office. — Breaks up the Volunteers. — Retains office under change of ministry. — Personal intrepidity signally displayed. — Letter of thanks for his conduct. — Question of the Regency. — Becomes Lord Chancellor of Ireland. — Insulting letter from G. N. Reynolds. — Hostile message to the Chancellor. — Curran and the Chancellor. — Anecdotes. — Curran's attack on the Chancellor before the Privy Council. — Death.

JOHN FITZGIBBON was the younger son of a very eminent Irish barrister of the same name, and was born near Donnybrook, in the county of Dublin, in 1749. As the child is said to be the father of the man, he showed, even in boyhood, the haughty temper of later years. Having incurred his father's displeasure for some childish fault, the parent sent his elder son with an authoritative message: —

"Your father orders you to go to him. You must come instantly."

"*Orders! must!*" repeated the youth of thirteen. "Such language suits me not, nor will I stir an inch. *Decretum est.*" And proudly stamping his foot on the ground, he remained stationary.

The elder lad repeated the reply, and the father of the presumptuous youth could not help being amused at the boy's spirit. He penned a jocose note, requesting "the honor of an interview with Mr. John Fitzgibbon, junior," when, after a parental admonition in parliamentary phrase, the subject dropped.*

During his college life, young Fitzgibbon shared the society of men who, even then, gave promise of the talent which shed a halo round their names in after years, — Grattan and Hussey Burgh, Lovel Edgeworth and Foster. At this time, the future Chancellor's temper was capricious and uncertain. He was accomplished and insinuating, but insolent and overbearing. In person, he was rather below the middle height, but had a handsome face and dignified manner. Resolution was stamped upon his features, and his compressed lips denoted a strong will. During his career in the Dublin University, he gained its highest honors, including the *optime*, which, since its foundation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has only been awarded to few students, among them Robert Emmet and the late Baron Pennefather.

In 1772, being then in his twenty-third year, John Fitzgibbon was called to the bar, and soon obtained a lucrative and steadily increasing practice. When little more than a year called, he undertook the conduct of a most important case, in which he was opposed to many of the leading members of the Irish bar. Hely Hutchinson was declared duly elected member of Trinity College, but his return was said to have been illegal, owing to the influence of his father, the provost. The electors, by Fitzgibbon's advice, lodged a petition against the return, and intrusted it to the young barrister. This was all he sought for. He prepared himself carefully to argue against several leaders of the bar, and the audacious junior triumphed over all. This proved his great legal ability. His mark was made, and he soon had abundant practice. The University elected him its representative in Parliament, and subsequently he became its vice-chancellor.

He held a high position on taking his seat in the Irish House of Commons. Possessed of large fortune, a well-stored mind, great professional fame, bold in thought and word and deed, the distinguished representative of a time-honored university, — instead of being, as most young men of his standing were, the nominee of some borough patron, — such was the *status* of the new member. It was at this time the National party in the Irish House of Commons began to form

* O'Flanagan's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland," Vol. III. p. 100.

hopes of rescuing their country from the state of dependency in which she had so long lain. The might of public opinion was beginning to assert itself. It was heard in the country towns, from platforms and pulpits; it was spreading over the country districts, at fairs, and markets; it was spoken by nobles in their halls, and by gentry at their festive gatherings. It was the subject of leading articles in the Irish newspapers and periodicals, and erelong broke upon the ear of government, hitherto deaf to its sound. It was the voice of the peasant, the voice of the artisan, the voice of every workingman.

From words, they came to deeds. The teachings of Molyneux and Berkeley in the closet, of Swift in the pulpit and the press, of Flood, Lucas, and Grattan in Parliament and at public meetings, yielded their fruit in due season, and stirred men's hearts like a trumpet's call. The effect was the enrolment, embodiment, and marshalling of the National Army, the celebrated Irish Volunteers. Nobles of the highest rank, large-acred squires, country gentlemen of the proudest station, men of every grade swelled the ranks of the Volunteers. Not a city, country town, or village in each province failed to count its corps. There were cavalry, infantry, and artillery.

"Each valley, each sequestered glen
Mustered its little horde of men."

All manifested the most firm resolution to sustain the rights of their country with the arms of Irishmen.

"Oh! 'twas a proud and solemn sight
To mark that broad array
Come forth to claim a nation's right
'Gainst all who dared gainsay.
And despots shrank appalled to view
The men who bore
From shore to shore
The arms of "Eighty-two." *

The mighty march of a united people was too powerful to be resisted. The advice of the Viceroy, the Duke of Portland, to Fox, was to yield; † and though some of the Castle party made a show of resistance, they were compelled to swim with the tide they were impotent to stem. Scott, afterwards Chief Justice, was one, and his young disciple Fitzgibbon another. On the 16th of April, 1783, when the right of Ireland to be bound only by laws made by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland was declared by Flood, Hutchinson, Yelverton, Ponsonby, and Grattan, Fitzgibbon said: "As Ireland is committed, no man, I trust, will shrink from her support or hesitate to lend his hand to the establishment of our liberties. As I was cautious in committing, so am I firm in asserting the rights of my country."* It was thus that Fitzgibbon, following the example of his pliant model John Scott, floated with the stream of popular feeling. Both knew well what they were about. Grattan amongst others was deceived; and when Fox, who, with keen knowledge of these men, doubted their sincerity, expressed his fears to the lord lieutenant, the Viceroy, Lord Nottingham, replied, "Grattan was consulted, and was satisfied." Grattan afterwards bitterly repented of having been a party to Fitzgibbon's advance. In his "Life," by his son, we learn this: "I pressed for the appointment of Fitzgibbon, and I have that sin to answer for. The force of the Constitution made him Chancellor, and his country and myself have been the peculiar objects of his calumny." † Mr. Bowes Daly was a better prophet: he said, "Depend upon it, that little fellow will deceive you all." A great opportunity for making his country great, glorious, and free was afforded John Fitzgibbon. He was appointed Attorney-General in 1783, and continued so until 1785, and a far more powerful minister of the government than the jocose Scott; but he preferred, deliberately and almost defiantly, to run her on the rocks and sink her, in order to grasp the position which, by so

* Michael Joseph Barry. † *Vide* his letter, *ante*.

* Com. Par. Deb., April 16, 1783.
† Grattan's Life, Vol. III. p. 112. Id., 134.

doing, he reserved for himself. His first step was to break up the Volunteer movement, which he well knew had been the direct means of effecting the great legislative changes so beneficial to Ireland. His mode of doing this was astute and well planned. He gained two triumphs by the course he took. He baffled Flood's Reform Bill by denouncing it as a measure which had its inception from an armed conclave, and contended it was inconsistent with the dignity of Parliament to yield to armed dictation. He succeeded in both objects, and the Great National Army of Volunteers, which had achieved so many bloodless victories, faded away, leaving the means of *securing* their conquests unattained and unattainable.

The British government, which, in my opinion, had never really countenanced the Volunteer movement, or felt at ease during the time the Irish Volunteers were embodied, and discourages the formation of such an armament at this day, grew jubilant at the success of Fitzgibbon. A great banquet took place on the occasion at the Castle; and the Viceroy, Lord Nottingham, writing to Fox, says, "Fitzgibbon acquitted himself *astonishingly*." *

When Pitt and the Tory party replaced the Fox and Rockingham administration, the change of the ministry in England had no effect upon the official position of John Fitzgibbon. He was Attorney-General to Pitt, as he had been to Fox, and was trusted, perhaps, with more confidence by the former than he certainly was by the great Whig. That the Irish law officer was as undaunted in personal courage as he was in intellectual boldness, the way he put down an infraction of the Irish Convention Act clearly shows.

A meeting of the delegates of Dublin being convened in September, 1784, Fitzgibbon, then Attorney-General, wrote to the high sheriffs: —

"GENTLEMEN,— I have read with great surprise a formal summons signed by you as high sheriffs of the city of Dublin, calling upon the freeholders and freemen of your bailiwick to meet on Monday next, for the purpose of electing five persons to represent the city of Dublin in National Congress. I must inform you that in summoning the freeholders and freemen to meet for such a purpose, you have been guilty of a most outrageous breach of your duty; that if you proceed to hold any such election, you are responsible for it to the laws of your country; and that I shall hold myself bound, as the king's attorney-general, to prosecute you at the Court of King's Bench for your conduct, which I consider to be so highly criminal that I cannot overlook it.

"I am, gentlemen,

"Your very obedient servant,

"JOHN FITZGIBBON.

"ELY PLACE, Sept. 10, 1784."

When the meeting assembled, pursuant to requisition, the high sheriff, Mr. Reilly, came forward and read the above letter, and declined to take the chair. While the vast assemblage groaned vehement denunciations of the Attorney-General and his threats, into their very midst strode the Right Hon. John Fitzgibbon, and he upheld his course in the teeth of the angry mob; with his hand on his sword, he announced his resolve to prosecute any one presiding at such an illegal meeting, and as the sheriff refused to preside, the meeting dispersed.

Such conduct was not unmarked by the Castle functionaries. The Viceroy, the Duke of Rutland, thus wrote to Fitzgibbon: —

PHŒNIX PARK, Oct. 1, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,— I wished to have seen you before you quitted Dublin, to have rendered you my most particular thanks for the manly and spirited part you have taken in the support of my government and the enactments of your country. I should not, however, on that account alone, have troubled you with it further, had I not received in addition the king's commands to express to you his entire approbation of every part of your conduct. No words of mine can add weight to so honorable an encomium, but I assure you that I feel a singular satisfaction in being the instrument of conveying it to you. I must desire you at the same time to consider this letter, not merely as a matter of

* Life of Grattan, Vol. III. c. v. p. 157.

compliment and form, but as dictated by the feelings of one who is most sensibly impressed with the importance of your services, and the effects of your exertions to enable him to persevere in the arduous task which he has undertaken.

"I am, my dear sir, with great truth,
"Your most obliged and faithful
"Humble servant,
"RUTLAND.

"RIGHT HONORABLE THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
"Mount Shannon, Limerick."

But the Attorney-General was not content with preventing the high sheriff *holding* the meeting; he caused him to be attached for *calling* it Scott, then Chief Justice of the King's Bench, adjudged the unfortunate Sheriff Reilly guilty, and sentenced him to a fine of five marks, or to be imprisoned for a week. This proceeding was brought before the House of Commons on Feb. 24, 1784, when Lord Charles Fitzgerald moved "that the proceedings of the Court of King's Bench, in attaching the sheriff and punishing him in a summary way as for contempt, are contrary to the principles of the Constitution, as depriving him of his trial by jury, and are a precedent of dangerous tendency." The resolution was seconded by Mr. Brownlow, and caused a very animated debate. It was on this occasion that one of the collisions took place between the Attorney-General and Curran.

On the regency question, the Parliaments of England and Ireland differed, Pitt and the majority of the English Parliament being in favor of a limited regency being granted to the Prince of Wales, Grattan and the Irish party for an unlimited regeney. As may be expected, Fitzgibbon led the Pitt party in the Irish House of Commons, and stoutly defied the Opposition; but they gained their point, and when the Address of both the Irish Lords and Commons was sent to the Viceroy, he refused to transmit it. Then both Houses sent a deputation to London to present the Address to the Prince of Wales, whom it reached in time to hear that 't was all "much ado about nothing," for the king's recovery knocked the question of regency on the head.

The Address, however, was presented, and the "first gentleman in Europe" fêted and flattered his Irish friends. He talked of his "heartfelt gratitude, when he should have the opportunity of proving it to his faithful Irish." When the time did come, and his performance was not in keeping with his promises, some Irish wit composed a song which greeted his visit to the shore of the Emerald Isle:

"You told us this — you told us that,
Oh! wirrastrue — oh! wirrastrue.
How long you 'd be a friend to Pat,
Oh! wirrastrue — oh! wirrastrue.
And oh! you told us not to fret,
And said you 'd make us happy yet;
Remember that you don't forget,
Oh! wirra-wirrastrue."

Shortly after this period, on the death of Lord Lifford in 1789, the Great Seal of Ireland was committed to John Fitzgibbon, with the title of Earl of Clare.

His gains at the Irish bar were considerable. He has left us the means of knowing accurately; for he states, "From June 29, 1772 [the date of his call], to June, 1789 [when created Lord High Chancellor], I received at the bar £45,912 8*s.* 8*d.* Of this, £36,939 3*s.* 11*d.* was received by me in the last five years and a half."

Though, I make no doubt, Lord Chancellors sometimes receive very uncourteous letters from those whom they deprive of the Commission of the Peace, I think the following is unique: — *

"*To the Right Honorable John Earl of Clare, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland:*

"MY LORD,— With surprise and sorrow I received a letter signed 'J. Dwyer,' informing me that your Lordship was pleased to suspend me in the Commission of the Peace for the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon. I say 'with surprise,' as I am not conscious of any fault to warrant such a proceeding on the part of your Lordship. I add 'with sorrow,' for, low as the appointment is, — and low indeed it must be, depending upon the caprice of any individual,— yet, as it afforded me the power

*The letter was furnished me when compiling my "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland," by A. C. Palles, Esq., father of the present Lord Chief Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer.

to protect innocence and counteract tyranny, I part from it with regret.

"Your Lordship loves not the Constitution with more zeal than I do; it has been the theme of my continual panegyrics, nor shall the unkind treatment I experience at your Lordship's hands tend to demoralize my opinions: quite the reverse! It is to me an additional proof of my aristocratic creed, 'that there is, in men of mean descent, an innate ignobility which no titles or honors can eradicate.' It is not, my Lord, in the radiance of the royal sunbeam to give to the mushroom the fragrance of the rose; and when we look to a new man for the bland and golden dignity of manners which mark the genuine *noblesse*, we too often find a pinchbeck petulance substituted in its stead. When I waited on your Lordship with a letter from the governor of the county in which my family resides, with an affected hauteur which ill becomes the man of yesterday, you turned on your heel, and refused me an opportunity of justifying my conduct. Had your Lordship, like your father, been destined for the Popish priesthood, you would have had the benefit of a St. Omer's education,* and of consequence known more decency and good manners; but probably a giddy head is turned by looking down from a pinnacle to which a fortunate combination of circumstances has raised it. Yet, elevated as your Lordship is, it never appeared to me that when I heard your Lordship's voice, '*an angel spoke*.' Your *tout ensemble* has rather recalled to my fancy the figure of a sweep, who, climbing through dirt, pops out his sooty-colored face, and with a shrill voice proclaims his high situation to the world. It has been asserted by your Lordship that I took bail for several persons under the denomination of 'defenders,' nothing more being specified in the committal; and your Lordship is the most competent judge whether that is sufficient to detain his Majesty's subjects. It has been represented that one of the parties houghed a cow and hung a threatening notice on one of her horns. Had he houghed your Lordship and hung a threatening notice on *one of your horns*, under the same committal I would have acted in the same manner. I cannot dismiss this letter without a comment on the impertinence of your Lordship's servant; but that is easily accounted for by recollecting that 'man is an imitative animal,' and perhaps I attribute to impoliteness a conduct which might with more propriety be attributed to fear: but so high is my respect for official station, that though it rained horsewhips, far be it from me to think of laying one of them on the hem of your Lordship's garment.

"I am, my Lord, with sincerity to my
"Enemies, and respect to myself,
"G. N. REYNOLDS."*

Although the Lord Chancellor's official position may have prevented the application of the horsewhip indicated in the foregoing letter, it did not hinder his being requested to favor an aggrieved gentleman with the satisfaction then usual in such cases.

A political paper, published under the sanction of the Hon. Simon Butler and Mr. Oliver Bond, being deemed a libel on the House of Lords, these gentlemen were ordered to attend at the bar of the House. Here they were sentenced to be committed to the jail of Newgate for six months, and fined £500 each. The Lord Chancellor, as Speaker of the House of Lords, when pronouncing the above sentence, addressing Mr. Butler, who was a barrister, said, "He could not plead ignorance, as his noble birth and his professional rank at the bar, to both of which he was a *disgrace*, had aggravated his crime."

These galling words were treasured up, and no sooner was Mr. Butler released from captivity than he resolved to demand personal satisfaction from the speaker of them. He selected, as the bearer of his hostile message, a well-known Irish gentleman, Mr. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who, in his autobiography, gives the following account of his mission: —

"I waited on him (Lord Fitzgibbon) and called to his recollection the words he made use of in passing the sentence of the House of Lords on my friends, Messrs. Butler and Bond, and those which he particularly directed to Mr. Butler, which I hoped to be permitted to say it was not his Lordship's inten-

* This was a mistake. The Chancellor's father went to France as a medical student, not to study for the priesthood. *Vide* "Essays by an Octogenarian."

* George Nugent Reynolds, Esq., the writer of this caustic letter, was a country gentleman of good family and fortune. He was possessed of much literary ability, and wrote several songs. The "Exile of Erin" was claimed by him, but the mass of evidence adduced to prove it was composed by Thomas Campbell is, I think, overwhelming.

tion should be taken personally, and had been made use of unreflectingly.

"His Lordship said that he thought the circumstances of the case called for the expressions he had used; that he never spoke unreflectingly in the situation he filled, and under similar circumstances he should use similar words. I then said that in my and Mr. Butler's opinion the sentence of the Lords did not authorize the words he had used, and if it had occurred between two private gentlemen, my course would be plain and easy; but his Lordship's situation of Chancellor embarrassed me.

"Here I paused. His Lordship said I knew his situation, and he wished me to recollect it. I then took my leave, saying to his Lordship that his situation prevented me acting as I would have done with a private gentleman." *

I am inclined to think the Chancellor, who had already some experience as a duellist, as we have seen, felt inclined to meet Mr. Butler, and not to shield himself under the ægis of office; for he invited a military friend, Colonel Murray, to breakfast next morning, and sought his advice as to how he should act. The colonel considered he ought not to be held personally responsible for his words spoken officially; and as the colonel was acquainted with Hamilton Rowan, he resolved to let him know what he (Col. Murray) thought of the matter "A pretty piece of work you have made of it, Hamilton, taking a challenge to the Lord Chancellor." "How came you to know what passed between us?" demanded Mr. Rowan. "I breakfasted with Fitzgibbon this morning, and he told me the whole affair."

This is the only instance, I believe, of a Lord Chancellor being asked to fight a duel.

But the Chancellor's haughty manner and want of temper often subjected him to reproach. It was seldom Curran had an opportunity of retaliating upon his adversary the hostility which he encountered from the Court of Chancery, but when he had he never failed to use it. One day, while Curran was arguing before the Chancellor, his Lordship stooped down to fondle a favorite Newfoundland dog. Curran suddenly stopped. On the Chancellor inquiring why he did not proceed, "I thought," replied Curran, "your Lordship might be engaged in *consultation*."

But the severest castigation Curran inflicted upon his foe was when he was before the Privy Council at the Castle in 1790. The question was, "Whether the sheriffs of Dublin and the Common Council or the Board of Aldermen had power to elect the lord mayor." It is not easy to see how such a question afforded grounds for a fierce personal onslaught on the Chancellor; but the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," was then and there strikingly exemplified. Under pretence of describing the arbitrary conduct of a former Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Constantine Phipps, Curran mercilessly tortured Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon.

The Chancellor did not long survive the Union he helped to promote. He died in Ely Place, Dublin, in April, 1802, aged fifty-four years.

* Autobiography of Hamilton Rowan.

CHAPTER X.

AN IRISH ELECTIVE MONARCHY.

Dalkey Island.—Its charter.—Harbor of Dalkey—Inscription on the Cullamore.—An elected king.—His royal titles.—King Stephen.—His court officials.—Proceedings on election.—Confers titles.—Anecdote of Tom O'Meara and Lord Chancellor, Earl of Clare.—Poem on King Stephen's election to royalty.

At the southwestern extremity of the Bay of Dublin, separated from the mainland by a narrow channel about four hundred and forty yards wide, is a small island called Dalkey Island. It does not contain more than twenty-five or thirty acres of land, about half of which is fit for grazing cattle. There are many rabbits burrowing among the rocks and in the ruins of

an old church. This venerable structure was dedicated to St. Benedict. A well, considered to have efficacy in curing blindness, is close to the church. Rude stone coffins are sometimes found close to the shore, showing the island was, in remote times, used as a burial-place. The inhabitants of Dalkey Island are now a few artillerymen quartered in one of the martello towers, who serve a small battery of three twenty-four-pound guns.

That Dalkey was a place of importance in the early days of Anglo-Norman rule in Ireland may be inferred from its charter of incorporation, and by an enrolment of Edward III., A. D. 1358. The little harbor in Dalkey Sound appears to have been the port for arrival and departure of various dignitaries. An inscription on the Cullamore, or great rock, informs us "that in 1414 Sir John Talbot, Lord Furnival, afterwards John Earl of Shrewsbury, landed here to take upon himself the vicereg*a*l government of Ireland," and in 1558 "the Earl of Sussex embarked his forces here to invade the Scots, who had landed on the Isle of Rathlin, on the coast of Antrim."

But it is not of Dalkey in those remote days I desire to speak. The harbor of Dalkey no longer witnesses the arrivals or departures of the queen's representatives in Ireland. The island is left to the custody of the three royal artillerymen, and the silence is rarely broken, save when an occasional visitor crosses the sound to traverse the isle so often the scene of mirthful revel and melodious feasts; for here, towards the close of the last century, was exercised the royal rule of an Irish king, "His Facetious Majesty, Stephen the First, King of Dalkey, Emperor of the Muglins, Prince of Lamb Island, Duke of Lambay, Elector of Ireland's Eye, Protector of the Maiden Rock, Stadtholder of the Hen and Chickens, Sovereign of the Illustrious Order of the Lobster and Periwinkle, Champion of Cullamore, Respecter of All Men's Faith, and Defender of his Own."

In these days, when the title of our most gracious sovereign in India has been hotly discussed, some hint might be drawn from the circumstance that His Majesty Stephen the First placed his title of king before that of emperor, thus in some degree reversing Shakespeare's reading of the respective merits of the titles, when he says in King Henry V.: —

"KING HENRY. — What are you?
PISTOL. — As good a gentleman as the *emperor*.
KING HENRY. — Then you are a *better than the king*."

But there was no disputing King Stephen's authority. He only held his sovereignty for a year, resigning it when the grand annual festival of electing the king took place, usually in June. The dignity, however, might be re-conferred, and it was a source of natural pride to King Stephen that he was always re-elected. This showed he was a beneficent sovereign, and beloved by his subjects. He had his courtiers like other kings, and their titles were suited to their place in the royal household.

The ministry was as follows:

The Keeper of the Royal Cellar. — LORD TOKAY.
Master of Bouquets and Groom of the Buttonhole. — LORD POSEY.
Purveyor of Royal Sausages. — LORD BACON.
Guardian of the Mountain Dew. — COUNT SHEEBEEN.
Custodian of the Loaves. — LORD BARM AND BATCH.
Chief of the Meat Stall. — BARON DE BŒUF.
Master of Potatoes. — COUNT POMME DE TERRE.

The king, having been duly elected, at once proceeded, accompanied by his court, to the ruins of the old church, when the Archbishop of Dalkey preached a short sermon limited to five minutes. Then the Lord Chancellor of Dalkey was presented with a pair of white gloves, for he had no causes on his list. The Lord

Keeper was intrusted with the care of the Round Tower, with power to confine therein any unruly subject. The Poet Laureate then recited his coronation ode; and the last Poet Laureate was no other than Thomas Moore, his early poetic effusions giving promise of his subsequent harvest of renown. The Lord High Admiral commanded the ferry-boats in which the king and his lieges crossed Dalkey Sound. The court then proceeded to the Rocking Stone, placed at the south entrance to Dalkey Island, and there the king created his knights. Charles Incledon, the celebrated singer, was known in these Dalkey revels as "Sir Charles Melody"; Thomas Moore as the "Knight of Castalia"; a lady who wrote some clever verses was the "Countess of Laurel." The hospitable Dublin solicitor, Tom O'Meara, was one of the office-holders, as the following anecdote shows: —

When the Irish government, towards the end of the last century, grew alarmed at the spread of French principles in Ireland, conceiving the *fêtes* at Dalkey were coverts for hatching treason, they resolved to inquire into the proceedings. The Lord Chancellor, Earl of Clare, being aware that Mr. O'Meara, who was well known in the convivial circles of Dublin, attended these reunions, sent for him, and the following dialogue is related to have taken place:

Lord Chancellor. — "I believe you hold an office in connection with the kingdom of Dalkey, Mr. O'Meara?"

Mr. O'Meara. — "Yes, my lord."

Lord Chancellor. — "What are you?"

Mr. O'Meara. — "I am Duke of Muglins and Commissioner of the Royal Revenue."

Lord Chancellor. — "Have you any perquisites from your office?"

Mr. O'Meara. — "I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheads, duty free."

Lord Chancellor. — "Indeed! Hogsheads of what?"

Mr. O'Meara. — "*Salt water, my lord.*"

This showed the privilege was not very revolutionary.

King Stephen's name was Armytage. He was an eminent bookseller of Dublin, and his shop was the resort of the literati of the Irish metropolis, members of the bar, and of the Irish Parliament. As the author of the following pleasant poem has allowed its republication,* I give it as an exact account of the festivities which took place on the election of King Stephen of Dalkey: —

There was a king in Dalkey once,
A king of great renown,
Well known to all good fellows
In country and in town.
His royal court was the resort
Of earls, lords, and high counts,
Dukes, primates, baronets, and knights,
And marquises and viscounts;
But every great court lady wept,
For sure it must dishearten her,
And her hands would ring because the king
Would have no royal partner!

CHORUS. — But good King Stephen's dead and gone,
His like we'll never see;
And since we cannot drink his health,
We'll toast his memory!

He had no standing army,
No general or field-marshal,
Or nice young officer to whom
The ladies all are partial;
But he had a Lord High Admiral
To row him safely o'er,
When once a year to the isle he'd steer
From the rock of Cullamore.
No harbor dues had Dalkey then,
No smuggler ever sought her,
For Stephen gave free trade to all
In seaweed and salt water!

CHORUS — But good King Stephen, etc.

He had a great Lord Chancellor,
Well wigged and robed, about him,
But everybody said a deal
Of law was done without him.
He had a great Lord Primate,
On the voluntary system,
Whose dues were small, or none at all,
Or — Dalkey never missed them!

* "The Knight of Innishowen," in Temple Bar, Vol. XXII. p. 267.

He had a great Lord Keeper
To keep "the boys" in order,
But the merry old elf could n't keep himself
Sometimes from sad disorder.
CHORUS. — But good King Stephen, etc.

He had a Court Physician,
Who never gave him bother
Like Sancho's, but would let him eat
And drink like any other.
Of *pommes de terre* he took his share,
Of turkey, beef, and pudding;
His favorite picking was duck and chicken,
With peas and other wadding;
And when the glasses were put on
And the bottle circulated,
He 'd drink the company all down —
At least 't was so related.
CHORUS. — But good King Stephen, etc.

Just over a year, the king, I hear,
Sent out his invitations
To all his lords and ladies gay,
And all their blood relations,
To Dalkey Isle to come in style,
With spirits light and hearty,
And there debate affairs of state,
And have a grand sod party.
And, sure enough, they 'd *quantum suff.*
Of business, and of pleasure;
Then guest and Crown washed it all down,
And danced a merry measure!
CHORUS. — But good King Stephen, etc.

The king's delight was to select
The loveliest and youngest,
And lead the ball at the head of all,
And keep it up the longest.
'T was then the jig and hornpipe
They danced with pace most killing,
And not the heavy German waltz
Or mighty slow quadrilling.
And when they 'd danced each other down
They took another jorum,
And crowned the night, in the morning's light,
With the reel of Tullygorum.
CHORUS. — But good King Stephen, etc.

May not we, who live in such prosaic times, say with our pleasant bard in his concluding verse, —

O gentle Stephen, best of kings,
And jolliest of mortals!
We greatly mourn you can't return
Through Death's eternal portals.
We want your fearless wit to lash
An age of false pretensions;
To trot our pride down folly's ride,
And show our small dimensions.
We want your manly, jovial heart,
We want your fun so glorious,
With your merry train to come again
To Dalkey, and reign o'er us!

CHORUS. — But, Stephen dear, you 're dead and gone,
Ohone! ohone! a-ree!
And since we cannot drink your health
We 'll toast your memory.

How changed is Ireland since those merry days when royal rule reigned in Dalkey!

To be continued.

PRESERVING WHEAT.

IT is said that in Poland, where ventilation and drying are continued for some time, wheat has been kept sound and good for half a century. Its age never does it injury, and such wheat is said to yield handsomer and better flour than that obtained from grain more recently harvested. At Dantzic, the preparation for keeping wheat continues for a year or longer, and after this period it is often kept for seven years, perfectly sound, in large granaries, although Dantzic is surrounded by the sea. These facts show how easily wheat may be preserved if proper precautions are taken. But the most striking feature is that some of the wheat found in the Pyramids of Egypt, and perhaps more than 3,000 years old, was still good enough to grow when sown, and produced a crop perfectly identical with the present wheat, proving that the character of this plant has not changed during that period of time.

Two colored men took refuge under a tree in a violent thunder-storm. "Julius, can you pray?" said one. "No, Sam," was the reply; "nebber prayed in my life." — "Well, can't you sing a hymn?" Just then the lightning struck a tree near by, shivering it, when the first speaker exclaimed, "See heah, honey, sumfin 'ligious has got to be done, an' dat mighty suddin, too; s'pose you pass round de hat."

THE pickpocket is the true independent in politics. He attends the meetings of both parties.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

Cecily Frances Alexander.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there!

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun, —

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves, —
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had *he* not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave:

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — Oh, most wondrous thought! —
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand, with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

Catholic Education. — The fiercer the efforts which are made to teach men without instructing them, and teach particularly the young in principles which darken their understandings and corrupt their hearts, the more necessary it becomes to labor with energy for the success, not alone of a proper and solid method of instruction, but also to render even the teaching of the Catholic faith perfectly identical in literature and science, and particularly in philosophy, on which in great part depends the true education of the other sciences, and which, far from tending to overthrow divine revelation, is proud to be able to make smooth its course and to defend it against its assailants, as we have been taught by the examples of St. Augustine, of the Angelic Doctor, and of all the other masters of Christian wisdom. — *Leo XIII.*

ABOUT LIGHTNING.

What is the cause of lightning? Lightning is the result of electrical discharges from the clouds.

What is thunder? Thunder is the noise which succeeds the rush of electrical fluid through the air.

When does lightning occur? When clouds charged with the opposite electricities approach, the forces rush to each other and combine in a state of equilibrium.

Why does lightning attend this movement of the forces of electricity? Because the atmosphere, being unable to convey the great charges of electricity as they rush towards each other, acts as an insulator, and the lightning is caused by the violence of the electricity in forcing its passage. When the conducting power is equal to the force of the electricity, it passes invisibly, noiselessly and harmlessly.

Why does lightning sometimes appear forked? Because, being resisted in its progress by the air, the electricity divides into two or three or more points, flies from point to point, and seeks a passage in different directions.

Does lightning ever pass upwards from the earth to the clouds? Yes, when the earth is charged with a different electricity from that which is in the clouds.

Why is it dangerous to stand near a tree during an electric storm? Because the tree is a better conductor than the air, and electricity would probably strike the tree and pass to the person standing near.

Why is it dangerous to sit near a fireplace? Because the chimney, being a tall object and the smoke a conductor, would probably attract the electricity and convey it to the body of the person sitting near the fire.

Why is it dangerous to be near water during a thunder-storm? Because water is a good conductor, and the vapor arising from it might attract the electricity.

Are iron houses dangerous? No; they are safe, because their entire surface is a good conductor and would convey the electricity to the earth.

Are iron bedsteads dangerous? No; they are safe, because the iron frame, completely surrounding the body, and having a great capacity for conduction, would keep electricity away from the body.

Why is it safe to be in bed during a storm? Because feathers, hair, wool, cotton, etc., especially when dry, are good insulators or non-conductors.

What is the safest situation to be in during a storm? In the centre of a room, isolated as far as possible from surrounding objects, sitting on a chair, and avoiding handling any of the conducting substances. The windows and doors should be closed to prevent drafts of air.

In the open air what is the safest situation? To keep aloof as far as possible from elevated structures. I regard the rain as protection against the lightning stroke, for wet clothes would supply so good a conductor that a large amount of electricity would pass over a man's body, through wet clothes, and he would be quite unconscious of it.

Everything in this life is comparative. "Your husband, Mrs. Brown," said the parson, severely, "comes home drunk six nights a week." — "I know he do, sir. But it don't matter. Mrs. Green's 'usband, next door, seven nights a week 'e 's too drunk to come 'ome at all."

A Boston lawyer, badgering a witness, said sternly: "I believe, sir, you have served a sentence in the State prison?" — "Yes," was the unconcerned reply, "I have, and I had the misfortune to occupy the cell your brother had had."

HAVE HOPE.

Rev. A. J. Ryan.

THE shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head;
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,
And the smile has scarcely flitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which have never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing, and we move amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and are never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, — on it hangs the Crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper, "Follow Me."

FLAG OF OLD IRELAND.

AIR — "Star Spangled Banner."

WHAT is that we now see, from the mainmast afloat?
It never was seen before on the ocean;
And what means that volley and wild Irish shout?
It must be the war-cry of patriots' devotion.
Now it kisses the gleam of the Easter day beam,
Its sunburst is shrouded in emerald green:
'Tis the flag of old Ireland that floats o'er the waves,
And her sons and her daughters no longer are slaves!

Then fling forth your banners from hamlet and cot;
Let the slogan go forth: 't is the war-cry of freedom,
From liberty's cradle by Irishmen sought,
While thousands will follow the few who now lead them.
Then away with your tears; drown your sorrow in cheers;
For our brave Irish exiles will battle for years,
Till the flag of old Ireland shall float o'er the waves,
And her sons and her daughters no longer are slaves!

Then come from your prisons: your shackles are rent,
The arms of your brothers your dungeons have broken;
Your harp is restrung with bright chords from heaven sent,
And the voice of the people your freedom has spoken.
And friends of our own, brave Emmet and Tone,
Fitzgerald and all our brave patriots are gone;
And the flag of old Ireland — one day may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Concluded from page 194.

tion for Miss Cusack to be thus placed in a position to toil for those she loved best, the Irish poor, and it was with a grateful heart and strong determination she settled down in the convent which she was soon after to immortalize all the world over by the products of her genius. The convent which has been, and still is, the scene of Miss Cusack's labors is an edifice of much beauty. It lies imbedded amid the heath-clad mountains of Kerry, and at the mouth of the river whose name it bears. Situated in one of nature's own recesses, and girt by heights that look down upon it in all their solemn majesty, it seems an abode just as meet for an Irish nun of Miss Cusack's disposition as the "sweet little island in lone Gougane Barra," was for the Irish poet, J. J. Callanan.

Here the broad Kenmare sweeps in its serpentine course, reflecting the verdure of an Irish sky; while on one side, the placid lakes of Killarney repose in all their grandeur, and on the other picturesque Glengarriff, and farther on the bay and the hills of Bantry vie with one another in charms of scenery. Farther off still the Magillicuddy's Reeks, the peak of Cairn Tuathal, the cliffs of Ballybunion, washed by the foaming Atlantic, the fastnesses of Derrynane, and the summits of the far-away Toomies raise their heads to the sky, and seem to stand sentinels over this lovely spot. In such a home Miss Cusack lives and toils. Here it is that she, in the words of John Mitchel, bids fair to outrival any of the learned Irish monks of old, — making Kenmare as famous and illustrious to lovers of Irish history and literature as the Abbey of the Four Masters ever was.

"The Convent of the Poor Clares," writes Mr. S. C. Hall, "is a very graceful structure, designed and built by Pugin, situated amid scenery that ranks among the most perfect in Ireland, midway between Killarney and Glengarriff, in the midst of mountains and at the head of a bay second to none in these kingdoms, where the whole navy of Great Britain might anchor, and in a district fertile of wealth, — lacking only the application of capital. The convent consists of twenty-five ladies, in the higher as well as in the ordinary sense of the term. The principal of the Sisters is a lady who occupies a prominent position in literature. They are not isolated and immured nuns. They are *Poor Clares*, who give to the poor and needy whatever of wealth is theirs, and dedicate their lives mainly to the duty of rearing and educating children, acting on the divine precept, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' But the children are not only taught, they are partly fed and partly clad; indeed, were it otherwise, their education would be a hard task, for many of the little ones would be compelled to go hungry and almost naked to their lessons. It is a beautiful sight, one that cannot fail to give delight to any 'loving soul' to see, as I saw, four hundred little ones arming in the convent to fight the fight of life, — four hundred from infancy to girlhood, clean, comfortably clothed, well-mannered, happy in their looks and happy in their voices, and to know how much of their future, and the future of many who will more or less depend upon them, is the result of teachings in several ways they receive in the Convent of the Poor Clares. It is a scene I cannot sufficiently well describe, — a scene of hopeful joy, of intense delight; indeed, I must leave it to the fancy of the friends I address, while asking them to help me that I may help these 'little ones.'"

It is only a few months ago since this testimony in favor of the Poor Clares was given by Mr. S. C. Hall, after his recent visit to their convent; but what was said of them then could be said of them any time since they started in that place their mission of charity and love.

We append a list of some of the works written by Sister Clare.

"Lives of Irish Saints." "The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland." "Mary O'Hagan, Abbess and Foundress of the Convent of the Poor Clares, Kenmare." "Spirit of St. Gertrude." "The Life of the Most Rev. Joseph Dixon, D. D., Primate of all Ireland." "The little Book of the Martyrs of the City of Rome." "Pictorial Bible and Church-History Stories." "Book of the Holy Rosary." "History of Ireland." "Jesus and Jerusalem, or the Way Home." "Life of the Blessed Virgin," etc.

CATHOLICITY IS NOT A RECENT IMPORTATION INTO AMERICA.

IT WAS KNOWN IN THIS NEW WORLD BEFORE PROTESTANTISM WAS BORN.

To-day two thirds of the population of the American continent are Catholics. The Catholic Church has precedence in the order of time and numbers The very name America calls up Catholic times; Columbia—the poetic name given to this Republic—brings the mind back to Catholic Columbus. All the great explorations in this country were made by Catholics. The names of Sebastian Cabot, Champlain, Jacques Cartier, and Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, tell the story. Every schoolboy knows who and what they were. Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi, was a Jesuit. From Quebec to San Francisco are still traceable the footprints of the pioneers of Catholic civilization and the missionaries of Catholic faith, — footprints made in the American wilds ages ago. Of the forty States now under the Stars and Stripes, all save thirteen were first settled by Catholics. And one of those thirteen — Maryland — was peopled originally by Catholics. Baltimore, the metropolis of the Eastern-Middle States; New Orleans, the metropolis of the Gulf States; San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific States; St. Louis, the metropolis of the Middle Central States, were all christened by Catholics. Even New York, if the thing is worth mention, was called in honor of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and is therefore Catholic in its English origin. The oldest town in the United States, St. Augustine, in Florida, is Catholic.

These are historical facts. No one will deny them. If, then, no one will or can deny them, what becomes of the boast that "this is a Protestant country"?

"All Right, my Boy." — "I hate old Mr. White!" said Frank, angrily. "He is a mean man, and I told him so."

"O, Frank," said his aunt, "surely you are not so rude; you would not treat an old man with such disrespect. What has he been saying to you?"

"Why, I only went into his yard to get my ball, and he ordered me to go out of that, and not come stealing his apples again."

"Poor old man!" said auntie; "he does not like boys, Frank; he has some reason for his dislike, for they have not always treated him well. Once some bad children stole all the fruit off his best tree, and you know all the money he has he makes by selling his apples. So I would not mind him. But I am sorry you forgot to be a gentleman."

Frank looked sorry, and the next day he walked into Mr. White's gate and said: "I am sorry, sir, I was so rude yesterday. Please excuse me."

And I am sure the old man was sorry he had been so cross, for he smiled and gave Frank a big red apple, and replied, "All right, my boy!"

Punishing Boys by Law. — Henry Bergh's methods are soon to be in force at Salford, England. The school board, being opposed to sending unruly children to reformatories or common jails, recommend that "a stipendiary magistrate shall have the power of ordering children under twelve years of age to receive not more than six strokes with a birch, the parents to have the right to be present."

ON RECEIVING A SHAMROCK IN A LETTER FROM SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

Denis Florence McCarthy, M. R. I. A.

O POSTMAN! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quicker round from door to door;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss,—
Some life begun, some life well o'er;
He stops—he rings!—O Heaven! what's this?
A Shamrock from the Irish shore!

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh fond words kept fresh and green!
The pressure of an unfelt hand,
The kisses of a lip unseen,
A throb from my dead mother's heart,
My father's smile revived once more,—
O youth! O love! O hope! thou art
Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore!

Enchanter, with the wand of power,
Thou mak'st the past be present still;
The emerald lawn, the lime-leaved bower,
The circling shore, the sunlit hill;
The grass in winter's wintriest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling flowers,
The Shamrock of the Irish shore!

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,—
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome,
By Padua's long and lone arcade,
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam,
By Spezzia's fatal waves, that kissed
My poet sailing calmly o'er,—
By all, by each, I mourned and missed
The Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Memorial of my native land,
True emblem of my land and race,
Thy small and tender leaves expand,
But only in thy native place;
Thou needest for thyself and seed
Soft dews around, kind sunshine o'er;
Transplanted thou 'rt the merest weed,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Ah me! to think thy scorns, thy slights,
Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
On Fredericksburg's ensanguined heights,
Or by Potomac's purple wave!
Ah me! to think that power malign
Thus turns thy sweet, green sap to gore;
And what calm rapture might be thine,
Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art:
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day of festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart—what more?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

And shall I not return thy love?
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be
Placed on thy son's proud heart above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie forever at thy feet,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

IRELAND IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE WHO CULTIVATE IT.

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE (thirty of whom were clergymen) of the representatives of the National Land League of America assembled at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 13th of January, and continued in session for two days. Never was there a more intelligent, patriotic, and determined body of our race assembled in the United States. We can give but a condensed account of the proceedings.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following report from the Committee on Resolutions was read, and magnificently so, by the Rev. Father Conaty, of Worcester, Mass.: —

In this day of Ireland's supreme crisis for the possession of her land by her sons, the delegates of the Irish National Land League of America, assembled in convention at Buffalo, Jan. 13, 1881, desire to place on record the following resolutions as the united expression of their sentiments: —

RESOLVED, That we heartily and enthusiastically indorse the present policy and principles of the Irish National Land League of Ireland, and we recognize in them the most effective legal means of combating the system of Landlordism, which, by fraud and injustice, has imposed upon Ireland an irresponsible and privileged class, alien to the people of the soil in sympathy and interest.

That recognizing that the duty of government is to legislate for the good of the greatest number, we regard no settlement of the land question in Ireland as satisfactory which does not change this iniquitous system which has paralyzed Irish industry, created centuries of untold misery, and antagonized class against class; and we ask all friends of liberty to unite in agitation with the Land League until England shall secure to the industrious cultivator of the soil the ownership thereof, and thus give to the Irish people a chance to live upon the soil of their fathers.

That we are tired of having Ireland, whose resources are more than sufficient for the support of the people, appear periodically as a mendicant before the world; and we pledge our best endeavors to lift her out of poverty and into prosperity, agitating to make her waste lands profitable, and her half tilled and half-reclaimed lands fertile and productive.

That we firmly believe that Charles Stewart Parnell, Michael Davitt, and their colleagues should have the constitutional rights of English freemen in their efforts to redress Irish grievances; and we solemnly and emphatically protest against the action of the British government in instituting a state prosecution of the Irish leaders, as unconstitutional, and aimed at the suppression of free speech, which England proudly asserts as her noblest birthright.

That we cordially unite with the Irish National Land League of Ireland in deprecating all forms of violence, and earnestly urge the Irish people to continued patience under all provocation, remembering the words of O'Connell, that "he who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy."

That while we honor the sanctity of contract, we cannot hold a contract to be sacred which leaves to the industrious son of toil no alternative between a rack rent and the roadside, workhouse, or emigrant ship.

That while we welcome and seek the kindly aid of the press in our efforts to bring before the justice-loving people of America the true and full statement of Ireland's grievance, the American branch of the Irish Land League has not recognized in the past, and does not now recognize any *organ* empowered to speak in its name.

That our gratitude is due to the American Congress for the sympathy extended to Ireland, and we beg it to continue to use its good offices in the interests of an oppressed, down-trodden people, reminding it of Ireland's service to America in the day of its difficulty.

That in the language of Dean Swift, Ireland by every law of nations is entitled to govern herself, and we pray our people to unite and harmoniously work for the one object, "Ireland for the Irish."

Signed: REV. THOMAS J. CONATY.
CHARLES N. BULGER.
HUGH J. CARROL.
REV. R M. KENNEDY.
E. T. JOYCE.
CHRIS. A. GALLAGHER.
J. V. REDDY.
M. H. KING.
JOHN CRAINE.

THE ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Rev. Father Cronin, editor of the Catholic Union, on rising to report from the above committee, was called to the platform. He said that the committee on "An Address to the American People" had resolved to ask the indulgence of the convention for a little while longer. The great importance of the subject rendered it necessary to be deliberative and careful. His committee would endeavor to prepare such an address as would be in harmony with the resolutions just adopted, and he assured the convention it would be submitted to the officers of the League for their approval before being published.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

Father Walsh, the treasurer, reported that he had received $4,087.91, had forwarded to Dublin $3.045, had expended for printing, etc., $66.75, and had in hand $976.16. In concluding the reading of his report, Father Walsh stated that a letter had been received from Michael Davitt, in which he cautioned all American branches that after they had positive information of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, they should hold on to their funds until instructions had been received from across the water.

OFFICERS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: —

President — Hon. Patrick A. Collins, Boston.

First Vice-President — Rev. P. Cronin, Buffalo.

Second Vice-President — Hon. T. V. Powderly, Scranton, Pa.

Secretary — Hon. Thomas Flatley, of Boston.

Treasurer — Rev. Lawrence Walsh, Waterbury, Conn.

Considerable discussion was had upon the question of the amount of compensation to be received by the secretary, and the salary of that officer was finally fixed by the vote of the convention at $600.

NEXT PLACE OF MEETING.

On motion, Washington was selected for the next annual meeting.

IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BOSTON, Jan. 20, 1881.

All branches of the organization are requested to communicate at once with the secretary, sending the names and post-office addresses of the president, secretary, and treasurer of each branch, the date of organization, and number of members. As soon as the proceedings of the convention at Buffalo shall have been compiled and forwarded to the central office, a more formal communication will be made to the organization. Meanwhile instructions for organizing branches will be given on application to the secretary. All communications relating to the finances of the League should be addressed to Rev. Lawrence Walsh, treasurer, box 203, Waterbury, Conn. All other communications should be addressed to the secretary.

Per order,

P. A. COLLINS,
President.

THOMAS FLATLEY, *Secretary,*
198 *Washington Street, Boston, Mass.*

HIS IRISH SOLDIERS.

WHAT did the Duke of Wellington say of the Irish soldiery who served under him? "It is well known," said his Grace, in a speech which is too often suppressed by the compilers of "history," "that of the troops which our gracious sovereign did me the honor to intrust to my command, at least one half were Roman Catholics. Your Lordships are aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people; how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. It is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. We must confess, my lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor no victory could ever have been obtained, and the finest military talents might have been exerted in vain."

THE POPE ON THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has communicated to his clergy the text of a most important letter addressed to him on the 3d of January by the Holy Father. The Archbishop asks, "In what terms does the Holy Father address himself to us? An attempt may be made to distort his words, and to make it appear that the Holy See is hostile to the demand of the country for the repeal of harsh laws, which have brought misery and crime amongst us for long generations. Is this the object of the letter of the Holy Father? Most certainly not. He knows the injuries inflicted on our people by the present land code, and he prays that these injuries may be speedily redressed by a change in the laws from which they flow; but whilst he blesses our determination to obtain justice for an oppressed tenantry, there are in the agitation, as carried on, things which he cannot approve No better exponent of the Holy's Father's views can be had than the Holy Father himself, who draws a wide distinction between the end aimed at and some of the means employed to achieve that end." And then the Archbishop tells how, in his audience with the Pope, "his Holiness did not in any way disapprove of the people seeking by legitimate and constitutional means the redress of their grievances; but he said that 'in the present agitation, as it is carried on, there are certain things done which I cannot approve of.' The people, he said, should be encouraged in doing what is right, but they should be duly impressed with the duty of keeping always within the bounds of law and religion." The words of the last paragraph in the Archbishop's letter are perhaps the most vitally important of all. Regretfully writes his Grace: "Rumors to which we would be unwilling to give credence are already in circulation that the scheme about to be proposed by government for the settlement of the land question will be but a half-hearted attempt to grapple with the evil they wish to cure. This would be a deplorable misfortune. Unless the cancer which has been eating away the life of the nation be cut out to the last fibre, health and security never can be restored, and sooner or later the disastrous scenes of to-day will return, but with increased violence." Dr. M'Cabe calls the evil of the present land system "a cancer eating into the life of the nation, which must be cut out to the last fibre, or health and security can never be restored." "A half-hearted attempt" to grapple with it, Archbishop M'Cabe designates as "a deplorable misfortune."

THE POPE'S LETTER.

To our venerable brother, Edward MacCabe, *Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland:*

Venerable Brother, — Health and Apostolic Benediction. We read with pleasure your letter recently addressed to the clergy and people of the Diocese of Dublin, and presented to us by you when you were in Rome; for in it we recognized your prudence and moderation, since, while Ireland is now deeply moved, partly by a desire of better things, partly by a fear of an uncertain future, you offer counsel admirably suited to the occasion.

The unhappy condition of Catholics in Ireland disquiets and afflicts us, and we highly esteem their virtue, sorely tried by adversity, not for a brief period only, but for many centuries. For with the greatest fortitude and constancy, they preferred to endure every misfortune rather than forsake the religion of their fathers, or deviate in the slightest degree from their ancient fidelity to the Apostolic See. Moreover, it is their singular glory, extending down to the

present time, that most noble proofs of all the other virtues were never wanting amongst them. These reasons force us to love them with paternal benevolence, and fervently to wish that the evils by which they are afflicted may quickly be brought to an end.

At the same time, we unhesitatingly declare that it is their duty to be carefully on their guard not to allow the fame of their sterling and hereditary probity to be lessened, and not to commit any rash act whereby they may seem to have cast aside the obedience due to their lawful rulers; and for this reason, whenever Ireland was greatly excited in guarding and defending her own interests, the Roman Pontiffs constantly endeavored by admonition and exhortation to allay the excited feelings, lest by a disregard of moderation, justice might be violated, or the cause, however right in itself, might be forced by the influence of passions into the flame of sedition. These counsels were also directed to the end that the Catholics of Ireland should in all things follow the Church as a guide and teacher; and thoroughly conforming themselves to her precepts, they should reject the allurements of pernicious doctrines. Thus the Supreme Pontiff, Gregory XVI., on the 12th of March, 1839, and on the 15th of October, 1844, through the sacred congregation of the Propaganda, admonished the Archbishop of Armagh to do nothing except with justice and moderation. And we, following the example of our predecessors, took care on the 1st of June last year, as you are aware, to give to all the bishops of Ireland the salutary admonitions which the occasion demanded; namely, that the Irish people should obey the bishops, and in no particular deviate from the sacredness of duty. And a little later in the month of November, we testified to some Irish bishops who had come to visit the tombs of the Apostles, that we ardently desired every good gift for the people of Ireland; but we also added that order should not be disturbed.

This manner of thinking and acting is entirely conformable to the ordinances and laws of the Catholic Church, and we have no doubt that it will conduce to the interests of Ireland. For we have confidence in the justice of the men who are placed at the head of the state, and who certainly, for the most part, have great practical experience, combined with prudence in civil affairs. Ireland may obtain what she wants much more safely and readily if only she adopts a course which the laws allow, and avoids giving causes of offence.

Therefore, Venerable Brother, let you and your colleagues in the Episcopate direct your efforts to the end that the people of Ireland, in this anxious condition of affairs, do not transgress the bounds of equity and justice. We have assuredly received from the bishops, the clergy, and the people of Ireland many proofs of reverence and affection; and if now, in a willing spirit, they obey these counsels and our authority, as we are certain they will, they may feel assured that they have fulfilled their own duty and have completely satisfied us.

Finally, from our heart we implore God to look down propitiously on Ireland; and in the mean time, as a pledge of heavenly gifts, we affectionately impart in the Lord the Apostolic benediction to you, Venerable Brother, to the other bishops of Ireland, and to the entire clergy and people.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the third day of January, 1881, in the third year of our Pontificate. LEO PP. XIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON AND HIS CLERGY IN SYMPATHY WITH THE POPE.

At a meeting of the clergy of the Archdiocese of Boston, held on Jan. 25, at which his Grace, Archbishop Williams, presided, a committee was appointed to convey to the clergy and people of Ireland an expression of their brotherly love and sympathy, and an assurance of moral support and material assistance in their present movement for the redress of their grievances.

In fulfilment of this intention, the committee send the following address: —

To the Clergy and People of Ireland:

Many causes combine to make it becoming in us to address you words of fraternal sympathy at the present time.

We behold you ardently engaged in the pursuit of a noble end, the attainment of which will release a whole people from a host of evils; and regard you, therefore, as eminently worthy of our warmest sympathy and most outspoken encouragement.

That sympathy for suffering and indignation at injustice which are natural to the human heart, are in this case intensified by feelings that spring from community of race and nationality. You are our kindred in blood, and for the most part of the same household of the faith; and thus natural affection and divine charity, as well as the claims of justice, engage us in your cause.

Citizens as we are of a flourishing republic, living among a self-governing people, and witnessing and enjoying the blessings of civil liberty and legislative independence, we cannot withhold our enthusiastic approval of your well-conceived and well-conducted efforts to secure the same blessings for yourselves and future generations of Irishmen on their own soil.

The truths of religion and the dictates of patriotism being in perfect accord, it is the office of the priest to bless the labors of the statesmen who seek to frame laws for the benefit of their country.

Ireland, after centuries of suffering from the effects of unjust conquest, ruthless spoliation, and an almost total alienation of the soil, and its consequent evil of an intruded and rapacious landlord class, is now making a supreme effort to rid herself of these crying evils; and we joyfully seize the occasion to tender to her our deep concern for her welfare, our best wishes for her success, and all the solace and help in our power.

Your efforts to eradicate from your native land the evil effects of alien domination and usurpation of the soil, twin relics of conquest and feudalism, deserve the full approval and hearty support of all friends of human happiness in every land.

The worthiness of the end proposed, the practical and thorough character of the reforms demanded, and the wisdom of the methods adopted, amply justify this declaration.

The gravity of the crisis through which Ireland is now passing, the magnitude of the interest involved, and the probable results of this great social and political movement, have arrested the attention of the civilized world and engaged the serious consideration of statesmen at home and abroad.

Moreover, the system of land tenure which impoverishes Ireland affects us injuriously here in America, inasmuch as it creates an additional object of charity, whose pressing claims have often to be met to the detriment of the poor at our own doors and the orphans of our diocese.

We, therefore, feel it our duty to aid and encourage any movement that by legitimate means seeks to rescue Ireland from the slough of misery and enforced poverty in which she has so long lain, and make her self-supporting, so that famine shall no more stalk over the land, nor the tale of Ireland's woe continue to wring our hearts with grief for our suffering brethren.

While we applaud your efforts to shake off the evils that oppress you, we admire your patience in times of sore affliction, your splendid constancy in the faith, your self-control in the presence of great provocation, and your persistent pursuit of your rights in spite of unreasoning and brutal opposition, repeated failure, or only partial success.

We are filled with wonder at the efficacy you have known how to infuse into an orderly, peaceful, and constitutional agitation for the revision of the iniqui-

tous land laws imposed upon your country by an alien legislature, and we hope and pray that no resort to arbitrary power, or the substitution of the methods of tyrants for the peaceful process of civil law, will be able to stifle your voice or paralyze your action.

We are friendly to any movement that is founded on correct principles, tending to redress the grievances of the people of Ireland; and feeling in this crisis in the history of land-law reform that the principles laid down in the platform of the Land League Convention at Buffalo, N. Y., are justified by religion and morality, we extend our earnest and heartfelt sympathy and co-operation to all those who are laboring in such a just and righteous cause, as long as they are guided by these principles.

We solemnly declare that if the British Parliament is unwilling or unable to apply an efficient remedy to "the cancer that is eating away the life of the nation," it is the duty of England to remit the cure of the evil to the people of Ireland themselves.

Nor, on the other hand, do we hesitate to denounce as pernicious and infamous the conduct of certain supposed emissaries of secret societies, who seek to infuse into this movement a spirit of injustice, and a disregard for the laws of morality as expounded by the Catholic Church.

Following in the footsteps of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., who has recently manifested his deep concern for the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of the faithful people of Ireland, by addressing them words of paternal sympathy and apostolic counsel, we declare that we are advocates of peace and civic order, and hold with St. Thomas and other Catholic doctors that the only laudable and stable order is that which is founded on justice to all men, effective redress of wrong, and an equitable adjustment of conflicting interest.

All civilized governments are more or less influenced by the public opinion of the world; and we will rejoice with you should this declaration of ours serve, even in the slightest degree, to give more force and efficacy to the desire of the nations, that the condition of Ireland should cease to be the reproach of modern statesmanship, a blot upon the civilization of the age, and a deplorable and needless exception to the general prosperity of the people of Europe.

Our confidence in ultimate success is much increased when we see the clergy and people of Ireland, without regard to differences of creed or party affiliations, tending to unite in the work of redressing the wrongs under which she has so long groaned; and we hope that the bonds of this growing union may be drawn closer day by day till the united voice of the children of Ireland, at home and abroad, demanding justice, not alms, shall at length be heard and heeded

We pray the Giver of all good gifts that he may reward Ireland's centuries of suffering and fidelity to religion with the fullest civil liberty, peace, and prosperity, so that she may be once again the home of learning and science, and a source of blessings to other nations.

✝John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston.
William Byrne, V. G.
W. A. Blenkinsop, Chairman, Pastor SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Boston.
M. J. Flatley, Secretary, Pastor St. Joseph's, Wakefield.
Thomas H. Shahan, Pastor St. James's Church, Boston.
Thomas Magennis, Pastor St. Thomas's Church, Boston.
Michael J. Masterson, Pastor St. John's Church, Peabody, Mass.

This address is to be followed immediately by a contribution from the clergy to the funds of the Irish Land League.

"THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS IS THE SEED OF THE CHURCH."

SHOOTING A JESUIT FATHER.

THE colony of British Honduras is in a state of excitement over the capture and shooting, by order of President Barrios of the Republic of Guatemala, of the Jesuit priest, the Rev. Father Gillett. By the laws of Guatemala all Jesuits have been banished from the republic, and should any be caught in the Republic they invariably meet their doom by being shot behind the prison walls, or out on the plaza, a place reserved for the execution of noted criminals, in full view of the entire populace. It appears that Father Gillett visited Guatemala for his health, and not as a clergyman. Nevertheless, he had scarcely set foot in Livingston, when, being recognized by the commandant, he was arrested, ironed, and thrown into a dungeon to await orders from the capital, Guatemala City. On the receipt of the telegram ordering his being brought on to the capital for trial, he was divested of nearly all his clothing and forced to walk barefooted a distance of one hundred miles over the mountains, his captors using mules as a means of transportation. Arriving after three days, he was tried, and sentenced to be shot. The news of his sentence reached the ears of the people in British Honduras, and he being a man of extraordinary eloquence and learning, and one whom every one honored and respected, the governor of Belize was waited upon by thousands of persons of every creed and belief, and asked to demand the surrender of the priest into his hands. This was done, but all to no avail, for President Barrios had passed judgment, and nothing remained but the execution of the sentence.

On Monday morning, Jan. 17, Father Gillett was taken out of prison, under a heavy guard, and marched to the plaza, where they were joined by two regiments of soldiers; his coffin was brought and placed before him; the soldiers formed a hollow square, broken at one cross street, opposite which was posted a firing party. Behind the soldiers were the people of the city, looking on awestruck and silent. The signal for the shooting was given by three short rolls on the drum heavily muffled, and hardly had the sound of the third roll died away when, with one instantaneous report, twenty carbines sent forth their leaden missiles on an errand of death, and Father Gillett fell forward on his coffin, pierced by seventeen balls, a mass of lifeless flesh and blood. Immediately the shrill blast of the bugle was heard ordering the formation of marching line; and leaving a detail of eight men to perform the burying, the soldiers, marching to the tune of a lively quickstep, re-entered their barracks and were dismissed.

COMMENTS OF THE NEW ORLEANS STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

Father Gillett was an Englishman and an English subject. Now, the English government protects all its subjects abroad, no matter how much it may hate them at home. The Irish peasant, who on his own soil is hounded to death by the inhuman arrogance of a dominant aristocracy, will soon find an army at his back if any lawless hand is laid on him in foreign lands. He is figuratively supposed to have hoisted a British flag over his head when in trouble, and it is no longer the Irishman but the flag that has been dishonored. There is perhaps a controlling element in the English government that would like to see all the Jesuits shot; but then, if they are Englishmen, they must be shot according to etiquette. The Roman government did not hesitate to put St. Paul to death, but the haughtiest persecutor dare not scourge him when he stood on his dignity as a Roman citizen.

Father Gillett was not, it seems, even accused of having committed any crime, any offence, except that of having entered the territory of the Republic. But a nation, in the present advanced era of commerce and international comity, is not permitted without special reason to interdict citizens of other nations from entering its territory in time of peace. No doubt the practical enforcement of such a law would be considered by the home government of the victim a gross national insult, and probably a sufficient cause of war.

Guatemala has doubtless the sovereign right to exile an Englishman as well as one of her own citizens, and to prohibit his return under pain of death; but it must be for cause, — for something that he has done, some violation of her law. She may even pass a law that no man shall join the Jesuit Order, and then a penalty would naturally follow its violation. Such a law would be a moral nullity, for want of jurisdiction by the law-maker over the subject-matter; still, it would have the form of a law for Guatemala. But it would not even pretend to be a law beyond her own frontier, or to affect acts done in foreign countries.

But the Guatemala tyrant, driven from that ground, will go further and say: He is punished, not for having joined the Order abroad, but for holding the doctrines professed by that Order. They are subversive of society and government, and therefore it is not of his original guilt that we accuse him, but of his present guilt.

This subterfuge is as untenable as the other. God only is judge of internal guilt. Men can judge it only as it takes shape in outward acts. A man may believe it right to commit murder; but as long as he does not give practical shape to his belief by either deed or words, by either preparing to commit murder himself or encouraging others to do it, the law has no cause of complaint against him. It cannot possibly have any evidence of his secret thoughts except as outwardly manifested, and not as outwardly manifested some time ago in another land by joining an organization, but as manifested at the time charged.

In the case of Father Gillett, it appears that he did absolutely nothing to give proof of his alleged demoralizing doctrine. He is not accused of any immoral act or word. He is not even charged with having taught an incendiary lesson to anybody. He had done nothing, said nothing: he had only *been* something, — a Jesuit; and that was the result of an act over which Guatemala had no jurisdiction, and which was perfectly lawful where it was done.

"What!" the bigoted anti-Jesuit will urge, "cannot a government prohibit the coming within her limits of foreigners who belong to a dangerous association?" Certainly not, if that organization is in good standing at home. The home government must be supposed to be the best judge of the subject, and it would be a direct insult to question its verdict Citizens considered respectable at home, no matter how dangerous they may really be, must be taken as being respectable abroad until they do some overt act, unless the foreign country is willing to break off friendly relations with a people whose customs and opinions it considers so unsound and dangerous.

Moreover, if Father Gillett had publicly preached every doctrine taught or held by his Order, President Barrios would not dare point out one of them as being dangerous or immoral. The charge which he made is merely the general one which the malignant enemies of religion boldly circulate, without a shadow of proof and without even an attempt to particularize. It comes from the father of lies, and is only noticeable for its two great qualities, — malice and impudence.

Bigots will perhaps rejoice in the murder of a brilliant and holy man, but all the alchemy of their sympathy will never dissolve the blood-stains on the murderer's hand.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE SITUATION.

THE silver-tongued advocate of Irish rights delivered an address at a Universalist church in Boston, before an American audience, on the night of the 24th of January. Rev. A. A. Miner, pastor of the church, presided, and in a brief speech introduced Mr. Phillips, who said: —

The Irish question is, and has been for half a century, the great riddle which it seems as if no statesmanship could solve, a knot that it takes the utmost ingenuity to untie. It gathers fresh difficulties every day, and added bitterness. It is more complicated every hour. Thank God it is so. God never intended that oppression should be possible and secure. A tyrant always stands over a volcano, and that is the only security for human affairs. If there could be peace under unjust laws, if there could be security of government, if it could be gotten even by force, it would be the saddest aspect of humanity. Thank God! a united people, determined to assert their rights, never yet were conquered. There is only one cloud that rests upon Ireland to-day, and that is, whether the masses have that self-control, that intellectual apprehension of how much rests on the present hour, that self-control that enables them to keep within the law. One outbreak, and Parnell is partially defeated. England prays for an outbreak to give her a plausible excuse for governing Ireland with troops. Parnell stands to-day in the footsteps of O'Connell, who said, "Put your feet in the track of my feet, and I will guarantee that the sheriff shall never lay his hand on your shoulder." It was the testimony of Harriet Martineau and McCarthy, and every English historian, that there never was such a generation of peace and law-abiding quiet as under the single hand of O'Connel. Parnell may well claim to do as he did. The Land League, instead of being the parent of outrage, is the security of the landlords' life After all, the Irish question is not a question raised by individuals, nor is it destined to be settled by individuals. There is a great mistake prevailing in the American press in regard to the Irish question. It is a mistake that it is a Catholic question For the last hundred years, more than half of its leaders have not been Catholics. It is indeed and in truth an Irish question. Lord Clarendon said, "If you plant the seed of a bad law, from it many and tall branches of mischief will grow." That is Ireland. England planted three centuries ago, and has continued in existence, bad legislation not affecting Ireland alone, but covering all her colonies. She had an original principle of starving her dependencies to feed the home island. Ireland, New England, Canada, and Australia have been systematically crippled to fatten England, and if we had remained under the Crown, we should be suffering not as much, but largely in the same quality. To-day, Ireland is anchored where we stood a hundred years gone by. Ireland does not belong to this century. The rest of the world flung off the yoke a hundred years ago, and Ireland is plundered as races were plundered a hundred years ago. Ireland stands where Prussia stood. She has not and has not been permitted to move. In the first place, England set out, two or three hundred years ago, the distinct system of emptying Ireland of Irishmen. Burke said "it was to destroy a kingdom, and annihilate a race." Where are the ten millions that were in Ireland? On this side of the ocean, sent over to build up and feed a hostile continent like ours. "It was breaking the roots that tied him to the grave of his fathers." The evidence of this emigration was seen in the great names scattered among the nations; McMahon in France, O'Don-

nell in Spain, and others in this land. You see the success of the policy pursued since the days of Elizabeth in the seven or nine millions that are here, and in the results of their labor from New England to California. Ireland ought to have 1,200,000 owners. She is a little larger than a fifth of France. She has 8000 only. Ireland is anchored back into the feudal system, and the great forces of civilization are beating against the shores of the empire, and demanding a change. Her great famines were not produced by man or God; they were the result of statute laws. Parnell found the blue-grass region of Kentucky less fertile than the land he came from. Out of Ireland went in one hundred years three thousand millions of dollars which never went back. It was spent in Berlin, in Italy, in yachting in the Mediterranean, in the gayeties of Paris. If this had been done in Massachusetts, the whole State would have been only dry sand like Cape Cod, and the only wonder is that Ireland is not like Cape Cod, instead of being equal in fertility to Illinois. Americans make a mistake in criticising the Irish question. I never attempt to criticise men four thousand miles away. We are in no circumstances to criticise affairs in Ireland at such a distance. They are working for a final end, which is to redeem a country which has been over four hundred years under the most despotic and cruel rule in the world. My only wonder is, that Ireland stands so vigorous as she is to-day. It is one of the evidences of the indestructible abilities of the Irish people. It is said that the Irish are not capable of self-government. Look at the Irish in this country. Do they not fill creditably the positions in our legislative bodies? Do they not show themselves proficient in every position in which they are placed? Can we not give even more credit to them than to the Germans, although the latter's strong intellectual abilities are admitted? Look at what the Irish race has done the past fifty years, and then say, if you can, that they are not deserving of a country. [*Applause.*] I pray that this maligned race will soon fling off the chains which bind its limbs. Ireland does not say to England, "Help me." All Ireland says is, "Take your foot off my neck and I will get up myself."

CLARENCE MANGAN.

In his new book on "Young Ireland," Sir Charles Gavan Duffy says: —

"The man most essentially a poet among the writers of the Nation was Clarence Mangan. He was as truly born to sing deathless songs as Keats or Shelley; but he lived and died in a provincialized city, and his voice was drowned for a time in the roar of popular clamor. He was so purely a poet that he shrank from all other exercises of his intellect. He cared nothing for political projects. He could never be induced to attend the weekly suppers, and knew many of his fellow-laborers only by name. He lived a secluded, unwholesome life, and when he emerged into daylight he was dressed in a blue cloak, midsummer or midwinter, with a hat of fantastic shape, under which golden hair as fine and silky as a woman's hung in unkempt tangles, and deep blue eyes lighted a face as colorless as parchment. He looked like the spectre of some German romance, rather than a living creature. He stole into the Nation office once a week to talk over literary projects, but if any of my friends appeared he took flight on the instant. In earlier days I had spent many a night up to the small hours listening to his delightful monologues on poetry and metaphysics; but the animal spirits and hopefulness of vigorous young men oppressed him, and he fled from the admiration or sympathy of a stranger as others do from reproach or insult."

THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

The Weekly Register, London.

The political outlook on Europe at this time is dark on all sides. There is not a kingdom that is not shaken, nor a people that is not divided against itself. France is so disintegrated by its political parties, that no government can last; hardly any government can be formed. Belgium is in the hands of antichristian Liberalism, and in open breach with Rome. Spain is always at the mercy of a political army with political chiefs. Germany is honeycombed by Social Democrats, and is now in terror of the political influence of what it calls its Semitic population. Austria is, like Bessus, tied upon the trees. Its dualism must either destroy the Empire, or the Empire must destroy dualism. Russia exists only as a military despotism, and despotisms are doomed. The millions of the people are rising against them; and when the people rise, they always prevail. England is beginning to be troubled. Its old political traditions are too narrow for its population; and when they are thrown open, the England of our forefathers will be shaken to its centre. Ireland is, as Edmund Spenser said three hundred years ago, "reserved either to be its own chastisement, or the chastisement of England." Italy is fast losing its Catholic traditions. It has usurped Rome, and its hand is withered by the outrage it has committed. The fathers and mothers who were reared before 1848 are fast dying out, if not already gone. The new generation of the last thirty years has grown up in the atmosphere of revolution. There is not a people that is not at this time in distress, in fear, in foreboding. Since the New Gospel of 1789 was preached under heaven, the nations have been undoing the fabric of Christendom. They have been withdrawing themselves from the unity of faith, worship, communion, and obedience to the Supreme Pastor of the Christian world. They have each gone their way. They have sought for progress, and they are falling back in the moral order of mankind; they have boasted of their civilization, and they have torn up the foundation on which it rested, and have assailed the only authority by which the civilization of Europe was created. The unrest and fear which now trouble the whole of Europe have one main cause. The nations have rebelled against the Church of God. Their state of internal disquiet, and of unsatisfied striving and craving after an unattainable progress, is described in Holy Writ: "As he that is hungry dreameth and eateth, but when he is awake his soul is empty; and as he that is thirsty dreameth and drinketh, and after he is awake is yet faint with thirst, and his soul is empty; so shall be the multitude of all the Gentiles that have fought against Mount Sion." (Is. xxix. 8.) Rome has never yet been outraged, but the whole of Europe has been thrown into confusion. Europe will never return to the comity of nations and the solidity of civil and political peace, till Rome is once more restored to its rightful sovereign. The complications of Europe in this day have one special character never seen before. In all ages some one or more of the dynasties of Europe have been in conflict with the Holy See, but always there was one or more ready to defend it. Now, every government in Europe has conspired against the head of the Christian world. There is not an emperor, king, president, or government that has not revolted from him. He stands alone, like his Master when all men forsook Him. The universal disorder of Europe is the direct consequence of this revolt against the Christian order of the world, which from 1517 to 1789 rent the Protestant governments from the Church, and from 1789 to this day has dragged or deceived the Catholic governments into antagonism against the source of their own authority.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOOD ORDER IN EVERYTHING.

At the opening of the New Year, which we all hope to spend in such a way as will make it fruitful to us for eternity, I wish to draw your earnest attention to the fact that no really good work can be performed without *rule and order*. Rule and order are the laws of the universe, and the plan of all the magnificent works of creation, — *everything in its proper place, everything at a proper time, a time and place for everything;* this also should be the plan of our lives.

Consequently you should, my dear children, begin at once to practise this delightful order in all your duties; because this is the proper time for you to establish yourselves in this method, so that when you grow older, it will come easy and natural to you to perform all your duties regularly, and to mark out the previous evening a programme for the following day, thus making your entire life a harmonious arrangement of duties well performed, instead of a glaring jumble of unfinished, and consequently useless works. Call to mind the value that Eugènie de Guérin attached to time, and her anxiety lest any should be squandered, and always endeavor to imitate her example For the purpose of assisting you to apportion your time to the duties you may have to perform, I append a simple *Rule of Life*, which I am most anxious you should all observe during the coming year. Begin in earnest, and after due consideration, fill in the blank spaces according to the rule of your household, or in the order best suited to your individual occupations and requirements. Then be faithful to the rule. At first, you will have to consult it often, observing where and in what hour you have failed; and unless the omission be of great importance, it will be better for you to proceed with the duty of that hour during which you have discovered your omission, than bring the forgotten one forward, which would inevitably displace the day's arrangement. Children at home are more liable to fritter away their time than those in schools, who have, of course, the rules of the house to guide them. Therefore, to the former, I would give an additional word. Be always particularly neat and tidy about your persons, keep your rooms in constant order, allow nothing to be about so as to make a litter. Fold your clothes neatly and lay them carefully aside, not only when you enter the house after walking, but also when you are lying down at night. Put everything you use *back in its proper place.* Never leave tooth-brushes, combs, brushes, etc., lying about uncleaned, and keep a little entry-book with pencil, in which you can write down where you place anything which requires safe keeping and may be wanted at any moment. You may also mark in this little diary the names and particular pages of books in which you find something specially useful, so that you can consult the book again if in doubt.

Now, there is no work too trivial to be executed in its own proper time; and the daily occupations of children, because they belong to *their age and state of life*, are just as important in their own way as the extraordinary labors of statesmen and generals. If a doll's dress is to be made, it is as necessary that it should be done during the *sewing* hour and not during the *prayer* hour, as that the costume of a princess should be ready a day before, instead of a day *after* the drawing-room. This early observance of rule and order will prepare you, my dear children, for the more difficult duties of after life, teach you the proper value of time, and preserve your later years from worry and confusion.

Then children should also *help at*

home, not by doing things indiscriminately or according to humor — and here a word of warning: let there be no such thing as *humor*. Use instead the golden word *duty*.

Boys should ask their parents and guardians in what way they can be most useful during their spare time; and when told, they should mark the duty, with the hour for its performance, and conscientiously proceed with it *every day*, not taking it up one day and forgetting it the next. Girls should in the same way find out how they can be most useful in the house, and then perform the duty *as well as they can*, and at a *regular and suitable time*.

Of course the most important duty of children, after prayer, is study, and you should always give very special attention to this duty. Learn as much as you can, as thoroughly as you can; learn a little every day, and before you grow up, you will find the benefit of the practice.

PASSION FLOWERS AND SNOWDROPS.

THE ANGEL OF LENT.

THE holy season of Lent is near. A radiant angel, clad in a crimson robe of soft, bright hue, wearing a glittering cross on his breast, and bearing in his hands rich passion flowers and delicate snowdrops, moves quickly from house to house, collecting the acts performed by children in honor of the sufferings of our divine Lord. The snowdrops are formed of endeavors to avoid faults. The passion flowers are acts of self-denial. Innocence and penance are sisters. What lovely flowers! more lovely than any which bloom in this land of ours; surely, they represent acts of extraordinary virtue. No, dear children. See, the angel enters a nursery: a little girl is reading near a window; a hat and jacket lie on a chair near. The angel whispers in the ear of the child: after a moment's hesitation, she rises, lays down her book, takes hat and jacket to another room, and hangs them up; another snowdrop is in the angel's hand, for this child had made a resolution to do penance during Lent by overcoming habits of untidiness. Forth from a poor cabin comes the angel bringing fresh snowdrops. In that cabin lives a poor girl who has determined to try, each day during the holy season, to practise five acts of patience; so quietly, sweetly, she bears with the teasing of little brothers and sisters, and endures cold and hunger at times. What wreaths of glorious flowers the angel bears away as he leaves a church! One child resisted over and over again the temptation to allow thoughts to wander; respect at prayer was the virtue he was trying to gain before Easter. Others, with loving hearts, went round the stations. The heavenly spirit passes on, gathering flowerets on his way, the act of self-denial at meals, and of self-denial by rising at once when called; the acts of prompt obedience, of gentle charity, of patient endurance of pain. Now he enters a school, and passes from desk to desk, weaving fair wreaths: for there are children who, during Lent, keep silence at appointed times; children who apply earnestly to a study they dislike; children naturally selfish, who try to mortify self, and watch for opportunities of obliging others; children who bravely overcome temper, and watch for opportunities of helping others. The angel's face grows sad as he passes by some who have *no flowers*. Lent to them is the same as any other time. We must not resemble these children. Let us see, now, what special acts we shall do each day during the season of penance. Penance brings joy, and we shall be very joyful at Easter if, during Lent, we have given the angel passion flowers and snowdrops, to weave a wreath which is to be our Easter gift, to present to Him who died for us. — *Catholic Children's Magazine, Dublin.*

Useful Knowledge.

To clean Water Bottles. — Half fill the bottles with tea leaves and a little water, and then add a spoonful of common vinegar; proceed to shake all together thoroughly, then empty, and rinse well with water.

Treatment of the Hair. — German women of the better class are universally noted for fine and luxuriant hair, and this is the way they manage it: About once a fortnight boil for an hour or more a large handful of bran in a quart of soft water, then strain it into a basin and cool till tepid. Rub into it a little white soap; dip the corner of a soft towel in it and wash your head thoroughly, parting aside the hair all over so as to wash the roots. Next take the yolk of an egg slightly beaten, and with your fingers rub it well into the scalp. Let it rest a few minutes; then wash off entirely with a cloth dipped in pure water, and rinse the hair well till the egg has all disappeared. Afterward wipe and rub dry, and comb the hair up from the head. Then oil slightly if needed.

How to choose Poultry. — Young, plump, and well-fed, but not too fat poultry are the best. The skin should be fine-grained, clear, and white; the breast full-fleshed and broad; the legs smooth. The birds must be heavy in proportion to their size. As regards ducks and geese, their breasts must be plump, the feet flexible and yellow. For boiling, white-legged poultry must be chosen, because, when dressed, their appearance is by far the more delicate. But darker legged ones are juicy and of better flavor when roasted. The greatest precaution ought to be taken to prevent poultry getting tainted before it is cooked. It should be killed and dressed from eight to ten hours before cooking. Pigeons are far better for being cooked the day they are killed, as they loose their flavor by hanging. Care must be taken to cook poultry thoroughly, for nothing is more revolting to the palate than underdone poultry.

Dangers of eating Gamy Meat. — Repeatedly cases are reported from time to time of the ill effects of eating meat which is not fresh. Two cases are published: A family in Newark sickened, while one of them died, from eating pork; while another family in New York became all very dangerously sick from eating gamy mutton. People should consider that our organs of smell are not given us in vain, and that man should follow the instinct of the animals, and not eat anything which smells bad. In some cases, where meat is decomposing, even dangerous and virulent poisons are developed. One of them is the celebrated sausage poison, which German chemists have thoroughly investigated, and which is gradually developed in sausages in which the spices and salt are not present in sufficient quantity to give them keeping qualities for the circumstances under which they are preserved. This poison is as dangerous as any poison known. Meat, in order to be palatable and tender, must not be too fresh; this is a fact, but when kept for the purpose of improving it, it must be kept for a few days at a temperature of about 33° to 39°. This is the rule in such first-class restaurants in New York City as are celebrated for the excellence of the meats furnished to their customers. If kept at a temperature of 50° or 60°, they acquire the gamy flavor, and become unwholesome. People who like this have a perverted taste.

The World's Great Bank. — The Bank of England was organized in 1694. For a time, the business was done in one room. Now, seven hundred men are employed. No bills are issued for less than £5. Bills never go from the bank the second time. Notes for £1,090 are out an average of ten days. Smaller notes are out about fifty-five days. Every customer can have hard or soft money, as he prefers. Sovereigns that come into the bank are all weighed before going into circulation again. We saw them moving down the trough, every one that is deficient in weight passing out at the side. These deficient coins are melted up for recoinage. All silver coins that are worn smooth are recoined in like manner. Every coin going out of the bank has its full weight and value. The sovereigns are put up in bags of 10,000 each; 100,000 are weighed in a day. Notes that are paid at the bank are torn at the corner, preserved five years, and then destroyed. Different rooms are for different purposes. One is for the weighing of gold sovereigns, another for the examination of silver coins, and others for government business, selling government stocks, paying public interest, discounting to London merchants, paying mercantile notes, funding. All printing of blank-books, drafts, and checks is done in the bank.

The Humorist.

An Irish porter, closing a shop one rainy evening, took off his coat while putting up the shutters. When asked why he went out in his shirt-sleeves in the rain, "Sure," said he, "don't I want a dry coat to go home in?"

A countryman went to see his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed: "The thermomokron is twenty degrees below zelon this evenin'." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

A school-mistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow. "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you need n't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman!" was the innocent reply.

At a camp-meeting last summer a venerable sister began the hymn, —

"My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise!"

She began in shrill quavers, but it was pitched too high. "Ten thousand — ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock-broker present.

A Frenchman near the Canada line in Vermont sold a horse to a Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as being a very sound, serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse, the Frenchman gave a favorable reply; but always commenced his recommendation with the deprecatory remark, "He 's not look ver good." The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, which he could judge for himself without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute examination, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made his purchase and took him. A few days afterward he returned to the seller, in high dudgeon, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse. "Vat is de mattaire?" asked the Frenchman. "Matter!" said the Yankee, "matter enough: the horse can't see! He is blind as a bat!" "Ah," said the Frenchman, "vat I vas tell you? I vas tell you he not look ver good — by gar! I don't know if he look at all!"

Lawyer C—— (entering the office of his friend, Dr. M——, and speaking in a hoarse whisper). "Fred, I 've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." Dr. M——: "Well, I 'm glad that it 's nothing that will interfere with your business."

A little fellow, turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shells. He examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked, "They came out cos they was afraid of being boiled."

Dean Swift once met a Catholic priest at a friend's house, and in his own witty, sarcastic way, asked him: "Why do you in the Catholic Church use pictures and images, when the Church of England does not?" "Because we are old housekeepers and you are new beginners," retorted the priest; and it so nettled the Dean that he refused to stay to dinner.

A traveller overtaking an old Presbyterian minister, whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman on his turnout. "A nice horse yours, doctor; very valuable beast that. But what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?" — "Why, as you ask me, I will tell you. It is for the same reason that your tongue wags so, — a sort of natural weakness."

"I acknowledge the Corn." — The origin of the phrase "I acknowledge the corn" is this: In 1828, Mr. Stewart, a member of Congress, said in a speech that Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana sent their hay-stacks, corn-fields, and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, called him to order, saying that those States did not send hay-stacks or corn-fields to New York for sale. "Well, what do you send, then?" asked Mr. Stewart. "Why, horses and mules, cattle and hogs." — "Well, what makes your horses and mules, cattle and hogs? You feed one hundred dollars' worth of hay to a horse. You just animate and get on top of your hay-stack and ride it off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry fifty dollars' worth of hay or grass to the Eastern market. How much corn does it take to fatten a hog?" — "Why, thirty bushels." — "Then you put thirty bushels into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market." Then Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Irish state trials appear to have proved that there is in Ireland a thoroughly organized system of popular government, of which the Land League is at once the legislative and executive power. The most formidable display of its strength is the rigorous ostracism known as Boycotting, which it is able to establish. If the League were a handful of political terrorists, or a gang of bandits, it would not be able to wield this vast influence in Ireland. The truth is that the Land League represents the best elements at work in the country. The people sanction and approve of its measures; and so far from being a petty communistic organization, it is the very embodiment of general justice and fair play. In point of constitutional law it presents the remarkable feature, that it has been sanctioned by the vast majority of the people of Ireland; but if it fails to accomplish its measures, it will be stigmatized by its enemies as traitorous. It was well said that if a revolution succeeds its adherents are called patriots, but if it fails they are known in history as traitors. A people has a natural right to modify or even to overthrow a government which has ceased to be a government, in any just sense. They can also evade its laws, and transfer their allegiance to leaders of their own choosing, which is the present case in Ireland. The doctrine of "passive obedience" is held to be violative of the principles of natural justice and of divine revelation, by the most eminent theologians of the Catholic Church. St. Thomas proves that the people are the source of power, and that the supreme dominion emanates from them; nor was the great Jesuit writer, Mariana, afraid to present to Philip II. of Spain his book *De Rege*, in which he defends as inherent the right of the people to seize, try, and behead a king, if he becomes a tyrant. If the people of Ireland obey the Land League and disobey the existing British rule, when they can, they do so with full justification from the principles of natural right. Besides, Ireland, by its acts, has always shown hostility to the English government, and declares to the world that she has been and is treated as a subjugated country. In this case, her infractions of "loyal duty" are no infractions at all; and the general principle of law is that penal laws, inasmuch as they depend upon force for their execution, do not bind the conscience to obedience. They are laws only as enforced. Our duty, on this side the water, is to give aid and encouragement to struggling liberty. But we do not see any just reason for "Boycotting" anybody here for a lack of sympathy. A measure necessary in Ireland would be injudicious here, and such a course would do no good, while it would embitter against us those who, under ordinary circumstances, would remain indifferent. We should labor to set in a clear light before men the nature of the agitation in Ireland, especially as the American press, which is the real teacher of the people, is so dependent upon the English press for its news and views regarding Ireland.

THE celebration of Saint Patrick's day is gradually taking the form of a mass meeting in a hall, instead of a parade through the streets. It is probable that

the rank and file, at least in great cities, prefer the parade to the lecture. There is something exhilarating in a martial array, inspiriting music, crowded pavements, flying banners, and all the pomp and circumstance of a vast procession in which the Irish heart delights. The Celt has always been noted for the instinctive love of whatever appeals to the military sentiment, and it is exceedingly rare to hear an Irishman complain, even if he walks many a mile under lowering skies on Saint Patrick's day. This is the only day that he prizes with a wealth of beloved associations, to which there is only one parallel in history, — the Fourth of July. On the other hand, the parade seems to prosaic and matter-of-fact people to be a waste of money and energy, and the fruitful source of colds and rheumatism. It has taken long to make the people see that the money expended on decorations, etc., could be better used; but who cares about money on Saint Patrick's day? A lecture, unless delivered by a very eloquent man, fails to give full satisfaction to enthusiasm, and we believe that life has nothing better than an enthusiasm over what is great and good. The temperance societies believe that a splendid moral effect is produced on society by the procession of companies of fine-looking, sober, and well-dressed men, devoted to the cause of total abstinence. The appearance of the "boys" is the best of temperance sermons; just as Marshal Saxe, a man of great stature and strength and the courage of a lion, preferred the command of the Irish brigade in the service of France, to the command of the "King's own": "I am more at home with *ces Irlandais;* with them I don't look so much like a giant among dwarfs."

A WRITER in the North American Review complains of the spread of atheism in secular colleges and universities, and even in those which are denominational. He ascribes this unbelief to various causes; but the real cause is that Protestantism leads directly to indifference in religion, and this leads to utter unbelief. The Bible has been subjected to so much criticism, and it has been defended on such absurd principles, that young men engaged in the study of the natural sciences look upon the Scriptures as a collection of fables. The Bible finds its true place in the Catholic Church, which existed without it, and which fixes its proper value as a part of Divine Revelation. There is no religious system except Catholicity which a man can hold rationally and intelligently. If Christ is God and came to found a church, there is no historical difficulty in determining where and what that church is. The divinity of Christ fails, if his church has failed. Another fruitful cause of atheism among these partly educated men is the miserably crude mental science taught them. A sound philosophy is next in importance to sound theology. Now, the Sotch philosophy of Reid and Sir William Hamilton is the prevailing one in American colleges; and the general conclusion of this school is, that the human mind can know nothing about God except through revelation, as Locke taught also. Now, this is all absurd, for the human reason, of its own powers, can demonstrate the existence of the one Infinite and Eternal God, without having recourse to the Bible at all. The external world proves the existence of God, and the world of mind proves it, also. But if we can know God only as he is revealed in the Scriptures, we put the Divine Existence upon a wholly inadequate basis; for all men have the natural argument, and comparatively few men ever hear of the Biblical argument. Thus Protestantism, with its ridiculous idolatry of the Bible, has injured the Scriptures quite as much as it impedes philosophy.

AT a meeting of the Irish Land League in Dublin, a resolution was adopted, on the motion of Mr. Davitt, calling upon all tenant farmers of Ireland to look on any Irish member of Parliament who deserts Mr. Parnell "as one who has gone over to the Coercion Whigs, and forfeits all claim to the confidence of the people of Ireland."

PATRICK is from the Latin, and signifies *noble.*

CURSING and profane swearing are more common in the United States than in any other country in the world.

THE London Universe remarks that the reconciliation of the Armenians with the See of Peter will be one of the glories of the reign of Leo XIII.

THE Charitable Irish Society, of Boston, will celebrate the 17th of March by a dinner at the Parker House.

THE Rev. Father Hill, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed president of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md., in place of the late Dr. McCloskey.

SCOTLAND. — IN 1679 the number of Catholics in Scotland was only 20,000. The present Catholic population is estimated at 311,384 souls. The increase has been largely from Ireland.

IN the State of Connecticut, there are in the Legislature only six of Irish nationality, and one born in that State of Irish parents. This in a house of two hundred and fifty-eight representatives.

MAN AND APE. — We refer to the article on Mivart's "Lessons from Nature." It is written by the author of the articles on Earl Beaconsfield, which appeared in our magazine of October and November, 1880.

CATHOLICITY IN SCOTLAND. — It is estimated that there are now, at least, thirteen Catholics in Scotland to every one there at the beginning of the century. Then there were only two Scottish bishops. now there are six, two of them archbishops, with two hundred and seventy-two priests and two hundred and sixty-four churches and chapels.

AMERICAN FENIANS — meaning Irishmen who have gone from America to England, we suppose — are charged with the offence of forming secret societies among Irish residents in large English towns. Irishmen are so numerous in England that they could give the English much trouble, should war come, and they choose to act in support of their friends at home. Looks as if the English were about to have a warm time, this winter.

THERE are in Ireland, of all arms, 31,500 redcoats.

MANLY TELLO, Esq., editor of the Universe, Cleveland, Ohio, has completely recovered from his severe recent indisposition. Thank God!

THE parliamentary returns, recently issued, show that altogether 10,657 persons were evicted in Ireland up to the end of November last year, and 6,017 readmitted as caretakers or tenants.

MESSRS. FEELEY & Co., Providence, R. I., manufacture the finest goods in the country. The firm has the confidence of the clergy, and their trade. We refer to their advertisement in our advertising columns.

THE situation in Ireland is well expressed in a cut in a contemporary. Parnell, with chisel and mallet, is striking the shackles from Erin; John Bull, with hands to his head, exclaims, "Hey, Parnell, stop that infernal noise, you scoundrel, or you 'll drive me mad."

ENGLAND entirely forgets the wrongs she has inflicted on Ireland. How many Englishmen are aware of the fact that until 1782, — that is to say, less than one hundred years ago, — it was illegal for any Catholic Irishman to acquire freehold property in his own country; and that it was only eleven years earlier that Irish Catholics were permitted to hold leases of "*not* over fifty acres of bog, not less than four feet deep?"

THE "Livre d'Or," published in France, contains the names of six hundred and forty-five magistrates who have withdrawn from service, rather than become accomplices in the execution of the decrees of March 29. This is a noble list, for these men have resigned not merely honor but pay. We cannot but think, however, that the act would have been nobler and more effective had they stood to their post and fought out the cause of liberty. Resignation is edifying, but in these days we need determination and a hand-to-hand contest with evil up to the last point of legality. There has been too much pure resignation on the part of Catholics in both Italy and France. As yet they have not learned the worth and the art of political and constitutional warfare.

THE Catholic, Pittsburg, Pa., entered upon its thirty-eighth year on the fifth of February. This paper has done good service to the Church since its establishment. We trust it may last till the end of time.

IN the thirty years from 1850 to 1880, the growth of the Church in England has been very great. There has been an increase of six bishops, 1,136 priests, 117 religious houses of men, 180,752 school children, and 578 churches and chapels.

THE Holy Father, Leo XIII., is in his seventy-first year. He is now fatter than he was when created Pope, and on the whole enjoys better health and has a better appetite than when he resided in Perugia.

A NEW JERSEY jury has recommended that whipping be substituted for imprisonment as a penalty for wife-beating. Unpopular as the whipping-post is as "a relic of a barbarous age," there are strong arguments in favor of its employment under certain circumstances.

WENDELL PHILLIPS says in his lecture on the "Irish Crisis," that the Holy Father in counselling peace in his entreaty for the Irish people to keep within the lines of the law, struck the best blow for Ireland that had been struck within the century.

POPULATION OF THE BRITISH ISLES. — As the time for taking the census of these kingdoms is now approaching, it may not be inopportune to glance at the broad results of the enumeration of ten years ago. The population then ascertained to be living in Ireland amounted to 5,412,377. Of these 2,639,753 were males and 2,772,624 females. The disparity between the numbers of the sexes then visible was most strongly marked in the case of persons between the ages of twenty and thirty. Of these there were respectively 389,245 males and 445,536 females. The latter sex, too, would appear to be the longest lived, as the figures relative to persons of ninety and upwards, show respective totals of 3,141 males and 4,201 females. The population of England and Wales ten years ago numbered 11,058,934 males, and 11,653,332 females. That of Scotland was 3,360,018: males, 1,603,143; females, 1,756,875. The Isle of Man had a total of 54,042, and the Channel Islands of 90,596. The whole population of the United Kingdom was 31,629,299.

A FAIR in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, which has been held for the past few weeks, was brought to a close on Monday, Feb. 14. It is thought the proceeds will amount to some $7,000 or $8,000.

REV. DANIEL S. HEALY has been transferred from Marblehead to South Lawrence, where he takes the place of the late lamented Father Murphy. Rev. Father Metcalf, formerly chancellor of the archdiocese of Boston, succeeds Father Healy.

REV. FATHER O'CONNOR, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, has started with Father Maguire, S. J., on a mission to Colorado and California. This Order has few if any greater preachers. They will create a religious awakening seldom if ever witnessed in that section of the country.

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF BOSTON. — Statistics gathered in the archdiocese of Boston during the past year show the following: Number of churches, 156; churches building, 7; chapels and stations, 14; priests, 231; students in philosophy and theology, 78; college, 1; female academies, 4; convents, 13; orphan asylums, 10; hospitals, 7; parochial or free schools, 21; orphans, 798; Catholic population, about 300,000.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS IN NEW YORK. — The recapitulation of the statistics of the diocese of New York in the "Directory" for 1881, places the Catholic population at about 600,000, which certainly does seem not to be an exaggeration, but a cautious estimate There are 264 secular and 120 regular priests. In ecclesiastical colleges in Rome, Paris, and Troy, N. Y., there are 70 ecclesiastical students. There are 190 churches, 39 chapels, and 25 stations. There are 33 convents. There are four colleges with 875 pupils; 26 academies for young ladies, with 2,735 pupils; 50 parochial schools for boys, with 14,221 pupils, and 51 parochial schools for girls, with 16,992 pupils. There are seven orphanage schools for boys, with 1,125 pupils, and eight for girls, with 1,099 pupils There are eight industrial schools and reformatories, with 3,804 pupils, making a total of 740,852 boys and girls receiving Catholic education. There are nine orphanages, five hospitals, and fourteen asylums, providing for 8,380 inmates.

UNAVOIDABLY CROWDED OUT. — Papers on the following subjects, intended for this issue, are unavoidably laid over until our April number: John Mitchel, a sketch, by William J. Onahan; The Holy Hair of Our Lady, from La Croix, a Catholic monthly of Paris.

ACQUITTAL OF THE TRAVERSERS. — The trial of the Land Leaguers for several weeks in Dublin has resulted in the disagreement of the jury, — ten for acquittal, and two for conviction. There is great rejoicing in Ireland and throughout the world in the result.

A CARD OF THANKS. — In our February issue we forgot to extend to the Catholic press in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Ireland, and Scotland, thanks for the uniform Catholic support they have given to our magazine. There has scarcely been a single exception to the rule.

THE Argentine Republic of South America offers to the poor people of Ireland a large tract of good and fertile land for a colony, without money and without price. She invites fifty thousand Irishmen to come and cultivate the land, and establish homes for themselves. Suffering Ireland finds sympathizers everywhere.

All very well. But how are the Irish people to get there? Let the Argentine Republic appropriate several millions of dollars to pay the way of the people, and they will get our race to go there.

OF the late Father Edward Purcell, a writer in the Commercial, of Cincinnati, says: It is within the positive knowledge of the writer that the fish in the lake of the Brown County Convent came to the edge of the pond upon his approach; that the swans, wild to all else, came to the mimic beach and sang to him. In the bitter days of the winter, now half gone by, the birds of the field came to the windows of his convent retirement and fed from his bounty upon the sills. If only half satisfied, they knocked at the panes until the repast was replenished. A curious custom of Father Purcell was that of staying closely at home until sunset, when he would take a short walk, unaccompanied, generally going over the same route.

CHARITY BALL. — Already preparations are being made for the grand Charity Ball in aid of the Home, to come off at Music Hall, Boston, on Easter Monday.

THE consecration of Right Rev. P. Manogue, as Coadjutor to the Bishop of Grass Valley, took place on Sunday, Jan. 16, in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco. His Grace, Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, was consecrator, assisted by Right Rev. Eugene O'Connell and Right Rev. Francis Mora. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. Thomas Grace, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Marysville, Cal.

HELPING THE POOR. — The total number of families relieved by all the conferences in the "particular council" of Boston, during the past year, is 1,641, representing 6,065 persons; total visits made, 23,451; situations procured by the united conferences, three hundred and eighty-five; total amount expended for groceries, fuel, clothing, rents, tuition, interments, medicines, and given in cash by the combined conferences during the year, $18,586.13; total receipts, $19,000.61.

THERE is a diversity of opinion about the birthplace of St. Patrick. Baronius and others say he was born in Ireland. Usher and others say he was born in Scotland. Dr. Lanigan says he drew his first breath in Boulogne, France. Archbishop Moran, whose extremely interesting paper we have been publishing in the February and March numbers of our magazine, agrees with Usher that he was born in Scotland.

FATHER SMYTH, who for so many years has been identified with the people of this community, and whose ministerial duties have been so faithfully performed, called Friday morning, with his brother, and made a pleasant visit to the Herald. This earnest, cordial gentleman has done much, as is evinced by the results of his years of labor, to build up his church's interests in this community. He began here when Fort Smith was but an insignificant trading post, and steadfastly pursued his work until he has established here the richest church in Western Arkansas. The schools in connection with this church are ornaments to the city, and reflect great credit upon those by whom they are conducted. Father Smyth is, as it were, the pope of the district over which he here presides, and is greatly venerated and loved by his followers. — *The Herald, Fort Smith, Ark.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS will lecture before the Irish societies of Boston on the evening of the 17th of March, upon the present state of Ireland.

CARDINAL MANNING'S LETTER TO EARL GREY (1868) on the Irish Land Question, which appeared afterward in the volume of "Miscellanies," has been reissued in England. We shall print this splendid letter in our April issue.

DURING the five months ending Nov. 30, 1880, the number of emigrants from foreign countries to the United States was 264,468. Of these, the Dominion of Canada furnished 70,642; Germany, 64,556; England and Wales, 29,081; Ireland, 28,954; Scotland, 6,543; and all other countries, 56,591.

BOYCOTTING A PREFECT. — The prefect of some department in the South of France — no names are given — comported himself so "energetically" on the occasion of the expulsions, that he received excommunication. He smiled thereat. But his wife did not smile; she quitted him instantly. Then his servants took their *congés*. The loss of his partner he could not remedy, but he got new servants. Unfortunately for him, however, the population in the mass refused to compromise. Each time he appears in the street, those who see him, the women especially, openly make the sign of the cross, and pass to the other side. He i avoided as if he were a leper. In fact he is effectually boycotted on all sides, and it is not a comfort to him to know that he cannot find redress

LONDON WEEKLY REGISTER. — This excellent Catholic journal underwent some important changes the first of the year. The paper has been enlarged, and the price reduced. The Register was founded in 1849, the late Mr. Henry Wilberforce, youngest son of the great antislavery reformer, being its proprietor and editor from 1854 to 1863. "In this, as in all his undertakings," says his friend, Cardinal Newman, "actuated by an earnest desire to promote the interests of religion, though at a sacrifice of his own." The proprietary of the Weekly Register has in recent years been connected with the name of Mr. DeLacy Towle, but the paper has now passed into new hands, though still continuing, as its readers will be glad to know, under the literary control of Mr. Charles Kent, a journalist of long standing and distinction. Mr. Kent will, however, be materially aided by new writers, and especially by a recent and accomplished convert, formerly an Anglican clergyman. There is, moreover, a rumor — sufficiently well authenticated to mention here — which connects the name of Cardinal Manning with the new series of the Register, between which and his Eminence there will be the relationship understood to exist in Rome between the Aurora and the Pope.

THE HOMELESS BOY. — This little paper is issued in the interest of the Catholic Protectorate, at Glencoe, in the vicinity of St. Louis. It is edited by Rev. John I. Hennessy, who bids fair to rival the Great Boy-Rescuer of New York, Father Dromgoole. The paper is published monthly, at fifty cents a year. From the Christmas number, which was a double issue, we clip this amusing incident between a gentleman-sheep and some of the boys: —

"On a late visit to Glencoe, while inspecting the stables, we had performed for us an improvised tableau. which we named Ram-bunctious. The *dramatis personæ* were three Protectorate boys and a ruminant quadruped known as a ram. The exhibition lasted for about fifteen minutes, and began by one of the boys trying to persuade the ram to enter his stable. The ram took a notion just at the door that he was not to be insulted like ordinary sheep, and intimated his determination of finding out who ran the stable. It was done so quickly we did not perceive it; but one boy, with an exclamation of pain something like "Oh! outch!" retired with both his hands on his bread-basket. Another boy went to the front, and by kind words and affectionate expressions succeeded in catching the horns of the innocent-looking ram; but his ramship thought of an appointment at the corn-bin just about that hour, and shot in that direction accordingly, bearing the boy on his back. A third boy was summoned from the henhouse, and together with the two others tried to persuade the ram to enter its sleeping apartment, but it was no use. The ram was determined to spend Christmas out. This third boy stole up gently behind the bucker, and caught the tail, which by lifting up he thought would conquer the ram; but a sudden jerk sent our third soldier into a mud-puddle, where Mr. Ram began the Swedish movement on the poor boy's ribs. Brother Tertullian finally came along and took in the situation, and came to the rescue. "Hah! Billy! hah, you scoundrel, I 'll give it to you," said in a low, harsh, and excited voice, had the desired effect, and the repentant ram betook himself to his quarters forthwith.

Events of the Month.

THE churches of Paris were visited by twelve hundred thousand people on Christmas day, — a fact of great significance in a city commonly supposed to be anti-religious.

THERE are the best founded hopes that the Holy See will arrange successfully all points of dispute with the Czar, and that, in consequence, the Catholic Church in Russia will assume the position to which it has a divine right.

THE following figures furnish an idea of the immense amount of agricultural products raised in the United States during the last year: Wheat, 475,000,000 bushels; corn, 1,500,000,000; oats, 413,000,000 bushels; rye, 24,000,000 bushels; barley, 40,000,000 bushels; cotton, 6,000,000 bales.

IT is stated that the Dominican monks who conduct the College of Soreze, France, are announced to have, by special permission of the Holy Father, been released from their monastic vows by the General-Superior of the order, and have been enrolled among the regular clergy of the diocese of Albi. As such they have been reintrusted with the schools which they formerly conducted as monks.

ALL the arsenals and dockyards of England are busy over head and ears just now, not only in providing efficient means of coercion for Ireland, but likewise in preparing all appliances and means to boot such as will be required to bring the Transvaal once more under the authority of the British Crown.

THE Sovereign Pontiff has given his blessing to the Catholic Charitable Association recently established by some Irish ladies for the relief of the poor, and especially for the families of tenants evicted from their homes and farms during these evil days. The society is purely benevolent, having but one object, namely, the soothing of misery.

IT is believed by many that the Irish have "a mania for early marriages," but the census returns prove that the belief is a delusion. They establish the facts that in 1879 the proportion of the population which was married was smaller in Ireland than in either England or Scotland, that the Irish do not marry at so early an age as the English and Scotch, and that the percentage of the natural increase of the population between 1861 and 1871 was only 8.1 in Ireland against 16 4 in England.

THE emperor and empress of Germany have presented a superb altar cloth to Cologne Cathedral. It is embroidered in the style of the fourteenth century, and the work represents the Biblical symbols of the mass.

THE Irish at home and abroad will be delighted to know that the Archbishop of Tuam celebrated on Christmas morning his three masses without leaving the altar, as he did on Christmas day in the year 1814, — sixty-six years ago!

WE heard the other day that the pious ladies in Parisian society were paying the religious orders a compliment by naming after them the colors that are in fashion this season. But we now learn that a more practical way of attesting sympathy with the persecuted monks and nuns has been agreed on by many *Parisiennes*, who have determined to buy no new dresses this winter, and not to give or go to any entertainments, intending to devote the money thus saved to the victims of the latest instance of that anomaly, a Republican persecution.

A REPORT having been circulated that the Rev. Mr. Fleming, a Protestant clergyman, had been fired at while returning from church at Letterfrack, county Galway, Ireland, a meeting of the people was convened by the parish priest to manifest their horror at the outrage. Some eight hundred of the Catholic parishioners assembled under the presidency of the Rev. B. McAndrew, P. P., and unanimously resolved: "That we, the parishioners of Ballinakill, having heard that shots were fired at the Rev. Mr. Fleming, express our utter abhorrence of the crime, and declare our detestation of outrages in general."

THE folly of attempting by petty persecutions to root out Catholicism in France is recognized by some at least of the more thoughtful Republicans, as the following passage from the last number of the Nouvelle Revue will indicate: "France is Catholic, because she counts fifteen centuries of Catholicism; because the generation that personifies her at present has been brought up in the Catholic faith, like all its predecessors; because this doctrine, by being transmitted from father to son, has finished by becoming an integral part of the nation itself, down to the least devout among us; because, in fact, every people must have a religion, and Catholicism is the French religion."

ONE of the most successful and convincing pulpit orators in London is the Rev. Lewis Wentworth Monk. He is the eldest son of the Hon. Cornelius Monk, one of the Justices of Appeal for Lower Canada. Rev. Father Monk was a Protestant, and is the first of his family who has been converted to the true faith; but his father was, subsequently to him, received into the Church, in 1867, by the Bishop of Montreal.

"FATHER MATHEW'S CHAPEL," as the Church of the Most Holy Trinity in Cork is still affectionately called (for it was there that the apostle of temperance toiled for many years before his world-famed temperance labors began), has just acquired a new claim to attention, a large number of the expelled French Capuchins having been received in the monastery belonging to it by the good fathers of that order already working there.

BISHOP FITZGERALD has published a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the new cathedral of Little Rock. He also publishes a financial exhibit of the Cathedral parish. The total receipts from all sources were $1,557.05. The expenses were $762.35; leaving $794.70 to be divided between himself and his two priests, for their year's support. There is no danger that the clergy of Little Rock will lose anything by the suspension of any of its banks.

REV. DR. PACIFICO A. NENO, O. S. A., of Villanova College, Pa., has been elevated to the dignity of Most Rev. Father-General of the Order of St Augustine. This is the highest honor that can be attained within the Order, as it places Dr. Neno at the head of the Augustinian Fathers throughout the world, giving him a power corresponding with that of the Father-General of the Society of Jesus. Dr. Neno is an Italian, was born in Rome, and is not more than about forty-five years of age.

"ATLAS," of the World, who is sometimes well informed about Roman affairs, says: "Great efforts have been made by influential English Catholics in Rome to obtain from Leo XIII. an authoritative condemnation of the Land League in Ireland, and the efforts have signally failed. Leo XIII. was so sensibly affected by the devotion of his Irish subjects, as manifested by the large gifts of Peter's Pence recently presented by the Irish bishops, that he refuses to believe evil of them. His Holiness has recently given a bishopric to one of the most advanced politicians in the Irish priesthood. Dr. Cleary, of Dungarvan, who is chiefly responsible for the enjoyable presence of Mr. O'Donnell in the House of Commons.

LORD AND LADY O'HAGAN have just sustained a domestic bereavement by the death of their infant daughter, the Hon. Clare Elizabeth Mary, which occurred at their residence in Chesham Place.

THE government of Germany has come to the conclusion that the exclusion of Catholic clergymen from the public schools does not work well. Accordingly, Herr Von Puttkammer, the Minister of Education, ordered the provincial authorities to readmit, at their discretion, the Catholic clergy to the schools. The consequence of this is, that of 2,148 clergymen who were prohibited from giving religious instruction in the schools, 1,369 have been readmitted into them; and according to Herr Puttkammer's own admission, with great benefit to the pupils and the schools.

BURYING LANDLORDISM. — A strange scene was witnessed on Sunday at a land meeting held at Kilbrin, a rural district, midway between Charleville and Kanturk, Ireland. Previous to this meeting, a black coffin, having the inscription "Landlordism" in large capitals, was borne on the shoulders of four men, with a large crowd following, hissing. The supposed corpse having come to a grave, which was dug for the purpose, the coffin, amidst a scene of great excitement, was hurled in and the grave closed up. It is stated that a similar scene was enacted there during O'Connell's tithe agitation, and was called the "Burial of the Tithes." At the close of the proceedings, loud cheers were given for Mr. Parnell and the Land League.

THE new treaty with China, relating to emigration, provides that the United States government "may regulate, limit, or suspend the coming of Chinese laborers and their residence" in this country, but may "not absolutely prohibit it," and that "the limitation or suspension shall apply only to such Chinese as may come to the United States as *laborers*." "Chinese subjects, coming to the United States as teachers, students, merchants, or from curiosity, together with body and household servants and Chinese laborers *who are now in the* United States, shall be allowed to go and come of their own free will and accord." The commercial treaty prohibits absolutely the importation of opium by Chinese subjects into the United States, and by United States citizens into China. It further provides that all other articles may be imported from the one country, subject to no higher duties and charges than "are imposed or levied on vessels or cargoes of any other nation, or on those of Chinese subjects."

Notices of Recent Publications.

HAVERTY'S IRISH-AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1881 is a carefully compiled work of 110 pages. The contents are varied and interesting. The work is sold at 25 cents per copy. Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, furnish it.

Robert Coddington, New York.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE BIBLE. Lectures delivered in St. Ann's Church on the Sunday Evening of Advent, 1880. By the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. G., LL. D.

The first lecture treats of the pretensions of the Protestant reformers in regard to the Scriptures, the second of the Protestant doctrine concerning the Bible, the third, history of the Bible among Protestants, and the fourth, the Bible in the Catholic Church. These subjects are treated with Father Preston's great ability and power. The publisher has issued the book in good paper and binding. The price is $1.00. For sale by Noonan & Co, Boston.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS AGREEING ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION. By Rev. I. T. Hecker.

This article appeared in the Catholic World for February, and is a reply to an article in Scribner's Monthly, under the head of "Topics of the Time." Like everything from the pen of Father Hecker, the subject is treated in his argumentative and convincing manner. Single copies, 10 cents. By the hundred, $6.00. Noonan & Co. have it.

SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR 1881. By J. A. Lyon, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind. Price 25 cents.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

THE AGE OF UNREASON: Being a reply to Thomas Paine, Robert Ingersoll, Felix Adler, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and other American Rationalists. By Rev. Henry Brann, D. D.

Dr. Brann is one of our best theologians, and in the pamphlet before us, of one hundred and thirteen pages, has given the persons named above a dose they cannot well digest. The price is only twenty-five cents. Buy it, and give it to any of Robert Ingersoll's friends.

By the way, we did not receive the Catholic Directory for 1881. Have our old friends forgotten us?

PROCEEDINGS of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, held at Wilmington, Del., Sept. 22, 23, and 24, 1880. Also the Constitution of the Union and Roll of the Societies.

The first convention of this grand organization was held in Dayton, O., Aug. 16, 1869. Annual conventions have been held every year since then. The organization is one of the most complete among all our societies. The next assemblage will take place at Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 28, 1881. Persons wanting this interesting pamphlet can obtain copies by writing to the secretary, Martin I. J. Griffin, Philadelphia, Pa.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

IT is said that Padre Curci, who is actually in Rome, is putting the last finishing touches to a new work of his, bearing on the Vatican and on the policy adopted by Leo XIII.

A NEW HISTORY OF IRELAND is being written by Canon Bourke, formerly president of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, and now of Kilcolman, Claremorris. Canon Bourke is the author of a College Irish Grammar, and a well-known work on "The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language."

HENRY F. BROWNSON, Esq., of Detroit, Mich., contemplates publishing the works of his late lamented father, the distinguished Catholic reviewer.

MR. ELIOT RYDER is engaged upon a compilation of secular poems, written by Catholics in the United States, with critical and biographical notes.

MUSIC.

Vocal: "Can you love me Ever, Darling?" song, words by Thos. J. Towsey, music by Frank L. Martyn. "Ireland and Liberty," an Irish patriotic song and chorus, words by Thos. J. Towsey, music by Frank L. Martyn "Far away from Thee," ballad, words by Thos. J. Towsey, music by F. A. Muller. The above three songs are fine poetry and excellent music, and are all three worthy of a place in every household.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Father Tiernan, pastor of Dover, Wis., died on Dec. 11.

Rev. Nicholas Klug died at the convent attached to St Philomena's (German) Church, Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 29.

Rev. Gustave Limpens, of St. James Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan, died Tuesday night, Jan. 25. May his soul rest in peace.

Rev. Father John Feighery, assistant pastor of St. Ann's Church, West Covington, Ky., died at Cynthiana, Ky., on the 10th of January.

Rev. Father Lorris, of the diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y., died on Friday, Jan. 21, after much physical suffering, fortified by the consolations of the Church.

On Christmas day, Rev. James Bowles, V. F., of Tulla, county Clare, Ireland, died at the fine old age of seventy years, forty-three of which were spent in the sacred ministry.

Rev. James Wheeler, P. P. of Stamullen, county Meath, Ireland, died recently of inflammation of the lungs, after a long and well-spent life in the service of the Church.

Rev. Charles F. Payten assistant pastor of St. Agnes's Church, Forty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, died on the 20th of January, at the residence of his parents, 155 Henry Street.

Rev. Father O'Connell, P. P. of Prescott, Canada, died at Chicago on Monday morning, on his return from the South, where he had been for the past few months endeavoring to recover his health.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Edward Callanan, of the cathedral, Nottingham, England, which took place Jan. 3. After the usual ceremonies the remains were conveyed to Kilkenny, Ireland, his native town.

We deeply regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Canon Smithwick, P. P. of Baldoyle. The deceased ecclesiastic was one of the most beloved and popular priests in the archdiocese of Dublin, and the mourning for his decease will be general and sincere.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. R. Doré, ex-Superior of the Augustinian Order in Limerick. The deceased spent most of his early years upon the Continent, having been educated at a Catholic collegiate establishment in Spain.

Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Vicar-General of the diocese of Ottawa, died on Jan. 21. Father O'Connor was ordained priest in Rome, 1868. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in February, 1869. He attended to the spiritual wants of Whelan, who was hanged at Ottawa, for the murder of D'Arcy McGee.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. Canon Millet, of Troyes, founder of the Sisters of Good Succour. He commenced this work in 1830, in the diocese of Troyes, where he was a curate. In 1843 he established the mother-house of the Order. The congregation now numbers 1,200 sisters, and has houses in France, Italy, Algeria, Belgium, and England. Canon Millet died in his eighty-third year, full of good works, and leaving behind him a memory dear to many.

We regret to record the death of Rev. James Murphy, P. P. of South Lawrence and Andover, Mass. The sad event occurred on Sunday, Jan. 23. Father Murphy was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1820. Coming to this country while yet a mere youth, he pursued his studies for the priesthood at Quebec, Canada, at which place he was ordained in the year 1858. After his ordination, he was attached to the Portland diocese, where he officiated for about seven years at the towns of Bangor and Nashua. In 1865 he was transferred to the Boston diocese, and was assistant pastor at St. Stephen's Church, then on Purchase Street, Boston. In 1869 he came to Lawrence, and for five years was assistant to Rev William Orr, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. During this period, he took charge of St. Patrick's, in South Lawrence, and St. Michael's, of North Andover. The funeral took place on the 26th, and was largely attended. The Archbishop of Boston and a large number of the clergy from the archdiocese attended. Rev. Father Jamieson, S. J., of Boston, delivered the sermon. He well remarked: "In his devotions, Father Murphy had a singular simplicity of character; his humility was very wonderful, and his love of God absorbed his soul."

Rev. Edward Purcell, brother of Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, O., died in the Ursuline Convent, Brown County, Ohio, on Jan. 21. Since the financial troubles of a few years ago the archbishop and his brother have courted seclusion, and most of the time have been in the Ursuline Convent, where Father Edward's death occurred. The archbishop himself, who is eighty odd years of age, is still at the convent, but in very feeble health. The funeral rites took place Jan. 23, in the chapel of the convent. Bishop Elder celebrated the mass and made brief discourse. The venerable archbishop and several priests were in the sanctuary.

The New York Freeman's Journal remarks: In his day Father Edward filled a great place in the American Church, and he was associated with and guided many of its noblest works. His later years have been clouded by the effects of a terrible mistaken financial policy, which brought disaster on the church which he loved so well and which he wished to serve. In view of it, it is easy to asperse his memory and despise his good intentions. That is always the penalty of failure. We all know who should be the first to cast a stone, in such a case as this. It is not our duty to vindicate or to judge him; he has passed before One who holds the balance with full knowledge, without prejudice or pique. In reflecting that the lesson of his life and its great error are very evident to all charged with administrative trusts, let it be remembered to the personal honor of he dead priest, that all he possessed as his own was not worth $200. A friendly pen in another column tells of many of his really noble personal characteristics. *May he rest in peace.*

Lady Charles Thynne, who died in London lately, was one of an astonishing but not exceedingly limited class, — the convert children of Anglican bishops. Miss Stanley, the daughter of a late Bishop of Norwich, Mrs. Pye, the daughter of Bishop Wilberforce (who deeply resented her conversion, and made her suffer for it under the provisions of his will), and the lady whose loss is now mourned by a large number of friends, and who was the eldest daughter of Bishop Bagot, of Bath and Wells, — were all brought up in the episcopal palaces of Anglicanism, from whence they issued as suggestive witnesses to the living truth.

Cardinal René François Regnier, Archbishop of Cambrai, the Nestor of the French episcopate, died on Tuesday week, at the advanced age of eighty-six. He was born at St. Quentin during the French Revolution, on July 17, 1794, and for many years devoted his great talents to public instruction.

One bishop and eighty-five priests died in the United States, from Nov. 20, 1879, to Nov. 16, 1880, and one bishop and ninety-eight priests died from Oct. 28, 1878, to Oct. 28, 1879. The bishops were the Right Rev. A. D. Pellicer, of San Antonio, Texas, who died April 14, 1880, and the Right Rev. Thomas Foley, of Chicago, who died Feb. 19, 1879. May they rest in peace.

The death of Col. John Francis Vaughan, father of Bishop Vaughan of Salford, England, and brother of Bishop Vaughan of Plymouth, is announced as having taken place on Friday, Dec. 24, at Biarritz. Col. Vaughan was one of the oldest and most respected members of the English Catholic communion.

The Supreme President of the Catholic Knights of America, Ralph L. Spalding, died at his home in Lebanon, Ky., on Jan. 4. He was a cousin of Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, Peoria, Ill.

SISTERS.

Death of the Foundress of the Presentation Order. — It is with deep regret that we announce the death of M. F. X. Murphy, Lady Superioress of the Convent of the Presentation Order of Nuns, which sad event took place at Mount St. Mary's, in Hobart Town. This highly esteemed lady, sister of the Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Hobart Town, was born at Brightford Parish, Kilmurray, Cork, on Dec. 3, 1820, and entered the conventual life in Ireland in 1843. In 1806 she arrived in Tasmania with three professed nuns, and succeeded in founding the order at Hobart Town.

LAY PEOPLE.

Sunday forenoon, Jan. 16, at about eleven o'clock, the death of Romanzo J. Dolan was announced to the congregation of St. Francis de Sales Church, Boston Highlands, immediately after the sermon, by Rev. Father Tierney, the celebrant of the mass. The deceased had been a sufferer for several years from a malady designated as rheumatism of the heart. He was a young man of amiable temperament, exemplary habits, and of unsullied reputation, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of acquaintances.

With feelings of deep regret we announce to the Irish people, at home and abroad, the death of one of our patriot-martyrs, James Dillon. He died at his residence in Castle Lloyd, Oola, county

Limerick, fortified by the rites of our holy Church, on Jan. 13; and his remains, conveyed by his numerous sorrowing friends from the counties of Tipperary and Limerick, were laid, amidst those of his departed kindred, in the burial-ground in Cullen, county Tipperary. It will be remembered that James Dillon was one of the military prisoners, of whom our paternal rulers took such special care. He was liberated in the first week of May, 1878, after a confinement of twelve years and three months in the dungeons of Mountjoy and Spike Island. His age was thirty-six years.

CLARE has reason to lament for the death of one of Ireland's truest sons, Thomas Moran, who died recently fortified with all the consolations of his holy religion, after a long and protracted illness, which he suffered with true Christian resignation. On the night of the 5th of March, 1865, young Moran came forward, like a soldier and a patriot, prepared to sacrifice his life on the altar of his country's freedom. He was arrested with about forty others of his townsmen, and suffered like a true patriot twelve months' imprisonment. From that time to his lamented death, his trade and business, which was once in a flourishing condition, broke down. May he rest in peace. — *Irishman.*

MR. JOHN CROWLEY, the honored father of Rev. D. V. Crowley, of Oxford Ohio, and Rev. John Crowley, of Cork, Ireland, full of years and good works, departed this life on the 11th ult. at his residence, Waterfall, near Cork, Ireland. Father Crowley of Ohio felt keenly the sad news of his father's death, as he contemplated a visit this year to his native home, to cheer the declining years of his venerated parent. Mr. Crowley was a man of rare abilities and of the most exalted virtues. He was considered the best mental calculator in Munster, and would in the twinkling of a eye solve the most complicated and abstruse problems without the aid of pen or pencil. His funeral cortége was very large and respectable, and bore unmistakable evidence of the veneration in which "honest John Crowley," as he was popularly known, was held in his native parish. His excellent daughter — Sister Mary Euphrasia Crowley, of St. Xavier's Convent, Bangor, Me. — has received many kind, sympathetic letters from the good reverend Mother and nuns of Manchester, and her former pupils of St. Xavier's Academy. *Requiescat in pace.* Amen.

DEATH OF GENERAL O'FARREL, OF THE FRENCH ARMY. — One of the descendants of a hero of the Irish Brigade died Jan. 2, on one of his estates in the Department of Aude, at the age of seventy-eight. General O'Farrel, who was born the year before Napoleon became Emperor (1803), was a sub-lieutenant in the 15th Regiment of the Line in 1823, and fought in nearly all the campaigns during the Restoration, the government of Louis Philippe, and the Third Empire. At the battle of Solferino he fought gallantly at the head of his regiment, and received the day after the battle the cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor. He was present at the dinner given by Marshal McMahon at the camp of Chalons, in 1860, to the Irish deputation, when they presented the sword of honor to the hero of Malakoff and Magenta, with General Count Sutton de Clounard, son also of a colonel of the Irish Brigade, who died a few years since. General O'Farrel was one of the strongest and finest men in the French army, and a strict disciplinarian. When his Arab horse did not obey him, he used to put his shoulder under him and push him aside, to reduce him to obedience. Though in possession of large estates, the illustrious soldier only left the army when he had attained the age fixed for leaving the service. In 1860, when I had the honor of dining with him at the camp of Chalons, he spoke to me of Ireland, of the old brigade and the legion, and of the state of the country at the time. He was then one of the handsomest men in the French army, and one of the most distinguished generals. In the late famine, he sent a contribution to the committee, with a few lines, proving that he had not forgotten the country from which his ancestors were exiled. Except Marshal McMahon, he was the last general of Irish origin in the French army, but there are in the navy and army, colonels and captains of frigates who will soon hold the rank of generals: Colonel O'Neill, Colonel Swiney, Colonel Harty de Pierrebourg, Colonel O'Brien, Commandant Cantillon de Balliheigue, Commandant Plunkett, O'Neill, captain of frigate, rank of colonel, and many others, rising in rank every year. — *Dublin Irishman.*

PATRICK MAHON, a prominent citizen of Rochester, N. Y., died in that city on the 1st of February, much lamented by a large circle of friends. He was a native of the county Cavan, Ireland, and aged forty-three years.

WE are told that the doctors are daily discovering new diseases. Let's abolish the profession.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND.

ACQUITTAL OF THE PRISONERS.

THERE was great rejoicing throughout Ireland on the acquittal of the prisoners. The jury stood ten to two for acquittal.

COERCION.

The bill for the coercion of Ireland has been introduced in the British House of Commons by Secretary Forster, who in a long speech attempted to justify the bill by a detailed account of outrages in Ireland. The Land League, he said, is supreme. The bill asks power to arrest persons suspected as principals or accessories in treasonable offences, such power to remain in force until Sept. 30, 1883. It suspends the Habeas Corpus all over Ireland in regard to treason, and in proclaimed districts in regard to agrarian crimes. It is retrospective in regard to treason.

There have been forty-nine Coercion Acts passed in thirty years for Ireland's benefit, and one abortive Land Act.

THE THREE F'S.

The Three F's, alluded to in the Irish despatches, refer to the system recommended by the land commissioners in their report to the British government on the land question in Ireland. viz.: Fair rent, free sales, and fixity of tenure.

A PROCLAMATION.

Thousands of copies of the following proclamation were posted throughout Ireland, England, and Scotland on the 31st of January:—

Men of Ireland, — The country is passing through a crisis full of danger to the national cause. The action of the British government and its aiders and abettors is obviously intended to provoke premature resistance. Upon you, therefore, rests the responsibility of averting defeat and humiliation. You have a cause for revolt, but you are not yet prepared, and a crushing disaster now would leave to the next generation the task of beginning anew the great work already so far advanced. The salvation of our people lies in the achievement of national independence alone, but the time to strike has not yet come. Beware, then, of being misled by false and foolish outbreaks. The man who now incites you to attempts at insurrection is doing England's work, and must be held guilty of treason to Ireland. The most rigid discipline must be enforced and partial outbreaks prevented. Move only at the command of your officers. Our present duty is to prepare to watch and to wait until the hour for action comes. Let your attitude be one of calm and resolute self-sacrifice, and of unshaken confidence in the final triumph of our cause.

By order of the

IRISH NATIONAL DIRECTORY.

ARREST OF MICHAEL DAVITT.

Mr. Michael Davitt has had his ticket-of-leave revoked, and he has been recommitted to a convict prison. This does not imply anything disgraceful to him. The British government has made a mistake. Either he should have been seized upon when he returned to Ireland, or never. But Mr. Gladstone has organized blundering, and made it permanent. He has been sent to Portland Prison. The impression prevails that his imprisonment will not be long. The following is the passage in a recent speech of Mr. Davitt, which led to his arrest: "Do you believe for a single moment that, if this contest lay in another field than that of peaceful agitation, or if the weapons in our hands were other than those of ideas, we should strike our colors at the first look of danger, and fly from the enemy? Should we not rather swear, face to face with our enemies, that 'every sod beneath our feet should be a soldier's sepulchre,' rather than that victory should be snatched from our grasp? We have every encouragement now. We have the support of the public opinion of the civilized world sustaining us in this just and moral struggle; and afar, over the rolling waves of the Atlantic, we have a new Ireland of our banished kindred — those who were driven from Ireland by Irish landlordism — now stretching its generous hands across the ocean to help us to expel from Ireland, once and forever, the code of infamous land laws which drove them from Ireland in the past."

"SUSPENSION" OF THE HOME RULERS.

The British House of Commons was in session from 3.30 o'clock, Monday afternoon, Jan. 31, to 9.30 oclock, Wednesday morning, Feb. 2. The Irish members "obstructed" the bringing in and the reading of the coercion bill, but finally it was brought in, by a vote of 164 to 19, and then read for the first time. The House then adjourned. Some hard words were used in course of the long sitting. On Thursday the House adopted Mr. Gladstone's urgency dodge, and the Irish members were "suspended." The names of the Home Rulers who were expelled

from the House of Commons for refusing to go into the lobbies on divisions are as follows: Messrs. Dillon, Parnell, Barry, Biggar, Bryne, Corbett, Gray, Healy, Dawson, Finnigan, Gill, Lalor, Leamy, Leahy, McCarthy, McCoan, Marum, Metge, Nelson, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas P. O'Connor, The O'Donoghue, Mahon, O'Sullivan, John O'Connor Power, Redmond, Sexton, Smithwick, A. M. Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, Molloy, Richard Power, O'Shaughnessy, O'Donnell, and O'Kelly.

WHAT MR. PARNELL SAYS.

The Boston Daily Globe cabled Mr. Parnell, and the following is his reply: —

LONDON, Feb. 4, 1881.

The government expected that the blow struck at the Land League by Michael Davitt's arrest would be a crushing one; but heavy as it is to us personally, we have already indications that it will recoil upon the forces of landlordism. The Irish people, instead of being intimidated thereby, are firmly bracing themselves for the coming struggle, and assurances reach me from all sides that there will be no flinching among Irishmen in the arduous times they are destined to face.

Poor Davitt sleeps to night in the Millbank convict prison, after his first day of penal toil. He arrived in London early this morning. Several Irish members of Parliament waited up all night in order to salute him on his arrival, but he was conveyed away secretly from an outlying station, privately brought before a magistrate for recommital, and ordered straight to Milbank.

Yesterday the howls, the cheering, the signs of uproarious joy with which the British House of Commons — the first assembly of gentlemen in the world — greeted the news of Davitt's arrest made up the most brutal and painful scene ever witnessed in that chamber.

We are doing our utmost to mitigate the horrors of Davitt's confinement, as he is in very delicate health, but we greatly dread the rusult for him.

To-day a strong reaction set in after the first excitement attending the expulsions. The Radicals of England will yet discover the mistake they made in condoning the autocracy of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and allowing liberty to be trampled on in her own temple.

Sooner or later a coalition of the Whig and Tory territorialists must be formed to make head against the English democracy, and they will then find now fatal for their own freedom was the precedent of yesterday.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

RECEPTION OF THE NEWS IN AMERICA.

Resolutions have been presented in the Legislatures of New York, Rhode Island, and other States, denouncing the arrest of Davitt and the suspension of the Home Rulers from the House of Commons. Meetings are being held in all parts of the country. The following proclamation has been issued from the headquarters of the Irish National Land League of the United States in this city.

IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

CENTRAL OFFICE, 198 *Washington Street*, BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 7, 1881.

To the Members of the League and the American Public:

It is but a few months since the people of Ireland ended a struggle for existence on the soil of their fathers. They fought death itself, in the gaunt forms of famine, and by the great charity of mankind were enabled to conquer it. To the wail of Irish distress America responded with noble generosity. But had not the Land League in Ireland existed, with its forecast and warning of the famine, its timely appeal, wise organization, and machinery for distribution, in the judgment of the best informed, death by starvation would have been the fate of vast numbers of the people. The scenes of 1846–48 were averted by prescience and organization.

The Land League in Ireland continues its existence for the purpose of removing the cause of famine, — landlord robbery of the people; for the purpose of compelling such changes in the law as will make every Irish peasant the owner of the soil he cultivates. In their movement to attain this grand result — a result attained by the people of almost every other country in Europe — the Irish have the sympathy of every free people on the planet. But they need more. The Ireland we speak of has been richly endowed by nature, but cruelly robbed by man. By fire, sword, law, and famine, the island has been swept and scourged for seven centuries in an effort for the conquest of the land and the extermination of the people. Manufactures have been depressed, commerce has been swept from the ocean; agriculture is the chief industry of the people.

The area of Ireland is 20,327,764 acres; 4,643,986 acres are in bog, waste, and water. From the 15,683,778 acres of arable land, and some 5,300,000 people living on it, the landlords claim the right to wring $70,000,000 a year in rents, half of which to spend abroad, and the government $60,000,000 more in local and imperial taxes! In so-called "good years" Ireland staggers under this enormous

burden; in "bad years" she starves or begs. Says the London Times: "Property is there ruled with savage and tyrannical sway. Landlords exercise their rights with a hand of iron, and disregard their duties with a forehead of brass." Feudal law, with a mountain of abuses piled upon it, is mercilessly administered by a landlord class whose titles rest upon confiscation, and who are sustained in their excesses and exactions by the whole power of the government. Nearly eighty per cent of the cultivators are tenants at the landlords' will. But three per cent are owners in fee. Rent is based, not upon the humane economic principle that the soil is first to repay the tiller for his toil and outlay, but upon a calculation of what can be squeezed out of the ragged, wretched tenant, and out of his friends abroad. Not less than $3,000,000 annually, during the past thirty years, has been forwarded to the peasantry of Ireland by their friends and kindred in other lands! Not less than two thirds of this goes from the United States. Hence this becomes an American economic question.

With such a merciless system in vogue, what wonder is it that the people are described as "the worst housed, the worst fed, and the worst clad of any in the world?" Two hundred and twenty-five thousand families live in cabins of one room each. In "good years" they exist. In "bad years" they starve, unless succored by foreign charity. Nine tenths of the landlord tillers of the soil of Ireland rest upon confiscation. Morally, against the rights of the true owners no statue of limitations runs. Legally, what the Crown or Parliament gave it can take away.

If the Irish people had the power to rid themselves at once of Crown and landlords they would use it, and the moral sense of mankind would justify and applaud it. But in the Land League programme there is no suggestion of resort to armed force. Irish discontent and agitation are to run their course within the limits of the British law and constitution. To lift the people of the island up from misery, to educate them into a full realization of their condition, rights, and power, to organize them in solid mass against the authors of their wrongs, to force by lawful means such changes in the land laws as will make the people the owners of the soil they till, — this is the mission of the Land League in Ireland. The effort has already borne fruit. Rents have been reduced, evictions have diminished, the people have "stuck to their holdings." The question is on the fair road to settlement.

England yields only to force. During the past year the force of the Irish people has been wisely, ingeniously, admirably exerted. Hence the concession of the Queen's speech of home rule and the rights of the tenant in the land. The logical extension of these principles lifts Ireland up to a plane of prosperity. In dealing with Irish grievances, however, England deals a blow before she applies the remedy. Coercion precedes concession. Ireland is about to be subjected to a tension unwonted even for her. It will require the exercise of all the leaders' skill and the marvellous patience of the people to avert an explosion. That they will succeed, their conduct during the past year is an earnest and a guaranty. In this crisis, and in their supreme effort to rid themselves of the incubus of landlordism, the people of Ireland need the aid of their friends in other lands. Against them are the prejudices of ages, the power of a dominant and arrogant class, the very wealth wrung from their toil and misery — the Crown, the aristocracy, a subsidized press. On their side are justice, numbers, patriotism, and the light of the nineteenth century.

The Land League in the United States is an organization auxiliary to that in Ireland. It has no part in shaping the policy of the Irish body. Its functions are to make the case of Ireland fully understood in America, so that the public opinion of this Republic shall be intelligently and forcibly expressed on the side of justice and liberty in Ireland; to aid by our sympathy and means the splendid march of the Irish people on to justice, prosperity, and self government.

In this work we ask the co-operation of all just men of whatever color, race, creed, or condition. Combine everywhere in branches of the League. Report to us, so that in the mass we shall be united. Let us have before St. Patrick's day such an organization in existence as the Irish race has never seen; an organization that can create Ireland's opportunity and be ready to take advantage of England's difficulty.

P. A. COLLINS, *President.*
THOMAS FLATLEY, *Secretary.*

THE treasury of the Land League has been removed from Dublin to Paris.

IT is intimated that Parnell will again revisit the United States.

A FAST VOYAGE. — A despatch was received at the office of the Guion Steamship Line Wednesday night, Feb. 2, stating that the "Arizona" reached Queenstown at 6 P. M. on Feb. 2, thus making the quickest trip ever made, — 7 days 22 hours and 23 minutes.

WHAT IS SAID OF OUR MAGAZINE.

We do not like to blow our own trumpet, but when clerical as well as lay people say good things about us, we cannot avoid producing their kind words of encouragement. We select the following from among a large number of letters received since the beginning of the new year: —

St. Michael's, South Brooklyn, N. Y.,
Jan. 24, 1881.

Mr. Donahoe: I send you the enclosed $2.00 for my subscription to your very interesting Magazine. It does honor to your pluck and energy, and I congratulate you most heartily.

Jos. P. O'Connell, D. D.

Church of Immaculate Conception,
Ravenna Portage Co., O.,
Jan. 21, 1881.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find P. O. money-order for $4.00, subscriptions for Magazine for 1880-81. I am well pleased with your magazine, and heartily wish it the success it so well deserves. Its matter is well selected, and full of information. Yours truly,

Rev. J. D. Bowles.

St. Mary, N. C., Jan. 16, 1881.

Dear Mr. Donahoe: Enclosed please find $2.00, renewal of my subscription for the Magazine.

It is a treasure in the Catholic family, and is becoming better and better every month. Would that I could do more to aid you. Wishing every success to, and God's blessing on yourself and your noble work,

I remain sincerely yours in Christ,

Rev. W. J. Madden.

St. Mary's, Oxford, Butler Co., O.,
Jan. 17, 1881.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq.:

Dear Sir: Please put my name down as a subscriber to your excellent Magazine. I rejoice at the success which has crowned your noble efforts to establish a first-class magazine, and fervently pray that your subscription list for this year may be an unmistakable evidence of future prosperity. Yours very truly,

Dennis V. Crowley,
Rector St. Mary's.

Sigourney, Iowa, Jan. 6, 1881.

Dear Sir: Last year, when I was at Manchester, in the northern part of this State (Iowa), I introduced your Magazine with considerable success. This year I have a new and scattered charge, as you will see by the post-offices. I have advised them to put Catholic literature in their families. I gave them their choice of papers; but for the other, I recommended your magazine as the nearest I knew of to what the average Catholic family wants. I send you thirty-three subscribers. I hope in the course of time to make this list much larger. Hoping you may have a steady prosperity,

I remain very truly yours,

Rev. J. F. Nugent.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Rev. M. Power, of this town, has interested himself in securing for us a good agent, Mr. I. H. Carroll, who has already sent us twenty-five subscribers, with a prospect of several hundred.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Rev. Fr. Garrigan orders forty-two copies for the year, with a prospect of more.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Rev. Fr O'Keefe orders sixty-five copies, with a prospect of making one hundred monthly, for 1881.

MILTON, MASS.

Rev. Fr. Fitzpatrick orders twelve copies for his altar-boys.

Many other clergymen have ordered clubs, and are exerting themselves to extend our circulation.

The Good Sisters of Nôtre Dame have been very kind in all their relations with us. Those of Salem have sent for seventy copies; Holyoke, Mass., five copies; San Jose, Cal., thirteen copies. Many others have sent for quite a number of copies.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

Donahoe's Magazine for February has come to hand. The editor has endeavored to provide a table of contents quite equal to that of any previous number, and in many respects the present issue is very superior. Its method of dealing with leading Irish subjects must be satisfactory to its large number of Irish readers, yet in no case does it descend to clap-trap or mere patriotic gush. It is high-toned, sensible, discreet. It is a valuable and interesting publication. — *Catholic Visitor, Richmond, Va.*

The February number of Donahoe's Monthly is before us, and as is usual with us, we cheerfully recommend it. The price of this magazine ought alone to make it popular. Single copies twenty cents, or $2.00 per year. Address as above. — *Northwestern Chronicle.*

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, OF TORONTO.

THIS distinguished prelate has for many years occupied among our American hierarchy a position similar to that of John of Tuam among the bishops of Ireland. He has ever been foremost in every movement calculated to advance his people socially and morally, and his fearless voice has been raised in their defence whenever occasion required it. Recently he has issued a circular to the independent press of America, stating the case of Ireland in connection with the present agitation, and her claims to justice and self-government, with characteristic vigor and clearness.

The Most Rev. Dr. Lynch was born near Clones, county Monaghan, Ireland, on the 6th of February, 1816. He received his education at St. Joseph's College, belonging to the Carmelites, Clondalkin; and when St. Vincent College, Castlenock, was opened, he was first student, and the first to join the order. Having finished his rhetoric and philosophy, he was sent to Paris. He received his subdeaconship and deaconship at the hands of Mgr. Affre, Archbishop of Paris, who was afterwards killed at the Barricades in 1842. In 1843 he was elevated to the priesthood by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin.

In 1846 he set out with Mgr. Odin, the Vicar Apostolic, for Texas, on the mission. In 1848 he went to Missouri, where he was appointed president of the Seminary of Ste. Marie de Barens. At the Sixennial General Sessions of the Lazarist Order, which were held in Paris in the years 1849 and 1855, he was the delegate from the United States; in this last year he went to Rome.

On the invitation of Bishop Timon, he went to Buffalo in 1856, and the same year he founded the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels.

On the resignation of Right Rev. Dr. Charbonnel, in November, 1859, Dr. Lynch, who for some months previous had been bishop *in partibus infidelium* with the titular See of Echinas, was raised to the episcopacy of Toronto. Since that time he has administered the affairs of the diocese, and has gained his way to the hearts of his flock, being venerated and beloved by all. In 1870 the see was elevated into an archdiocese, the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec having been divided, and Toronto having been made the metropolitan see of Ontario. His Grace was consecrated at Rome at the same time with Dr. McGettigan, the Primate of All Ireland.

Of his Grace as a preacher we need not speak, as his pastorals and lectures for several years past have been so extensively read in the States as well as in Canada. In private his Grace is a good conversationalist, having a rich fund of anecdote. In young men he takes a special interest, and has great sympathy for them in their affairs. As an Irishman he is devoted to his native land, and has often spoken out plainly and openly in behalf of Home Rule. His recent letter on the Irish question is a masterpiece of sound patriotic principles and wise judgment.

There are many years of life, we hope, yet remaining to this noble archbishop; there is every sign that many more will be added to the sixty-four summers which have already passed over his head. He is full of life and vigor, and gives promise that he will long continue to labor in the vineyard. May it be so, and may his heart be gladdened by seeing in his day a great triumph for religion; a triumph which his own efforts will hasten.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. V. BOSTON, APRIL, 1881. No. 4.

ON what does the efficiency of our schools depend? On the efficiency of the teachers. If you are efficient, the teaching will be efficient and the schools efficient, and they will therefore be full. An efficient school will attract children from all around, while a school with a low standard will not only not attract, but will lose the children already in it. It is the man that makes the school; and therefore remember the golden advice I give you, that you become efficient. There is one thought, also, which I wish you especially to keep in your mind. When our Divine Lord created the Christian world, He gave a commission to His Apostles to continue the Christian world by Christian education. You might just as well expect a harvest from a field before the seed had been sown in it as expect a Christian community to be formed without Christian education; but by means of Christian education you can form Christian men, and by Christian men you can form a Christian world.—*Cardinal Manning.*

ON LIBERALITY: A FRAGMENT.

Rt. Rev. Dr. England, late Bishop of Charleston, S. C.

"How beautiful is Liberality! how amiable the Liberal!" said the young Hassan, a Catholic of the East, to the Pilgrim, the father of Obesam, as they conversed near the foot of the mountain of Iabel Chek. "The scowl of the Bigot," continued Hassan, "is like the thunder-cloud: it hangs heavily and darkly upon his brow; it threatens destruction to all who differ from him in opinion, and the lightning of his eyes flashes angrily against his brother. O my father, why does man seat himself upon the tribunal of the Most High, and pass sentence upon another child of Adam? When were the keys of the eternal prison delivered over unto him, and the rod of punishment given to his hands? Surely, my father, if the great Lord of the universe has enemies, if he is delighted in their affliction, he needs not the weak hand of man to assist him; and why will not man indulge his brother, even if he err? Or who can infallibly assure me that I err not, and that my brother is deceived? Wherefore, then, shall I condemn him?"

"The mother of Error," said the hermit, "hath deceived thee, my son."

"No, my father," said the youth, interrupting him, "I have sought Truth and I have found her, and she hath informed me. I have conversed with Science and she hath promised to introduce me to Truth; I have often beheld her. I could not have mistaken her appearance. Science called me at the opening of the day. She bade me go forth; and in the morning we conversed. When the busy city was awake, and the mechanic was led by industry to labor, and the noise of the artist brought distraction near his habitation, I accompanied her to the abode of solitude; and when the day had gone down, she taught me to dress the lamp and to steal part from the night and from repose. In return, she promised me that I should become acquainted with Truth. To her I have often been introduced; I am acquainted with her appearance; I may have access to her when I please. I have spoken with her, and she has told me that Bigotry and Illiberality were her enemies, and that they deceived many who were in search of her abode, and thus having suffered themselves to be led away by her foes, they have never been able to discover her."

"My son, I repeat it," said the father of Obesam, "the mother of Error hath deceived thee!"

"And have I never beheld Truth? and has Science deceived me?" said the youth. "Father, I respect the gray locks of the aged, and I revere the child of Religion; but years spread a cloud before the eyes, and time drinks up the moisture of the brain, and in old age Prejudice is seated upon the throne where Reason held her seat. My father, I have spoken with Truth and she has informed me —"

"Oh," said the Pilgrim, "that wisdom were always found in the company of Science, and that Humility were her companion! Then would the aged be respected as they ought, and then would the children of Religion be revered. Then would the youthful companion of Science feel that he would experience, and the down of his cheek would remind him of the weakness of his judgment. In the days of boyhood Nature is before him, the wide expanse of creation is within his view; he is dazzled at the sight. Science displays to him her stores, and she leads him to the entrance of her habitation. The splendid repository of genius and of taste bereaves him of his discernment for a while. Truth appears at a distance, and Obscurity raises a mist around her. The mother of Error delights to array Falsehood in a vesture like the raiment of Truth, and afterwards in the mist of Obscurity she deceives the unthinking. The eagerness of youth and its want of suspicion, the novelty of the scene, and the distraction of its variety, prevent a close examination."

"But, my son," continued the Hermit, "time makes man familiar with the scene. He takes nature in detail. He goes slowly and carefully through the range of Science, and when he ceases to be astonished, he is capable of detecting the imposition. He penetrates through the mist of Obscurity, and he discerns Truth from Falsehood, and the experience of age corrects the mistakes of unsuspecting youth."

"But, my father," said Hassan, "have you been led by Science to the habitation of Truth?"

"My son," said the sage, "I have been in the company of Science as soon as reason had unlocked the prison of my childhood, and in her walks I have met but few to whom she was more prodigal of knowledge. Taught to converse in many tongues with the living and the dead, I enjoyed the advantages of the labors of those over whom Time and Death had spread the shade of ages. I have spoken with many who in the days of my boyhood were sinking to the grave; others in the pride of their genius would glory in telling me the discoveries which they fancied they had made. I listened, or I inquired, and I treasured up for the food of my after years the knowledge which I had thus obtained. I have travelled from my home to converse with strangers. I have seen them, and I have reaped the benefits of their acquirements. And after I had remained in the world for a time, when the God of my heart took away the partner of my cares, and the son with whom I was blessed had joined in the company of men,—knowing that my steps were directed to the grave, and the Angel of Death was on the wing, I have retired to this habitation, where I endeavor to prepare for the moment of account. Science is now my recreation, but my business is the concern of eternity."

"But, my father," rejoined Hassan, "when Science admitted you to an acquaintance with Truth, were you not informed that Bigotry and Illiberality were her enemies?"

"Yes," said the father of Obesam.

"And are you not aware that they lead themselves astray who would otherwise come to a knowledge of the Truth?"

"Undoubtedly, my son," replied the Hermit.

"And is not the Bigot the bane of society? and is not the Illiberal Man equally its enemy?"

"I acknowledge that they are," said the man of years.

"Then, my father," said Hassan, "my remarks were just, and the mother of Error has not deluded me."

"Thou hast walked with Science, my son," said the father of Obesam, "and yet thou wilt not profit by her lessons. Didst thou not assert that that man was illiberal and a bigot who presumed to say that he was certain of being in the way of Truth, and that his brother was in error? Didst thou not ask why man arrogated infallibility to himself, and usurped the seat of the Most High?

"My son, the principles of thy religion are blotted from thy mind, and thou forgettest the truths which are opened to the plainest understanding. Cannot man, my son, be witness to the facts which take place under the cognizance of his senses? and can he not lay claim to infallibility in the knowledge of that in which he cannot be deceived? Our religion, my son, is not a system of opinions, it is a collection of facts. The first believers beheld them. The father of the Day does not beam forth more lustre than the splendor of the facts to which those believers bore testimony. Those first witnesses were infallible in their relation; nor could they, if their intention was wicked, be able to deceive. We profess to believe these facts, my son. We believe that the Redeemer was the second person of the adorable Trinity. We say that Jesus Christ was God. We profess to believe that he called together the Apostles and commissioned them to teach the nations of the earth. We profess to believe that he commanded all persons to hear them. We believe these things, my son, because they are facts which have been proved. It is recorded that he told them that he would consider disbelief, disobedience, and disrespect towards them as disbelief, disobedience, and disrespect towards himself, because they were his messengers, whom he had commissioned to teach and to whom he promised support; and, my son, the punishment which he threatened to this crime of disbelief was exceedingly great. The publication of these facts was part of the duty he imposed upon his Apostles; and, my son, were they bigots in performing the duty to which they were sent by the Son of God? or were they illiberal because they bore testimony to that which they had heard and beheld? or did they usurp the seat of the Most High, when they declared that they believed the words of the Son of God, and therefore were certain that all who wilfully disbelieved him were liable to the punishment which he had threatened against wilful disbelief?"

"Who then is the Bigot?" said Hassan; "is he not the man of this day who, centuries after the existence of the Redeemer, lays claim to the authority of an eye-witness in that which he has not seen, and of an ear-witness in that which he has not heard?"

"What, my son!" said the Hermit, "is no fact to be admitted, but as long as the witness shall exist? Will you stop the current of information which runs from age to age, and after every generation will you turn its stream into the ocean of oblivion? Will you snatch from the hand of history the records of time, and scatter the torn leaves to the winds of heaven? My son, thou hast walked in the company of the foolish, and thy conversation has been with the sons of dissipation and the children of unbelief. The testimony of a generation is the record of a fact; and that record, my son, is the authority from the children of other days.

"The Apostles of the Saviour have received their commission from him, and

the generation in which they lived have borne testimony to the fact, and that record is the ground of our certainty at present. The tradition of ages has brought down the testimony to us, and we can trace the successors of the Apostles amongst us. To them, my son, has the same authority been committed. They have equally a right to teach.

"But, my son, the *bigot* is he who is unreasonably wedded to an opinion for which he can neither show the authority of God nor the force of reason; and the *illiberal man* is he who refuses to another the right of exercising his understanding or his liberty of opinion where God has left him free. And the *religious persecutor* is he who in this world punishes a man for his adherence to that faith which he thinks to be the best.

"The first man is a fool; the second a despot; and the third unites the bad qualities of both, with cruelty superadded. But, my son, the man who is convinced of the truth of religion, steadily professes and adheres to its tenets; who sees others in error, who endeavors to reform, and pities without afflicting them; who opposes calmly and inflexibly every attempt to destroy the religion of Jesus Christ, — is not a *bigot*, but a CHRISTIAN."

THE GOLDEN ROSE

THE fourth Sunday of Lent is what is known as the "Sunday of the Golden Rose," from a custom observed at Rome of blessing a rose made of pure gold mixed with musk and balsam. The ceremony is performed by the Pope himself, and the rose thus blessed is carried in solemn procession in the hand of the Pontiff to and from his chapel on this Sunday. The rose, symbolic of the eternal bloom and freshness of paradise, is afterward bestowed as a mark of special favor on some illustrious person who has done service to the Holy See. Pope Pius IX. sent a golden rose to Maria Teresa, Queen of Naples, for the kindness extended him by her and her husband when he was obliged to flee to Gaeta in 1848. He sent one also to the Empress Eugènie, wife of Napoleon III., another to Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, and a third to Mrs. W. T. Sherman, wife of General Sherman, U. S. A.

CULTURE.

IN the course of his able paper on "The Position of Catholics in the United States," published in the Dublin Review, Bishop Spalding says very justly: "Much has been done for primary and secondary education, but nothing at all to promote Catholic culture of the higher sort. Schools and colleges have multiplied a hundred-fold, but the quality and degree of education is hardly higher than it was fifty years ago. The number of really able men among us was probably not only relatively but absolutely greater at the beginning than at the end of this period. . . . If we are to take part in moulding and directing the thought of the age, a higher and more thorough mental culture must be provided for those at least whose natural endowments are excellent. It is altogether proper that we should have a college in Rome or Louvain. . . . We must create upon our own soil a centre of intellectual life and culture. . . . Conversions here and there of a minister or of a woman of fashion are well enough for a newspaper paragraph; but our first and all-important work is to keep those who come to us with the sign of faith."

JOHN MITCHEL: A SKETCH.

William J. Onahan.

PART I.

ON a Sunday evening in the winter of 1873–4, a large Irish audience assembled in Hooley's Theatre, in the city of Chicago, to do honor to a man who had "dared much" and "suffered much" for Ireland. He was to lecture that evening on DANIEL O'CONNELL.

When the lecturer came upon the stage, his appearance evoked a wild storm of applause, such as probably had never before been seen or heard within the walls of the theatre.

The lecturer was plainly stooped in form and broken in health; the vigor of physical manhood had departed; and it was painfully evident to all that time, exile, and misfortune had laid heavy hands on the man who stood before them. His career had been, indeed, unique in the melancholy succession of accumulated failures and misfortunes which had blighted its early promise and blasted its later hopes.

The lecturer's voice was feeble and almost indistinct; his manner constrained and even awkward; yet he was able, for nearly two hours, to rivet the attention and frequently elicit the applause of the large audience assembled to greet and honor him. Nor was this attention and applause won by the persuasive power and force of his eloquence, for in truth he possessed few of the gifts and none of the graces of the orator; neither was it due to the absorbing interest of his theme, although his lecture dealt with a historic name and recalled a memorable period in the history of his country. The interest of the audience centred in the lecturer himself. The man who stood before them that night, more perhaps than any other then living, embodied the national spirit which moved and burned in the hearts of the Irish audience before him; the inextinguishable yearnings and passionate aspiring for an Irish nationality, the burning love for the *old land*, and the fierce hate for her oppressors. His name and history recalled to mind the hopes, the struggles, and the sacrifices of other days, the scenes and events of his own checkered history, his patriotic fire and ardor at the outset of his public career, his earnest and devoted efforts with voice and pen for Ireland and for Ireland's freedom, his signal heroism and courage, shown on occasions when even brave hearts quailed: a courage, it is true, never tried in the shock of battle, but tested in ordeals even more trying and perilous, — by the methods which sometimes serve to daunt those who "with unblanched cheek, have stood in war's dangerous front."

He had braved the terrors of the dungeon and even the severe penalties of English law. He had endured imprisonment, penal exile, and the still more bitter sacrifice, loss of home, family, and friends, the prospect of fortune and fame.

Now the best years of his manhood were gone. Trials in fortune and crushing domestic afflictions had cast a shadow over his beautiful family circle, and had effected to chill his spirits. He was no longer the young enthusiast whose revolutionary ardor had blazed in the columns of the Nation and the United Irishman, whose teachings had fired the hearts and inflamed the minds of the Irish youth, filling them with dreams of national emancipation and pictures of a redeemed and regenerated country. He was no more the cold, saucy, cynical writer who rioted and revelled in unequalled English prose in the Citizen of twenty years before. He was altered in appearance, changed in

manner and even in opinions, — at least in many respects; notably as to the subject of the lecture: in all, perhaps, save one, — in that he was *unchanged and unaltered:* his love for Ireland, his intense and bitter hatred towards England. Need I say that the man of whom this is written was no other than JOHN MITCHEL?

Mitchel's career cannot be faithfully sketched without a brief reference to the situation and condition of affairs in Ireland. The year of Mitchel's birth was a memorable year for Europe, notably for England. 1815 was signalized by the memorable downfall and complete overthrow of NAPOLEON.

Ireland was then only slowly recovering from the prostration of 1798, and the national apathy and torpor which succeeded the union of the two kingdoms. The abortive uprising of the gallant and unfortunate Emmet had crushed anew every hope for Ireland's emancipation. The country lay prostrate and manacled at the feet of England.

Catholic Ireland had long been crushed and down-trodden. It fell with the death of Owen Roe O'Neill and the surrender of the confederate armies to Cromwell, in 1652, and the last spark of national life and hope seemed extinguished forever when the flag of the gallant Sarsfield waved no more on the walls of proud Limerick. But in the hearts of a persecuted and resolute people, the instinct for national life never dies. It is nourished by persecution, it grows strong by defeat. The cause and hopes of Ireland were revived in the darkest hour, this time with peaceful and legal weapons only.

In the agitation for Catholic emancipation, O'Connell inaugurated the crusade of *moral force*, which, under his skilful and intelligent guidance, became a mighty and tremendous power, more potent than armies, more effective than parks of artillery. The agitation which O'Connell may be said to have initiated, and the great organization which he founded, resulted, as all know, in wrenching Catholic emancipation from an unwilling minister and a hostile king. Others, indeed, contributed greatly and effectively to this result: Sheil by his oratory, the renowned "J. K. L." by his trenchant writings.

Emancipation aroused the nation from apathy and stirred it into life; and when the banner with the startling and enkindling device "Repeal of the Union" was flung to the breeze, a flame of enthusiasm was kindled which soon swept over the island with the force of a whirlwind. The entire country became a vast *Repeal Camp.* Happily at this time the zeal of Father Matthew, Ireland's truest benefactor in modern times, had so marvellously moulded and transformed the Irish people, that the great popular movement for Repeal exhibited an order, a sobriety, and a calm, resolute strength which made it the wonder and admiration of Europe, and terrible in its significance to the enemy against whom it was primarily directed, England. The tremendous — no other word will adequately characterize them — public demonstrations in Ireland during the culminating period of the Repeal agitation have seldom if ever been equalled in any country before or since.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his notable contribution to the history of this period, has furnished the key to the circumstances and conditions under which the so-called "Young Ireland" party came into existence, though it may be questioned if he does not unduly magnify its importance as a factor in the Repeal movement in the earlier stages of its career. However, it is not to be wondered at, that in the midst of those popular Repeal demonstrations, many of the young enthusiasts who had engaged in the movement, impatient of restraint and brooking no delay, looked beyond the prospect of mere repeal, and dreamed of a separation entire and complete, from England.

Circumstances seemed to favor and stimulate the boldest and wildest aspirations. The rumblings of impending revolution were giving forth sounds

and signs of portentous omen all over Europe. Kings were trembling, thrones were tottering. In every Continental city, pens wrote and tongues preached the doctrines and principles of a new political regeneration.

It was in the midst of this general political effervescence that John Mitchel came into notice in Ireland. His early career may be told in a few sentences: Born in Dungiven, in the county Derry, Nov. 3, 1815, he inherited from his father, who had been a "United Irishman," the traditions of the memorable brotherhood. He was educated at Newry, and subsequently pursued and completed his studies at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1835 he married Miss Jane Verner, who was then a girl of extraordinary beauty, and only "sweet sixteen," the bridegroom himself being only a few years in advance of that age.

Mitchel had qualified himself for the profession of the law, and after his marriage, established himself in its practice as a solicitor in his native town. Of course, with his training and turn of mind, Mitchel could not be an inattentive observer of the stirring events transpiring around him, and on the wider arena of the Continent. After service of six years at the bar in Banbridge and Newry, he was drawn into the vortex of popular agitation. His contributions to the press, and especially his life of Hugh (Aodh) O'Neill, had attracted general attention, and an opening was soon presented to him in the columns of the then recently established Nation newspaper of Dublin. No public journal, perhaps, has ever embraced in its service so brilliant a corps of writers and contributors as did the Nation, when it was guided by Charles Gavan Duffy and inspired by Thomas Davis. To enumerate them would be to recall nearly all the names known in modern Irish literature: Thomas Davis, John Dillon, Joseph Brennan, Thomas MacNevin, Daniel Ferguson, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, James Clarence Mangan, Thomas Devin Reilly, Richard D'Alton Williams, Michael Doheny, John Mitchel, and the founder, Charles Gavan Duffy; nor is the list exhausted with these. O'Connell himself did not disdain to contribute to the columns of the Nation. These writers formed and founded a new school, not merely in literature, but in politics, — a school peculiarly and distinctively national. The Nation thus became the organ and centre of all that was brilliant and attractive in Irish literature, and bold and audacious in Irish national politics. Almost every writer was an orator, and there were orators as well as writers: Smith O'Brien, Meagher, O'Gorman, O'Dougherty, O'Donoghue, MacManus. A roll of "Irish orators" must always end with the phrase, "and others too numerous to mention." Gavan Duffy's recently published work, "Young Ireland," renders unnecessary any lengthened account of the movements and policies of the "Young Ireland" party, and of the causes which gradually led to the divergence from, and finally to the ultimate withdrawal of, that party from O'Connell and the movement for Repeal.

Meantime, Mitchel was writing and teaching, in the columns of the Nation, advanced views and doctrines. Whilst O'Connell and the mouthpieces of Conciliation Hall were careful to inculcate the duty and wisdom of obedience to law, and the necessity of scrupulously adhering to *moral force agencies*, as the only means effective to secure redress for Irish grievances, Mitchel went far beyond, and was careless to conceal that he had scant faith in the principle and efficacy of moral force. He was by training and conviction a revolutionist and a *doctrinaire*, and was thoroughly imbued with the prevailing theories taught in the French school of politics; theories which unhappily have been fruitful of evil and mischief in later as in earlier times. The Nation, though generally bold and outspoken, was not sufficiently "advanced" for Mitchel's views and writings; and finally, differences on this subject with

Duffy led to his, Mitchel's, withdrawal from that journal. He speedily founded an independent organ, The United Irishman. The title was a curious misnomer.

Divided counsels and division amongst Irish leaders have always been the ruin of the national cause. To "divide and conquer" has been England's motto from Strongbow's invasion to the present hour. Whatever may be the defence for the withdrawal of the "Young Ireland" party from the Repeal banner, undoubtedly their secession effected to cripple and paralyze O'Connell's moral-force crusade. Under O'Connell's acknowledged leadership, the people of Ireland had presented a united front to England. The great Agitator saw and believed that a revolutionary effort, even if justifiable, would inevitably prove abortive, and would certainly involve the country and the people in unspeakable horrors. He could not have foreseen the woful alternative of the subsequent famine. He shrank from involving Ireland in a terrible civil war; he had counted the cost, and he believed the redress of Irish wrongs attainable without a resort to this dire and ultimate extremity. He well knew the heavy penalty of an unsuccessful rebellion. His early recollections of Ireland and the failure of 1798 had impressed him with the severe lesson. No one better knew the resources of Ireland, or had more accurately scanned and measured the power of Ireland's oppressors.

"What king," says the good Book, "going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able, with ten thousand, to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" As one of the most admirable of Irish essayists puts it, and the illustration was never more effective than at the present hour: —

"They who would by force deliberately revolutionize, must, if true, thoroughly ponder this question; and in the great court of conscience, they must not only ponder, but decide. England is at peace. England has fleets and armies completely organized and thoroughly disciplined. England impels all the organic machinery of the law and of power. Within Ireland she has a numerous party and the most consummate statesmanship, which would oppose Irish nationality. England has a tremendous artillery both on the sea and on the land. Nor is her strength in force alone. She has on her side the fears of the timid and the hopes of the aspiring, the distinction that allures the ambitious, and the riches that bribe the sordid."

These and like considerations, apparently, had little weight with Mitchel and the more sanguine of the "Young Irelanders." Undoubtedly, the situation of the country at the time, and the growing temper of the masses, proved a spur to the bolder alternative. The Nation and other more advanced organs of public opinion, the influence of the popular "Library of Ireland," the songs of Davis, Mangan, and McGee, the impassioned eloquence of Meagher, had indeed stirred the masses as they had never been moved before. As Mitchel afterwards wrote, "Under many a thin, poor little jacket, who can tell what a world of noble passion was set aglow; what haughty aspirings for themselves and their ancient land; what hot shame for their trampled country and the dishonored name of their fathers; what honest, wistful rage! Ha! if that thoughtful, fiery boy but live to be a man!"

With what bitter scorn and passionate taunts Mitchel declaimed against the peaceable policies and moral-force theories of O'Connell, is known to every Irishman. No writer since Swift had so stirred the country; and his letters to Lord Clarendon rivalled in force and savage sarcasm the celebrated Drapier letters of the famous Dean of St. Patrick's. In his opening letter in the United Irishman, addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, Mitchel thus plainly defines his policy: "In plain English, my lord Earl," he wrote, "the

deep and irreconcilable disaffection of this people to all British laws, law-givers, and law administrators shall find a voice. The holy hatred of foreign dominion which nerved our noble predecessors, fifty years ago, for the dungeon, the field, and the gallows, still lives, thank God! and glows as fierce and hot as ever. To educate that holy hatred, to make it know itself, and at last fill itself full, I hereby devote the columns of the United Irishman."

The new journal teemed with editorial onslaughts on British power and English law in Ireland; and its columns were filled with suggestions of plans and methods for "organizing the country." Mitchel believed in "public opinion with a helmet on its head and a rifle on its shoulders." He plainly sought to prepare the country for insurrection, and to force the government into violent measures. The teaching did not pass unheeded. *Quasi* military clubs and societies were formed in Dublin. Arms were eagerly bought up, and the blacksmith shops were engaged to manufacture pike-heads. There was activity among the clubs in the capital; everywhere else indecision and irresolution. The government, however, put an end to all suspense by proclaiming martial law; and promptly followed the measure by the arrest of Mitchel, O'Brien, and Meagher, on the charge of "sedition."

The prosecution in this instance proved a failure, owing to a flaw in the law. A new statute to amend the defect was speedily passed by Parliament; and under the provisions of this law, Mitchel was again arrested and thrown into prison, and his newspaper and presses seized by the government. His trial, under the provisions of the recently enacted Treason-Felony Act, followed promptly.

Mitchel had flung the gauntlet in the face of the English viceroy, and defied him to the issue. The challenge was boldly met. The trial was brief, the verdict certain, the sentence prompt, and its execution instantaneous. Mitchel's defence was memorable, even among the record of Irish state trials. His counsel was the venerable Holmes, brother-in-law of Robert Emmet, who fifty years before had left the same dock for the scaffold. Mitchel's speech or address to the Court was characteristically defiant. "The law has now done its part," he said, "and the Queen of England, her crown and government in Ireland are now secure, pursuant to Act of Parliament. I have done my part also. Three months ago I promised Lord Clarendon and his government, who hold this country for the English, that I would provoke him into his courts of justice, as places of this kind are called, and that I would force him publicly and notoriously to pack a jury against me to convict me, or else that I would walk out of this court and provoke him to a contest in another field. My lord, I knew I was setting my life on that cast; but I knew that in either event victory should be with me, — and it is with me. Neither the jury nor the judges, nor any other man in this court, presumes to imagine that it is a criminal who stands in this dock." (Murmurs of applause, which the police endeavored to suppress.) "I have shown what the law is made of in Ireland. I have shown that her Majesty's government sustains itself in Ireland by packed juries, by partisan judges, by perjured sheriffs (here the speaker was interrupted by Baron Lefroy, who could not sit there, etc., etc.). "What I have now to add," Mitchel resumed, "is simply this: I have acted all through this business, from the first, under a strong sense of duty. I do not repent anything I have done, and I believe that the course which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant promised that three hundred would follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three?" — indicating, as he spoke, Reilly, Martin, and Meagher; then embracing the exciting scene around him in one sweeping, passionate glance, he cried with proud eagerness, and in a tone of lofty, exulting defiance, "for one, for two, for three? ay, for hundreds!"

From the prison dock, Mitchel was hurried to the armed vessel which was waiting at the quay to convey him to Spike Island, from whence he was speedily transferred to a transport-ship destined for the Bermudas; thence he was to be consigned to a farther exile in the distant Southern Seas.

There was talk and threats of rescue by the clubs and populace. Meagher urged the trial in a fiery and impassioned appeal, but there was no response. The people were dazed, the leaders demoralized. They were not ready; and so Mitchel was borne away from Ireland, which he was destined not to set foot on again till nearly thirty years afterwards.

PART II. NEXT MONTH.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

By the late Very Rev. Edward Purcell, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

[The Catholic Telegraph says: "We will ask our readers to carefully peruse the following beautifue lines, written years since by Father Edward Purcell; they come to us just now with a ring of propheti, meaning in their rhymes. He was a poet, like Ovid, *quod tentabat scribere versus erat;* numbers wer natural to him, and his soul was mirrored in them."]

THE summer sun has passed away, and o'er the mountain's head
A diadem of golden hue is beautifully spread;
A rich and varied mass of leaves, where ev'ry brilliant tinge
In mingled shade around the pines is shining like a fringe.
But hark! the wailing wind is heard; it sweeps in murmurs by:
A thousand rainbow-colored leaves go floating through the sky.
They bid the setting sun farewell, whilst, chilled with evening breath,
They fall around the parent tree, still beautiful in death.
The fallen leaf, the fallen leaf, — what hand can now restore
The life that filled its slender veins, the blood it knew before?
Its beauty all has passed away, its lonely hour is near,
And man, who blessed its summer shade, forgets that it was dear.
'T is thus that many a youthful heart has felt the tempest lower,
And thought that friends would ne'er fall off in youth's rejoicing hour;
But when misfortune came to blight, and hope withdrew its ray,
*The hand that should have wiped the tear was coldly turned away.**
A solemn silence lulls the scene, the ancient woods are hushed;
The leaves have filled the rocky cleft, where late the fountain gushed;
Against the clear, cold, azure sky, the withered boughs appear,
Where mournfully some lingering leaf hangs desolate and sere;
The colored web which autumn weaves, of purple and of gold,
Her loom of blue and crimson tints, along the vale is rolled.
Ah! who will give us back the sun, the fountain, and the shade,
The singing birds that fluttered there, the minstrel of the glade?
Alas! the leaf which on the branch in verdant beauty hung,
Its summer hour of fragrance o'er, upon the ground is flung;
It never more, refreshed with dew, the radiant sun shall see,
Nor with its kindred bloom again upon their forest tree;
The wailing wind is heard at eve, its requiem to wail, —
There, with the brethren of the glen, it sleeps amid the vale;
And birds that love the genial sun, in farewell numbers sing
The autumn leaf, the yellow leaf, the nursling of the spring.
But spring shall come, and ev'ry flower again be lifted up;
The tulip like a pearl shall keep the dewdrop in her cup;
Around the cottage home shall bloom the bluebell and the rose,
And trees that drooped in winter winds a thousand buds disclose.
Ah! thus, when death shall close the scene, may heaven's eternal spring
Around the soul her fadeless wreaths, her sacred roses fling;
And when she looks in triumph back, will not her world of bliss
Seem happier for the gloom that rests on all that 's found in this?

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* Mr. Donahoe has taken the liberty to italicize the lines above. Well he knows the truth of them.

THE HOLY HAIR OF OUR LADY.

[The following article, originally written by A. Durand for La Croix, a Catholic monthly of Paris, has been translated for this MONTHLY by THOS. XPER. J. B. KELLY, of the St. Louis Western Watchman.]

I.

EARTH has the singular good fortune to possess some of the hair of Mary Immaculate. Proofs of this fact have been adduced, discussed; and if we mistake not, any one who would have weighed them, were he a railer (*frondeur*), as far as our holy relics are concerned, would cease his contemptuous sneer, and class our religious traditions, no longer in the category of dusty legends, but in the respected pages of history. Such is their place. Should there still be any doubt, we hope to be able to dispel it.

St. Benedict possessed relics of the Blessed Virgin. They were to him a treasure more precious than that of kings. Enclosed in a little ivory box, those relics were the object of a worship in which both affection and piety were manifested. A short while before his death, the glorious founder of Monte Cassino left this old treasure to St. Maur, his disciple. The latter was on his way to the Gauls. Benedict despatched two monks to him, bearing the holy relics, as also a letter containing these simple words, impregnated with sweetness and the odor of prophecy: "Receive, O my beloved, this last legacy of thy founder. Let it be a witness of the affection I have ever had for thee. May thou and thy companions find it a perpetual succor against the dangers that may threaten them."

Among the relics enclosed in the holy box, we find a hair of the Queen of Angels.

II.

St. Gregory of Tours shall relate to us a marvellous event concerning the matter we have now in hand: —

"A pilgrim was returning to the Gauls, gladly bearing with him relics of the Mother of God, wherewith he had been enriched at Jerusalem, where are preserved garments, hair, and milk of Mary.* But on his return, he would visit Rome, the holy city and the capital of the Christian empire. In the deep and savage solitudes of Italy, he fell into an ambuscade of robbers. They stripped the pious pilgrim, took away his *capsella*, and suspecting that a treasure was contained in it, examined it every way with outrageous curiosity. Finding neither gold nor silver in it, and furious at their want of success, they threw into the fire the holy relics, far more precious than gold and diamonds, and went away after having covered the unfortunate pilgrim with wounds. When the brigands had gone, he tried to gather together the little strength that was left him, and half dead, arose to scrape up at least the ashes of his dear treasure, and to take away with him the *relic of his relics*. He approached the fire. Great was his surprise to find his capsella intact amidst the charred branches; the very cloth that enveloped the relics was so clean and so preserved that it seemed rather to come out of the water than from the flames." †

* Here we shall only mention the existence of the relic of the Holy Milk. The word requires an explanation, which will be given in its proper place; and the explanation, we can state beforehand, will satisfy the most exacting.

† De Glor. Martyr.

III.

The annals of the Church of Mende have preserved for us the story of a preservation no less miraculous.

St. Martial was one of the apostles of Gaul. "He it was," says Benedict XIV., "who formed to piety the various peoples situate between the Rhone and the ocean." * Gévaudan received the gospel seed from his hands. At Mende, he consecrated a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin. These different titles are confirmed by two briefs of Urban V., a native of Gévaudan, consequently well acquainted with the local history and traditions. The first of these briefs, dated the fifth day of the kalends of November, 1369, attaches an indulgence of one year and forty days to the church of Mende; "wishing," adds the pontiff, "that the faithful frequent this church, *founded in honor and under the title of the Blessed Mary, and consecrated by the blessed Martial, as tradition tells us.*" The second brief, accompanying a gift made to this church, was conceived in the same terms. Urban V. would do more for his dear church. On the modest oratory erected by St. Martial he had a splendid cathedral built, which was finished in 1500, with the aid of Cardinal Clément de la Rovère and his brother, François de la Rovère, both bishops of Mende and nephews of Pope Julius II., who had himself occupied this see before them.

This beautiful monument, in the minds of the generous founders, was destined to become the casket for a jewel very dear to the people of Gévaudan. This was a statue of Mary, containing some parcels of her hair. The statue had been brought from the Holy Land, by two Crusaders, in 1253. According to the documents we still have, it is presumed that it was a gift from the monks of Mount Carmel, whom the convent of the Carmelites of Mende had petitioned for it.

In 1579 the Calvinists spread devastation through the city of Mende. A church consecrated to Mary was sure to be the first pitched upon by those bands of sacrilegious madmen. It was pillaged and devastated. The venerated statue could not be rescued in time; the Calvinists threw it into the flames. The blazing furnace should surely reduce it to ashes. The fanatics were so convinced of this, that once they had perpetrated the act of savagery, they left it to the flames to complete their sacrilegious work. All quitted the building.

A pious woman, who had witnessed this satanic scene, approached the pile, when the fire had died out, with the respect wherewith Moses approached the burning bush. The miracle of the desert of Midian had been repeated here. The statue had not received the slightest harm from the fire. As in the case of the pilgrim, whose story we have related above in the words of St. Gregory the Great, the hair of the Blessed Virgin was here miraculously preserved.

The statue of the Virgin of Mende, we have stated, contained some parcels of that hair. Was the fact unknown at the time? We cannot think so. But since then, especially at the beginning of our century, this venerated relic had passed out of remembrance. On April 6, 1859, a roll of parchment was discovered between the shoulders, with this inscription: *Capilli B. V. M.*

As to whence the holy hair of Mende came, the most common opinion points to St. Martial, apostle and founder of that church †

* De Beatif., IV. 25.
† Origine de l'Église de Mende, p. 231, Labbe, T. II. p. 265.

IV.

A sister of the church of Mende, the church of Puy, likewise founded by St. Martial, presents us, in the very dawn of its history, with a page odorous with sweetest poesy.

A poor, infirm woman of the city was informed, by a revelation from the Mother of God, that she would be cured on Mount Anis. She had herself carried thither. Surprised by a gentle sleep, she again saw the Blessed Virgin, who told her that she wished a church to be built in her honor on that rock. After this comforting vision, the sick woman, perfectly cured, went to St. George, her bishop, and gave him the order received from Mary. He, accompanied by his clergy and the people, went to the spot designated. It was July 11. He found the place covered with dazzling snow. Soon a fresh wonder confirmed the first. All at once a deer, in his speedy flight, three times traced, on this white sheet, the plan of the required church, then disappeared. The spot thus mysteriously designated was surrounded with an enclosure until such time as it would be possible to comply with the designs of heaven. Long years passed away in more or less justifiable delay.

In 221 Mary again manifested her express wish to have a sanctuary on Mount Anis. The first prodigy of the snow was repeated, but this time before the eyes of Bishop Evodius. An end was put to the delay; the required edifice was built.

It remained to have it solemnly dedicated. Evodius, accompanied by the priest Scrutarius, went to Rome to obtain the necessary permission from the Holy See. Our travellers were hardly a league from the city when they met two venerable old men. These two mysterious strangers said they were sent by Pope Calixtus to tell them that the sanctuary of Mount Anis had already received its consecration from the hands of angels. They then gave the bishop and his companion two caskets filled with holy relics. In this treasure was some of Mary's hair. "Carry them barefooted," said one of the old men, "to the new church; you will find its doors shut, as they were at your departure. But they will open of themselves to you; the bells, ringing of themselves, will salute, with joyous peals, the arrival of the holy relics. Besides, you will find the church filled with lighted torches, and the altars still dripping with the unction of the Holy Chrism." At these words, the two old men disappeared. Evodius and Scrutarius, having returned to the city, found on Mount Anis everything that had been told them.*

At the present day this venerated sanctuary does not possess the most excellent relic of the Blessed Virgin's hair. The revolutionary tempest, so often let loose on our poor land of France, has scattered it. History, deprived of documents, cannot trace it. Assuredly God has watched over that dear treasure and confided it to piously filial hands.

V.

It is now the turn of the church of Laon to tell us of the wonders wrought by the holy hair upon the sick and the infirm.

This ancient church had some of the Blessed Virgin's hair. We shall be silent, as history is, as to the hand by which this precious treasure was given it. In 1112, vile scoundrels, the better to assure the success of their robbery, set the cathedral on fire. Immense were the ruins; inexpressible, too, the universal grief: the city's resources would never be enough to rebuild the church.

* Histor. Gallica B. V. Anicensis, ex antiquissimis manuscriptis, D. P. Gissœus.

But piety, ever ingenious and full of hope, sought remedies for so great a misfortune. From the heart of Mary, who inspired them with it, came a pious plan.

Seven canons of Laon, who were joined by six of the most respectable burghers of the city, traversed France, then England, carrying in its rich shrine the holy hair, and begging, in the name of the Virgin Mary, the alms of city and hamlet. It was a constant triumph for Mary. Piety was touched, and poured forth most generous offerings.

The collectors came to Tours. Bishop Rodolfe received them with religious respect. The metropolitan church remained open all night, to allow the multitude, who were filled with holy eagerness, to venerate the august relic. In the morning, a woman who had been sick for eight years besought the favor of being carried to the reliquary, about which so many wonders had been told her. She was carried, brought nigh to it; that moment she was cured. In her gratitude, she followed the holy reliquary on foot from the metropolitan church to St. Martin's. "*The whole city of Tours was witness of this prodigy.*" At St. Martin's, a new miracle: A young man, deaf and dumb from his birth, was instantaneously cured.*

At Issoudun, Geoffroi, lord of the place, loaded Mary's collectors with presents, after he had been witness of a miraculous event: two paralytics, who had long been supported by charity in his own house, were so suddenly cured that gratitude induced them to follow the relics even to Laon, and to aid, as laborers, in the rebuilding of the church.

Nevertheless, at Buzancais, in Berry, the pious collectors did not meet with the kindly reception they had met elsewhere on their journey. Then, to revive the faith of these people, a defiance was boldy uttered. "If any one is sick," exclaimed one of the collectors before the assembled multitude, "let him come forward and be cured." Immediately a young deaf-mute was led to the shrine. These zealous servants of Mary, trembling all over for fear that they had pledged themselves to too much (for God is the free dispenser of his gifts), began to pray. That moment the deaf-mute heard and spoke with ease. In gratitude, he too would follow the relics to Laon; and we learn, from the author who relates this fact, that the miraculously cured deaf-mute entered the monastery of Nogent, of which he himself was abbot.†

VI.

Ciacconus, of the Order of St. Dominic, in his "History of the Roman Pontiffs," relates that Pope Urban VI., on the point of undertaking that sad journey which was the beginning of Rome's widowhood and the era of a sorrowful captivity, before leaving the tomb of the holy apostles, asked Heaven for a protector and a guide. His tender devotion to Mary led him to choose the most blessed Virgin. And the better to merit the complaisance of her maternal care, he put in a precious reliquary, piously placed over his heart, a hair of the Blessed Virgin. This was for the pious pontiff as the column of the desert, in that so dreaded journey from Rome to Avignon. His path, enlightened at difficult and darksome hours, was protected against snares and treasons.

This veneration of the popes for the hair of the most blessed Virgin is like a precious heritage faithfully handed down. To prove this, we shall only make a few gleanings in history.

* Hermanus monacus, Lib. de Mirac. S. Mar. Londunensis ad Bart. Laudun, episc.
† Recital of the miracles of the Holy Virgin. Guibert, abbot of Nogent.

Gosserand, Archbishop of Lyons, wished to take advantage of Paschal's visit to France, to give incomparable solemnity to the consecration of the church of Ainay. This pious intention will be the better understood when we mention that this church was his *former spouse;* for before being raised to the see of the Gallic metropolis, Archbishop Gosserand had been abbot of Ainay. The grand ceremony took place Jan. 27, 1106. La Mure, in his "Manuscrit sur la trés ancienne abbaye d'Ainaye," relates that the pope, after the consecration of the main altar, consecrated another in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, in the chapel on the left, and that he there placed some relics of the holy hair, fragments of the manger and of the swaddling clothes.

The city of St. Polycarp and St. Irenæus have responded to this tender pledge of Mary's favor by a devotion to which seven centuries, far from abating, have but given more vigor. A few years after this dedication, the clergy of the religious city began to celebrate a solemn feast in honor of the Immaculate Conception. A date so glorious should survive oblivion: it was in 1128. The seed cast into the earth asked only to give a rich harvest. God sent into his glebe, for this great work, a noble workman. St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, driven by the storm of persecution, came several times to seek shelter in the Rome of the Gauls. In these years of exile he composed the beautiful book on the Virginal Conception of Mary. His pen did but sum up the pious teachings that had fallen from his lips and been given to that religious city.

Such were beautiful titles to honor for ancient *Lugdunum;* faithful to the nobility of its escutcheon, it bears them ever in mind: the great feast of the 8th of December every year proclaims them anew to the world.

Baronius also informs us that Pope Calixtus, consecrating the church of St. Agnes himself, placed in it some of Mary's hair.*

Pius IX. had some of the holy hair, and preserved it with most filial piety in his chapel. In the audience of March 25, 1878, Commander Acquaderni, president of the Society of Catholic Youth, presented to Leo XIII. a beautiful reliquary, containing a hair of the Blessed Virgin. This present, very dear to the heart of the holy pontiff, was received with gratitude, and assigned to the place of honor it deserved.

Such pious honors paid by the popes to the relic of the holy hair most naturally impose reflection upon the inconsiderate, silence on detractors, respect on all.

VII.

The annals of Sicily contain an account of a miraculous preservation of some of the holy hair. This is so interesting that we feel it a duty not to abridge the story.

Roger, Count of Sicily, and terror of the Saracens, was possessor of this august relic. It was revered with liveliest devotion, in the city of Piazza, until 1163.

In this year, when the Moors were about to become masters of the city, the holy relic was hidden in a grotto; a lighted lamp was put there, and all was left silent and forgotten until 1349.

A dreadful pestilence was then sweeping the people of Piazza away. Mary wished to make the holy treasure, so long hidden, the successful remedy against this terrible scourge. In an apparition to a pious priest, John of

* Annal., T. XII., Anno 1213, No. 3.

Candilia, she revealed the spot where the relic was concealed. The bishop gave permission for a procession, in which the religious bodies and a large concourse of the faithful took part. At the sight of the mountain, all fell on their knees in reverence to the holy relic enclosed within it. Then John of Candilia, the promoter and soul of this magnificent display, amidst sacred hymns, approached the spot pointed out by the Mother of God, offered a fervent prayer, and armed with a pick, began to dig the earth which no one had removed in a hundred and eighty-six years. They soon came upon the entrance to a grotto, the existence of which was unknown to everybody; it was opened in presence of the whole multitude. Heaven wished to give thousands of witnesses to the prodigy. The lamp lighted almost two centuries before was still burning; Count Roger's standard (a present from the Sovereign Pontiff, and on which was displayed the picture of Mary), the hair of the Blessed Virgin, all were intact, as on the day when they were deposited in that spot. To make this wonder still more remarkable, the other articles which had been confided to the silence of the grotto had rotted away from dampness and age.

This happened May 3, 1349. The bishop, in concert with the magistrates of the city, resolved to celebrate this miraculous discovery in the future by a public festival. It was decided that it should bear the name of *Feast of the Holy Hair of the Blessed Virgin*, which would be celebrated on May 3, and that the precious relic should be borne in solemn procession through the squares and streets of Piazza.

Signal favors have since been the reward of this great devotion. In 1555 a woman who had been sick for long years, and given up by all the physicians, was suddenly cured, as the procession was passing by, under the bishop's own eyes. The same miracle took place again in 1563. In the year 1625, Vincenzio Inguardiola, suffering from a deadly malady, drank water blessed in honor of the holy hair. At the same time she promised, by vow, a shrine for the revered relic. The cure was as quick as the promise.*

VIII.

There are many flowers indeed culled in the field of history, to weave a garland for the holy hair; and yet so sweet-scented are they that we cannot help seeking more. It is a pleasure to search into everything on our way; the silent shade of the hedge, the solitary rock on the hillside, as well as the dusty herbage on the highways. Let us then continue, for a few moments more, our journey through these plains, so full of sweet odors and poesy.

At Nocera, a city of the kingdom of Naples, there was from time immemorial a church dedicated to Mary. This church contained an image held in great veneration by the people of that land. Centuries of barbarian devastation passed over those walls, and the statue, buried under the ruins, remained forgotten.

In the second half of the eleventh century, the hand of God scourged Italy severely. Nocera was ravaged by war, pestilence, and famine. But taking pity on a people who were always dear to her maternal heart, Mary was pleased to open to them that tutelary asylum wherein her mercy had so often sheltered the unfortunate of earth, — and alas! so long forgotten. The instrument chosen for this work of reparation was the poor but pious wife of a husbandman; her name was Caramari. While she, worn out with toilsome labor, was taking beneath the shadow of an oak the little sleep that want so parsimoniously meted out to her, Mary appeared to her. She seemed to see descending from heaven a venerable and most majestic lady, who approached her. "Who

* P. Paul Chiaranda, S. J., Descript. Urbis Piazzæ, Lib. III., c. iii. et viii.

are you?" asked Caramari, "and how here? a lady!" "I am the Mother of God!" was the gentle answer. Then making a sign with her hand, she continued, "All this place belongs to me; there are buried old souvenirs concerning me."

When she awoke, the peasant's wife told the mysterious dream to her husband. But her communications were ill received; she was commanded never to say another word about such visions. She obeyed this order; two years passed by in most thorough silence.

Meanwhile the pestilence which was ravaging Italy came to the walls of Nocera. Caramari then had a second vision. In a dream, as on the first occasion, she seemed to see in the same place a very noble person. Three fires were burning before him; he fanned their flames, then threw incense into them. His countenance bespoke a joy all heavenly, and his voice, harmonious as the angels', gave utterance to these words: "Here is the gate of heaven. See these three fires whose flames unite in a single column of smoke: thou knowest not the mystery of them; I am going to reveal it to thee. This smoke, arising from the incense cast upon the flames, represents the prayers which the faithful will here raise to God. Tell the inhabitants to dig into the earth, and they will find a sacred treasure. Let them make haste to obey if they would escape the scourges wherewith Heaven is threatening them."

This time the poor woman, without saying a word to her husband, told some neighbors what she had seen and heard. Heaven gave such persuasive force to her words that she induced the neighbors to go to the designated spot. The oak was cut down; the earth was dug and dug over again all around: but all their search was unavailing, and the peasants, ashamed of their credulity, retired amidst a storm of mocking jests.

Heaven removed this discouragement by a third visit; and this time with more evident marks of truth. Caramari saw in a dream, still in the same place, the Queen of heaven accompanied by two virgins dazzling with beauty. "What then are these people doing?" she asked her. "Why do they not seek the hidden treasure?" "Madam," replied the peasant, "they complain of having been deceived. So to bring them back, there must be a proof more certain than my dreams, which they will nevermore set score by." And the Blessed Virgin then continued: "Fear not: I will give thee a sign which will not deceive." Then, taking a very precious ring from her finger, she showed it to the humble peasant, and said to her: "Dost thou see this diamond, shining like a star? I throw it on the ground; mark well where it falls; in that spot is my treasure buried."

Did the poor woman, when she awoke, forget the dream she had had? Did she want to pay no attention to it, so as not to expose herself to fresh ridicule? We cannot say. But seeing that day was beginning to break, she went to the fields to harvest. Scarcely had she put her hand to the sickle when she screamed: "I can't see anything! Help!" Her companions gathered around her: they all advised her to wash her eyes with fresh water; this indisposition, they said, caused by the great heat, would quickly vanish.

But the peasant had other ideas. She saw in this fact a punishment from God. Turning towards her companions, she related to them all the preceding visions, and requested them to lead her to the uprooted oak, there to seek the ring which the Blessed Virgin let drop there. She was led to the spot she had pointed out. Every one made eager and most minute search. Suddenly a young girl found the mysterious ring. "There it is! there it is!" she exclaimed; "how beautiful it is! it looks like a brilliant star!"

On the radiant lustre of the heavenly diamond, Caramari's blindness vanished, as the dark fog before the bright morning beams. Filled with joy, she

addressed the young girl, saying, "Stop, don't touch it, it has been consecrated by the hand of most holy Mary; you must send for a priest." The priest came; the crowd followed him. The striking prodigy, wrought but a moment before, dispelled every doubt. The ground was dug: the ruins of the ancient church soon appeared; an image of Mary was found, and in a casket some of the Blessed Virgin's hair.

The glories of the new sanctuary effaced all the splendors of the first. The Emperor Henry of Germany, hearing of the miracles that were wrought there, came to crave the cure of the frightful leprosy wherewith he was covered. The walls, hardly erected, beheld his Imperial Majesty humbly prostrate at the door of the church, and begging for prayers and blessings. Humility and confidence gain the greatest victories over the heart of God; they fully triumphed on this occasion. The dreadful disease disappeared.

Pope Nicholas II., on his return from Apulia, whither he had gone on affairs of church, passed through Nocera, with a brilliant suite of bishops and cardinals, and was pleased to consecrate the new sanctuary; this was May 1, 1061. These two memorable events are represented in two large paintings, still in existence *

IX.

The two following incidents are taken from the Lives of the Saints.

St. Dominic, in obedience to the command received from Mary, had established the confraternity of the rosary. This peaceful band, armed with the sword of prayer and the shield of faith, won signal victories over the hordes of heresy. The Albigenses were vanquished; once more the woman's heel crushed the serpent's head.

Institutions the most holy know, alas! but too well the easy declines to decadence. The confraternity of the rosary could not escape the general danger. On the death of the holy founder, the devotion of the first days relaxed; soon lukewarmness followed. From that to neglect there was but a step. That step was made.

But the Queen of heaven was watching over an institution destined for splendid victories. Its restoration was given as a task to a member of the Dominican family, Alain de la Roche, a celebrated doctor, who with extensive knowledge combined tender devotion to Mary.† In a vision the august Mary gave him and the order of Friars Preachers the mission of reviving the devotion of the holy rosary. She bade him put forth all his zeal in this work, expressly promising to bestow her favors on the pious members of the confraternity; to defend them in all their dangers, as a mother full of solicitude for her dearest children; to plead their cause with her Divine Son, during life and at the hour of death, by her prayers; to procure them the graces necessary for their salvation; finally, to bring them, after the sadness and struggles of exiles, into the joy and peace of heaven.

As a pledge of maternal affection and special protection, Mary, taking from her virginal finger a ring which she told him was made of her hair, gave it to her devout servant. Then around his neck, as the badge of the apostle of

* Father Rho, "I Sabbati del Gesu" Father Montoric. His history was based on the old archives of the sanctuary, written in old Lombard characters.

† He must not be confounded with another of the same name. The one of whom we speak here belonged to a convent in England. Another Alain de la Roche, also a Dominican and of German origin, lived at Cologne. He also exerted himself to spread the devotion of the rosary, established a great number of confraternities at Cologne, and wrote a book on the subject, which has not come down to us. He died in 1514.

the rosary, she hung a rich collar composed of fifteen precious stones. For fifteen years the blessed Alain de la Roche travelled through village and town, preaching Mary in the various mysteries of her joys, her sorrows, and her glories *

What became of the collar and the ring? Where are they at the present day? Are they still revered? All the researches we have made have come to naught This loss, if such it be, is deeply to be regretted, for it can readily be understood what an immense interest attaches for every Christian to so holy a relic.

X.

We shall take from the life of St. Bridget (of Sweden) an incident with which we can conclude. It will dispel the doubts that may still remain in some minds regarding the possibility of hair of the most blessed Virgin being in existence at the present day.

St. Bridget was at Naples, where she resided for some time. A nun of the Holy Cross, named Clare, one day sent her a message by an express: "I have in my possession some of the holy hair of the august Virgin Mary, which was given me by a pious queen. I will give them to you in turn according to the command I have received from God. If you demand a proof of what I assert, know that in a little while I shall die and return to Him whom my soul loves above all things." The event, a few days after, gave confirmation to the prediction. And yet St. Bridget doubted the authenticity of the holy hair. The Blessed Virgin appeared to her, to dispel her doubts. "As true," she said, "as I am the daughter of Joachim and Ann, so certain is it that those hairs were once on my head." †

XI.

We will complete this essay by giving the names of the sanctuaries that have possessed and do not possess this august treasure. Most certainly the list is incomplete. Hence we would be deeply grateful if the readers of the Croix would be kind enough to send us any document calculated to make it less defective.

Trombelli, quoting Jean Ferrand, a Jesuit, author of a learned work on the discerning of relics, wrote, at the close of the last century and on the eve of the revolutionary outburst so fatal to our churches: "Some of the hair of Mary is to be seen at Rome, at the churches of the Holy Cross, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major. Onuphrius, who tells us, adds that their color is a golden yellow: *Aureo colore flavescere*. Of the same color is the hair venerated with great devotion at Oviedo, in Spain. The cities of Puy, Paris, Troyes, Aix-la-Chapelle, Besançon, and St. Omer are proud and happy to be possessed of this famous relic. An important monastery of Courland, dedicated to Mary, had some of the holy hair, which the Emperor Henry received from Hugh, the Most Christian King of France, and which he then gave, in his royal munificence, to this convent. ‡

Some years after the time at which Trombelli wrote these lines, Puy, Paris, Troyes, Besançon, St. Omer were despoiled of the grand relic.

* Summ. Aurea, T. V. p. 336, T. XII. 855, *et alibi in diversis locis*.
† Lib. Revel. S. Brigitæ, 2, 11, c. 94. Edit Roman. 1628.
‡ Trombelli, De Reliquii B. M. V.

Ferreol Locrius adds other names to those given by Trombelli, — Allamonte in Calabria, Mount Gerard, Douai, Arras.*

If we consult Beyerlinck, in that truly monumental encyclopædia which bears the name of "Magnum Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ," he will tell us that the holy hair was revered at Cologne, in the church of the Blessed Virgin on the Capitol, and in the chapel of the Friars Minors in the monastery of Andecks, Bavaria; in St. Mary's of the Minerva, St. Lawrence's beyond the walls, at Rome; in St. Mary's of Wisdom, St. Patrick's, St. Catherine of Siena's, in Naples †

An inventory of St. Allyre, taken Oct. 18, 1684, and found in the archives of the prefecture of Clermont, mentions some of the holy hair in that city, and also at St. Verny de Blot.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the Calvinists, having devastated the cathedral of Rouen and burned its relics, the Cardinal Archbishop, Charles de Bourbon, asked the abbey of Corby for relics of the Blessed Virgin. The king lent his support to the request. Among the relics obtained on this occasion we find some of the holy hair. The burghers of Rouen used the alms of the jubilee of 1626 to purchase a finely wrought shrine to receive this rich present.

None of these different sanctuaries now offers the august relic to the veneration of pilgrims. Some even seem to have lost all trace of its history, and many a time the astonished custodian takes for a pilgrim from the grave the man who questions him about things so dear to the piety of olden times.

XII.

To sum it all up, we give the names of the churches which are so fortunate as to still possess some of the holy hair of Mary: —

The chapel of Our Lady of the Lattice, at Lille; Our Lady of the Visitation, at Bollezele; the collegiate church of St Gervais, at Maestricht; the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle; the *Consolata*, St. Mark's, Venice; St. Antony of Padua, Padua; the cathedral of Forli; Our Lady of Angels, Assisi; St. Mark's, St. Roch's, Holy Cross, St. Mary à Trastevere, St. Francis at Ripà, St. Mary Major's, St. Peter's, the Concezzione, Rome; the cathedral of Anagni; the abbey of Monte Cassino; the cathedral of Frascati; St. Patrick's and St Mary's of Wisdom, Naples; the cathedral of Messina; the cathedral of Oviedo; that of Valentia, in Spain.

Thus it is that an ancient, universal, and constant *cult* has been paid to the Virgin Mary's hair. Permitted by the Church, paid under her divine control, it is deserving of all respect. This cult has more than once received the seal of miracle. The foregoing pages have stated this sufficiently. Every one — we cannot too often repeat it — is free to hold to his belief; but it seems difficult, after what we have said, to refuse to acknowledge that the devotion of the faithful to the holy hair is perfectly reasonable. If we leave the railers freedom not to believe, let them in return leave us the freedom to revere objects all redolent of the faith and love of eighteen centuries.

In a future issue we will give, by the same author, a history of the HOLY MILK OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

* Ferreol Locrius, Reliquiæ B. V.

† Beyerlinck, T. VI., Reliquiæ.

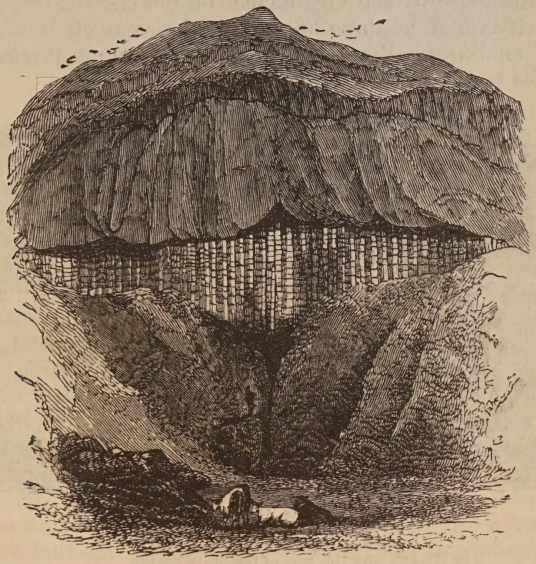
OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND GEOLOGICAL NOTES OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Trap Rock — Basalt: General Remarks upon — The Giant's Causeway — Columnar Form: Description of — Sculptures — Greenstone — Gypsum — Bowlders — Shells and Marl — Sand and Gravel Ridges.

Volcanic rocks are designated by the name Trap or Trappena, and are found in the form of veins protruded through or overlying other rocks, in tabular, columnar, or horizontal masses. The term "trap" is derived, according to Lyell, from the Swedish word "trappa," signifying stair, because rocks of this class frequently occur in terrace-like masses, rising tier over tier above each other, as gigantic steps of a staircase. A remarkable example of this kind of formation exists on the road about midway between Galway and Oughterard.

Viewing these rocks generally, they would appear to be of comparatively recent formation; we may therefore infer that in the earlier period of the condition of the earth, circumstances were not favorable to their development, or at least to their propulsion to its surface.



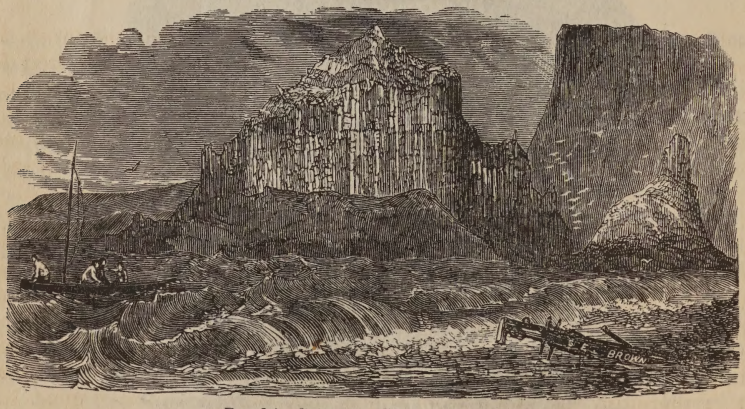
Columnar Basalt. The Giant's Organ, coast of Antrim.

Basalt, which is the most widely distributed stone of this class, is now acknowledged to have been produced as lava, either from submarine volcanoes (in which case, cooling under the pressure of water, it became crystallized in columnar form, and was afterwards gradually raised), or it was poured forth at a higher level in tabular masses, covering the surfaces of other rocks. This formation is of very extensive occurrence all over the globe; the greatest known mass is that noticed by Colonel Sykes, and published in

the Proceedings of the Geological Society (London, 1833), as existing in the Deccan (India), covering many thousand square miles of surface.

Basaltic Formation as shown at Staffa.

On the Continent of Europe, in Italy, Central France, upon the banks of the Rhine, and the Cyclopean Islands in the Mediterranean, also in Iceland, and in the Hebrides (at Staffa), we find imposing examples of columnar basalt; but in no region of the globe is the majestic grandeur of the formation of the northeast coast of Antrim equalled, where, according to the accurate measurement made by the Ordinance Trigonometrical Survey, many of the columns reach as high as three hundred and seventeen feet, over a nearly similar depth of chalk, and the sides of these enormous prisms occasionally measure from five to six feet.

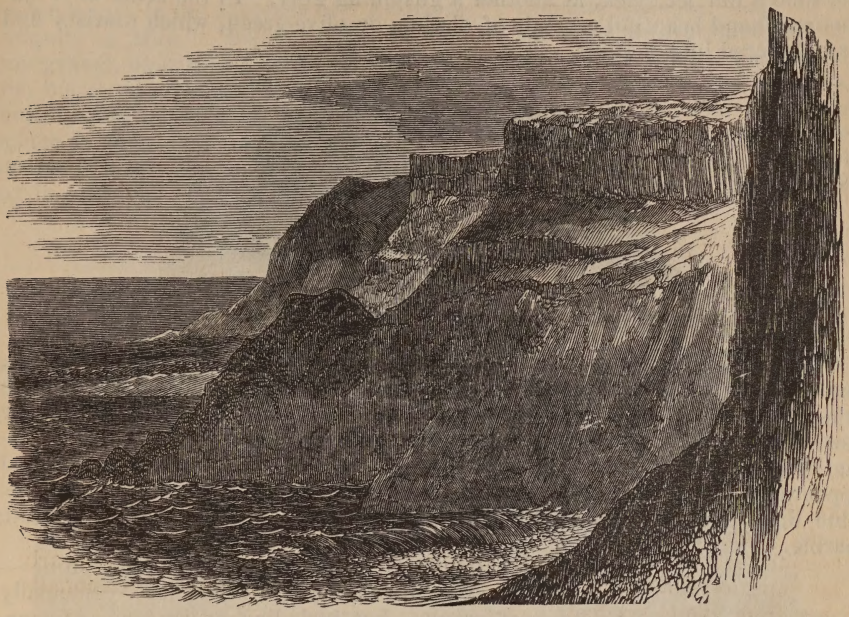


Basaltic Columns, Giants Causeway.

"Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
The Giant's pier the war of tempests braves,
A far-projecting firm basaltic way
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array.
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses, doubtful if it stands
The work of mortal or immortal hands."

The stones of the Giants' Causeway, jointed concave and convex one into the other, and fitting with the utmost accuracy in their polygonal sides, — within the interstices of which the blade of the smallest penknife cannot enter, — are justly considered a phenomenon of nature; but visitors to this district

seldom take the trouble of viewing the miles upon miles of coast-line, only seen from the sea, stretching towards Belfast, where the columnar formation



Pleaskin, the Causeway.

shows itself in heights — including the chalk beds upon which they rest, and their superincumbent capping — rising from five hundred to six hundred feet in perfectly perpendicular lines, forming the most magnificent coast-line in the world.

This stone principally occurs in Antrim and Derry, both columnar and massive; it is also found in considerable quantity in Limerick, and it is seen in some of the hills, massive, in Kildare, as well as in other inland districts.

Basalt is a close, compact rock, of dark-green color, nearly approaching to black: it is of variable composition, and consists principally of silica, oxide of iron, feldspar, pyroxine, alumina, and lime. Silica and oxide of iron exist generally in the same proportions in it; but alumina and lime — both of which largely modify its texture, the former varying from one to six, the latter from one to nine in its quantity — alter its structure to a very considerable extent.

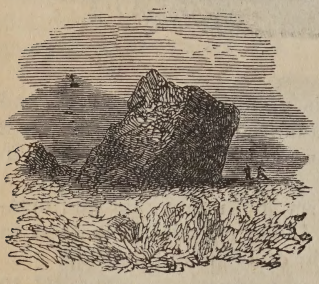
Lyell informs us that "many of the figures of Egyptian temples are formed of basalt"; therefore the stone from which they were sculptured must have contained alumina and lime in vastly greater proportion than occurs with us. Possibly they were executed from massive, not crystallized lava, as between the two there exists great variety of structure. As lava flows from a volcano, its upper surface becomes porous, but in its sediment dense, owing to the slow cooling and the pressure it becomes subjected to. Frequently streams of it are poured into the sea, and the upper surface — or the foam, if so we may call it, of what is in reality a river of fire — assumes this form, and is pumice-stone, so useful in the arts; a denser form of pumice-stone occurs over cooled streams of lava, but still not so dense that it will not float upon water.

The hardened deposits of this stone differ materially, according to the mountain it is ejected from. In those of Iceland is found the glass formed by nature,

"black obsidian," much used for ornamental purposes, and presenting different appearances according to the section in which it is cut and polished; at one time a full jet black, at another a glistening gray. In the lavas of Vesuvius are found beautiful crystals of olivine, or olive-green, which tourists find manufactured into jewelry.

Striated and Polished Bowlder. Slieve League, Donegal.

Greenstone, popularly called whinstone, occurs in all the clay-slate rocks, and frequently in sandstone; it is of volcanic formation, protruded through other rocks of sedimentary deposit, of hard, compact nature, of exceedingly close texture, and like all rocks of its class, alters the character of other formations where it comes in contact with them. It obliterates the stratified appearance of the sedimentary strata, and causes them to become crystalline. Blue limestone is occasionally converted by it into a close-grained white marble.



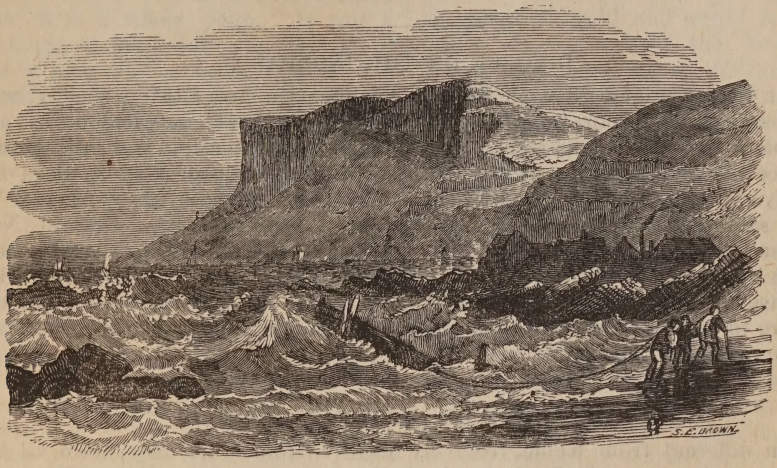
Erratic Block. Mourne Mountains.

Rounded, water-worn masses of stone — many of diameters of twenty feet, principally of granite, but including every known formation — are found all over the country, often in such elevated positions that it is a matter of surprise how they have been transported thither, because being generally of different stone from that which occurs in the locality (although this remark does not always follow); sometimes in an exclusively limestone district we meet granite, conglomerate, sandstone, and trap rock, lying within a few yards of each other, all rounded by attrition with other rocks.

It is from the floating power of ice we have derived these immigrants to our shores, — some of them from the loftiest Alpine regions. Yet the majority are native, and often found embedded in clay deposits, some of them projecting partially above ground, others covered but by a few inches of soil, others perched on the highest mountains, while numbers are excavated at considerable depths; these are derived from the Donegal and Mourne Mountains, and the Killiney and Dalkey hills, and could only have been deposited in their present position during the general glaciation of this country.

In northern latitudes, enormous icebergs are constantly found floating, many of them rising some two hundred to three hundred feet above the sea level, and having much greater depth under water, in which are embedded huge rocks, clay, and gravel; and as they float into warmer latitudes, perhaps over submerged mountains, the ice melts, and deposits this foreign matter (which may have travelled thousands of miles) at the bottom of the ocean. In after ages, this ocean bed is gradually upraised, covered by numerous masses of rock. To the student in geology, Galway County offers the most interesting examples of immigrant bowlders.

In our previous remarks we stated the theory that Ireland was at one period almost wholly submerged under water; and we have explained it at greater length in the chapters of "Addenda," "Climatic Changes," and "The Antiquity of Man" Beds of shell, covered by marl, but always found resting upon gravel, numerously occur all over the country, in basins on the slopes of hills, but more generally in valleys. These shells are univalves and bivalves, whose *habitat* is the deep sea or upon the slopes of a shore; and they have become in their present positions covered over by successive deposits of a calcareous marl, only produced by the subsidence of water holding lime and clay in solution. In many instances they are discovered under a considerable



Fair Head.

depth of bog. It is in this marl that Griffiths describes the skeletons and horns of the Irish elk being found, fine specimens of which are preserved in the Royal Dublin Society's Museum, and in the Royal College of Surgeons This animal, whose remains have been excavated in abundance in these deposits, appears to have been a contemporary with man, as a human skeleton has been found embedded in the marl, closely adjoining one of them. Along the eastern coast of Ireland, as well as in many other portions of the country, fine sand and beds of sea-shells are found at considerable elevations above the sea level, — in many instances as high as six hundred feet; which is still more conclusive of the theory above given.

The sand and gravel hills of Ireland form a most valuable adjunct to building material. As Eskers, they are known in every county, their substrata being beds of clay, then gravel, superimposed by sand, frequently containing marine shells. Sometimes all these deposits appear to have been violently mixed together by some disturbing action. In the county Dublin, we have examples in the Green Hills, near Tallaght, and at Ballybrack and Howth, but they occur everywhere all over the country; the great majority, however, are found in the central limestone plain, where currents became established by its gradual upraisal and denudation. These sand and gravel ridges confirm our knowledge that Ireland was, at a comparatively recent period in geological history, submerged in water; also that by its elevation and consequent subsidence of the retiring seas, when meeting with obstruction, they deposited these beds of clay, gravel, and sand.

From Dr. Antisell's "Irish Geology," p. 73, we extract the following: "These hills are looked upon as deposits out of diluvian currents, which swept across the country in a direction in some degree northwest and southeast, but altered in many cases by local obstructions. It would appear that the currents were sometimes of great depth and of varying velocity, for many of the beds bear marks of violent agitation and unequal subsidence, mixing all the contents together without regularity; while in others, the evenness and succession of the beds, the finer lying comformably upon the coarser, indicate that in the last the waters were in a state of quiescence compared to where the deposits are uneven."

To be continued.

DIVORCE ON THE INCREASE.

The New England Divorce Reform League is a new Boston society, with such men as Governor Long, Theodore Woolsey, President Chadbourne, and President Chamberlain as members. Whether the intention is to discourage divorce altogether, or to merely reform the ways of procuring it, does not clearly appear. In an address recently delivered in that city, Rev. Samuel W. Dike said that divorce was a Yankee notion, and was spreading in New England faster than anywhere else. "It is the native American element which generally avails itself of the divorce laws," he declared, "and the increase of licentiousness in New England and the destruction of unborn life are to be attributed to the looseness of morals caused by the relaxation of the marriage bond."

MR. FROUDE ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Far different from Keble, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival, —John Henry Newman. Compared with him, they were all but as ciphers, and he the indicating number. The times I speak of are far distant; the actors and the stormy passions which bubbled round them are long dead and forgotten among new excitements. Newman, too, for many years had dropped silent and disappeared from the world's eyes. He came out again in a conflict with a dear friend of mine, who, on my account partly (at least in reviewing a book which I had written), provoked a contest with him, and, "impar congressus Achilli," seemed to have been foiled. The immediate result was the publication of the famous "Apologia," a defence personally of Newman's own life and actions, and next of the Catholic cause. The writer of it is again in power in modern society, a prince of the church; surrounded, if he appears in public, with adoring crowds, fine ladies going on their knees before him in London salons. Himself of most modest nature, he never sought greatness, but greatness found him in spite of himself. To him, if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism. Fifty years ago it was in England a dying creed, lingering in retirement in the halls and chapels of a few half-forgotten families. A shy Oxford student has come out on its behalf into the field of controversy, armed with the keenest weapons of modern learning and philosophy, and wins illustrious converts, and has kindled hopes that England herself, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, will kneel for absolution again before the Father of Christendom. Mr Buckle questioned whether any great work has ever been done in this world by an individual man. Newman, by the solitary force of his own mind, has produced this extraordinary change. What he has done we all see; what will come of it our children will see.

SHOCKING VULGARITY.

Western Watchman.

[The following article, although intended for the region of St. Louis, will equally apply, not only to that city, but to the "Athens of America," and other large cities. In Boston, "this sort of thing" is principally confined to a Sunday paper. The daily papers have not yet opened their columns to this sort of gush.]

All first-class dailies have now a society column. It used to be a column; now it is a whole page. It was a melange of the doings and sayings of *public men and women;* now it is a weekly review of the matrimonial market. Our young misses who have any pretensions to *ton* must now see themselves in print at least once a week, or they fancy the crowd of wife-seekers have passed on and forgotten to call. We know now when our society belles get a new dress; when they took their last trip South — on a Fifth Street car; when they got rid of their colds, and how long they had them; when they will be able to see their sweethearts, and how long they will remain at home before flying away again to greet the ten thousand lovers who are dying to greet them in all parts of this country and Europe. It is simply abominable and horribly vulgar.

The worst of it is, all these notices are sent in by the young ladies themselves. Our readers may rest assured that we know how the society department of our Sunday papers is edited. During the week, thousands of scented envelopes find their way into the drawer of the society editor, and on Sunday they appear just as they were written. When you see that the charming young Miss Lisette Lutestring has just arrived from a most pleasant trip to the seaside, you may wager your back hair that all that was written to the paper by Miss Lisette Lutestring herself, that she called herself charming, and called her ride on a sewing-machine wagon to Queen's Lake, in the Illinois bottoms, a trip to the seaside. No paper would dare use a young lady's name without her knowledge and consent. The number of those ninnies who thus advertise themselves in our papers is surprisingly large for a city making pretence to culture and refinement.

In Europe, such vulgarity is unheard of in decent society. A lady so gazetted could and would recover heavy damages from the libellers. What is the meaning of this hankering after publicity so apparent in our American girls? Have they no modesty? Do they not know that save on very rare occasions, publicity compromises a young girl's character? Do they not know that young men whose friendship is worth prizing are repelled from associating with a young lady whose name is in every one's mouth? Girls fond of publici y make very bad wives. They are fond of display, and that passion, following them into wedlock, makes them dress up for other people's gratification, without regard to the feelings of their husbands or the demands of their families.

We call upon all respectable Catholic young ladies to frown down this vulgarity. Let them discountenance the immodesty by refusing to associate with those who thus di-play themselves in print. The practice is a sign of unhealthiness in the community. There may be nothing criminal in it, but it is strongly suggestive of brazenness and excessive familiarity with the public.

How to obtain Sleep. — Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons prefer cold. To those who suffer from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy has proved an especial boon.

PAT: A MINIATURE FARCE.

Rosa Mulholland in Irish Monthly.

SCENE I.

A Bog in the county Galway.

MR. O'FLAHERTY JOYCE, *soliloquizing as he walks.*

THAT is Castle Shaughraun over yonder. I hear Mr. Blake Ffrench Piers has been running the hounds steadily through his property till he has almost nothing left. Going the way my poor father went; and I hear there are grown-up children to suffer for his folly. How well the old chimneys look with all that crimson light upon them! What extraordinary colors the sunset conjures out of these moors, making a bog look like paradise! A fool's paradise, I fear. Well, it is a lovely scene, as I behold it for the first time, thankful that I have been so far blest as to be able to buy back my patrimony, from which I had to fly as an infant with my parents in their troubles. My father told me I should find old Piers living in a bog and throwing his money after the hounds. Yet this is a gorgeous landscape, and everything around appears smiling and peaceful. How well those herons look, perching on the edge of yonder golden pool, edged with a fringe of inky rushes! But, by Jove, here I have come to the very verge of my neighbor's private grounds; and hark to laughter and voices coming through this close-cut hedge!

First Voice. — Nora, did you notice how enthusiastically Mrs. Bagnal talked about the new Mr. Joyce to-day?

Second Voice. — Rather about his house and furniture, Delia. It was nice of him to furnish so handsomely at once.

NORA. — Looks as if he intended to marry, Mrs. Bagnal thinks.

Third Voice. — In that case it would have been nicer to leave the choice of the furniture to the lady. I predict he will be an old bachelor.

DELIA. — How fortunate Mrs Bagnal does not hear you, Pat! She already sees her Alice mistress of Mount Joyce

NORA. — She will not invite us as long as he is in the country.

DELIA. — Then I hope he will disappoint her, and, as Pat says, live and die an old bachelor.

PAT. — Poor Mrs Bagnal would not be the only disappointed person. It seems to me the whole country has its head turned about him. Shabby creatures! All because he is rich. If he had remained in the poverty to which his father had reduced him, not one of them would have discovered that he had a handsome nose, or "such a pleasant look in his eyes."

DELIA. — Why, Pat is turning cynical! Of course, my dear boy, he *couldn't* have a handsome nose if he were poor. *Our* noses would be lovely if we were rich; but as it is, they are good for nothing but to turn themselves up at the blindness of our neighbors.

NORA. — And our pleasant eyes might as well cast baleful glances. I suppose it will come to that with us; we shall grow like poor old Miss Medusa, who scowls at every one she meets.

PAT. — Nonsense, girls! You know you are called beauties. If only you keep up your spirits — and with a few patches and darns —

NORA *and* DELIA. — Oh-h-h-h! (*A duet of distressful wailing drowns Pat's cheerful young voice for a few moments.*)

PAT. — Well, all I have got to say about the hero of the hour is that my admiration would not be given to his money, his fine house and furniture, his handsome nose and pleasant eyes, but to the pluck and industry and energy, — yes, girls, the determined character that enabled him to do what he has done. Here he is, a success-

ful man, still under forty, and he came into the world heir to poverty and ruin. That is the man for me! Yet the fools round about here rather ignore or excuse the fact that his money was made in trade. They prefer to make believe that he was born with the conventional silver spoon in his mouth.

MR. JOYCE (*aside, behind the hedge*). — Good boy, Pat! I shall be happy to make your acquaintance; also to judge for myself whether the young ladies' noses are lovely or not. Meantime, if I am to retain any respect for myself, I had better play the part of eavesdropper no longer.

[*Exit* MR. JOYCE.

[*Enter* (*the garden behind the hedge*) MR. BLAKE FFRENCH PIERS.]

MR PIERS. — My dear girls, I have invited our new neighbor, Mr. O'Flaherty Joyce, to spend a few days with us.

DELIA, NORA, *and* PAT. — Oh-h-h!

MR. PIERS — Well, what is wrong?

DELIA. — Why, father, I don't think we are at all in a position to receive visitors. Think of the house, the appointments, the servants, — or rather poor Molly. And this gentleman —

MR. PIERS. — And have things arrived at such a pass that my own children reproach me with my misfortunes? Gladly would I send to Dublin for Fry to do up our rooms anew; but he would not come. Cheerfully would I place a staff of servants in my house, such as once overran it; but unfortunately, the servants of the present day are demoralized by American ways, and insist upon getting their wages. The son of my old friend O'Flaherty Joyce must take us as we are. He will at least find blue blood, the bluest in the country, at the head of my once princely board

PAT. — He would rather have good claret, sir.

MR. PIERS. — You are my youngest child, Pat, and have always been my pet as well as my Pat I did not expect this levity from you.

PAT. — Never mind, dear old dad; we must try to make the best of it, and if the gentleman does n't like us, he need n't come back.

MR. PIERS. — Then I will leave you girls to make preparations for our visitor. [*Exit* MR. PIERS.

DELIA. — It is too bad! We shall be disgraced! We have not got a decent gown among us!

PAT. — Oh, yes; we have our clean prints, and I have just finished turning and trimming up my old black grenadine.

DELIA. — Mary Patrick, it is all very well for you to talk, who have got a newly turned grenadine.

PAT. — I will give it over to you, you can wear it in the evenings; and we shall have time enough to put Nora's old black silk to rights.

NORA. — And what will become of you?

PAT — I am going to consider. It is plain we cannot afford to exhibit three Miss Castle Shaughrauns.

DELIA. — What do you mean to do?

PAT. — We have too many ladies here, and not enough servants. I think I shall turn parlor-maid for a week.

DELIA. — Pat!

PAT. — Decidedly. We could n't have poor old Molly carrying in the dishes. We must have a girl to scrub and muddle for her, and I will do the ornamental useful, in my print dress and a little cap, and you two can have the rest of the gowns.

NORA *and* DELIA. — Delightful!

PAT. — And I must say, girls, it is not the matter of gowns that troubles me half so much as the state of the house and surroundings: the furniture that won't shine, though I rub it till my elbows ache, and the threadbare carpets that look as if all the foxes from time immemorial had been hunted over them, in at one door and out at another, with all the mounted blazers and the pack in full cry at their heels I tell you, the marks of

generations of fox-hunters are as plain in our home as if it had been nothing but a happy hunting-ground for centuries.

DELIA. — Well, Mary Patrick, you are a very odd girl. One day you are so wild and hoydenish that we call you Pat, and mistake you for a boy, and the next, you put on the housekeeper and the mother to a most ridiculous extent. If father threw all his money after the hounds, he only acted as gentlemen of good blood so often do, and *we* can't be blamed for it And how do you know that if we make ourselves look pretty, this rich man may not transplant one of us to his newly done-up demesne, where we can wear silks and satins as long as we live, never darn a stocking again, and revenge ourselves for past slights by snubbing the whole country-side, and turning up our noses at them, — noses that will then be allowed to be the prettiest in the world!

PAT. — Well, Delia, I will give you my blessing and my grenadine dress, and hope you may be the chosen one.

NORA (*pouting*). — And what is to become of me?

PAT. — I promise to titivate your old black silk, and with fresh flowers you must make the best of yourself You are at least better off than I am, you know. I shall not have a chance at all.

NORA (*laughing*). — You are no beauty, and could not make the best of one if you had it.

DELIA. — No, indeed, Pat, you are no beauty, though it must be admitted you are a capital fellow.

SCENE II.

Morning Room at Castle Shaughraun.

PAT *putting finishing touches to the arrangements of the room and breakfast tab'e.*

PAT. — There, now, the room is as nice as I can contrive to make it. It is clean, at least, and neat, as my arms know to their cost Impossible altogether to remove the footprints of the fox! Oh, dear, I hope the girls will be careful not to come down with any holes anywhere, or pins where stitches ought to be. I wonder which of them the guest will admire most Delia's complexion is like china, and her nose is exquisite; but then, Nora has such white teeth and such beautiful eyebrows. I don't know which I should choose if I were a man. What fun it would be if one of them were to become Mrs. O'Flaherty Joyce in spite of our shabbiness! Heigh ho! I wish I had been a beauty! No one admires me except papa, poor dear old goose, and good old Molly. "Well, Miss Mary," she said just now, "it does make me angry to see you in a servant's apron, you that is the purtiest of your father's daughters, all misguised up like that, with your curly hair smudged down on your forehead, and a cap that is only fit for myself to be wearin'. If you would take your sate at the table an' let me do the sarvin', it's you the rich gentleman would be choosin' for a wife." Poor old Molly is in her dotage, of course, and it's well nobody heard her but myself. No, Molly, I was not born a beauty: my nose will turn up, no matter how charitably you look at it; and that being so, it's a pity I could not have been a man. I should have gone out into the world and worked, and renovated the family fortunes, like Mr. O'Flaherty Joyce. As it is, I can do nothing but patch and darn and scrub. [*A knock is heard.*] But here is the gentleman. Now, Pat, for your brogue! [*Exit and enter again with* MR. O'FLAHERTY JOYCE]

PAT. — The masther and the young ladies 'll be here in no time at all, sir; an' will yer Honor be takin' a sate in the mane time?

[*Enter* MR. BLAKE FFRENCH PIERS, *attended by his two daughters.*]

MR. PIERS (*grasping* MR. JOYCE'S *two hands*). — Welcome, my dear friend, welcome to Castle Shaughraun. It is not as luxuriously furnished or

as nobly appointed as it was in the time of King Roderick O'Connor; but the days of Ireland's glory are no more. Thankful we may be that the Saxon has left us the humble hen that lays this egg for our breakfast. Do you like them much or little boiled? Here — h'm — (*aside to* DELIA: What is the new maid's name, my dear?) — oh — Polly, here, boil this egg a little more for Mr. Joyce.

PAT (*aside*). — Dear old dad, how completely I have "misguised" myself; he has n't the ghost of a suspicion of who I am. But then, he is such an unobservant old dear.

MR. PIERS. — Delia, my dear, I only see two of my children. Where is my daughter Mary?

DELIA. — Mary! oh, Mary is away amusing herself after a fashion of her own. You shall see her again after a few days.

MR. PIERS. — I confess I am disappointed in her. Why did she choose such a time to absent herself? Mr. Joyce, I have a third daughter who could have made our breakfast-table livelier than it is this morning. But she is an erratic child; now staid and busy as a matron, tender and helpful as a Sister of Charity, now as mischievous as an imp and frolicsome as a fairy. If she were to come to me some day and say, "Papa, I have just been at a picnic party in the moon," I should hardly be surprised. I think she has a broomstick somewhere.

DELIA. — Papa, Mr. Joyce's hair is beginning to stand on end. He will think us an uncanny family. Here are the eggs.

[*Enter* PAT, *with tray.*]

MR. JOYCE. — I have not yet made acquaintance with your son, Mr. Piers.

MR. PIERS (*getting very red and purple*). — My son? my son, Mr. Joyce? Sir, I have no son. Castle Shaughraun is without an heir.

MR. JOYCE. — I beg your pardon — but I really thought — I certainly heard — At all events, you have a nephew who probably takes the place of a son?

MR. PIERS (*stiffly*). — No, sir, I have no nephew.

MR. JOYCE (*aside*). — Confound it! I seem to have made a great mistake. What a terrible misfortune that there should be no heir to Castle Shaughraun! Who in the world was the boy called Pat, with whom the young ladies conversed as if with a younger brother? He was the only creature who, since I came to the country, raised a voice that chimed in with my sentiments and opinions. I had set my heart on making friends with that lad, asking him to stay with me, giving him some decent shooting and a glass of champagne, and perhaps helping to provide him with a good start in the world. And now he seems to have melted into thin air. By Jove, what a pair of bright eyes that little serving-maid has got! Such an intelligent face, too, except when you speak to her, when she puts on an idiotic stare, and speaks stupidly and with a brogue. I never saw a face so perplexing. Odd that I should notice a waiting-maid, — in presence, too, of her charming young mistresses; but it seems to me as if she read my thoughts and could clear up my puzzle about the missing Pat. I could almost believe she was amusing herself at my expense. As soon as I can find an opportunity, I will try and make an excuse for having a word with her. Strange that I should think of such a thing, very! But I will make another attempt to solve the mystery above-board.

MR. JOYCE (*aloud*). — Have you lately seen your pleasant young relative, Mr. Patrick — a — Mr. Patrick —

DELIA. — We have no male relative called Patrick, Mr. Joyce. All our connections have secured most genteel English names to carry off the Hibernicism of their surnames.

MR. JOYCE. — Your young friend then.

DELIA. — We have no young friend of that name.

MR. JOYCE (*aside*). — I am completely puzzled; I cannot ask any more questions without betraying that

I have played, however inadvertently, the part of an evesdropper.

Scene III.

The Drawing-room at Dinner-hour. Pat *placing lamps, etc.*

Pat. — They have all come in from the meet, and the girls are in great spirits. They are quite taken with Mr. Joyce. He is a good fellow, I am sure, and I do hope he may be my brother-in-law, he has such an honest face; but I am almost afraid to look at him, he is so quick to see everything. From the way he watches me, I sometimes fear he has found me out. Not that I should care on his account, for I am sure he approves of all kinds of work and helpfulness; but we should be so laughed at all over the country. Oh, here he comes; I must be on my guard.

[*Enter* Mr. Joyce.]

Mr. Joyce (*aside*). — Here is the little waiting-maid and my opportunity. (*Aloud.*) Ahem, Polly, a — did you chance to see my — a — writing-paper, which I left on a table near the window in my room? (*Aside.*) That will do, I think. By Jove, how pretty she looked when I came into the room before she saw me, and how her face has changed!

Pat. — Paper, sir? Sure, no, yer Honor; it's meself's seen nothin o' the sort. What 'd I be doin' wid the likes o' it?

Mr. Joyce. — Hard to say, Polly; you might have been wanting to write a letter to your sweetheart.

Pat. — Then what's that, yer Honor?

Mr. Joyce. — Why, do you mean to say you don't know? A young man, to be sure, who thinks you ever so good and pretty, and is hoping you will marry him some day.

Pat. — There 's none o' that sort about this country, yer Honor.

Mr. Joyce. — I cannot believe that; and in a land of *l'ats*, too. (*Aside.*) She certainly started. I am sure she knows something; I will probe her a little further. (*Aloud.*) By the way, Master Pat is a merry young rogue, is n't he? Perhaps he ran away with my paper.

Pat (*looking all around suddenly and anxiously*). — Whisht, yer Honor!

Mr. Joyce. — What do you mean?

[Pat *puts her finger to her forehead and taps it meaningly, then nods her head, and looks round mysteriously again.*]

Mr. Joyce (*aside*). — Gracious heavens! is the boy out of his mind, and have they locked him up or made away with him? Perhaps he is subject to fits of insanity. But is he always suppressed? Does no one know of his existence? (*Aloud.*) Do you mean to say that this is a forbidden subject?

Pat (*in a whisper*). — Yis, yer Honor.

Mr. Joyce. — This is very singular. But —

[*A voice outside is heard calling softly, "Pat, Pat!"* Pat *nods her head three times with an air of awful mystery at* Mr. Joyce; *then signing to him not to follow, she steps stealthily out of the room.*]

Mr. Joyce. — This is quite tragical; I must and will learn the fate of the unfortunate lad. Truly there is a skeleton in the cupboard at Castle Shaughraun. And to think of those two innocent-looking girls and that smiling old reprobate pretending to have no knowledge of his existence! I am amazed, alarmed, horrified.

[*Enter* Mr. Blake Ffrench Piers, *with guests for dinner, and his daughters.*]

Mr. Piers. — Welcome, my dear Miss Medusa, welcome, my good Father O'Connor, to the ancestral halls of Castle Shaughraun. Alas! for the fine old time when we could have entertained you in royal style; but these are not the days of Ireland's kings. Allow me to introduce our new neighbor, Mr. O'Flaherty Joyce.

Have you read of that shocking case in the papers, the young heir to a French property fraudulently confined in a lunatic asylum?

MR. JOYCE (*aside*). — Confound his audacity! No wonder his mind should run upon such subjects. He might have the wisdom, however, to hold his tongue; but criminals are often, I believe, indiscreet. The subject, probably, has a fascination for him.

MR. PIERS. — Mr. Joyce, you will take in my daughter, Delia. Miss Medusa, will you permit me? Father O'Connor, Nora will be proud of your escort. [*Exeunt all.*

PAT (*peeping in*). — When will the girls learn that I am no longer Pat, but Polly? They nearly ruined everything. I wonder how far our guest has found us out. To think of his opening a conversation with me! I fancy I have put him off the scent, however. He believes there is a lad called Pat who is out of his mind. If he follows up the subject, I will humor him and make a mystery in one of the garrets. I have not had such fun for a long time. But I am forgetting my duties. To business, Polly!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Corridor at Castle Shaughraun. — PAT *dusting.*

[*Enter* MR. JOYCE.]

MR. JOYCE. — Now, Polly, I am anxious to speak to you. Yesterday you gave me to understand that there is a person concealed in this house in some mysterious manner, and supposed to be out of his mind. I must tell you that I am a magistrate, and however painful it may be to pry into the concerns of my host, still I am strictly bound to see that no injustice is done to a fellow-creature. Here is a sovereign for you, Polly; and see, it is a lucky one too, with a hole in it. And now I expect you to tell me where the lad Patrick is confined.

PAT. — Musha, yer Honor, an' is that goold? Many 's the time I heerd tell o' goold. Well, well, what a purty color it is!

MR. JOYCE (*aside*). — The ignorance of these people is extraordinary. To think of the girl never having seen gold before! (*Aloud.*) But come, Polly; I want to know if I can do anything for Master Pat.

PAT (*looking mysterious and frightened*). — Will yer Honor follow me close wherever I take ye to?

MR. JOYCE. — To be sure I will.

PAT. — An' ye won't tell on me?

MR. JOYCE. — Never.

PAT. — Come, then, an' if ye stick to me ye 'll surely see Pat.

[PAT *flies up two or three flights of stairs, and then up a narrow, winding staircase ending in a dark passage at the top of the castle,* MR. JOYCE *keeping closely behind her.*]

PAT (*in a whisper*). — Now, sir, do ye see that door? Just knock aisy, an' don't frighten the crature, an' maybe he'll let ye in, an' talk to ye — if so ye can persuade him ye have n't a horse-whip about ye.

MR. JOYCE. — Shocking, too shocking! Poor lad! But Polly! Polly! —

PAT. — Whisht, yer Honor, they 're calling me below. If ye don't want me to be kilt! — Ye can find yer way down again yerself.

MR. JOYCE. — I am not so sure of that. But go, of course; I would not get you into trouble. [*Exit* PAT *down the dark staircase.*]

MR. JOYCE (*knocking at the garret door*). — Pat, Pat, my lad! a friend is here. Open the door, and speak to me. This is very singular; he is actually afraid to speak or move. Pat, I say! Can he be asleep? He is not a violent lunatic, at all events. I assure you, my boy, I am here as a friend. Hark, I hear a movement! He is going to trust me.

PAT (*who has arrived in the garret by another door, and speaks in her natural voice*). — Hush, for heaven's sake, if you do not want to have me murdered. Go away and leave me to my fate.

MR. JOYCE. — This is monstrous. My dear boy, I have power to help you. (*Aside.*) By Jove, how familiar his voice seems to me, though I only heard it once! I feel drawn towards this lad in a way I cannot understand. It is one of those unaccountable — Open the door, I entreat you.

PAT. — No; it is impossible, and I must not speak any more. Thanks for your kind intentions; but my fate is sealed.

MR. JOYCE. — We shall see about that. At least, tell me your story, my poor fellow. He will not speak again. Shall I break down the door, or go away and bide my time? The latter were the wiser course. Let me see. I will get out of this wretched den as fast as I can; and I will have a talk with Mrs. Ffrench, who is a connection of mine, and a relative of the people here. She will be prepared to act as a mutual friend. I know her to be a good woman, and hope she will advise me how to proceed. Now, let me find my way down these bewildering stairs. I turn to the right — no, the left. This is not the way I came. By Jove, I have lost my way! One might as well be in the Bastile. If ever I get out of this confounded Castle Shaughraun, I shall not be in a hurry coming back again; except it be for Pat.

SCENE V.

A drawing-room at MRS. FFRENCH'S *house, ten miles from Castle Shaughraun.*

[*Enter* MRS. FFRENCH *and* MR. O'FLAHERTY JOYCE.]

MRS. FFRENCH. — I have been thinking a good deal over our last conversation, Mr. Joyce, and I have made up my mind I may as well admit that there exists a mystery at Castle Shaughraun. I am placed in an awkward position; but as you say, the fate of a fellow-creature is in question. You wish to know the entire history of a member of the family called Pat. As a magistrate, you feel bound to make the inquiry.

MR. JOYCE. — Certainly.

MRS. FFRENCH. — That being so, I will introduce you to Miss Mary Piers.

MR. JOYCE — Ah, the young lady who was absent from home during my visit.

MRS. FFRENCH. — I consider her to possess more common-sense than the rest of her family. If you engage her on the subject, you will get very near to Pat.

[*Enter* PAT *in her riding habit.*]

MR. JOYCE (*aside*). — By Jove, what a charming girl! Not so handsome, but much more winning than her sisters.

PAT. — I am pleased to see you, Mr. Joyce. I hope you enjoyed your visit to Castle Shaughraun.

MR. JOYCE — I received every polite attention there, Miss Piers. But I should have found my visit more agreeable had you been at home.

PAT. — I cannot assure you of that. But I always accept a compliment when I get it.

MRS. FFRENCH. — Well, my dear, we must not waste a magistrate's time. I will leave you to arrange your important business together.

[*Exit.*

MR. JOYCE. — Will you take a seat, Miss Piers? I am sorry, very sorry — to — to — (*Aside.*) By Jove, how can I speak to her on such a subject? What a delightful creature she is! Does n't look like the daughter of a criminal. How familiar to me her presence seems! I could almost believe I had known her before. But that is impossible.

PAT. — To business, Mr. Joyce. You are anxious as to the fate of a member of our family called Pat.

MR. JOYCE. — I confess it, Miss Piers. I am very sorry —

PAT. — Magistrates ought never to be sorry. In short, you want to know all about a lunatic who is one of us.

MR. JOYCE. — I hope not a lunatic.

PAT. — What, do you question it?

At least, then, subject to fits of insanity.

Mr. Joyce. — Do you assure me that such is the fact, Miss Piers? That this bright and intelligent boy —

Pat — Sometimes a boy and sometimes a girl.

Mr. Joyce. — I do not understand.

Pat. — Well, sir, that is part of the mystery. The creature is under a spell. One day it is a boy, the next a girl. Is it any wonder if we shrink from exposing such a phenomenon in our home? This is only one form of his oddity. I could tell you of many.

Mr. Joyce. — My dear Miss Piers, you take away my breath. I feel that there is some extraordinary mistake at the bottom of all this. Whatever the boy's misfortunes may be, is he to be so cruelly punished for them? (*Aside.*) I am beginning to think they are all mad. Such a charming creature, too! (*Aloud.*) I will ask you to allow me to make the lad's acquaintance. I had once an opportunity of hearing his sentiments on a subject next my heart. It was by accident. I overheard —

Pat. — Indeed?

Mr. Joyce. — Yes; and I have taken a lively interest in him ever since. I would take him away with me to travel —

Pat. — How nice!

Mr. Joyce. — I would give him every advantage. Arrange this quietly for me, and I promise to make no scandal — to screen your father's name —

Pat. — You are too good. But, Mr. Joyce, there is a difficulty. The creature is in one of its fits, and is at present a girl!

Mr. Joyce. — Miss Piers, this jesting is —

Pat. — I do not jest, I assure you. Unless you think I am a boy you must believe what I tell you; for I am Pat.

Mr. Joyce. — You are Pat!

Pat. — Sometimes Pat, sometimes Polly; at present Mary Patrick Piers.

Mr. Joyce. — Miss Piers, you — overwhelm me!

Pat. — I will give you five minutes to collect your senses.

Mr. Joyce. — Stay, I do not require so long. I begin to see it all; but tell me —

Pat. — I will tell you. At Castle Shaughraun we have too many girls and no boys, too many ladies and no servants. Sometimes one of the girls has taken to rather hoydenish freaks, and been dubbed Pat; and one of the ladies has turned housemaid, and become Polly. Ah, Mr. Joyce, what a responsibility there is in being a magistrate! Do you see this sovereign? It is a lucky one, with a hole in it; not so large as a key-hole, yet one might almost speak through it — I would not say *listen* for the world.

Mr. Joyce. — Miss Piers, have mercy on me. I see my mistake, my confounded absurdity. But if you have not a lunatic brother, you are certainly a witch yourself.

[*Enter* Mrs. Ffrench.]

Mrs. Ffrench. — Well, is this dark mystery cleared up yet?

Mr. Joyce. — Mrs. Ffrench, you have come in time to see my confusion I never was so completely bewildered, outwitted, and conquered, by a woman. I confess myself not only conquered, but enslaved. I feel that I cannot live without Pat. May I, in your presence, lay my hand, my fortune, at his, or her, feet? Miss Mary Patrick, I shall never know happiness till you consent to be my wife.

Pat. — Why, who is lunatic now? Do you not see, sir, that I shall have to take an action for libel against you, for slandering my father?

Mr. Joyce. — Certainly, if you please. But that will do afterwards. Mrs. Ffrench, intercede for me. Miss Mary Patrick, say that you will consent!

Pat. — Stay, sir; I cannot be cut off from my family. Did I not hear

you say, upon the dark staircase, that if once you got out of that confounded Castle Shaughraun, you certainly would never come back?

MR. JOYCE. — Yes; but did not you hear me add, "unless, perhaps, it be for Pat"? I will surely keep my word. If Pat does not say "Come," I will never go.

MRS. FFRENCH. — My dear, you will never be so inhospitable as to shut the door in the gentleman's face.

PAT. — Well, if he will come on the invitation of a witch — and a lunatic —

CURTAIN.

THE PATRONESS.

OUR captain was a brave seaman, who maintained his authority without the aid of oaths; and in foul weather, as in fair, his cheerful temper was unruffled. In his cabin hung the portrait of the Blessed Virgin.

"Captain, what do you think of the weather?"

"It is villanous! We shall be tossed about at such a rate as to be forced to stop."

"But the ship is good and the captain lucky."

"I am fifty years old, and I have spent fifty years upon the ocean's waves, for I was born upon waters. In my voyages to Rome I never met with any serious accident, but I cannot say the same of my other trips"

"Captain, I saw the likeness of a certain lady in your cabin. Is she the patroness of your vessel?"

The captain smiled. "The company of the Imperial Line do not trouble themselves much about a patroness. Our good ship is called the "Lycurgus." Did you ever hear of a saint of that name? But the Lady of whom you speak is my own special patroness."

"How long has she been such, Captain?"

"Since a certain day, when I and several others, who did not any of us very often think of looking up to Heaven, — I mean the heaven of our good God, — suddenly found ourselves near the bottom of the sea. Then, when all hope of earthly aid had vanished, we discovered that we were more pious than we professed to be, for we made a vow to Nôtre Dame de la Garde; she immediately took us in tow, and we entered port as if led by the hand.

"In our shirt-sleeves and barefooted we fulfilled our vow, chanting the litanies as we went along.

"Ah! the good Virgin did all the things well. Some time afterwards she gave me my wife, and my wife gave me my daughter.

"Now my wife and daughter pray for me. As sentinels they stand before Nôtre Dame de la Garde, where their prayers burn like two tapers of purest wax.

"They ask the Blessed Virgin that I may die in my bed, well prepared by a good confession. They tell her that as we have been so separated on this earth, we should not be so in eternity. God will grant them what they ask.

"My daughter will close my eyes, and bury my poor body. So now go to your cabin and sleep as tranquilly as I do."

As "Tom" Moore and Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review were about to fight a duel some three quarters of a century ago, they were left alone while their "friends" retired to load their pistols. "What a beautiful morning it is!" remarked the Scotchman. "Yes," replied the Irishman with a smile, "a morning made for better purposes." Jeffrey assented; and then Moore told the story of "Bully," who, rambling off "the ground" while his "friend" was loading, was called on by his antagonist not to run away like a coward: to which "Bully" replied, "Don't be uneasy; for sure it 's bad enough to take the dose without being by at the mixing." But no fight ensued. Moore's pistol was only loaded with bread; and besides, marshals or some such officials interfered.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XI.

IRISH PARLIAMENTARY HUMORISTS.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

Irish bulls. — Boyle Roche's bird. —Preserving the Constitution. — French invasion. — Letter respecting his place.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

Born in 1760. — Adopted by his grandfather. — Singular accomplishments at eight years of age. — School-days. — Result of a house-warming. — Called to the bar in 1788. — Enters Parliament. — Gets a place in 1793. — Marriage. — Defends the Earl of Ormond in Kilkenny. — Complimentary banquet at the Castle. — Presents from the Earl of Ormond. — Appointed judge of the Admiralty Court in 1798. — Applies for the office of Solicitor-General. — Polite refusal. — His extravagant entertainments. — Noble guests, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and Lord Castlereagh. — Dublin election in 1803. — Grattan's invective against Gifford.

RIGHT HON. JOHN TOLER, LORD NORBURY,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COMMON PLEAS.

Born in 1745. — Paternal bequests and admonitions. — Called to the bar. —His aptitude for the bar. — Solicitor-General in 1789. — Conduct in Parliament. — Fails to provoke Mr. Ponsonby. — Sends hostile message to Mr. Barrington. — The Speaker orders the arrest of the two members. — Curran's *bon mot*. — Anecdotes. — Lord Norbury's *bon-mots*. — Judicial demeanor.

JOHN EGAN, K. C.

Born about 1750. — Called to the bar in 1778.— Nicknamed "Bully Egan."— Egan's *nisi prius* vocabulary. — Enters the House of Commons. — Conflict with Grattan. — Egan compared to a black soul. — Anecdote. — Curran's *bon-mots*. — Egan votes against the Union. — Death in 1810.

WHILE, as we have seen, the great leaders of the Irish bar were displaying their intellectual powers in the Irish House of Commons, there were other members of the legal profession, also members of Parliament, of varied talents. whom I may call Irish Parliamentary Humorists.

If they did not add much to the wisdom of the Irish senate, they certainly did to the wit. If they failed to rouse the slumbering benches from the torpidity of a dull debate by a display of argument, they often succeeded in doing so by a lively sally or happy repartee. They were to the House what a clown is to the circus, or a harlequin to the pantomime; and of these there may be instanced notably Sir Boyle Roche, Jonah Barrington, John Toler, and Bully Egan.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

Boyle Roche was, as his name implies, of a county Cork family, where the Roches have been settled from very remote times, giving their name to places and peerages, as Castletown-Roche, Roche Country, and the titles of Roche and Fermoy. Boyle Roche appears to have made himself useful to successive viceroys towards the close of the last century, and was a species of whipper-in for the Castle. He held a subordinate office in the Irish custom-house, in the revenue department. Sir Boyle Roche soon became popular in the House of Commons, always ready to be amused, for his singular success in the production of Irish bulls. It is generally supposed these figures of speech, prevailing among our countrymen, do not spring from want of ability, but rather from excess of imagination. They are attributable to the fertility of thought, the rapidity with which ideas rush on the mind, jostling one another, and becoming confused in the utterance, display incongruity. It is said the gifted Sir Richard Steele attributed their bulls to climate, and declared, "If an *Englishman was born in Ireland* he 'd make as many." There is no doubt bulls are occasionally perpetrated by others than natives of Ireland, as in the case of the English viceroy who advised that "the greatest economy was necessary in the consumption of all *species of grain, especially of potatoes*."

Boyle Roche represented several places in the Irish House of Commons, having successively been elected for Tralee, Gowran, Portarlington, and old Leighton. He excused his absence from some engagement by assuring the House, "No *man* could be in two places at once, *barring he was a bird*." He concluded a long speech with this peroration: "Why should we put ourselves out for posterity? What, I ask, did posterity ever do for us?" He said in concluding a speech: "It would be better, Mr. Speaker, to give up not only a

part, but if necessary, even the *whole* of the Constitution to *preserve the remainder.*"

Speaking of the invasion then expected from France, he styled the *Marseillaise* the "*Martial-law* men, who, if they came, would cut us into mincemeat and throw our bleeding heads on the table to *stare us in the face;* but the best way to *avoid* danger was to *meet it plump.*"

We can readily conceive the shouts of laughter such a speech is likely to have elicited.

Sir Boyle Roche must have done service to the state when, in 1782, he was created a baronet. It is stated he was the messenger employed by Lord Kenmare, in 1783, to state that "the Catholics were satisfied with what had been done for them," which turned out to be untrue.*

Besides those I have mentioned, many other amusing bulls are attributed to him: his moving in committee, on the bill then before the Commons for the better regulation of weights and measures, that "every quart bottle should hold a quart"; that "every man should be his own washerwoman"; his invitation to a nobleman who spoke of visiting that part of the country in which Sir Boyle lived, "If ever you come within a mile of my house, my lord, I hope you 'll *stop there.*"

Sir Boyle Roche, as might be expected, was a supporter of the Union, and had a keen eye to his own interests. This is fully shown in the following letter which he addressed, after the Act of Union, to Lieut.-Col. Littlehales, who held a very influential office in the Irish government: —

TUESDAY, May ye 11, 1801.

"DEAR SIR, — I was surprised exceedingly to be informed that Mr. Gerald Aylmer was put into the patent with me as inspector of the river Kenmare, which has been a great disappointment to me, as Mr. W. A. Crosbie and I had to come to an agreement about the exchange of our places, and he was certain that he had interest enough with Lord Hardwicke to effect it, which would have been very convenient for both, as he, who desires to live in England, would have been accommodated with a sinecure place, and I, who intend to be a resident in Dublin, should be very happy in his situation as a Commissioner of Stamps. I have now been an officer in the revenue upwards of twenty-five years, and am entitled, by the Revenue Laws, to retire upon my emoluments. My salary was £300 a year, paid quarterly. I had a deputy with me at £60 a year, which entirely excused me from any attendance. My deputy was obliged to share all captures with me, the value of which were at times considerable, all of which I am willing to compromise for £400 a year, upon the incidents of the revenue; and in doing this, I shall be rather a loser than a gainer. If the Lord Lieutenant can do this before his departure, he would add to the obligations he has already conferred upon me.

"I request you, with your usual goodness to me, will lay this letter before his Excellency.

"I am, dear sir, ever affectionately yours,

"B. ROCHE."

Though his *affectionate* friend "could not interfere in this matter," as he informed Sir Boyle, the Irish jester did not fare badly. He obtained a separate pension of £200 a year, and one jointly was settled on him and his wife, of £300, shortly after writing the above letter; so, as my reverend friend informed us, "Sir Boyle Roche made no blunder here." *

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

It is perhaps not quite fair to designate Sir Jonah Barrington as a mere humorist, or to include him in the same category as the Boyle-Roches. He was a man of considerable ability, of great industry, and his extravagant habits were perhaps the result of the times in which he lived, and the society in which he moved. Sir Jonah Barrington was a native of the Queen's County, born at Knapton, near Abbeyleix, about the year 1760. His family possessed considerable property and political influence, which enabled them to return the two mem-

* *Vide* Gibson's History of Cork, Vol. II. p. 266.

* Ibid., p. 268.

bers for the borough of Ballynakill to the Irish House of Commons. Jonah was the fourth son, and called after his grand- as well as god-father, Col. Jonah Barrington, who adopted him. At a very early age the youthful Jonah exchanged the paternal roof of Knapton for the house of the old colonel at Cullinamore.

While here his accomplishments were more varied than valuable. Before he was eight years old he could read prose and poetry, write text, draw the outlines of a man, a horse, or a house and a gamecock, tin a copper saucepan, and turn his own tops. He could also perform the manual exercise, and had learned how to mould bullets, make pins, and blackball; to dance a jig, sing a cronane, and play the jewsharp.

Gifted with this range of polite literature and entertaining knowledge, young Jonah was removed from Cullinamore on the death of his grandfather. He was then placed at the academy of Dr. Ball, of St. Michael-a-Powell's, Ship Street, Dublin. There the course of instruction was changed: English and Latin were the order of the day, and when young Barrington acquired sufficient learning to enter college, he was placed with the rector of Kilgobbin, the Rev. P. Crawley, of whom he always entertained a grateful recollection, and under whose care he studied while graduating in Trinity College, Dublin. In his "Personal Sketches" he is not very complimentary to the college course, which he describes as "ill-arranged, pedantic, and wholly out of sequence." "Students were examined in 'Locke on the Human Understanding' before their own had arrived at the first stage of maturity; and Euclid was pressed upon their reason before any one of them could comprehend a single problem. We were set to work at the most abstruse sciences before we had well digested the simpler ones, and posed ourselves at optics, natural philosophy, ethics, astronomy, mathematics, metaphysics, etc., without the least relief from belles-lettres, modern history, geography, or poetry; in short, without regard to any of those acquirements — the classics excepted — which form essential parts of a gentleman's education." * Having graduated at the University he was for some time undecided in the choice of a profession, and passed the interval in the country, enjoying rural sports and pastimes, of which he gives some amusing descriptions. One of his brothers having built a hunting-lodge, determined to give a house-warming before the plaster in the dining-room was dry, and Sir Jonah Barrington thus describes what he witnessed on the morning after the convivial repast: —

"On driving to the cottage door I found it open, whilst a dozen dogs, of different descriptions, were ready to receive us, not in the most polite manner. My servant's whip, however, soon sent them about their business, and I ventured into the parlor to see what cheer.

"It was about ten o'clock in the morning; the room was strewn with empty bottles, — some broken, some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons, etc., all in glorious confusion. Three or four of the bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs, one or two others on the floor: among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a tablecloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was quite open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs close to the wall.

"When the débris was cleared away, and replaced by an orderly breakfast-table, and on trying to arouse the two sleepers near the wall, it was found that their hair had got embedded in the fresh mortar, which had set with the heat, and they could

* Barrington's Personal Sketches, Vol. I. p. 59.

only be extricated by cutting it away with knives, — a tedious process, — assisted by clipping with a scissors."

Jonah Barrington at length decided on studying for the legal profession, and was called to the Irish bar in 1788. He entered the Irish House of Commons as member for Tuam, and speedily was ranged among the supporters of the government. He had the temerity to enter the lists with Grattan and Curran, and always entertained a grateful recollection of the forbearance which those giants of debate exercised towards the aspiring young member.

The Irish government had such high opinions of his political influence, that the Viceroy resolved to secure Mr. Barrington's support by giving him a place; and in 1793, the Chief Secretary, Lord Buckinghamshire, communicated the pleasing intelligence that the Lord Lieutenant placed at his acceptance the almost sinecure office of "Clerk of the Out Entries at the Port of Dublin." He demurred at first to the name and nature of the office as unprofessional; but finding the duties were such as could be well performed by deputy, and yielded an income of over £1,100 per annum, he consented to take it. At the same time it was intimated to him that the Lord Chancellor (Lord Clare) consented to his becoming a king's counsel, which contributed greatly to increase his practice, both on circuit and in the Dublin Four Courts. Mr. Barrington purchased a house in Merrion Square, and here he indulged in prodigal hospitality. He married the daughter of Mr. Grogan, a wealthy merchant, with whom he received a considerable fortune.

Though not distinguished for profound legal ability, he had a ready tact and dauntless assurance, which supplied the want of learning. He made some lucky hits, as the following instance shows: —

John, Earl of Ormond, together with his sons and some thoughtless companions, made a nocturnal attack upon the windows of a Mr. Duffy, a Kilkenny apothecary, who brought an action against the Earl of Ormond. The case naturally excited great interest in Kilkenny, where it was to be tried; and Mr. Barrington, K. C., and Mr. Fletcher, K. C., as leader, were engaged for the defence. Fees of fifteen guineas each were sent with the brief; and when the case came on, Mr. Fletcher, K. C., refused to address the jury, as the professional routine required the senior to do. Barrington remonstrated in vain. Mr. Fletcher was sulky, as was often the case, and would not speak. Barrington then addressed the jury, and was so successful as to induce the jury to find the verdict for the defendant. His Lordship, though aware how very differently his counsel had behaved in the case, thanked them both without any distinction, to the surprise and mortification of Mr. Barrington. Thus the matter rested until the ensuing Assizes, when a grand dinner-party, to which the judges, the bar, several of the grand jury, and the county magistrates of Kilkenny were invited, was given by the Earl of Ormond at Kilkenny Castle. As soon as the ladies had retired, his Lordship addressed the company as follows: "Gentlemen, I have waited with impatience for this public opportunity of expressing to Mr. Barrington the high sense I entertain of his important and disinterested services to me at the last Assizes. I now beg his acceptance of a small testimonial of my gratitude and friendship." And he immediately passed along the table a superb gold snuff-box, with the heraldic blazonings of the puissant house of Butler on the lid, and the following inscription: —

"A token of friendship and gratitude from the Earl of Ormond and Ossory to Jonah Barrington, Esq., one of his Majesty's counsel-at-law, August, 1794."

This handsome compliment was not all. Next morning Mr. Barrington received the following note: —

"DEAR SIR, — My attorney did not do you justice; you will permit me to be my own attorney on this occasion.

"Your friend and humble servant,

"ORMOND AND OSSORY."

The envelope contained a hundred pounds.

Barrington's hostility to the Union must have been very galling to the Irish government, which had done so much for him. In 1798, when the office of judge of the Admiralty Court became vacant, it was conferred on him in addition to his other office. Whether he was sincere in his resolution not to vote for the Union under all circumstances may be doubted, for unquestionably he applied to the Chief Secretary, Lord Castlereagh, in 1799, for the Solicitor-Generalship, and it would be inconsistent with the position of the second law officer of the Crown not to support his colleagues. This application was, however, civilly yet positively declined, in the following terms: —

"SEPTEMBER 7, 1799.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I am directed by his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, to assure you that he would be glad to avail himself of any proper opportunity of complying with your wishes, and that he regrets much he is at present so particularly circumstanced with regard to the office of Solicitor-General that he feels it impossible to gratify your desire for that appointment. I should myself have been very happy had I been able to communicate to you a more favorable result.

"Dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"CASTLEREAGH."

The character of Sir Jonah Barrington is thus sketched in a very carefully compiled work, entitled "Sketches of Irish Political Characters," and published in 1799. Though the author of these sketches very prudently concealed his name, or assuredly he would have had more duels on his hands than would be agreeable, we now know he was a Mr. Henry MacDougal, who had good opportunity of observing closely and writing correctly respecting the subjects of his books. Of Barrington he says: —

"This gentleman became celebrated by the resignation of his commission in the Dublin Lawyers' Cavalry, and his decided opposition in the Irish House of Commons to the proposed Legislative Union. At the time of his opposition he held *two* lucrative appointments under government, — clerk of the *out entries* at the custom-house, and judge of the Irish Court of Admiralty, which yielded an income, the former of £1,100 per annum, the latter of £1,300 per annum.

"Till the Union was proposed, no man was more forward in the support of administration; no debate passed in the Commons in which he did not bear a part, and out of it; as an officer in the lawyer's corps, he repeatedly risked his life against the insurgents. He does not rank high either as a lawyer or a speaker, but he has great application, and consequently some business. As a speaker his manner is bold and daring, and to his intrepidity he owes his advancement. It was he who put down Mr. Egan. His marriage with the daughter of a Dublin silk mercer, who had a large fortune, was his first step to distinction. It enabled him to keep a genteel establishment, and he soon dashed into public notice with an effrontery which had seldom been surpassed. He is supposed to have the same notion of blushing that a blind man has of colors."

The ostentatious and extravagant style in which he lived, then very common in Ireland, and leading to the growth of those encumbrances which led to the Landed Estates Court, may be judged from his own words. In his "Personal Sketches" Sir Jonah thus describes one of his fêtes: "I occasionally gave large, splendid dinners, according to the habit prevailing at that time among persons circumstanced like myself. At one of these parties, Major Hobart (Lord Buckinghamshire), Sir John Parnell, Isaac Corry, — I think Lord Limerick, — Sir John, afterwards Lord de Blaquire, and Lords Llandaff, Dillon, and Yelverton, the Speaker,

in all upwards of twenty noblemen and gentlemen, did me the honor of partaking of my fare. Lord Clonmel sent me his two grand cooks, and a most cheerful party was predicted. The House sat late that day, and etiquette never permitted us to go to dinner when the Speaker was a guest until he arrived, unless he had specially desired us to do so. The Speaker did not join us until nine o'clock, when Sir John Parnell brought with him and introduced to me Capt. Wellesley and Mr. Stewart, two young members, who having remained in the House, he had insisted on their coming with him to my dinner, where he told them good cheer and a hearty welcome would be found, and in this he was not mistaken." The two young members thus somewhat unceremoniously brought to Sir Jonah's grand dinner-party afterwards occupied a high place in European history. Capt. Wellesley became Arthur, Duke of Wellington; and Mr. Stewart, Lord Castlereagh.

I have not much to relate about Sir Jonah Barrington subsequent to the Union. His opposition to that measure made him very popular, and in 1803, a dissolution of Parliament having occurred, he and Mr. Latouche, the opulent banker, were candidates for the city of Dublin, supported by the Liberal party in opposition to Messrs. Beresford and Ogle. Barrington had reason to feel proud of his position; he was warmly supported. The four who earliest recorded their votes for him were George Ponsonby, shortly afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Curran, Master of the Rolls; the Right Hon. Henry Grattan; and Mr., afterwards Lord Plunket, the four men most remarkable for fidelity to the Irish nation. It was upon this occasion Grattan pronounced perhaps his most vehement invective. A noted tool of the Orange clique, who lost no opportunity of irritating and annoying the Liberal party, was John Gifford, usually termed the "Dog in Office." When Mr. Grattan appeared at the hustings to support Barrington and Latouche, Mr. Gifford objected to his vote being received, on the ground of his having been expelled from college by the report of Lord Clare's committee. This was a pure fiction, and Mr. Grattan was determined then and there to denounce the base insinuation. Darting on the Dog in Office a look of scorn, he said: "Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made. It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country; the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens; the regal rebel; the unpunished ruffian; the bigoted agitator: in the city a firebrand, in the court a liar, in the streets a bully, in the field a coward. And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."

No wonder the object of this fierce onslaught was unable to reply. When he did find his voice he hissed out, "I would spit on you in a desert."

Barrington was not elected on this occasion, and lived chiefly in France, most likely to be away from his creditors. He held his judicial office until his death in 1830. While residing abroad he published his amusing "Personal Sketches," and his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," in which he details the wholesale bribery and corruption used to effect the Legislative Union with Great Britain. In many respects it is a valuable addition to our historical and biographical literature.

JOHN TOLER, LORD NORBURY.

Among those members whose jokes and drolleries enlivened the Irish House of Commons during the evening of its days must be mentioned John Toler. He was a native of the county which produced John Scott, — Tipperary. John was born at Beechwood in that county, on the 3d of December, 1745. He was the second

son; and it is related that when his father was near his end, he called his two sons to his bedside, and addressing John, told him, "as the estate was to go to his elder brother, all he could afford to give him was fifty pounds, and these," said the dying Tipperary squire, drawing from beneath his pillow a pair of handsome silver-mounted pistols. "Now, Jack," he added, "be always ready to keep up the credit of the family and the honor of an Irish gentleman."

These paternal words were not forgotten. John Toler studied for the bar, and with a bustling, pushing, browbeating manner shoved more learned men aside, and got his foot on the ladder of preferment. He managed to acquire power and influence, so that he became sergeant in 1783, Solicitor-General in 1789, and Attorney-General in 1797. It is a fact that the appeal to arms often concluded an Irish parliamentary debate, and on these occasions the Solicitor-General's motto was *Toujours pris*. He tried to provoke a *casus belli* with Mr. George Ponsonby, and used most offensive expressions for that purpose, but Mr. Ponsonby disdained to notice them. This reticence was exceptional: there were plenty of fighting men in the House, and Mr. Solicitor was not allowed to trail his coat "without its being trodden on." Sir Jonah Barrington said of Mr. Toler, "The honorable gentleman was one of those who had a hand for everybody, but a heart for nobody." Toler considered this personal, and sent a friend to demand an apology or satisfaction; Barrington was quite ready to give any amount of satisfaction, but no apology, and the proceedings were so publicly arranged in the House that the Speaker felt called on to interfere. Accordingly he directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest both honorable members for being guilty of disturbing the decorum of the House. Both attempted to escape. Barrington got outside, and made off, but was captured in Nassau Street. Toler only got as far as the door. In his haste to escape he shut it so quickly he caught the tails of his coat, which held him fast until the Sergeant-at-Arms arrested him. When brought before the Speaker he looked like a truant school-boy in a round jacket, for the skirts were completely torn away.

Curran caused general merriment by stating that "in his opinion, for one honorable gentleman *to trim another's jacket* in that style, within the precincts of the House, nay, within sight of the Speaker, was quite unparliamentary." Both members, having promised to keep the peace, were released from durance.

Many of Toler's jokes are already in print, others are not so. When he was Chief Justice he was pressed by a barrister named Wallace to nonsuit the plaintiff. But the judge decided on letting the case go to the jury. "I do believe," cried the disappointed Wallace, "your Lordship has not the *courage to nonsuit*." The Tipperary blood was stirred within the Chief. "You say, Mr. Wallace, you don't think I'd have courage to nonsuit. I tell you I have courage to shoot, and courage to non-shoot, but I'll not nonsuit for you."

This was the same counsel who was horsewhipped by Major Macnamara, near Nelson's Pillar in Sackville Street, and applied for a criminal information against the major. "Certainly he shall have it," said the punning Chief Justice. "The Court is bound to protect any one who has *bled under the gallant Nelson*."

When John Toler, Lord Norbury, sat at Nisi Prius, his constant fire of puns — the repartees of the bar, and applause of the spectators — often raised a terrible din. A witness being asked what his business was, replied, "I keep a *racket-court*." Lord Norbury instantly exclaimed, "So do I! so do I!"

One of the happiest *bon-mots* of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas

was uttered when Dr. Troy was Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. The Archbishop constantly entertained the leading members of the famous Catholic Association, and among them Mr. Æneas MacDonnell. This gentleman happened to be leaving the dinner-party at the Archbishop's when Lord Norbury was passing with a friend. "There goes the ancient warrior," whispered the punster to his friend. "Who do you mean?" was the inquiry. "The *pious Æneas* returning from the *sack of Troy*."

Lord Norbury had a testy neighbor in the country near Phibsborough, whose cattle often roamed on his Lordship's grounds, but when the cows of his Lordship returned their visit, he was threatened with an action for damage done. To this he replied somewhat irreverently, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Lord Norbury, walking to court one morning, saw a crowd on the quay, near the Four Courts. He inquired the cause, and was informed "a tailor had just been rescued from attempting suicide by drowning."

"What a fool," responded the Chief Justice, "to leave his *hot goose* for a *cold duck!*"

Riding with a friend named Spear, who was mounted on a high-trotting horse, Lord Norbury said "he should call the quadruped *Shakespear*."

On another occasion, a Mr. Pepper being thrown from his horse, Lord Norbury inquired if the horse had any name.

"Yes," said the owner, "we call him Castor."

"And a very good name for him," replied his Lordship, "but henceforth you may call him *Pepper Caster*."

A gentleman having boasted in his presence of having "shot seventy hares before breakfast," Lord Norbury caused a laugh by observing, very dryly, "I dare say you *fired at a wig*."

Curran often raised a laugh at Lord Norbury's expense. The laws, at that period, made capital punishment so general that nearly all crimes were punishable with death by the rope. It was remarked that Lord Norbury never hesitated to condemn the convicted prisoner to the gallows. Dining in company with Curran, who was carving some corned beef, Lord Norbury inquired, "Is that hung beef, Mr Curran?" "Not yet, my lord," was the reply, "*you have not tried it.*"

While charging a jury after his usual fashion, with now a reference to the parties in the suit, "how he knew the plaintiff's father, and loved him, and of what a respectable family the defendant was," then a quotation from a play, or a pun upon a witness, making an *olla podrida* of most incongruous material, Lord Norbury's address was drowned by the braying of an ass.

His Lordship, not guessing the cause of the interruption, impatiently inquired, "What noise is that?"

"Merely the *echo of the Court*, my lord," was Curran's sarcastic reply.

The son of a peer, having been accused of arson, of which offence he was generally believed guilty, but acquitted on a point of insufficiency of evidence to sustain the indictment, was tried before Lord Norbury. The young gentleman met the judge next at the Lord Lieutenant's levee in the castle. Instead of avoiding the Chief Justice, the scion of aristocracy boldly said, "I have recently married, and have come here to enable me to present my bride at the drawing-room."

"Quite right to mind the Scripture: Better *marry than burn*," retorted Lord Norbury.

He held his judicial position until Mr. Canning became Premier in 1827, when he resigned on terms of being made an earl. This was granted, and Lord Plunket succeeded him.

BULLY EGAN.

Among the strange characters who practised at the Irish bar, and occupied seats in the House of Commons at its close, may be fairly ranked a

member of the Irish bar who acquired considerable distinction: John Egan, K. C. Mr. Egan was a native of Charleville, county Cork, which, in later years, also produced a barrister better known to literature than law,—John Austin, LL. D., the poet.

Egan was born about the year 1750, and educated by his father, a clergyman, who kept a school. Having taken his degree as Bachelor of Arts in the University of Dublin, John Egan resolved to study law, and became a student in London. Here he found employment as a private tutor and newspaper correspondent. He got called to the Irish bar, Michaelmas Term, 1778, and married a widow with a good fortune.

Egan's practice at the early part of his professional career was chiefly acting as counsel in contested elections, where he so distinguished himself by his browbeating, rough manner as to acquire the sobriquet of "Bully Egan." His large, muscular figure, his stentorian voice, face like a full moon, and well-known readiness to fight, made him a most useful ally on many elections.

It may be presumed Bully Egan generally received a *fighting fee;* for he fought a number of duels, both with sword and pistols, and I believe never received a wound. One of his duels was with Curran. When on the ground, Egan comlained of "the disadvantage he presented over Curran, he being as big as a haystack, and Curran like a blade of grass."

"Oh, Mr. Egan," replied Curran, "I have no wish to take any unfair advantage. Let my size be chalked upon your body, and I'm satisfied that any shots of mine which hit outside the chalk shall not count."

This request was immaterial, for there was no one hit.

Egan had also considerable practice at Nisi Prius, and the specimens of his addresses to the jury show more sound than sense. On one occasion, alluding to the eloquent address of his opponent, a dark-visaged barrister, he begged the jury "not to be carried away by the *dark oblivion of a brow.*"

"How can you use such balderdash?" remonstrated his learned friend.

"It may be balderdash," replied Egan, "but depend upon it, it will do very well for *that jury.*"

On another occasion, having exhausted the usual vocabulary of vituperation, he concluded by describing the defendant as "a most *naufrageous ruffian.*"

"What in the world do you mean by that?" whispered his astonished junior.

"I have no idea," responded Egan, "but I think it *sounds well.*"

When Barry Yelverton became Chief Baron of the Exchequer, he greatly favored Egan, whose practice in that court became very lucrative. In 1787 he received the silk gown of king's counsel, and was elected a Bencher of the King's Inns.

About this time he entered the House of Commons, and made some remarks with reference to the conduct of the late Viceroy, Earl Fitzwilliam, which drew down upon him the unsparing tongue of Grattan, who said: "Another honorable member was pleased to say much to the prejudice of Lord Fitzwilliam's administration; to that I have only to answer, it was a little unfortunate for the honorable gentleman's political consistency that he did not much sooner discover the errors of that administration, which, while in power, was the object of his strenuous support and the subject of his warm panegyric. At the same time that I am to thank him for the support — I would say the unsolicited support — which he gave to the administration, — no doubt from the purest motives, and without any aim to patronage (for the honorable gentleman is his own patron), — I own I am not much surprised at his language. He has said something of the bad intentions which actuate myself and

my friends, in a style of moderation peculiar to himself. He has talked much of French principles and of insurrection, and I believe, among other things, said something of cutting off my head; and this in a manner so peculiarly his own, that though I did not actually behold the *guillotine* of which he spoke, I certainly thought I saw the *executioner*." This was truly an *argumentum ad hominem*, which Egan was not slow to resent. He certainly did resemble an executioner or brawny butcher. He said: "As I am attacked in this way, I will show the right honorable gentleman and his friends that I do not want bottom to retort such attacks. I will teach them that no *little duodecimo volume of abuse* shall discharge its rancorous contents against my person or my character without meeting the treatment it deserves. I will have the member also to know that no part of the support which I gave to Lord Fitzwilliam's administration was directed to him. I disdained to make him the idol of my admiration. I shunned his intimacy, even when he was in the zenith of his power, and strutted in pigmy consequence about the Castle. I believed Lord Fitzwilliam to be a nobleman of the purest intentions, and acting on that opinion, did vote in support of his administration; but I soon saw he was the dupe of a family compact and the tool of little men, who thought to swell themselves into importance, and, colossus-like, bestride the country, while the gentlemanhood of Ireland was to be haughtily excluded from the court of the Viceroy. I have no party views, no ambition to gratify, no selfish object in supporting the present administration, no promises or expectations from them; and though it is too true that I was occasionally duped into voting with the *seven wise men opposite*, yet, with more experience, I perceived their conduct was the mere result of disappointed party, — the mere malevolence of defeated ambition." Mr. Egan then went on to refer to the grant of £50,000 to Mr. Grattan, which he thought deserved at the time, but considered Mr. Grattan had since done irreparable mischief.

It is necessary to pursue this sad personal conflict a stage further, to show the extreme lengths to which personality was carried in the Irish Parliament.

Mr. Grattan, in reply, said: "I have no wish to go out of my road to attack the honorable member; but if he will throw himself across my way, I have no objection to tread on him. If, however, he imagines that anything like vulgar ruffianism or paroxysms of fury are to intimidate, he will find himself mistaken; for the manner of that ruffianism, the folly of these paroxysms, and the blockheadism of the fury are too ridiculous to excite serious notice.* I smile at them. The honorable member, in his contortions, presented to my mind the idea of a black soul writhing in torments, and his language very forcibly associated with the idea of a certain description of the fair sex, with whom, in manners and dialect, he seems zealously to assimilate. As to the menaces of the honorable member to disclose any confidence he ever enjoyed from me, I feel them in the sort of disregard they merit, and I answer in the words of the poet,

> 'There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
> For I am armed so strong in honesty
> That they pass me by as the idle wind
> Which I regard not.'"

It is truly pitiable to find educated gentlemen, elected to discuss affairs of grave importance, the interests of constituents and country, fling aside all thoughts of duty, and indulge in recriminations and personalities such as I here set down. Among those who should combine together for the common weal were Grattan and Egan, both decidedly hostile to the projected Union, and here they were abusing each other in the most scurrilous terms.

* Surely the Speaker ought to have noticed such epithets.

The people sided with Grattan, and discovered an ingenious mode of annoying Egan. The waiters at the country hotels would inquire "what the guests wished in the way of fish for dinner."

This brought out the question, "What fish can you give me?"

The regular response was, "An Egan, sir."

The puzzled stranger would inquire, "What do you mean by an Egan?"

"Oh, sir, that's what Mr. Grattan calls Mr. Egan; it's '*a black soul* (sole) *fried.*'" Thereafter Mr. Egan was known as the Black Sole.

Egan occasioned rather a coarse pun to Curran. He was contesting the borough of Tallow, in the county of Waterford, and the contest was going against him, when he met Curran, who observed him in violent perspiration.

"Yes, my dear Egan," exclaimed Curran, "I see plainly *you are losing Tallow fast.*"

One of Egan's best parliamentary speeches has been described by Sir Jonah Barrington as a most sincere, clumsy, powerful oration. He had great vehemence and fluency, but his language was just what came uppermost, for he never cared to make a selection; and the speech was full of power, but the power of a runaway horse, plunging and kicking at all that approached. It was well said he was like the Trojan horse, *sounding as if he had armed men inside of him.*

The division on the debate on the Union gave great hopes that the Union Bill would be defeated. It was a most protracted debate. Some sixty members had spoken. One hundred and five voted for the Union, and one hundred and eleven against the bill. Egan was the last who entered the House to vote against the bill, and when his huge bulk and beaming face were seen, he was hailed with loud and continued cheers. When the number of the members who preceded him was told as one hundred and ten, he flourished a large sprig of shillelah, "more like a club than a stick," and waving it over his head, shouted, "I'm a hundred and eleven!" then throwing himself on a bench with an immoderate fit of laughter.

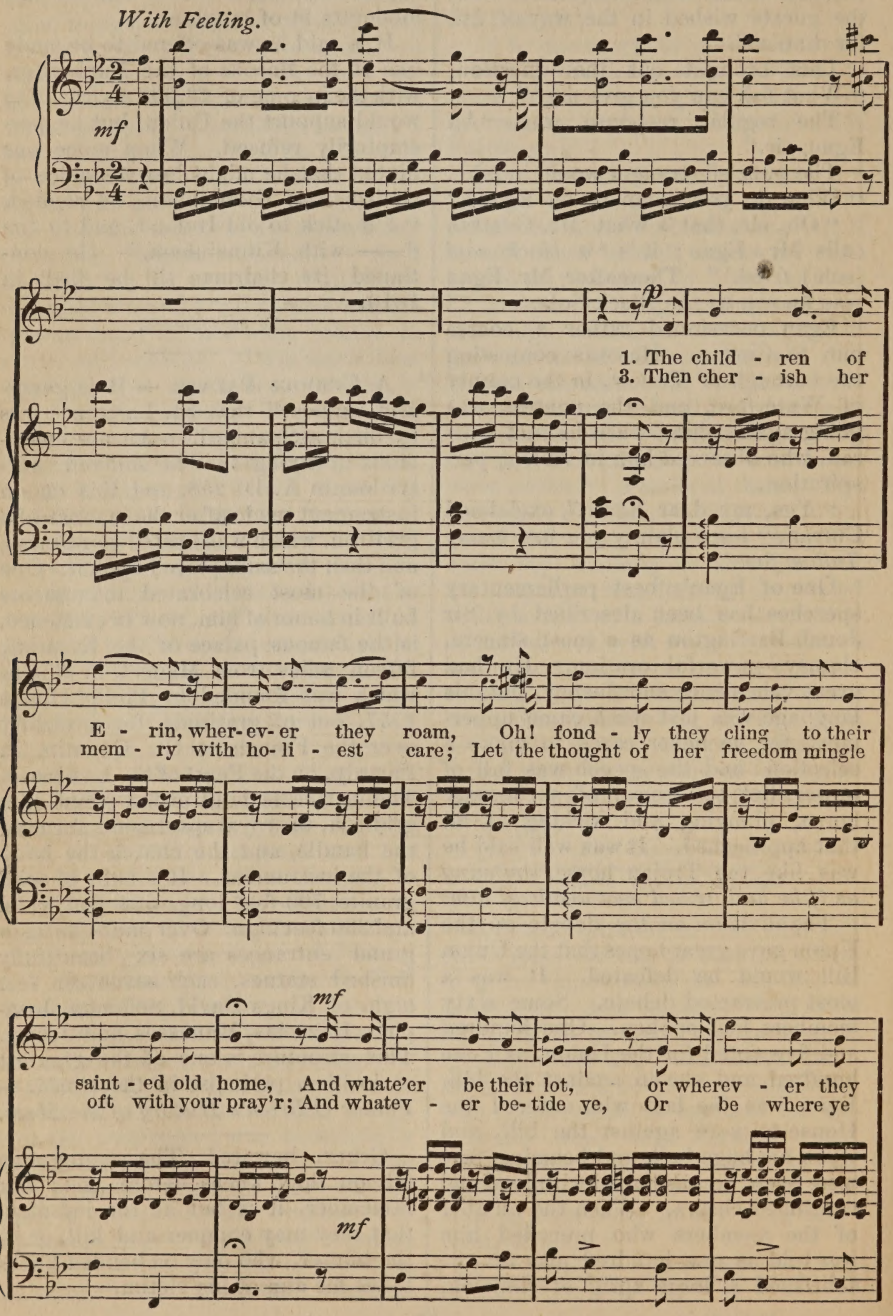
It is said he was offered to be made one of the Barons of the Exchequer, with the income of £3,500 a year, if he would support the Union, but he peremptorily refused. When some one hinted that he might lose his office of chairman of Kilmainham, he replied, "I'll stick to old Ireland, and to the d—— with Kilmainham." He continued its chairman till he died, in 1810.

To be continued.

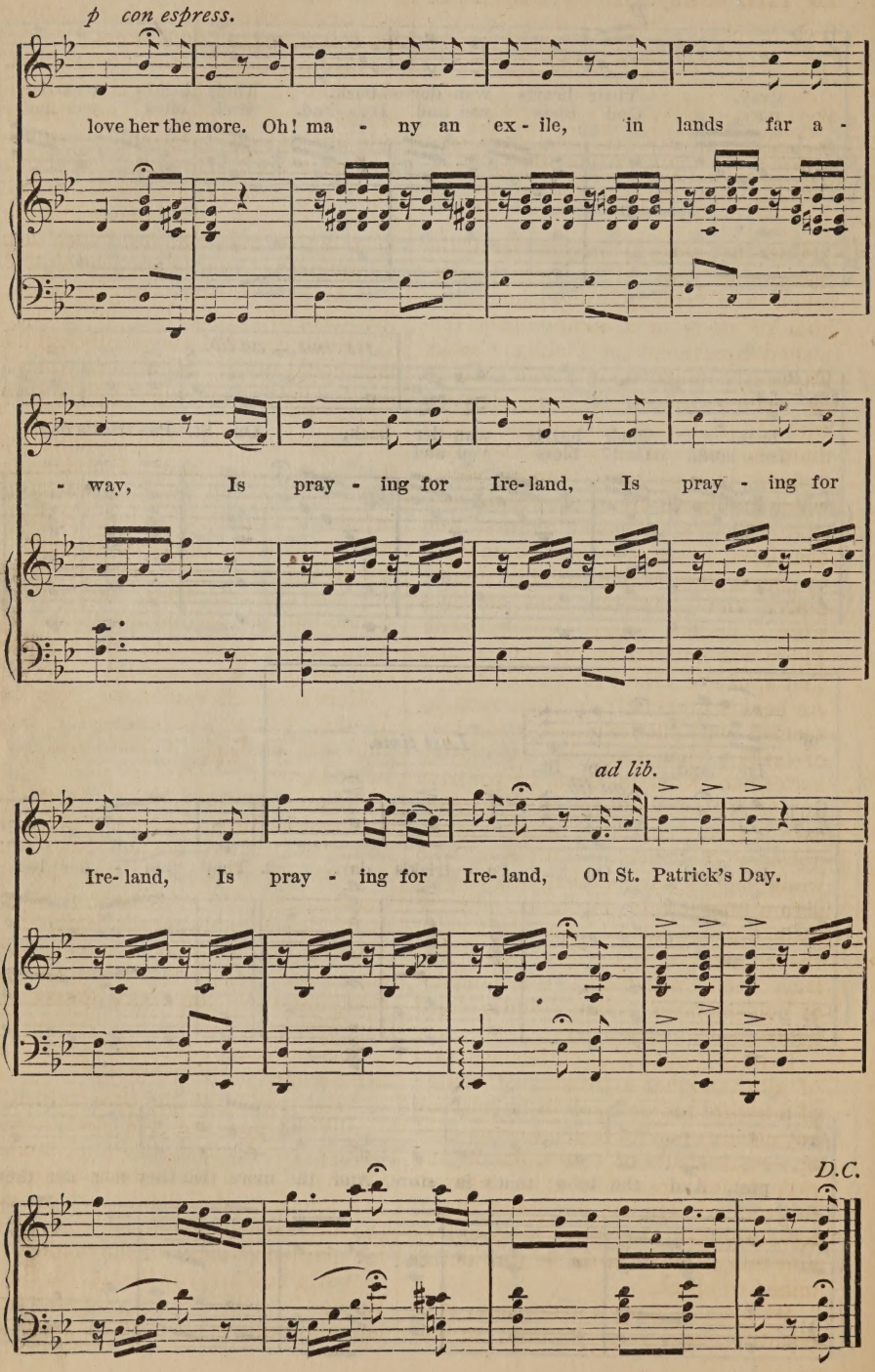
A CURIOUS PALACE. — It is generally supposed that St. Lawrence was by birth a Spaniard. All are unanimous in saying that he suffered martyrdom in A. D. 258, and this on an instrument made after the manner of a gridiron, which was heated to redness, and then the saint placed upon it. One of the most celebrated monuments built in honor of him, now in existence, is the famous palace of the Escurial, fifteen miles from Madrid, in Spain, which was founded by Philip II., in 1557, out of gratitude for a victory over the French at St. Quentin, in Picardy, on the Feast of St. Lawrence. The palace is built in the shape of a gridiron, the royal apartments forming the handle, and the church the body of the instrument. It is built of solid granite, 700 feet long, 564 feet wide, and 330 feet high. Over one of its main grand entrances are six beautifully finished statues, each seventeen feet high, of Kings David, Solomon, Josaphat, Hezecias, Manasses, and Josias. This structure is one of the greatest curiosities, perhaps, in the world. — *Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

GIRLS, beware! The young men fall on their knees before you; but remember, it is but as the infantry, that they may conquer and kill, or as the hunter, who only on bended knees takes his aim at his victim.

GOD BLESS YOU AND IRELAND.


With Feeling.
mf
p
1. The child - ren of
3. Then cher - ish her
E - rin, wher- ev- er they roam, Oh! fond - ly they cling to their
mem - ry with ho- li - est care; Let the thought of her freedom mingle
mf
saint - ed old home, And whate'er be their lot, or wherev - er they
oft with your pray'r; And whatev - er be- tide ye, Or be where ye
mf

p
stray, Their hearts wan-der back, Their hearts wan-der
may, God bless you and Ire-land, God bless you and
p
1st time. ad lib.
back, Their hearts wan-der back, On St. Pa-trick's day.
Ire-land, God bless you and
or
Ire-land, On St.
Last time.
ad lib.
Ire-land, On St. Pa-trick's day. 2. They pon-der her
f
past, And the bliss that's in store, And the more that they pon-der they


p con espress.
love her the more. Oh! ma - ny an ex - ile, in lands far a -
- way, Is pray - ing for Ire-land, Is pray - ing for
ad lib.
Ire-land, Is pray - ing for Ire-land, On St. Patrick's Day.
D.C.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race,
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If she ever gave birth to a being so base.
If she did — let her long boasted proverb be hushed,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring. *Byron.*

One day, early in the summer of the memorable year 1798, Lord Castlereagh was whiling away the sultry hour of noon in a sumptuously furnished apartment at Dublin Castle. Carelessly lolling upon a sofa close to an open window, he was chatting with the partner of his bosom. This man, so old in heartlessness, was younger in appearance than his years, which numbered apout nine-and-twenty. His fresh, placid features and beardless, boyish face were unmarked by those lines which usually denote power and character, and his eyes were fireless and unintelligent There was nothing in his appearance that spoke of talent for good or evil. As he lay gracefully on that couch, he seemed more the indolent young man of fashion than the cold, calculating statesman, with the head to contrive any wickedness and the heart to execute it at any cost, and by any means, however diabolical, — the man who would sign a warrant that would consign a kingdom to desolation with as little remorse as he now plays with the ringlets of his wife's hair. Yet such was Castlereagh, — a monster of cold-blooded villany, and steeled against pity and remorse

Utterly destitute of enthusiasm and of all the higher attributes of being; of a nature too debased to be hurt by any attack upon its feelings or its honor, — the shafts of satire, insult, and ridicule fell upon him alike uncared-for, unfelt. He had one great object to accomplish, the ruin of his country; and this at all hazards he was determined to effect.

By his side Lady Castlereagh, very beautiful, and very youthful in appearance, was seated on the floor with her head resting against the arm of his couch, arranging flowers.

"How delightful it will be, Robert," she said at length, "when all this storm is over! Shall we not then reside in England, love, and never visit Ireland more? How I do wish you were far away from these terrible scenes in the Parliament House! Who is that man who used such fearful language towards you last night?"

"An enterprising young lawyer of the name of Plunket"

"Such dreadful abuse I thought no man could utter. How were you able to sit calmly by and allow him to speak so long?"

"His words did not discompose me in the least, my love. I understand the man too well for that. He, like myself, is a political trader. He is on what they term the patriotic side; I am on the other. Thus for the present we are estranged; but let the Union be once accomplished, and my word for it, I shall find him a supplicant for office soon enough."

Here a shriek resounded from one of the yards without. Her ladyship on hearing it trembled and turned pale.

"Be not alarmed, dear," lisped her husband as he carelessly tossed on the sofa. "It is only some rebel scoundrel whom Sandes is putting through his facings. Do you wish to attend Lady Bessborough's ball to-night?"

"Oh, yes, it is to be on a very grand scale; but to return to what we were speaking of, — you really do not fear Mr. Plunket?"

"No I feared but one man, and he is no longer in the country."

"But may he at any time return?"

"If he does we will find a way easily to dispose of him, and — Come in," cried his lordship in answer to a knock at the chamber door, and the next moment a footman announced the gentleman usher of the castle.

"Ah, how are you to-day, Sir Boyle Roche?" asked Lord Castlereagh, languidly lifting his head to greet his

visitor, who, after a profound obeisance to the lady, advanced to the side of his lordship and touched his proffered hand. "What news do you bring from headquarters?"

"Bad enough, my lord, bad enough; we are threatened by another invasion by the French. And I tell you what it is, sir, if these Gallicans should come over, they will never stop until they bring the foundation-stones of the Constitution tumbling about the ears of the nation; and upon that very table there, my lord, perhaps you would see your own destinies lying in heaps, with your head thrown into the middle of them to stare you in the face."

His lordship smiled, whilst her ladyship seemed with difficulty to suppress her mirth.

"But tell me, Sir Boyle," asked the former, "what precautions would you recommend government to adopt?"

"Take my word for it, my lord, the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump. Let the army be in readiness and prepared to march at an hour's notice. Use despatch at the first sign of danger. At once take the field, and you will beat the enemy before ever he comes in sight; ay, and send him home routed, scattered, and defeated, without giving him time to set foot on shore."

"Sir Boyle," asked Lady Castlereagh, "how did you enjoy your late visit to the country?"

"Tolerably well, ma'am, I thank you, only the rebels had me frightened out of my wits. Why, every night I slept there I was in dread to close an eye, or to lie down in bed; and I pledge you my word I used to write my letters with a sword in one hand and a blunderbuss in the other. Oh, the country is in a dreadful state! The life of no man is safe who has not been piked or roasted. I am tired out with everything at home here. I wish I could go and end my days in that country where they say there is no death."

"That would be very pleasant indeed, Sir Boyle. But how happened it you called so late this morning at the Castle?"

"Odds, your ladyship, I was nearly an hour before I could get on my new top-boots. They had my fingers all rasped and blistered; at one time I thought I never could get into them until I had worn them a day or two first."

"May I ask your opinion on one matter, Sir Boyle?" said Lord Castlereagh. "What ought government to do in the present state of affairs? Ought it to yield or remain firm?"

"Oh, some concessions should be made to the people, my lord. We ought surely to give up a part or even the whole of the Constitution if we can thereby the better secure the remainder; and besides, the best way to extinguish disaffection is by leaving it nothing to be dissatisfied about."

When after a lengthened visit Sir Boyle Roche took his leave, his lordship turned to Lady Castlereagh with a smile.

"Well, my love, what comedy was ever so entertaining as an hour spent in conversation with our late visitor?"

"Poor, dear Sir Boyle," said her ladyship, "how amusing he must be in the House! But can his support be of much use to you?"

"He is at times a great convenience to us. Often, for instance, after a damaging speech has been made by the Opposition to which we cannot easily reply, we put Sir Boyle upon his feet, and in two minutes all its bad effect has been destroyed after the delivery of one of his aphorisms. Business is sometimes suspended for the night. However, although we are sure of his vote for the Union, we cannot rely on his support for the other measures. But now, my love, I must leave you for an hour or two; the council await my attendance in the room below. On my return be prepared to accompany me for a drive to the viceregal lodge."

"My lords and gentlemen," said

Lord Castlereagh a few minutes later, as he took the chair in the council chamber, where were assembled Lord Clare, the Chancellor, Mr. Cooke, the Under Secretary, Lord Kingsborough, the commander of the forces, Lord Beresford, and a few others, "I am happy to see you around me. The work in hand is, I trust, being pushed on energetically. You all know the necessity of forcing the rebellion to *prematurely explode?*"

"Fear not, fear not, my lord," said Clare, "Lord Kingsborough has had his orders, and he will tell you how they are being carried out."

"My troops are on free quarters throughout the country," said Kingsborough. "During the last week a hundred dwellings and thirty popish mass-houses were burnt in Wexford alone; several men were shot or hanged, ten priests being among the number; those piked and flogged are beyond counting. In this account are not included the exploits of the yeomen and North Cork militia, who roam the country like so many devils let loose. There is a captain belonging to the latter in the yard below, whom I will call up, should the council so desire, to give an account of his stewardship."

"As for my part, my lord," said Beresford, "I flog fifty men a day at my riding-school; I keep two negroes for the purpose."

"And I, my lord, have tied up a priest, a Quaker, and four men in the yard this morning," said Sandes.

"My lord," said Cooke, speaking last, "I have the secret agents all at work. Armstrong and Reynolds are here to-day to inform the council of their discoveries."

"Then they had better be called in," said Lord Castlereagh; "one at a time, so that they may not see each other. I don't place much trust in the honor of knaves."

"I have always adopted that precaution. Which will your lordship examine first?"

"Armstrong."

Cooke left the room, and in a moment returned leading in a young man dressed in the uniform of the King's County militia, who bowed low to the council and took his stand at the foot of the table.

"Capt. Armstrong," said Cooke as he resumed his seat, "what have you done since you were here last?"

"I have improved on my acquaintance with the young men I then told you of, sir," replied the informer. "They know what my position is; and I have represented to them that they may count upon me and my regiment in case of a rising. I enjoy their inmost confidence. One of them admits me into the society of his wife and family. I dined at his house yesterday, and in the course of the evening he made to me many important disclosures."

"What are the names of these gentlemen?" asked Lord Castlereagh.

"Henry and John Sheares, my lord."

At the mention of the name Sheares the brow of Clare grew dark as midnight. He raised his clinched hand and brought it down heavily on the table as he exclaimed: "Sheares the barrister! Death and damnation! But we have caught them in our toils. Don't let them slip, young man; bring them to the gallows, and then come for your reward."

"What do you know of these men?" asked Castlereagh of Clare in a whisper.

"Quite enough to make me anxious to settle old scores," replied Clare in the same tone. "I have not forgotten an insult they put upon me once, but I'll bide my time."

"Capt. Armstrong," said the chairman, speaking aloud, "we are much obliged to you; rest assured the state will duly recompense your services. For the present continue still the apparent friend of these men, and learn what more you can of their designs. You may now withdraw."

Thomas Reynolds was introduced next. He gave an account of the late

meeting of the United Irishmen Club, of which he was a member, and fully disclosed their plans concerning the intended rising.

"Mr. Reynolds," asked Lord Castlereagh, "can you learn nothing concerning the whereabouts of Lord Edward Fitzgerald?"

"Nothing, my lord. I have made every search and inquiry, but all to no purpose up to this."

"Do none of your associates know his place of concealment?"

"I have sounded them all, my lord, but without effect: they are either ignorant of the place or unwilling to make it known; but I have one on his track who will not rest until he hunts him down. Only make the promised reward a little larger, my lord and gentlemen, and it is short you'll be kept waiting for the prize."

"What is the name of this agent in whose talents you have such confidence?"

"Ask me not at present, my lord, but increase the reward"

"Shall we say £1,000?" said Lord Castlereagh, addressing his fellow-members of the council. "Be it so: £1,000 is offered, Mr. Reynolds, for the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

"I ask but two weeks, my lord, to redeem my word. If I fail, hang me up with the next rebel I inform on."

The informer bowed and retired.

"I shall next call Mr. Winn, my lord and gentlemen," said Cooke. "He is a captain of the College Yeomanry, and one well acquainted with the party feelings of the students. He also holds a commission in the North Cork Militia."

"A most desirable person to examine. Admit him at once."

There presently came into the room a young man of gigantic stature. His manner was forward and blustering, and as he awkwardly bowed to the council, his eyes glared round upon them from beneath his lurking brows. His face wore an expression of ferocity common to the bully's, but never seen on his who possesses true courage. He advanced to the foot of the table and waited to be questioned.

"Well, Capt. Winn," said Cooke, "I believe you have just returned from Wexford?"

"I have, sir, and good work we did there, I can tell you."

"Give us an account of some of it, my young friend," said the chairman, smiling blandly.

"My militia corps I had overrunning the country for three weeks, my lord. We burned down every cornfield we came across. If the people grumbled, we flogged them until they were just dead. Any we suspected of being rebels we hung up until they were half strangled, then we cut them down, and if they refused to inform we hauled them up again and choked them outright. Some we made take off their shoes and stand on sharp spikes until their feet were pierced through. On others we put canvas caps filled with boiling pitch, and made them wear them till they got cool, when they could not take them off without taking along with them the burnt hair and blistered skin. Often the pitch used to stream into their eyes and blind them. But the great fun of all was whenever we happened to catch a priest. What jolly sport our boys used to think it to see one dangling from a cart-shaft! One old chap we caught and shut up three days in a blackhole, after which we brought him out and gave him two hundred and seventy lashes from a cat-o'-nine-tails with wire thongs that used to bury themselves in his flesh with every lash. Oh, but for every blow that would come down would n't he make the triangle shake! When we cut him down we shut him up in the blackhole again, and the next morning we told him we would give the same as the day before, unless he confessed in writing that he was a United Irishman and deserved what he got. For a while he held out, but in the end we terrified him into writing

the letter we wanted, and I have it here."

Castlereagh looked smilingly towards Clare and Beresford, who nodded approval. Then, turning to Winn, his lordship said: "You seem to have been active enough in Wexford, my good friend; but what can you tell us about the college?"

"Our corps is organized and ready to turn out when required, my lord, but there are some men who are always coming in our way. I have their names." Here the speaker drew from his pocket a small book. "They are always upsetting our plans. Here are the principal: Sir Henry Damer, George Fitzgerald, Robert Harcourt; and there is another, Thomas Moore, who writes songs about us that turn us into ridicule."

"As regards the first mentioned," said Lord Clare, "I have had sufficient foresight to secure his loyalty, for I have appointed him high sheriff for his county. It will be his duty as such, when he receives orders, to assume the command of the military in his bailiwick. So we need not feel concerned about him."

"But about the others, Mr. Winn?" asked Lord Castlereagh. "Could you not, with your superior numbers, keep them quiet?"

"My lord, what can we do with them? That Harcourt is a regular devil; he is always upsetting our arrangements. I am sure it is he who whitewashed King William the night before the procession. These men cannot be expelled from college as Emmet and Kirwan were, because they are graduates; so they come down every night to the Historical and denounce the government measures, and then preach up republicanism and all that sort of thing to their hearts' content. The worst of it is, our men are cowed, and won't stand up and answer them. They are afraid of them, especially Harcourt, who is said to be the best swordsman in the college."

"A man of your courage and experience ought to know how to deal with them," said Lord Clare, with something like a sneer. "After your glorious exploits in the south, it can't surely give you much trouble to secure half a dozen rebel students."

"Let me have a warrant, my lord, and I 'll find it easy enough."

"Bide your time," said the chairman. "Patience for a little longer. Wait till they further commit themselves. Be sure and throw in their way any lure to treason that suggests itself. We are obliged for your zeal and energy, Mr. Winn. You may now retire. But stay a moment. Do you and your party parade the streets every day in orange colors?"

"We do, my lord."

"Do you make all take off their hats who pass the King William statue?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Do you fill the pit of the theatre each night?"

"We do, my lord, and sing Orange songs, — 'The Protestant Boys' and 'Croppies, Lie Down.'"

"That will do; I have no more to ask you."

CHAPTER XXII.

His sword the brave man draws,
And seeks no omen but his country's cause.
POPE'S "HOMER."

We must now invite our readers to return to the fashionable drawing-room in Sackville Street, in order that we may renew our acquaintance with Miss Cecilia Fitzgerald and Lady Alice Pouncet, who was now, within the last few weeks, Lady Alice Fitzgerald. As Cecilia still continued to reside in the house of her brother, the girls enjoyed each other's society without interruption.

"I wonder what can keep George out so long, Cecilia?" said Lady Alice, suddenly looking up from her work. "He promised me he would return early, and it is now after two."

"Oh, fear nothing for him, Alice dear," replied Cecilia. "Some friends

have probably detained him. You may be sure he will be back soon."

"Somehow I always feel anxious now when he is not at home," continued the young wife. "Before we were married I used to encourage him in all his wild adventures, but now he can never leave the house but I am immediately filled with apprehension for his safety."

"You can now understand with what different feelings the husband is regarded from the lover, Alice; but let your heart be at rest: nothing will happen to George With God's blessing there will be no war; but yet, if the hour of trial really should come, and every true man was called on to do his utmost for his country, you would not have him hold back?"

"No," said the girl, her eyes brightening and her beautiful face flushing with enthusiasm as she spoke. "I would send him forth to the battle as the Spartan mother sent her son. even though it were on his shield he were borne back to me. I would rather see him consigned to the patriot's grave than that he should be living a branded coward. But hark, there is a knock; I am sure it must be George. It is: I know his foot upon the stairs."

The door presently opened, and her husband, with Damer and Harcourt, entered the room.

"At last, George, at last," she exclaimed as she rose to greet her visitors and him. "Who gave you permission to remain out so long? You promised me you would be home early, and now it is near three."

"It is Henry you may blame for turning me from my good purpose, Alice," said George, laughing. "Go make him answer for it now. But he has called to take leave of you both, as he starts for the country in the evening."

"For the country?" exclaimed Cecilia, turning pale. "Surely, Henry, there has nothing occurred?"

"Nothing whatever to cause alarm, Cecilia," replied Damer. "An order has come to me from the Castle, which as sheriff I must obey, to take command of the militia in ——."

"A mean strategy on the part of the enemy," said Harcourt. "They want to have him away from the House when the next Union debate comes on."

"Unless affairs be desperate I shall be in town for that," said Damer. "But now, ladies, I must say farewell to you for a time. I start to-night."

"Not for long, I hope," said Lady Alice. "But, gentlemen, be seated; you can surely give us your society for half an hour."

"Oh, but I knew I had some news for both of you," cried Fitzgerald suddenly. "I must tell you of Robert's feat last night in the theatre. It beat hollow the whitewashing of King William. You must know," continued George, "that every night in the theatre of late it has been the custom of the College Yeomen, at a signal from their leader, to strike up with some Orange song, such as 'Croppies, Lie Down,' or the 'Right Orange Chorus' Well, Robert often vowed he would put a stop to this kind of sport; so last night, considering the time ripe for action, he selected a dozen of as hardy fellows from amongst his own party as he could find, and arming them all, himself included, with a short blackthorn, which they kept concealed under their coats, he proceeded to the theatre at their head. When the doors were opened, the Orange Boys as usual flocked to the pit. Robert waited until they were all in, and then quietly stationed his small band in one of the side passages, from which they could observe all that went on and remain themselves concealed. Well, all went on gayly until the close of the second act, when one called out 'Boyne Water,' and that moment the music and two hundred voices struck up the song. They had just got to the second line when Robert shouted to his party, 'Now, boys, to the work,' and brandishing his stick dashed headlong into the pit.

All the others followed close. Such a *melée* as followed, I am told, was never witnessed. The Yeomen, taken so by surprise, were thunderstruck and dumbfounded; some attempted to draw their swords, but the blackthorns rattling on their skulls quickly made them fly. That great giant bully Winn led the race. For the rest it may be said, to turn their own song against themselves: —

'He who fastest ran away
Was deemed the happiest fellow.'

In five minutes Robert and his party were undisputed masters of the house. But I have to complain that in this affair he never took me into his confidence. Had it been three months ago he would have done so. I suppose my being a married man now makes all the difference."

Cecilia and Alice laughed merrily, whilst the hero of the exploit looked carelessly out of the window.

"But how happens it, George," asked his sister, "that you can give so particular an account of the entire scene?"

"Because he was there himself in disguise," said Harcourt, "and took a prominent part in the fighting from first to last."

"Is that true, George?" asked Lady Alice, glancing apprehensively at her young husband.

George colored and hesitated. "I thought you knew Robert too well to give credit to every idle assertion of his," he evasively replied.

"I kept my word with you, Alice, I assure you," said Robert, speaking again. "I never once gave him the least hint of what I proposed. You may judge how great was my surprise when, on looking over my supporters as we stood in the corridor, I found there was one amongst them more than I had calculated on. I was much annoyed; but I was consoled, however, by the reflection that I at least had done my part, so my conscience was at rest. It was those at home who let him out that were really to blame. Keep him under lock and key from dinner hour till after breakfast for the future Alice, and then you will have him beyond the reach of temptation. But I give you my word, ladies, I have lost all faith in the sedative influences of marriage, as I find George just as thoughtless and frolicsome now as when he was single like myself."

"I fear he is still under the guidance of dangerous companions," remarked Cecilia, laughing.

"No, no, Cecilia," cried George. "To do Robert justice, he always of late endeavors to keep me out of scrapes; but the old habits, which I fear he somewhat contributed to form, I find hard to overcome. However, I now faithfully promise not to take part in such another freak as last night's for some time."

"And I promise there will be no occasion for another clearing out of the theatre for a *long* time," said Harcourt, "if broken heads can restrain the loyal ardor of the Orangemen. George gave some of them reason to remember his shillelah, as dashing into the orchestra he scattered all before him; but here is Henry Damer, a man in authority, listening to our disclosures. Mind, Henry, that is not to be repeated at the Castle; perhaps our next set to may be with some of your militia-men. Do you intend, Sir Sheriff, to give your troops an airing in town?"

"You may trust me," said Damer; "I mean to keep them as far from town as I can. Should my poor forces fall in the way of you gentlemen of the college, I fear they would quickly come to grief."

"If any of them should become refractory, threaten them with the Dublin theatre," said Harcourt. "But now I must leave, as I have an appointment in the 'Historical' at half past three. Good by, and God bless you! Henry, I may not see you again before you go; I cannot but look on this affair as a ruse of the enemy, but we will checkmate him yet."

"Whatever happens," replied Da-

mer, "the debate of the 20th will find me at my post"; then taking the hand of his friend, he drew him aside and added in a low voice: "In God's name I implore of you, Robert, if you possibly can, keep out of these affrays. You know not what dangers at this moment may be impending over you. If you care not for yours lf, think at least of George It is in vain you seek to dissuade him from these adventures. while at the same time you set him the example. which you may be certain he will follow. Remember his position in life. Look at those two young and innocent girls. Would you have him by a thoughtless act bring down ruin and misery upon their heads? Think of what unscrupulous men are in power. You may be sure they suspect George, if it were only from his relationship to Lord Edward. On the word of an informer or spy they might cast him into prison, and then who can tell the consequences?"

"My dear Henry," cried Harcourt with emotion, "I thank you most sincerely for your thoughtful advice. Everything that you have urged has been already maturely considered by myself; and it is not by half-hearted remonstrances, but by the most anxious solicitations that I have endeavored to dissuade George from exposing himself to these dangers. For my own part I promise you that for the future I will, as far as possible, abstain from such enterprises as that of last night, where the honor or reputation of my party are not concerned. But rest assured, all that I can I will do to keep sorrow from the home of Cecilia and Alice Fitzgerald."

Harcourt spoke honestly and truly, and meaning to abide by what he said; but his reservation in favor of honor and reputation gave him considerable latitude, as the sequel will show A few minutes later he again took leave of Damer and withdrew.

When the latter was afterwards closeted with Fitzgerald for a private conversation, he said: "I feel, George, that I am being sent on a mission in which I cannot possibly be of use. I cannot, therefore, but give weight to the suspicion of Harcourt, that this is all an endeavor of government to have me out of their way. However, in the country I can effect some good; I can restrain the license of those under my control. The first yeoman or militiaman I find attempting pitch-capping or hal-hanging I will subject to the same torture himself."

"However great may be your loss to your parlimentary party, your appointment to the chief command of your county is to its people an enormous gain. But, Henry, this present leave taking is to me one particularly painful and distressing. You are bound by an oath of allegiance to the present reigning power, and therefore I have ever concealed from you a secret, the knowledge of which might put your conscience in conflict with your friendship, and perhaps your sense of honor. I need only hint to you what I mean. *When next we meet it may be as enemies.* You will understand the rest."

Damer started back. "What! can it be possible that you are —"

"Yes, my resolution has long been taken. Come what will, I throw in my fate with Lord Edward's."

"My dear George," cried Damer warmly, "have you considered the consequences, — your wife, your sister?"

"Yes, I have thought of them, I have thought of all; and come what may, I am prepared for it. You cannot think me so base as to make a young girl my wife, leaving her ignorant to what dangers she might soon be exposed. Before our marriage I confided to Alice the secret that I was an United Irishman, and asked her would we defer our nuptials till after the war. Her answer was, 'No! make me your bride now. If in the forthcoming fight for liberty you succeed, then I shall deserve to share your honor and renown. If I were not to give you my hand until you

returned home victorious, would I not then blush lest people should say, She marries him now that he has made his name celebrated: in the hour of conflict and danger she was far from his side? Whatever perils await you, I shall share them with you. If God permits that you should fall, then it shall be the pride and happiness of my after life to think that he to whom I plighted my faith and first and last love at the altar, though dead, rests in a patriot's grave.' She has kept my secret inviolable even from Cecilia to this day."

"Do you know that if you be attainted your property will escheat to the Crown?"

"Yes, but let them do their worst. The ample settlement of Alice they cannot touch, and while she has money Cecilia will not want."

"Cecilia shall not want as long as I live." At this Fitzgerald's face brightened. "But are you certain, my dear George," continued Damer, "that in appealing to arms you consult the best interests of your country?"

"What other way is there left by which to help her? Has not Grattan, seeing the hopelessness of constitutional means, abandoned Parliament in despair? While the ministers are goading the people into madness, and a venal House is bartering away our liberties, are we to sit quiet when, with such a fair prospect of success as we believe there is, we can make an appeal to the sword?"

"God enlighten us all, that we may do what is best in these terrible times, and avert from us the horrors of a revolution! Farewell, dear George; I must leave you now. May we never meet but as brothers."

"Amen; as such only we ever shall. From the people you will have nothing to apprehend. It is the cold-blooded monsters, the agents of the Castle, who have excited their fury. If we meet in the field it will not be to fight God bless you, my dear friend. Adieu!"

To be continued.

STORY OF A PROVERB. — A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he should never taste of the wine produced in it. The monarch disregarded the prediction; and when, at an entertainment, he held a glass full of his own wine made from the grapes of that vineyard, he sent for the slave, and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now. To which the other replied, "Many things fall out between the cup and the lip"; and had scarcely delivered this singular response before the news was brought that a monstrous boar was laying waste the favorite vineyard. The king, in a rage, put down the cup which he held in his hand, and hurried out with his people to attack the boar; but being too eager, the boar rushed upon him and killed him, without his having tasted of the wine.

"WHEN I wrote the college Irish grammar, I was under the impression, from all I had then heard and known, that the form of the letter called the 'Old Irish character' belonged actually to the Irish race, as special to their written speech, just as the Greek letters are special to the language of the Hellenic race. More reading and greater experience proved beyond all doubt that the 'Old Irish character,' as such, was 'Old Roman,' the parent of the Anglo-Saxon and the German, and like them borrowed from the Romans. The Irish and Latin manuscripts still extant point out this truth clearly. It is only fair to come to the conclusion that as the 'Old Irish character' is really 'Roman' also, therefore we, to be up to the age, ought, like men of sense, to adopt that letter which is the best, the most pleasing to the eye, the readiest in writing, and that which from practice is to our own hand ready and easy." — *Father Ulick Bourke.*

THE HOLY FATHER'S SPEECH.

His Holiness, in receiving the civil employés, some six hundred in number, of the pontifical government, who, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the king of Italy, have since 1870 been pensioners of the Vatican, said: —

"True it is, that to hide the odious character of the fact, they never cease from saying we are free, because we are not subjected to visible coercion; but true liberty is not that which depends on the will of others, nor can that be esteemed independence which is subject in aught to the control of others. They also persist in saying that freedom of speech has been left us; as if so many of our glorious predecessors had not spoken freely even in the depths of the Catacombs, in the squalor of prisons, in the face of fierce tyrants, in the midst of torments and under threats of cruel death, and they nevertheless were certainly neither free nor independent in that state. We know also that they cease not from saying and writing that our apostolic authority is reverenced and respected in Rome; but the truth of this assertion may be easily known by slightly bending the ear and listening to the insults which, in this same city, are with impunity aimed at us, at religion, and at the Catholic Church, of which, though unworthy, we are the head and supreme master. Only a few weeks have passed since beneath our very eyes they celebrated, with clamorous rejoicing, the anniversary of the violent occupation of Rome, that ever-sorrowful day for us which obliged the pontiff to shut himself within the narrow circuit of these walls. Finally, they go about saying and repeating that nothing interferes with our doing all that is required for the government of the Church. But on the contrary, it is well known that they place manifold obstacles in our way; whether, for example, by depriving us of the valid help of the religious families, who are dispersed in the hopes of annihilating them, or by advancing pretended rights to the *exequatur* on the pontifical bulls, and to the patronage of the various episcopal sees in Italy. What shall we say also regarding the occupation of churches in Rome, which, closed to public worship, are destined to public uses, the property and dominion of the ecclesiastical authorities in them not only being contested, but even the means of defending their rights at law being denied? What shall we say regarding the door left open to impiety and heresy in this city of Rome, our see and the centre of Catholicism, without its being possible for us to oppose any sufficient and efficacious remedy? And further, when, impelled by love for the Roman people, to our special care confided, we have endeavored, at sacrifices beyond our resources, to counterpoise against the Protestant schools, perilous to the faith, other schools which would give parents every security for the Christian education of their children, we could not do so by employing the pontifical authority, but solely by using those means which are conceded to any private person whomsoever. From our words you can fully understand, beloved children, how difficult and hard is the condition in which the Roman pontiff has been placed by the Revolution, and how vain are the flattering hopes of those who talk of the possibility of its being accepted on our part. Mindful always of our duties, and knowing what is required for the good of the Church and the dignity of the Roman pontificate, we shall never acquiesce in the present condition of things; nor shall we cease, as we have never yet ceased, from calling for the restitution of all which by fraud and deceit has been taken from the Apostolic See."

PROOFS OF A SOUL AND A CREATOR.

Monseigneur de Segur.

IS IT ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THAT WE ARE NOT BEASTS?

Not long ago a kind-hearted man, who was a well-to-do farmer of a department in the neighborhood of Paris, allowed himself to be indoctrinated by a certain Freemason, an ardent reader of the Siecle, and a warm partisan of Socialism. The farmer, returning one evening from his work, commenced to think — in the style of a barbarian.

He buried his head in his hands, in order to have clearer ideas; and, thus reflecting and reasoning after his fashion, he asked himself this question: Whether there was an essential difference — a difference worth speaking of — between him and his dog, his cat, his ass, or his ox "My dog," he said, "it is true, has four feet, and I have but two. He has a head; so have I. He eats, and I eat. He drinks, and so do I. He sleeps, he gets warm, he becomes cold, he hears, he sees, he breathes, and so do I. He is very intelligent, and I am not such a great blockhead myself. He lives, he gets sick and dies; and I live as he does, and one day I will die. Is it not absolutely the same thing?"

A neighbor meanwhile entered. It was the physician, a man skilled in his profession (although a country physician), and what was better still, an honest man and very learned.

After the usual polite salutations, the physician said, "What now is wrong with you, neighbor? You look very queer to-day."

"Well, I am reflecting," answered the kind-hearted man, "and it seems to me that there is very little difference between us and the beasts" And he moreover undertook to develop his ideas.

The physician, pressing his lips in order not to laugh, let him tell his story; and when he had finished, "Now listen well, my good man," said he to him very gravely: "you are nothing but a beast, a brute, a mere animal."

The farmer looked at him, stood up, frowned, and shut his fist: "What is this that you say?" he cried out in anger; "you insult me!"

"Not at all," quietly answered the other; "I simply say the same as you do; I say that you are what you believe yourself to be." And commencing to speak seriously with the poor, simple man, he showed him of what value his reasonings were, and whither bad doctrines lead us.

The farmer had great reason to be filled with indignation at hearing himself called a beast, a brute, a mere animal. And when a comrade hearing you speak, instead of giving an answer, began to call you "a beast, a brute, a mere animal," you would become very angry, and would very likely answer by giving him a blow with your fist; and you would have good reason to do it, and why so? Because to confound man with the beast is to insult him grossly: it is to deprive him of his reason and of those qualities that he holds dearest.

It is the same among the impious and the atheists: good sense yet remains — common-sense — which attests and cries out to us, Man is not a beast; man is above the animal, inasmuch as he is endowed with a reason, a conscience, and a soul

The brute has not, like us, a reasonable and immortal soul: he acts but by instinct, without ever being able to perfect himself, without ever being capable of good or of evil; whilst man has an immortal soul, reasonable, free, capable of reflecting and of judging, capable of meriting by doing good, and demeriting by doing evil.

That which thinks in us is our soul; that which in us is generous, devoted, loving, good, patient, charitable, is

our soul; and with the wicked, it is still the soul that does evil, that deceives his neighbor, plots and meditates evil doings. The body is but the instrument of the soul, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil; the soul is in the body as is the workman in the midst of his tools. It is the workman who works; yet he works but by means of his tools.

Man is, then, composed of a soul and of a body; the animal, on the contrary, has but a body, with some instincts that God has given it for the preservation and the well-being of its body. These instincts are blind forces, irresistible powers which it follows without knowing why. It has not, like us, a reasonable and free soul, capable of knowing the truth, of loving and wishing well to our neighbor. It is this that constitutes between man and beast such a vast difference. Man is a person, while the beast is but a thing.

All people, ancient and modern, all great men, even pagans and idolaters, have agreed on this point.

Do you know who are the persons that doubt of the existence of the soul? They are those who live as beasts. Lately, at Paris, a person brought to a good religious an apprentice, fifteen or sixteen years of age, whose bad conduct made his honest parents despair of him. The religious spoke to him with sweetness and firmness, trying to make him re-enter into himself and to lead him to repentance. All his efforts were useless. The miserable fellow, always answering in a surly voice, said, "I wish to be a dog, to do evil without remorse!" Such are the class of persons who doubt about their soul, and who finish sometimes by persuading themselves that they have not one.

It is then quite sure and absolutely certain that we are not beasts; and you in particular, my dear reader, by the very fact that you understand what I say, and judge that I reason correctly, — you show that, far from being a beast, you have a mind capable of judging. This is your soul, and it is your soul alone that gives you the power of thinking and judging.

IS IT ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THAT THERE IS A LIVING GOD, CREATOR OF ALL THINGS?

This is also so certain, so evident, that there was never a people in any age who has doubted of it. They have, indeed, often altered the idea of a God; but never have they been able to destroy it. This grand voice of humanity, which proclaims that there is a living God, creator of all things, is the voice of common-sense; that is to say, of the common sentiment of all men.

If any one were to think otherwise, he would not have common-sense; this is evident. What folly, then, to imagine that one is right in opposition to the opinion of the whole world; above all, when at the head of this innumerable host are found the greatest geniuses, the most profound philosophers, the most learned, the most respected!

Just as in looking at your clock it is impossible for you to doubt that there was a clock-maker, so, in viewing the immense and marvellous machine which they call the universe, it is impossible for a man of good sense to doubt for a single moment that there is a Being, creator of all things, sovereignly powerful, infinitely wise; a Being supreme, sovereign, on whom all depends and who depends on nothing, who has created all and who has not been made. Now, this is that admirable, eternal, incomprehensible, all-perfect, infinite Being who is called God.

The word God signifies, "I am who am." When you hear some grossly ignorant person, or some wicked and impious fellow, say, "There is no God," it is as if he said, That one who is is not. This is absurd; is it not so? Just as if one wanted to say that what is white is not white, that

what is round is not round, and that two and two do not make four.

Bear it well in mind, people doubt the existence of the good God only when they have an interest to do so. Where does one ordinarily hear this foul blasphemy? In the public-houses, uttered by filthy drunkards; in the prison cells and places of confinement for galley-slaves, uttered by thieves, scoundrels, jail-birds, those who are truly wicked, — the offcasts of society. This cry comes from below, never from on high. It accompanies crime, never virtue.

Then, in regard to this point as for the preceding, you can be absolutely certain, my dear reader, that there is a God, Creator and Sovereign Lord of all that exists. We cannot see him with the eyes of the body, because he is a pure Spirit! It is the same in regard to my soul, which you do not see, and which you do not touch, yet it really exists for all that. God is everywhere and in all things; he is within us, in our soul; he sees us at all times and places: and nothing, not even the most secret thoughts, can be concealed from his all-powerful gaze.

Dogs, cats, and other animals do not know God, their creator; but they have the sense not to boast of it. Men who say that there is no God, and who boast of it, descend lower than animals. They do not believe the first word of what they say, and it is not necessary to take the trouble to make them serious.

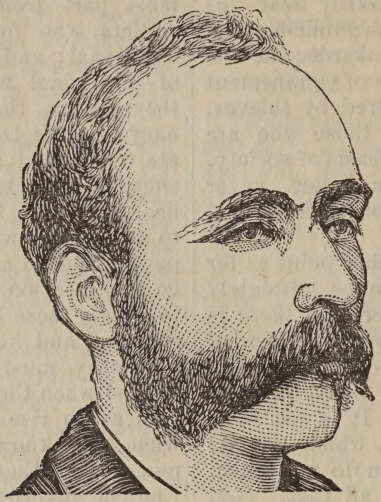
THE BASUTOS AND BOERS

Are up in rebellion in South Africa, and the latter people have achieved what is considered a great success in the capture of Heidelberg. They have re-established the Republic or Free State which was unceremoniously annexed to the British possessions by Sir Bartle Frere a few years ago, and have proclaimed their leader, Paul Kruger, President of the Republic. This rebellion is a serious one. The colony is denuded of regular troops, and the colonial forces seem to have suffered reverses all along the line. The Boers are no despicable enemy. They are descended for the most part from the sturdy Dutch settlers, who formerly colonized the Transvaal; and though there is a dash of aboriginal blood in their veins, they possess the courage and obstinacy of their Dutch ancestry. They are well armed, and with their ancient enemies, the Basutos, as present allies, will offer formidable resistance to the troops which England is preparing to send against them. It may be also mentioned that it is not hard to satisfy these Boers as regards government, and hence the inference is that they must have been unjustly treated when they took such a serious step as to rise in rebellion against what they know to be such a great power as England. The present English government, when the party which it represents was in opposition, condemned in severe terms the treatment meted out to the Boers; but now that the responsibility is thrown upon them, they will have to do as in Afghanistan, — put down the insurrection forced on by the Beaconsfield *régime*, that is, if they can, and afterwards deal out justice; perhaps give the Boers some kind of semi-independent government. The suppression of the Boers, the Pondoes, and the Basutos will, however, be no easy matter, and before it is done we shall doubtless hear of another Isandula. The gentlemen of the London clubs say that the Boers are in alliance with the Land Leaguers; and although this is said in grim jest, it is certain that the uprising in South Africa will have its effect on Irish politics.

Great Slaughter. — The British troops have been defeated for the fourth time by the Boers. Gen. Colley, the British commander, was killed and his command nearly annihilated. The battle was fought Sunday, February 27.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

"Every good cause," said Davitt, "before it triumphs, requires a victim, and if it be God's will that I should be the one, well, I am ready."



The general acceptance of the evolution theory, as applicable to social and political progress, has produced a marked change in the historical method. It was formerly the fashion to regard all great popular movements of revolutions as originating with some individual or group of individuals, whose superior force of character and mental power impressed themselves upon the masses, and were the primary cause of their action. The great transitional epochs were made to hinge upon trivial incidents in the lives of the great leaders, which diverted the current of their thoughts or acts in a particular direction. The hero was steadily kept in view as the mainspring of the entire movement, without whose efforts matters would certainly have remained substantially as before. The "great-man" theory of history has now been pretty well exploded; the modern school recognizing that though individuals of strong character must be regarded as considerable factors in all changes of opinion, the main, indispensable condition to the success of all popular movements is the ripeness of the age, and the fact that a crisis has been reached when stagnation is no longer possible. In other words, it is not the man who makes the occasion, but the occasion that produces the man. Had the late Thomas Carlyle written the history of the Irish Land League movement, after the old fashion of viewing events as crystallizing around some single strong controlling person, the hero that he would of necessity have selected, as the man of all others responsible for the agitation, is Michael Davitt. To him, more than to Mr. Parnell or to any other of his colleagues in the work, is due the character and direction which the social revolution in Ireland has assumed.

Michael Davitt was born near Straide, Mayo County, Ireland, in 1846, and is consequently about thirty-five years of age. His father belonged to the class of tenant farmers, and a few years after young Michael's birth the family underwent an experience which did much to inspire the future

agitator with a bitter hatred of the landlord system. They were evicted from their humble holding, and, like so many others of their country-people in similar circumstances, came to seek in America the subsistence denied them by their native land. Though very young at the time, the memory of the painful scene sunk deep in the boy's heart, and frequent references to it in his speeches show how great an influence it had in forming his career. For some reason or other, young Davitt did not remain many years in the United States, but recrossed the ocean to England, where he obtained work in a cotton mill at Rochdale. In this employment he had the misfortune to lose his right arm by its being caught in the machinery. It speaks well for his capacity and perseverance that notwithstanding this mutilation, he succeeded in learning to write with his left hand, and was promoted to a clerkship in the mill. The associations among which he grew to manhood had been mainly Irish, and his national feelings had not been in any degree weakened by his early removal from the land of his birth; and when the Fenian movement originated, Davitt was one of its most enthusiastic supporters. He became a member of the brotherhood in 1865, and owing to his zeal and executive ability, was selected by the Fenian directory for commissary work, and set about purchasing arms and war material in preparation for the expected rising. When engaged in the dangerous work of supplying arms to the Fenians, he was arrested in London, in company with an Englishman named Wilson, also connected with the movement, tried, convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. During his term of imprisonment in Portland jail, it was alleged that he was cruelly ill-treated, being set to drawing stones with a collar about his neck. An investigation proved the truth of the statement. The bones of his broken arm were found protruding through the skin, owing to the pressure entailed by his work, and his enfeebled condition made it necessary to send him to the hospital. On his recovery, he was set to lighter work in the laundry, and treated with more humanity. After serving seven years of his time, he was released on a ticket-of-leave, and received a share of the funds subscribed for the political prisoners by the Irishmen resident in England. On his release, he worked on the London Committee for procuring the release of the other prisoners. While so employed, his capacity attracted the attention of the Home Rule leaders, and he was soon engaged on behalf of that movement. He visited the United States in 1878 to see his sister and other relatives resident in Pennsylvania, and while in the country, delivered several lectures in aid of his former comrade, Wilson. In one of these, delivered in Brooklyn, in October, 1878, he gave his first utterance on the land question, and foreshadowed the present agitation. On his return to Ireland, he set to work vigorously. The famine, and the dilemma in which many of the tenantry found themselves, — between starvation if they paid their rents, and eviction if they kept the proceeds of their toil to feed their families, — favored the reception of the new idea, the first formal enunciation of which on Irish soil was at a Home Rule gathering, held at Irishtown, April, 1879. Davitt, in a powerful speech, counselled the people to unite upon the principle of the English trades-unions, in opposition to the demands of the landlords. An organization was formed on the spot. Other localities in Mayo followed, and the movement very soon became national. The Home Rulers eagerly fell into line with the new and more popular organization. Parnell, the leading spirit of the older movement, was won over by Davitt's influence. A general meeting was held in Dublin, and a general council organized. Parnell was elected president; Michael Davitt, organizer; Patrick Egan

treasurer; and Thomas Brennan, secretary. On the 19th of the following November, Davitt and two others were arrested by order of the government of Lord Beaconsfield, for using seditious language. A true bill was found against them, but the prosecution was afterwards dropped. The visit of Parnell to America followed. When he hurried home to secure his election, his colleague, Mr. John Dillon, was left in America to finish up the work. The latter was elected member for Tipperary in his absence. Mr. Davitt was asked to come forward for several constituencies, but refused on the ground that being a convict, he was ineligible. Upon Dillon's return, it was arranged that Davitt should take his place in the United States; and accordingly, in May last, he made another American tour, addressing large and enthusiastic audiences in the leading cities of the Union. He returned to Ireland in October last, and his later course there — his trial for seditious utterances, followed by his acquittal, and his recent arrest by the government's declaring his ticket-of-leave forfeited, and recommitting him to work out the unexpired portion of his term — is fresh in the public mind.

In personal appearance, Davitt is decidedly handsome. His height is about five feet eight inches, and he has a slight, compact figure. His complexion is fresh and clear, with dark, closely cut hair and dark eyes; and he wears a mustache and small side whiskers. His spare, high forehead and clear-cut features give him an intellectual, thoughtful appearance, which is by no means belied by the subject-matter or literary form of his utterances. Mr. Davitt is no vulgar, blatant demagogue. Whatever may be thought of his opinions or purposes, there is no room to doubt either the sincerity or the depth of his convictions. The secret of his success is the man's whole-souled earnestness and singleness of purpose. He is the very reverse of noisy or demonstrative. Quiet, gentlemanly, and unassuming in demeanor, his mind is naturally rather of the reflective, philosophical cast; and under other surroundings he might have been known to the world as a student and thinker, rather than as the leader of one of the fiercest popular agitations of modern times. To a large extent self-educated, he has evidently had the advantage of a wide range of reading, as his speeches indicate. He is fond of entrenching the advanced ground he occupies on the land question with quotations from Mill, Adam Smith, George, and other standard writers on political economy. Like most of the men who have come to the front in the present agitation, his style of speaking is calm and methodical, in contrast to the florid, flamboyant type generally accepted as Irish oratory. He is ready and fluent, however, and never corrects his diction. His delivery is clear and forcible, and his language good. It is hardly necessary to add, that in an agitation of the character he is engaged in, strong invective is freely interspersed with the more argumentative and philosophical portions of his discourse.

The most notable feature of the Land League agitation, as compared with previous struggles, either peaceable or revolutionary in their character, is the much wider scope of the movement, and its appeal to broad, general principles rather than to mere national or race sentiment. Other "risings," moral and physical, have appealed to the traditional hatred of the Saxon, to the desire for national independence, to sectional antagonism and local feelings. The basis of the present movement is social rather than national; and it recognizes as a general principle, applicable not only to Ireland but to all humanity, the idea that the land, which is claimed to be the gift of the Creator to all mankind, should not be monopolized by the few, to the exclusion of the many. No man has done more to give the

agitation this complexion than Michael Davitt. The key-note to the whole movement may be found in a sentence from one of his speeches, to the effect that "God made the land free for all," and that "rent under any circumstances, in prosperous times or in bad times, is an unjust and an immoral tax upon the industry of the people." He has labored unceasingly to unite the masses of the Irish people upon this platform; and some of his later speeches, delivered in Ulster, before assemblages largely composed of the Orange element, were earnest appeals to forget past dissensions of race and creed, and unite to secure what he regarded as the common interest of the laboring class the world over. The sentiments of the new crusade, urged in this spirit, are well calculated to find an echo in the minds of the growing English and Scotch radical element, who, while they would be little disposed to sympathize with an Irish national movement, are not blind to Irish grievances, or to the fact that Irish landlordism has its strength in the sympathy of the privileged classes in England, towards whom they bear little affection. In fact, the new phase of Irish disquiet brings the Land Leaguers into line with social agitators the world over, whose aims are in the same direction. Whatever measure of success may attend it, the fact that it has brought the masses of the Irish people out of their intellectual isolation, and enlarged the scope of their sympathies, by showing them that their condition is but a simple phase of a problem of world-wide interest, cannot but have a beneficial effect.

Mr. Davitt has never been married. Like Enjolras in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," when he mentions his country he speaks the name of his mistress. Never of a very robust habit, his health is at present very delicate, and the fear of his friends is that imprisonment will make further inroads upon it; an effect which the government appear to be endeavoring to avoid by the arrangements for his accommodation in prison, with which he has expressed himself satisfied.

VISIT TO MICHAEL DAVITT.

Mrs. A. M. Sullivan was allowed to have an interview with Mr. Michael Davitt. Her visit was most gratifying in the satisfactory report she brings back from the prison. Mrs. Sullivan says that Mr. Davitt looked hearty and cheerful, and as high-spirited as when he stepped on the platform of any Land League meeting in Ireland. He certainly was robed in the convict garb of yellow; but the patriot was still manifest in his mien. and as his eyes lit up with the knowledge that he was not forgotten by his friends, I may be forgiven for quoting the phrase of the lady representative of the Irish people, "He never looked so noble or so handsome." Mr. Davitt said, in reply to the preliminary questions of Mrs. Sullivan, that he was strong in health and well in spirits, that the cough of which he complained when in Dublin had completely left him, and that he had nothing in the world to object to except the treacherous manner in which he had been arrested. He said that the officials and the warders were as kind to him as they could be, and as an inmate of the hospital, he was as well taken care of in the matter of clothing, food, and beds as he possibly could desire. He did not seem to think he would remain long in the hospital wards, but he had received a distinct intimation that he would not in any case be placed among the convicts. Mr. Davitt is at present allowed to read any books which he may select from the library of the prison, and when he has finished with one is immediately furnished with another at his own request. He has no work of any kind to do, and his apartment is well warmed and aired. Mrs. Sullivan asked Mr. Davitt if his appetite was

as good as his food, and he said he had been enjoying his meals since his imprisonment. He does not blame the Home Secretary for the position in which he now finds himself, but he condemns Mr. Forster and the officials of Dublin Castle for the sudden and treacherous manner of his arrest. He claims that he was amnestied, and not let out on ticket-of-leave, the same as the others who were dismissed from confinement at the same time. He is particularly anxious to see the directors, in order to place his case before them, for they refuse in prison to listen to a word he has to say. The directors are going to make their usual visit to Portland in a day or two, and Mr. Davitt will try, if he can be permitted, to bring his case before them. His plea is a just one. He was arrested by the late government, and then was brought before the magistrates, and was tried and acquitted; and he now asks why a similar procedure should not have been adopted.

When Mr. Davitt was rearrested, he had in his possession a nugget of silver and a twenty-dollar gold piece. These he has requested of Mrs. A. M. Sullivan, who visited him on Monday, should be presented to the convent at Oranmore, for a bazaar about to be held there. The government will first have to surrender them, but we do not suppose any difficulty will be raised.

A WARNING TO COFFEE DRINKERS.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the France, M. Vigue, has recently published an article which will fill coffee-drinkers with dismay. He discusses at length the different forms of adulteration to which the fragrant berry is subject, and certainly the number and ingenuity of the frauds which may be and are committed is extraordinary. Ground coffee is adulterated with chicory or the refuse of the coffee-pots of restaurants and cafés, or again with crushed stones ground up with the berry. The prudent housewife buys the berry, roasts and grinds it at home, and fondly believes that she has thereby placed herself quite out of the reach of imposture. But the case is far otherwise. Here steps in M. Vigue to destroy her peace of mind. Not only is a very inferior berry darkened and imposed upon a deluded public as the best and finest possible, but artificial berries are made so like the real article that even the eye of an expert is deceived. Clay or earth, moistened, moulded, dried, and colored, is used for the purpose, and when these are mingled with good coffee it is impossible to detect the difference. Flour and similar substances mixed with treacle are also used to make an artificial article, which can only be judged by the palate. Those who read M. Vigue's article will have their faith in their cup of *café noir* or *café au lait* rudely shaken, and will scarcely be consoled by the hints he gives for detecting adulteration. As a general rule, however, it may be said that the best possible thing that can be done is to buy the raw berry, roast and grind it at home. Thus may be avoided the dangers, which are many and various, associated with ground coffee.

THOUGHT HE WAS IRISH. — The other day a rough-looking man stepped into a clothing store in Carson and wanted to buy a suit of clothes. The price was thirty dollars; but after a careful examination of the texture of the goods, he declined to purchase at the figures named, and started for the door. "Holt on," said the proprietor, "sell 'em at de cost brice." The clerk asked how much and the "boss" said in German sixteen dollars. The countryman turned around and said he guessed he 'd take another look at 'em anyhow. He tried them on and got before the glass. — "Cost price, you say?" The clerk assented, and the countryman handed him sixteen dollars, remarking, "You can tie the old ones up." "Hold on, the cost price is twenty-four dollars," said the clerk. — "Guess you 're mistaken; I heard the boss say sixteen." The boss looked up with: "By jeminie! you speak Sherman? I daught you vas a Irishman all de vile."

IRELAND: A LETTER TO EARL GRAY, 1868.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning.

"There is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish." — *Sir John Davies, Attorney-General in Ireland in* 1613.

My lord, the justice with which you, as a peer of Parliament, have always spoken of Ireland and of the Catholic Church, gives me confidence that you will bear with me if I express my mind upon these subjects. I venture to address myself to you because your Lordship has long stood aloof from the two great parties in the state; and in what I write I desire to hold myself neutral between opposing sides. I make an appeal for justice, not to one side or the other, but to both. I have refrained from asking your Lordship's permission to inscribe your name upon this letter because I wish you to be absolutely free from all responsibility as to any opinions I may express, and as to the prudence of my expressing them. That responsibility lies wholly on myself; and I have not hesitated to make this public declaration of my convictions, because it is evident that upon the future of Ireland hangs the future of the British Empire, and even the least may ask to be heard.

Let me anticipate a criticism by saying that I do not recognize any incompatibility between the sacred office I bear and the public treatment of these topics. It is not our belief that ecclesiastics cease to be citizens, or that anything affecting the common weal of our country is remote from our duty. This alone would suffice for my justification; but I may offer also other pleas for speaking publicly on subjects affecting Ireland. As an Englishman, I can speak to Englishmen without suspicion of a national bias; or rather, with the national bias on the side of England. I may at least claim to be impartial. Again, the duties of many years and the work of every day have brought me into such direct and intimate contact with Ireland and the Irish people, that I cannot be mistaken as to the gravity of the present crisis. I do not believe that it can be overrated. It is the disposition to underrate it, and the readiness to relapse into an untimely reassurance at every momentary lull of public anxiety, which fill me with most fear. It is true that we have had times of greater violence and of more immediate dangers than now threaten us; more fearful atrocities, both against the law and by the law, have been perpetrated, of which your lordship has full memory: but there never yet was a moment in which such widespread and irresistible powers of change were in action upon the union of Great Britain and Ireland. It is enough to refer to the international organizations which unite Ireland with the Continent of Europe, and to the intimate and vital bond which links Ireland with America. This is of a graver, deeper, mightier, and more permanent character than the rising of 1798 or of 1803. It is gradually assimilating and changing an integral part of the United Kingdom into a type which will hardly combine with ours, or consolidate the unity of these realms.

And now, my lord, the subjects on which I will take the liberty to speak are, in my belief, still within the power of Parliament to control. But the power of controlling them is becoming less and less as they are continually postponed. They may all be summed up in two general heads, Religious Equality and an equitable Land Law.

There is, however, one preliminary step to the pacification of Ireland, — so easy in itself that we shall be gravely responsible if we do not at once take it; namely, that we in England should govern ourselves when we speak of Ireland, as we should expect Irishmen to govern themselves when they speak of us. Nay, I will

further say that the memory of the last three hundred years ought to make us all the more watchful, as those three centuries of suffering have made them all the more sensitive. I do not think Englishmen are enough aware of the harm some among us do by a contemptuous, satirical, disrespectful, defiant language in speaking of Ireland and the Irish people. A manly, generous, respectful tone would soon dispose many wounds to heal which are now kept open and fester rankly.

Your Lordship's treatment of these subjects has always been distinguished by a respectful and sympathetic manner towards Ireland; but I have been at a loss to conceive what certain of our public writers could hope to effect by the cynical, sarcastic disdain with which they treat that noble-hearted people. One of the most recent and melancholy examples of this, which I must call a public crime, may be found in the last article of the January number of the Quarterly Review In that article, a writer of no ordinary abilities has exhibited, I hope as a warning to us all, how bitter, narrow, and unjust the spirit of party can make even a powerful mind. I call this a public crime because it does more to create bad blood between the two countries than even graver wrongs. The grievances of a people may produce discontent, but a tone of imperial contempt goads high-spirited men to madness.

What is to be thought of an author's fairness who can deliberately write as follows? "As regards the Irish Church, for instance, a large majority of the representatives of Ireland are in favor of retaining it; and yet its destruction is constantly put forward as the means of appeasing Irish discontent."

Does this "large majority" of Protestant members, returned by Protestant influence, represent the views of the Irish Catholic people as to the advantages of maintaining a Protestant Establishment over their heads? If so, how is it that the remaining thirty Irish but Catholic members are, to a man, against it? Does Ireland speak by the majority or by the minority? The majority of the Irish members represent the minority of the Irish people. Lord Aberdeen's "conundrum" is here proposed in a still more paradoxical form. So long as the majority of the Irish members are in favor of maintaining the Protestant Establishment, the majority of the Irish people are not represented. Is not this enough to explain and to justify popular discontent?

Again: "So long as any considerable body of Irishmen seize greedily on every opportunity of parading their undying, irreconcilable hostility to the English connection; so long as we are to be opposed and thwarted, not because we are wrong, not because we are tyrannical, not because we are unjust, but because we are Englishmen, — we must, on the simplest and plainest principles of self-defence, endeavor to satisfy and retain on our side that portion of the community that is friendly to British connection."

Why should Englishmen be thwarted in Ireland, and why should English rule be thought "wrong," "tyrannical," "unjust"? This is the very evil to be removed. It is both easy and politic for the wrong-doer to proclaim oblivion of the past; but the sufferer of wrong can hardly be expected to be so pliant and forgetful. To our own hurt, we have made the English name hateful in the past, and we must bear the penalty till we have repaired the wrong: "Delicta majorum immeritus lues." But is it not a reiteration of hard-hearted and hard-faced wrong to affect the manner of an innocent and injured party? Such a tone makes us partakers in the guilt of the past. To deny the justice of the prejudice attaching to us is to deny the injustice of the acts which caused it. We thereby justify the animosity of which we complain.

Again: "Whatsoever be the merits of land reform or of church destruc-

tion, they have nothing to do with Fenianism." Has Fenianism any other cause than animosity against England? Has that animosity nothing to do with the three confiscations of almost every acre of land in Ireland, and the folly of striving for three hundred years to force Protestantism on a Catholic people?

Once more: "It has been the pleasure of Ireland to pass upon herself a sentence of perpetual poverty." Did Ireland suicidally strip itself of all its lands, reduce itself to mud cabins, potato diet, and evictions, fever, and famine? Would this have been the state of Ireland if it had been left to mature its own social order and civilization, as England, Scotland, France, and Spain? Who checks its agriculture, its cattle trade, its fisheries, and its manufactures, by Acts of Parliament? If poverty was ever inflicted by one nation on another, it has been inflicted on Ireland by England.

One more example: "As for laws and administration, Ireland is on the same footing with England; and where there is a difference, Ireland will be found to be better cared for than England." Let the endowments of the Church of England be transferred to the English Catholic bishops and clergy; let the Anglican archbishops and bishops be liable to fine for assuming their ecclesiastical titles; let the land in England be held by absentee Irish landlords by title of past confiscations; and let their soil be tilled by tenants at will, who may at any hour be evicted, — and I shall then think that Ireland and England are on the same footing. There is yet one thing wanting: Let some Irish statesman reproach the English for their unreasoning and unrelenting animosity, their self-chosen poverty, their insensibility of the dignity and benefits of being thus treated by a superior race. But, my lord, enough of this, which can have no other effect than to heat, blind, and distort the minds of men on both sides, and to come, like Erinnys, between the contending hosts, to drive them to madness and mutual destruction.

There is, however, one last point in which, as the writer condescends to reason, I will ask leave to meet him in detail.

We are told that Ireland has one, and one only, grievance: not that its lands were confiscated; not that the heirs of old estates are now day-laborers upon them; not that its people have died by hundreds and by thousands, or have been driven away by millions; not that its sacred revenues, its old parish churches, its cathedrals, dear for the memory of its saints and forefathers, have been taken away, — all these things are as nothing. But there is one great grievance. The Irish people have to pay for their own religion. We have here the measure of this writer's breadth. Such is the knowledge, discernment, experience, compass, and trustworthiness of the guide who professes to teach the Imperial Parliament its duties towards Ireland, and Ireland its true condition.

Bear with me, my lord, while I draw out to the full this new, portentous wrong. To pay our own clergy is a grievance not to be found, I suppose, in England or Scotland. Why, half the people of England are Dissenters, and half the people of Scotland are Free Kirk men. They all alike pay their own ministers. But then, nobody wishes to detach them from their flocks, or their flocks from them; or to buy their influence, or to destroy it, as of men that have been bought. We are further told: "No position can be more cruel or painful than that of a Roman Catholic priest in Ireland really anxious to do his duty to his flock as a good pastor, and to the state as a good citizen. He must live on their contributions; they love him because they benefit him, and he must be no little of a demagogue. He dare not appear loyal. . . . He is of the people," and

not only leads, "but is led by sympathy, by the desire of popularity, and, it must be admitted, by pecuniary interest. . . . Few men can come out of such an ordeal without some loss of self-respect, some compliances, some 'economies' of truth which they cannot look back upon without regret, and perhaps shame. . . . When we reflect on the vast power possessed by the priest, . . . we cannot sufficiently regret that the government has not drawn" them "*within the circle of its legitimate influence*. . . . We cannot *afford*" to increase their "influence by fixing upon the people the duty of maintaining" their clergy "side by side with the Episcopalian and Protestant establishments," etc. In plain English: We must pay them, but we must make the people believe that we do so solely to relieve them of their only grievance. We must get them in hand like the ministers of the establishment, and so lessen their power over their flocks.

Do you now wonder, my lord, that the Catholic clergy spurn the stipends of the English government, and that the Catholic people of Ireland have a joy and pride in fulfilling the precept of the apostle in maintaining their pastors? I thank the writer in the Quarterly. There is no danger of mistake in this matter.

But even this is not all. As if this professed compassion for the Irish people, oppressed by the grievance of giving gladly to their pastors, were not transparent enough, the writer goes on to add precautions against two dangers: namely, that the priests may refuse to take the government pay, and that the people may persevere in giving to them. To effect these necessary precautions the writer gives two counsels: the one, "The salary should be paid into a bank," and "made seizable in execution for debt"; the other, "Care must be taken to make known to the peasantry of Ireland that the state has taken upon itself the maintenance of the Roman Catholic clergy." This done, "We think that a priest questing for his support would meet with but little success," etc. Bear with me, my lord, if I translate this also into plain English: "The priests are a greedy lot. They refuse the state money against their will. They are dying for it. All they want is a shadow of excuse. Pay it to their account in the bank. This will be enough for most of them. If any appear to hold out, make it seizable for debt. Let their butchers and bakers seize it. They will have touched the Queen's money, at least in kind. They could not go back if they would; and we know well enough that they would not go back if they could. But they must affect to be above being paid. Give the men excuse, and they will take it fast enough." My lord, the Catholic priesthood of Ireland and of England will not fail to appreciate this exalted estimate of their sincerity, and the refined skill of this plot against their independence. For the other counsel, let all public men be well assured that, when the proclamation is made to the Irish people that the state has endeavored to buy their pastors, there are no men living who will rise in greater indignation than the peasantry of Ireland. Without "questing," every priest in Ireland would find the free-will offerings of his people to be doubled, to let all men know that it is neither by questing, nor by constraint, nor by undue influence, spiritual or personal, but for the love of God and of his Church, of their own souls and of the souls of their children, — and, I will be bold enough to add, for the love of their priests, their faithful, warm-hearted, unwearied friends, guardians, and guides in life and in death,— that the Catholic people in Ireland, and the Catholic Irish in England, in Canada, in Australia, in the United States, throughout the world, joyfully, gratefully, generously, with filial love, cherish and support their clergy. The love of a Catholic Irishman for his priest

is known only to those who have the happiness to labor among them. I can bear witness, and the Catholic clergy of England will bear witness with me, that no questing or shearing or spiritual terrorism would be possible, — if we were capable of an offence so base and hateful, — and that such coercion is as needless as it would be impossible. There can hardly be found in Great Britain a population poorer than those who are driven by poverty from Ireland, and in England can hardly find employment except in the lowest forms of industry. Nevertheless, in all parts of England the same spirit of generosity and of piety, in everything which relates to the Church and the clergy, is to be found. The Irish people love both, because they know that no human power and no worldly interest separate their Church and their clergy from themselves. This independence is the pledge that they have a sole and exclusive right in both. To a state-paid church and clergy the Catholics in England and Ireland would give neither their money nor their hearts.

I cannot but be sorry, my lord, to read in a late pamphlet a reference to supposed levies and exactions of priests upon their people. Such things here and there may have happened; for what nation is without its evils? but this is no sample of the Irish priesthood. Major O'Reilly, than whom few men better knew Ireland, estimates the outlay on churches, schools, convents, and other charitable institutions in Ireland since 1800 at £5,500,000. Mr. Maguire, in his book on "The Irish in America," gives examples of the same Christian generosity in our North American colonies, and throughout the United States. The cathedral in the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, was built by them at a cost of £120,000. The same profuse devotion to their faith is to be found wheresoever they are. The grandest cathedrals of these days have been raised by their alms.

But proofs are endless. Only let English statesmen once for all lay aside the illusion that the people of Ireland give because they are coerced; or that they would accept the relief of a state payment for their clergy; or that their clergy would acknowledge the account to which the counsel of Achitophel has carried the money to insnare them. Both clergy and people would rather hunger and thirst together than dissolve the bond of Christian charity and Christian confidence which binds them indissolubly to each other.

The writer in the Quarterly must forgive me if I wrong him, but his quotation from Sydney Smith reveals the source of his inspiration. This scheme of state policy is a plagiarism, but the humor of the original has evaporated: "The first thing to be done is to pay the priests, and after a little while they will take the money. One man wants to repair his cottage; another wants a buggy; a third cannot shut his eyes to the dilapidation of a cassock. The draft is payable at sight in Dublin, or by agents in the next market town, dependent upon the commission in Dublin. The housekeeper of the holy man is importunate for money, and if it be not procured by drawing for the salary, it must be extorted by curses and comminations from the ragged worshippers, slowly, sorrowfully, and sadly. There will be some opposition at first; but the facility of getting the salary without the violence they are now forced to use, and the difficulties to which they are exposed in procuring the payment of those emoluments to which they are fairly entitled, will in the end overcome all obstacles. And if it do not succeed, what harm is done by the attempt? . . . The Roman Catholic priest could not refuse to draw his salary from the state without incurring the indignation of his flock. 'Why are you to come upon us for all this money when you can ride over to Sligo or Belfast, and draw a draft upon government for the

amount?' It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to this, to a shrewd man who is starving to death." * The Irish people, both clergy and laity, well knew the genial and friendly humor of the Canon of St. Paul's, and laughed heartily at both him and his scheme; but they will read with a very different heart this old joke in the earnest bitterness of the plagiarist.

It is a relief to turn to the words of a statesman who knew Ireland better: "My inference from the matter is this: that if the Castle ascendency could bribe the whole body of Roman Catholic clergy (a thing not very likely) into a treacherous conduct towards three millions of their laity, not anything else would result from it than this, — that they would never attend on the ministry of one of these corrupt and silly creatures. They would call them the *Castleick* clergy. They would have other priests; and though this might add a little to the confusions of the country and to the public expenses (the great object, next to the job to which they have reduced the public interests), they might be sure it would not lessen by one the number of those who contend for justice on the tenor of the good old common law of England, and the principles of the English Constitution." †

A very estimable member of the House of Commons said to me the other day, "The priest in Ireland is our enemy. I wish to have him as my friend." The priests will be so when we deal justly with their faith and with their people, and cease to treat them as if they could be bought.

Let me now take leave of the Quarterly Reviewer, and his one only grievance amidst the exuberant prosperities of thankless and intractable Ireland.

We ought to respect the sensitiveness kept alive in a noble people by the memory of religious persecutions which England desires to erase from its records, and by natural resentments kindled by repeated and terrible confiscations. I am not now about to recite the wrongs of the past, nor to rekindle the fires which have been, happily, dying down. We shall rejoice to forget the past; but on one condition. Let us hear no more of "sentimental grievances": no heartless assertions that Ireland has now nothing to complain of; that the reign of Astræa is supreme in Ireland; that the Irish do not know their own golden prosperity, created by English and Scottish industry, while they will do nothing but saunter and look on with folded arms. Let us have no more of this unjust and dangerous language, and we shall carefully refrain from raking up the embers of history. It needs little stirring to raise a flame. We Englishmen can be cool and calm in this matter, but we must not forget that the accumulated animosity of the past is born in the blood of Irishmen. My surprise is not that they control it so little, but that they control it so much. The social and political inequalities, the religious persecutions, and the cruel confiscations of the past might be more easily forgotten if they were not still embodied, visibly and grievously before their eyes, in the ascendency of the Protestant establishment and of a minority. This is the recapitulation and representative of the policy of Elizabeth, James, and Cromwell, still living, powerful, and dominant. I will not, however, revive these bitter topics. We Englishmen ought, indeed, to be calm and to control ourselves. But can we wonder if no Irishman be as cold-blooded as we are? It is this unreasonable, I was about to say this unnatural, mood of mind which renders the language of Englishmen so irritating to Ireland. "As vinegar upon nitre, so is one that singeth songs to a heavy heart.

* Works of Sydney Smith, p. 681 (Longmans, 1850).

† Letter of Edmund Burke to his son Richard Burke, June, 1792; Correspondence, Vol. IV. p. 15.

Such are the hymns to Irish prosperity in the ears of a population a century behind the national maturity which is their right. Society which springs from the soil, and forms itself by the tillage of the land, training its people to thrift and industry, and unfolding its steady growth in homes, hamlets, villages, towns, and cities, — ripening by centuries of time, and binding all orders and inequalities of rich and poor, master and servant, together in mutual dependence, mutual justice, mutual charity, making even the idle to be thrifty, and the powerful to be compassionate: this growth of human happiness and social order, which in England and Scotland is so symmetrical and mature, in Ireland has been checked at the root. The centuries which have ripened England and Scotland with flower and fruit have swept over Ireland in withering and desolation. We are beginning in the nineteenth century to undo the miseries of the seventeenth and the eighteenth. But let us not excuse ourselves by alleging the faults of national character. If our Irish brethren have faults, they are, for the most part, what England has made them. Englishmen, with a like treatment, would have been the same.

It would be blindness not to see, and madness to deny, that we have entered into another crisis in the relations of England and Ireland, of which 1798, 1828, and 1848 were precursors. In 1798, 1828, 1848, the revolutionary movements of the Continent powerfully acted upon this country. In 1868 not the Continent only, but America, is in direct and hostile action upon all the elements of disorder, and, what is more dangerous, upon all the causes of just discontent in this country. My lord, if just discontent were removed, disorder would bring no danger. The public moral sense of the United Kingdom would reduce all disorders to submission, if justice were on our side. I do not deny that for the last fifty years the legislature of this country has desired to deal justly with Ireland. But I must altogether deny that the legislature has as yet done its duty by Ireland, or that the causes of just discontent in Ireland have been removed.

So much for the first reason of disunion among us. Let us now go on to the other causes of what I must persist in calling just discontent.

So long as there exists upon the statute-book any penal enactment against the Catholic religion; so long as the Catholic people of Ireland are deprived of a *bona fide* Catholic education; so long as a Protestant Church Establishment is maintained by law over the face of Catholic Ireland; and so long as the people of Ireland fail to derive from the land such a subsistence as the laborers and farmers of England and Scotland derive from the soil. — there must be a just discontent, which will be the misery of Ireland and the danger of England.

Here, then, are four distinct heads of a discontent which is just. Two of them, as I venture to say, may be removed to-morrow if Parliament have the will to do it; two of them are more complex and difficult, and may require time for eradication. But even these can be removed; and if the peace and welfare of these kingdoms are to be preserved, they must be removed, and that as speedily as can be.

The two remedies which can at once be applied are these: The first, an Act of Parliament, summed up in one clause, which would recite and repeal all penal enactments against the Catholic Church and religion still lingering in the statutes of these realms. No people can see without resentment the stigma of legal ignominy branded upon their pastors and their faith; no government can command the confidence of those whom it deliberately wounds in that which is dearer than life itself. These penal statutes gall, irritate, outrage the

noblest and deepest instincts of pastor and people. And what has the government of our country gained by such fatal laws? Has it repressed Catholicism? Has it propagated the Reformation? What has it produced but the profound mistrust and resentment in a whole people, which is now one of our chief dangers, because it elevates all other griefs with the higher character of religious persecution? The day is past for legislation against religious faith: it is two hundred years after date. If Ireland is to be justly pacified, the church of the people must be placed upon the perfect equality which it enjoys in Canada and Australia. So long as Parliament shall legislate for Catholic Ireland in compliance with the religious prejudices of England and Scotland, Ireland will have a just cause of discontent. Is it consistent with the dignity of the Imperial Parliament to pass laws which the Christian world ignores? We cannot legislate for the Gulf Stream, or change the course of the trade-winds, by Act of Parliament. If these statutes were consistent with wisdom when the framers believed that they could be executed, they are no longer wise when time has fought against them and shown them to be powerless.

The other measure of pressing importance to Ireland, which may be passed at once if any government have the will to do so, is such a modification of the National Education Board as shall make the existing schools *bona fide* denominational schools of the Catholic and of the Protestant populations respectively. It is a keen irony to call a system of education national where the religion of the nation may neither be taught nor exhibited in its schools. If the people of Ireland had been consulted at its foundation, it would never have come into existence. If they were polled now, it would not survive a day. It is not a national but a government education, distasteful to almost the whole population of Ireland, to Catholics and to Protestants alike. Both would be glad to see it resolved into denominational education. It would promote peace, contentment, and good-will to give over the schools in each place to the majority, be it Catholic or Protestant. The Catholic minority would gladly provide its own Catholic schools; the Protestant minority would be easily provided for out of the wealth of the Protestant clergy and landlords.

Let it be borne in mind that the national system in Ireland, though called a mixed one, is to a great extent not so in fact.

1. There are 2,454 schools, containing 373,756 Catholic children, with not a Protestant child.

2. There are 2,483 schools, having 321,641 Catholic children, with only 24,381 Protestant children.

That is, in 4,937 — nearly 5,000 — schools, with 695,397 Catholic children, there are no more than 24,381 Protestant.

Nevertheless, in these 4,937 schools, containing 695,397 Catholic children, it is not permitted to teach publicly the Catholic religion, to use Catholic books, or to put up a crucifix. This is no "sentimental grievance," but a real and grave interference, which paralyzes the Catholic education of the Irish people. And yet they have as good right to their own national education as England or Scotland, and for the same reasons. The national system of England is Anglican, the national system of Scotland is Presbyterian, the national system of Ireland is not Catholic. Why should the national system of Ireland be deprived of its national religion? Even in England, the Catholic Church has its denominational schools. The Catholic Church in Ireland is deprived of them in deference to a small number of Protestants. The Catholic population in Ireland, as compared with the Protestant, is four to one. In three of the provinces — namely, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught — almost eight tenths of the

schools are exclusively Catholic. In the one province of Ulster alone are the schools to any extent mixed: many are exclusively Catholic; and even in Ulster the Catholics outnumber the Protestants. On what principle, then, of common justice can a Catholic denominational education be refused to the Catholic people in Ireland? In England it could not be refused to the Catholics in 1847, because the Protestants of England demanded it for themselves. In Ireland it was refused to the Catholics, and the whole education of Ireland was stripped of its Catholic character, for the sake of a minority of Protestants, who were, in 1835, not even one sixth of the population. And yet this system has not pleased even the Protestants. So strongly marked is the aversion of both Catholics and Protestants for this mixed education that when they can separate, they do so. In Dublin there are sixty national schools taught by Catholic teachers, containing 24,355 children on the roll. Of these, only six are Protestants, and four are Jews. But in parts of Ireland where there is no such alternative, a still greater grievance arises. It is shown by a parliamentary return, obtained by Major O'Reilly, that in national schools of which Presbyterians have control, thousands of Catholic children are obliged to attend. In these schools they receive religious instructions from Protestant masters, learn Protestant catechisms, and read the Protestant version of the Bible.

Can we be surprised that the Irish people resent this as an injustice and as a penal enactment? The whole population in Ireland would rejoice in the resolution of the national system into *bona fide* denominational schools. The Protestants would be as thankful as the Catholics. What is gained by tying them together in an unwilling alliance, distasteful to Protestants and penal upon Catholics? Surely government has no need to create new Irish difficulties; nor to keep alive for a day a grievance which might be taken away by Act of Parliament, as I have said, in one clause.

When the Irish ask for a Parliament in Dublin, they are reminded that it would reduce them from the dignity of an integral part of the mother country to the level of a colony. But England treats its colonies, in education as well as religious equality, better than it treats Ireland. If the dignity of belonging to the mother country is to be purchased by the grievance of religious inequality, and of education stripped of the national religion, Ireland may be forgiven for asking for the portion of a daughter, and to be treated as a colony. The British government has chartered and endowed colleges at Sydney and Melbourne, in Australia, and a Catholic university in Canada. But in Ireland, the Catholic university has neither charter nor endowment. Three mixed colleges, which I must call by the Christian name Sir Robert Inglis gave them, — Godless, — are offered to four millions of Catholics in Ireland; whilst the million of Protestants possess Trinity College, Dublin, endowed with 190,000 acres of land, and a revenue of upwards of £30,000 a year. These things the British government has done for the Catholics of Canada, who are 1,200,000, and for the Catholics of Australia, who are some hundred thousands; but for the Catholic population of 4,500,000 in Ireland, neither charter nor endowment has been given. Is it strange that Ireland is not sufficiently sensible of the benefit of being called a part of the mother country? It is not thus that the mother country treats itself.

I come now to the two other subjects, which demand more time for their settlement. They are both, however, within the control of Parliament, and both lie deep in the discontent of Ireland.

The first is the Established Church. It is long since I have heard any man

argue for it. The Quarterly Reviewer, indeed, calls it "the garrison"; and that, perhaps, is the most and the best, perhaps also the worst, that friend and foe could say of it. England tried for a century to force episcopacy upon Scotland. It has tried for three to force Protestantism upon Ireland. England had the timely wisdom to leave Scotland to its own religion. Let it have the tardy wisdom to leave Ireland to its faith. It may as well try to change the saltness of the sea as to make the Irish people Protestants. They have multiplied from the remnant of Connaught to a people which outnumbers fourfold their Protestant brethren, and overspreads in its dispersion the colonies of Great Britain and the United States of America. The dream of conversion is long since dispelled forever. There does not remain a shadow of reason or of justice for the hostile church which for three hundred years has overspread the whole Catholic people of Ireland. Nay, more than this, it has become a danger to the Empire, and a reproach to England in the eyes of the whole Christian and civilized world.*

The bishops of Ireland assembled in October last year, and made a noble and a Christian declaration. After affirming that the existence of a state Protestant Church spread all over Catholic Ireland is "the fountain-head of bitterness which poisons the relations of life, and estranges Protestants and Catholics, who ought to be a united people," the document goes on to say that the bishops and clergy will never accept endowment at the hands of the state out of the property and revenues once the possession of the Catholic Church, now held by the Protestant Establishment.

I do not pretend to represent those most reverend prelates, but I seem to see the highest and most self-evident reasons for this resolution.

First. It is not difficult to imagine what would be the imputations heaped upon them if they had allowed the state to suppose that, in demanding the disendowment of the Establishment, they were willing to accept its revenues. A storm of popular abuse and of refined contempt would have pursued them as greedy, covetous, and grasping.

Second. If the revenues of the Establishment were transferred to the Catholic Church, a cause of deadly and intense heart-burning would at once spring up. The Protestants of Ireland would be excited to a seven-fold greater animosity against their Catholic fellow-subjects. A new and bitter hatred would have heated the furnace seven-fold. In this the bishops have consulted, not only as Christians, but as statesmen, for the peace of the country, and even for the welfare of their adversaries.

Concluded in our next.

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*Mr. Burke did not consider the Protestant Establishment in Ireland "a sentimental grievance." His language in 1792 is happily, to a great extent, inapplicable to these times. But the following words are valuable, as showing that in his judgment it was the religious ascendency which produced and perpetuated the miseries of Ireland: —

"I can never persuade myself that anything in our Thirty-Nine Articles which differs from their Articles is worth making three millions of people slaves, to secure its teaching at the public expense; and I think he must be a strange man, a strange Christian, and a strange Englishman, who would not rather see Ireland a free, flourishing, happy *Catholic* country, though not *one* Protestant existed in it, than an enslaved, beggared, insulted, degraded Catholic country, as it is, with some Protestants here and there scattered through it, for the purpose, not of instructing the people, but of rendering them miserable." — Letter of March 23, 1792, to Richard Burke, Jr., "Correspondence," Vol. III. p. 452.

Too Loud. — Jim Webster, a saddle-colored sport, is in the habit of perfuming himself with musk and other fashionable perfumery, much to the disgust of Uncle Mose, who is a plain old darky, devoid of all ostentation. He met Jim Webster, and the latter said: "Look heah, Mose, I heah ob you comparin' me wid a striped polecat. Now I'se gwine to sue you foah damages." "G' way, niggah," said old Mose, holding his nose. "I dunno which is damaged de mos' by de comparison, you or de skunk; but by de way yer smells yer must be representin' bofe de beastseseses, and I ain't gwine to 'low nobody to double team on me dat way. Look at de size ob dat brogan. G' way or I'll h'ist yer, chile."— *Galveston News.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EASTER EGGS.

A SHORT time before the Easter holidays Aunt Bella came to stay a while with us. We were all delighted, for Aunt Bella was very kind, and used to tell us nice stories and teach us new and nice games. There were six children of us. I was the eldest, and Evy — spoilt little Evy — the youngest. Everybody loved Evy, and petted and praised her so much that she began to think herself a little saint, and would frequently tell you so. We used to laugh at this, and if one of us ventured to express a doubt, Evy would begin to cry. At all events she was an endearing little darling, and we all loved her very faults. Aunt Bella did not differ from the rest of us. She fell in love at once with Evy, and kissed her again and again, and stroked her little red cheeks, and twined her fingers in her curly golden hair.

"Ah, Aunt Bella," little Wallace at last complained, "*you* love Evy better *too*, and won't look at my engine train or noffin."

"Indeed I will, darling," said Aunt Bella laughing, "but you must not be jealous of Evy; she is the youngest, you know."

"An' the p'ettiest, an' the doodest, too, Wallace," chimed in Evy in a self-approving tone.

"What is that you say, dear?" Aunt Bella inquired in surprise.

"I 's the p'ettiest an' the doodest; I 's a little saint," Evy repeated.

"Little saints never have such a good opinion of themselves, Evy," said Aunt Bella, as she lifted her gently from her lap and accompanied Wallace to look at his engine. Evy followed, and just as Wallace had his engine wound up and set off on the nursery floor, to his great pride and Aunt Bella's amusement, Evy took it into her head that she wanted Wallace's engine. She ran before it, turned it over, and caught it up.

"Oh, Evy," Wallace pleaded piteously, "do wait until Aunt Bella sees it running. I'll give it to you then, sissy."

"No, now, I must det it now," Evy said, the tears coming to her eyes when she saw that Aunt Bella did not insist on its being at once given up.

Just then nurse entered and said, "For shame, Master Wallace, to make your little sister cry; give her the engine at once." With a doleful face Wallace handed it over, and in a moment Evy brightened up, put up her mouth for Wallace's kiss, and seated herself on the floor, calling herself "*dood, p'etty Evy*."

Aunt Bella took Wallace's hand and brought him to her room, whence he emerged carrying a lovely tin carriage with yellow wheels. We all wondered that Aunt Bella had not given this to Evy, and when Evy made her appearance she seemed to think so, for she imperiously demanded "her tarriage" from Wallace.

"Ah, Evy," Wallace said, "I gave you my engine; do leave me my carriage. Aunt Bella gave it to me."

"Auntie must have buyed it for me, den," said Evy. "She daved me noffin, an' I want dat tarriage." All laughed except Aunt Bella and Wallace, who looked at her appealingly. Evy began to cry, and mamma said, "Hush, dear, auntie will tell Wallace to give it to you."

We all looked expectantly at Aunt Bella, but she merely said, "Take your carriage to the nursery, Wallace," and went on with her reading as if she could not hear Evy's screams.

On Easter Sunday we all went down to breakfast in high glee. Aunty had promised us a new Easter treat,

and we were awake with the dancing sun. No sooner were we seated at the table than auntie appeared, carrying in her hand a square covered basket. Going round to each of us, she bade us draw an Easter gift, saying, "Whatever decoration is drawn must be worn the entire week." I was first, and putting in my hand, I drew a beautiful little box, containing a tiny pair of gold ear-rings and a pink egg, round which was written in white letters, like enamel, "Christ is truly risen. Alleluia." Frank drew the next: his was blue; its motto was, "He is risen, He is not here." His decoration was a very pretty necktie. And so on: there were violet and cream and yellow and green eggs, all with appropriate mottoes, until at last Evy's turn came. "I's doin' to det the vely p'ettiest," Evy said, and putting in her hand she found but one box remaining, of plain cardboard. Pulling it open hastily, she found only a common white egg, on which was inscribed, "Little saints always choose the worst of everything." Evy's decoration was a wide piece of ribbon to be worn round the neck, and on it was woven, "Children who prefer themselves to others generally find others preferred to them." I do not know whether little Evy was old enough to understand, but certainly since that Easter Sunday she has been growing more unselfish and more lovable every day.

THE BOOTBLACKS.

You will find an army of bootblacks in every large city, — an army of boy-men. A few have a father, a mother, and a home; but the most of them have neither. They are all in business for themselves, and the stock in trade consists of a box or a bottle of blacking, two brushes (if the boy is rich enough to furnish himself with so many), and a wooden box, on which the foot of the customer is set when the foot is being "shined." The bootblacks are hardy. They stoically take things as they come. They are not treated very kindly, and seem to expect little else than sharp refusals when they ask a man for patronage and he don't feel disposed to give it. Some men who have boys of their own at home forget to give the bootblacks a civil reply. Rough treatment, received year after year, makes the friendless boy rough. Sometimes they get to quarrelling among themselves, and then they smash each other's boxes, and the blacking is kicked into the muddy gutter. When they get over their passion, they find themselves bankrupt, and feel as other men do after having had a warm strife at the law.

But the bootblacks are, as a class, very liberal and kind-hearted. They will not refuse to help you find your way when you are lost in the great city, and they will gladly divide their bread with an outsider who is hungry.

Two crippled soldiers were stationed on a crowded street the other day, one of them grinding an organ, and the other holding out his hat for contributions from the passers-by. As a little ragged bootblack passed the organ, his hand went quickly in and out of his trousers pocket, and nearly all the pennies he owned jingled merrily into the soldier's hat. Then he passed on; but a gentleman who had noticed the act determined that the little fellow should not escape so easily. "My boy, did you put some pennies into that lame man's hat?" "Yes," said the boy. "Here, take this, and never forget to be kind," said the man, forcing a quantity of money into the bootblack's hand.

Be kind to the bootblacks and newsboys. Give them a good word when you buy a paper, or get a shine; and if you want neither a shine nor a paper when they invite your custom, still give them a good word.

What is the greatest instance of cannibalism on record? When a rash man ate a rasher.

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.

A FRENCH physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantage of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent better afterwards. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

"THE CHILDREN LAUGHED AND SANG."

It was in the chill December
That the Angel of Death came by,
And he rustled his wings of darkness
As he swept through the wintry sky;
A household of happy creatures
Dwelt quiet and free from care,
And the Angel stole in softly,
And stood all silent there.
But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear or a pang had they.

And the Angel swiftly in silence
Struck home the mortal blow,
And in the wintry morning
He laid the father low;
And wildly the sorrowful mother,
Bewildered and stunned with woe,
Wailed in her lone bereavement,
And wished that she too might go!
But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear or a pang had they.

Cold in the lonely chamber
Lay the farmer's form at rest,
And they laid the delicate flower-wreaths
Upon his quiet breast;
And forth from his home they bore him,
And hid him from sound and sight,
And they heaped the cold earth above him
While the children's feet trod light.
But the boys went home to their happy play;
Never a fear or a pang had they.

And often the childish footsteps
Are turned to their father's grave,
Where the grass, with its glistening hoar-frost,
Lies over that heart so brave;
And sometimes they watch their mother
Bending in sorrow and pain;
And they say in their childish voices,
"Will pa never come again?"
But soon they laugh and sing at their play;
Never a fear or a pang have they.

So God in his infinite pity
Shuts the eyes of the children dear,
And they see not the fell Destroyer,
Though their eyes are so bright and clear.
And I said: "There 's no Past for the children,
With its terrible pangs and stings;
And for them no brooding Future
Spreadeth its threatening wings;
All they see is the Present to-day;
And so they laugh and sing at their play."

Chamber's Journal.

A STORY is told of a girl who called on an apothecary for some castor-oil, to be mixed with something which would disguise its taste. On being asked if she liked soda-water, she replied in the affirmative, when the apothecary gave her a glass seasoned with lemon and the oil. But she still lingered, waiting, and presently asked for the oil again, when the apothecary informed her that she had already taken it. "Oh, gracious!" she cried, "I wanted it for my brother, who is ill."

Useful Knowledge.

To Cook Eels. — Cut up a carrot in fine pieces, hash up two onions and a bunch of parsley; dust flour on them, add a little butter, and moisten with white wine; cook gently, and then press all through a sieve, using force to get all the juices of the vegetables. Having cleansed your eel, do not cut it in pieces, but wind it around itself; cook the eel in a saucepan with some butter and the sauce you have made; when cooked, roll the eel in some egg and bread crumbs and let fry gently. Serve the eel with anchovy butter.

Is the Moon Inhabited? — M. Flammarion, the great French astronomer, being desirous to test the truth of his surmise that there are inhabitants in the moon, proposes to construct a telescope of sufficient power to definitely settle the question. A committee has been organized to collect the necessary funds, the cost of the instrument being estimated at 1,000,000 francs. This will be the most costly telescope in the world, unless the American proposition to erect one on Pike's Peak, at an expense of $1,000.000, should be carried out, and it now seems probable that it may be. Four years will be required to complete the instrument, and if funds are provided, there is no reason why it should not be completed. Its power would be sufficient to distinguish buildings of any magnitude, and to show the topography of the moon's surface.

Attar of Roses. — In the warm plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains, whole districts are covered with rose-plants, set in lines about five feet apart, and tended for some years with the greatest care. At length, on some fresh, sweet morning of early summer, and while the roses are yet wet with dew, the tender flowers are torn off by the laborers, and cast at once by heaps into huge coppers, there to boil for hours in water. The fragrant steam is carried along a tube, and on cooling becomes a kind of thick rose-water. This is boiled up again, and its vapor cooled into a liquid, on the top of which floats a yellowish, oily scum that is known as "attar of roses." It takes about four thousand pounds of roses to make about one pound of attar. Once a merchant opened a cupboard in his store and showed a visitor thirty large glass bottles, in which, he said, was sixty thousand dollars' worth of the precious essence. This quantity must have taken nearly four million pounds of roses in the making! But maybe, after all, their fragrance in that form would give more and longer lasting pleasure than could have been given by the flowers had they been left upon their bushes, where they could have cheered only the passers-by.

Sanitary Science as applied to Workshops. — The greatest discomfort in our workshops in summer is caused by exposure to an excess of sunlight and a deficiency of ventilation. The first may be corrected by awnings, shades, curtains, or, what is best of all, by foliage, when the circumstances for its growth are favorable; and all this may be accomplished at so trifling an expense as to be nothing compared with the resulting benefit to the workmen. The second may be corrected by the use of fans or blowers, which, notwithstanding they are more expensive by reason of first outlay and continuous cost of running, pay their expenses many times over and over again when we consider the advantages derived from an increase in the products of labor, as well in quantity as in quality. A workman cannot possibly do his best in a hot and stagnant atmosphere, and it is useless to expect it. A blower like Sturtevant's, or any other good blower, changes all this. Fresh air blown into a workshop is a great advantage, and in many instances this can be done at no great expense. Workshops are often made very uncomfortable on account of low ceilings, or low roofs upon which the sun beats down, converting the room beneath into a furnace. Sometimes this can be remedied by roof tanks, sometimes by a false roof on top, or in other cases, by a space between the roof and the ceiling of the room below. In mills where there are furnaces, water screens are a great advantage, and we are pleased to state that their use is spreading, as well as many other little contrivances, which, trifling as they seem, may add greatly to the improvement of the material as well as the mental condition of the workmen.

Employers begin to realize more and more that it does not pay to treat their employés as mere machines, and that besides wages, there ought to be another incentive to encourage the workmen if the maximum value of the products of labor is desired. We therefore again call the attention of owners, managers, and foremen of workshops to this important subject.

The Humorist.

HUNDREDS of fat people are made lean without using "anti-fat." They use whiskey, and it makes them lean — against the lamp-posts, houses, and things — in one half the time it takes patent medicine to effect the same result.

YOUNG lady (pettishly, to dressmaker): "Oh, bother! I wanted this dress for the seaside, and it seems quite an indoor thing. You seldom see these dresses *worn out*." Dressmaker: "Oh, no, miss; it is such good material it will last all the season."

A MAN came into the city in an elegant buggy and driving a fine horse. His wife was with him An old Irish woman, buying truck for her grocery, hailed him: "Have you any butther or eggs, sir?" "No," he indignantly replied, "what the h—l do you ask me that for? Do I look like a pedler?" "No, sir," she said, "you look like a gentleman, and that's what desaved me!"

MANY years ago, a certain justice was called to liberate a worthless debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth five pounds. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, as he entered, "can you swear that you are not worth five pounds, and never will be?" "Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest; so step forward, Johnny."

DANIEL WEBSTER, travelling, had the night stage from Baltimore to Washington with no companion save the driver, and contemplated that worthy's forbidding visage with a very uneasy mind. He had nearly reasoned his suspicious fears away, when they came to the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, when Webster felt his courage oozing out of his finger ends as he thought what a fitting place it was for murder. Suddenly the driver turned toward him and gruffly demanded his name. It was given. Then he wanted to know where he was going. "To Washington; I am a senator," said Daniel, expecting his worst thoughts were near realization. The driver grasped him by the hand, saying, "How glad I am, mister, to hear that I've been properly scared for the last hour; for when I looked at you I felt sure you was a highwayman!"

"MR. JOHNSON, did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? because Mr. C. said you said you never said what I said. Now, if you say that you did not say what I said you said, then — then what did you say?"

THE subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Smith says, "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds young Fitznoodle; "I've got that kind of a dog myself."

A LITTLE fellow, in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just coming out of their shells. He examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked, "They came out cos they was afraid of being boiled."

AN Irishman some time ago was being examined as a witness in some street quarrel in Bishop Auckland, when a sharp attorney, trying to browbeat the Hibernian concerning which side of Newgate Street he was on, asked, "Which side of the flags were you on?" "Bedad, your Honor," replied Pat, "I was on the top side."

FATHER RYAN AND THE BALTIMORE NEWSBOY. — The other afternoon Father Ryan stopped a newsboy on a Baltimore street to procure a copy of the four-o'clock edition of the News. He handed the little fellow a quarter, and told him to keep the change for himself. The boy was amazed, could hardly realize his luck and began to fumble in his pockets for the necessary amount of pennies to return, fearing that he must have misunderstood the words of his customer. "That's all right, boy," said the poet; "keep the change for yourself." The gamin looked up in amazement, and catching a glimpse of the priest's long locks, he expressed his thanks with the impulsive ejaculation, "Say, mister, ain't you an Injin?" The boy evidently thought that no person in the world but an "Injin" would have the heart to give so much money for a single paper. As he went away rejoicing, he cast many a look behind at the receding form of the man his childish fancy had pictured as one of the tribe of "Poor Lo."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE noble address of the Catholic clergy of Boston upon the situation in Ireland has been very widely diffused, and it is a model of calm, logical, and comprehensive statement. The difficulty is, however, that this temperate reasoning is liable to be disregarded in times of great excitement. The Romans had a proverb that laws are silent in the midst of arms; and the natural impulse of mankind under oppression is to have recourse to force, to loud-mouthed complaining, and in fact, to heeding every voice except the voice of reason. We dislike to see it asserted that there is no law in England for the redress of Irish grievances. The men who talk and write thus are guilty of injustice. Such language serves only to deepen the misunderstanding between the English and the Irish nation. It is not true that an Irishman, simply as such, has no rights at English law. The most cursory knowledge of English jurisprudence disproves this assertion. It is to be feared that indiscreet orators, in the heat and excitement of a great meeting, indulge in statements which are accepted by their hearers as incontestable. Few, like O'Connell, possess the power of inflaming an audience to enthusiasm with language of legal exactitude. Mr. Gladstone has shown himself a sincere friend of Ireland, in many a parliamentary contest. He counted upon the support of the Irish members to carry out some of his most important ministerial measures. He gave private and public assurance that he would do all in his power to secure the passage of a good land bill for Ireland. He fought hard for the Compensation Bill. All England knows his sincere love of justice. But at the very outset of his ministry, the Irish members set up a policy of obstruction. They worried and harried him almost to distraction, and careless speakers throughout Ireland denounced him in unmeasured terms. Had Gladstone been conciliated and supported by the Irish members, he would not have denied them all the aid he could. There is no English stateman to-day who, in the event of Gladstone's retirement from the premiership, would be even disposed to listen to the Land League. It was a mistake to set this man against us. But he had to give heed to the roar of Englishmen, who were tired of the interminable debates upon the Irish question in Parliament, especially when the people of England thought that this obstruction was simply capricious and unreasonable. We do not despair yet of the triumphant success of the Liberal party, to which the Irish members by political affiliation and sympathy belong, in bringing about a land bill which the Lords will be forced by public opinion to accept. There is no hope for Ireland except through the legislation of Parliament. Let the Land League keep the people united, watch their representatives, and compel the resignation of any of their members that will not do their bidding in Parliament. This is far easier to be done in England than here, where we have little or no hold on a congressman once elected. All the money in the world would be of less value to Ireland than this determination to cling together. The appeal to arms is madness, and the greater madness in view of the fact that Ireland has law and justice on her side, and peaceful means of securing her rights. The people of Eng-

land are as much interested in this struggle as any Irishman can be. If the English see that their boasted law is only a sham, the whole nation will be convulsed. The spread of intelligence among the English laboring classes has been very rapid of late years, and the great teachings of the Liberal party, of which Gladstone is the head, have penetrated to the lowest stratum of society. If Ireland is defeated now and coerced, the English masses will say, Perhaps *our* turn will come next. Thus the Irish revolution really begins upon the soil of England.

It would be a charity to our Protestant friends, if one of their number would expose the imposition practised upon them by so-called evangelical missionaries in France and Italy. Protestants will not accept the statements of Catholics upon this head. It is a notorious fact that the "converts" in France and Italy, not to speak of India, follow "conversion" as a regular trade. The English government instituted an inquiry into the state of religion in India in 1870, and the fact was discovered that nearly all the "converts" to the Church of England were rascally deceivers. They would charge so much for baptism, and fix the rate according to the wealth of different denominations. It was shown that the majority of them had received baptism, from ministers of different sects, over a hundred times, in each case expecting and receiving a gratuity. The facts mentioned by Dr. Marshall in his "Missions" were based upon special reports, most of them official. It is a downright shame that the Protestants of this country, who are exceedingly generous in their support of foreign missions, should suffer themselves to be so imposed upon. But they will not believe "Romanists," and their ministers are unwilling to confess failure. If the French and Italian "converts" were even good Protestants, there would be some comfort in the matter. But as they are continually relapsing into "Popery," and returning to Protestantism, there is a strong presumption that "it is a put-up job." We honor the Christian motive that prompts men to spread the gospel; but then money never spread the gospel, and never will. A man who will not turn Protestant unless he and his family must be supported out of the mission fund will find his religious opinions undergoing a remarkable change when the fund gives out. The best use to which Protestantism can devote its wealth is the alleviation of poverty and of suffering at home. This is also its better way; for the money which these "converts" receive from ministers in Catholic countries frequently finds its way in restitution into the hands of Catholic priests at last, through the confessional or upon the death-bed; and the Church is puzzled in what way to make the restitution. The money cannot be refunded to the mission society, for this would be only to promote a false teaching. It cannot be used in the promotion of the Catholic faith, for this was furthest from the intention of the original donors. At length "it wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor," as the universal claimant in such cases, according to all Christianity.

The best way of observing Lent is to follow the rules published by the bishop of the diocese in which you reside. It is exceedingly doubtful whether unusual severity in observing the fast, upon our own determination, merits any more than the plain observance of the law of the Church. "Obedience is better than sacrifice." The Lenten regulations are based upon the soundest principles of physiology as well as theology. People who increase or change the austerity here indicated are not so pleasing in the sight of God as they who simply observe the plain law; unless, indeed, the motive is known and approved by a confessor. But it is never advisable to be wiser or severer than the Church. In a climate like ours, where the labor is long and severe, it would be sinful for a large majority of our people to weaken their strength, already tasked, by an injudicious course of rigid fasting, such as might do well enough in a warmer or

more equable climate. The holy season is chiefly designed to draw our minds from too close a contemplation and study of worldly things. The bodily affliction is the least. The practice of fasting prevails in all the religions of mankind, and it is part of the original tradition of the human family. The physical design seems to rest upon the fact that clearness of mind and soul is helped by abstaining from much food. The religious purpose is the pleasing of the Deity by physical pain: a tradition which is universal, and points clearly to the sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. All our good works must be vivified by his merits, purchased for us by a cruel death. The fast in Buddhism is purely an expiation for sin. People who ridicule the Catholic abstinence and fast show their ignorance of one of the profoundest facts in the religious history of the human race in all ages.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CATHOLIC POETRY.

The Catholic Universe has the following to say upon a subject in which we feel a lively interest: "A biographical dictionary of the distinguished Catholic men and women of the English-speaking world is a much-needed work. There has been a partial effort made in this line by the Sadliers, and so far as it goes it is well enough, but it does not go far enough. A book of this kind should embrace, first, the distinguished Catholic men and women of the United States and Canada; second, those of England, Ireland, and Scotland, since the 'Reformation.' If all of this cannot be done, then such part as can. Who will produce such a work?"

It is as easy to call attention to the need of works of this kind as it is hard to overestimate their value, or the amount of labor necessary to their preparation. Some three years ago, Mr. Eliot Ryder, at the suggestion of a learned clergyman, undertook a compilation of secular poems, written by Catholics, to be published with critical and biographical notes. All the spare time at Mr. Ryder's command has been devoted to the work during these three years, and it is just now approaching completion. Although it must be admitted that the work was very much retarded by the loss of a large collection of important papers and documents, yet, at best, the work has been slow and laborious. Mr. Ryder is now at the University of Nôtre Dame, putting the finishing touches to his work, which will be published at the University, in May next, by Prof. J. A. Lyons. Mr. Ryder desires us to state that he would be glad to receive suggestion or contributions from Catholic poets; he is laboring with great fidelity to make his work, what we believe it will be, a valuable addition to the library of all Catholic readers In its especial sphere, we think it will supply the want of which our valued contemporary speaks.

To Contributors. — It should be understood that as this collection begins with Chaucer, it is not to be a volume of original verse. It should also be borne in mind that it is not intended to include religious poetry. In sending selections, authors should send with them a brief biographical sketch, that the chronological arrangement of the contents may be preserved. Our Catholic poets of the present day should not, through false delicacy, withhold those facts which are necessary to the making of a perfect book. Let me, then, hear freely from one and all.

Eliot Ryder.

University of Nôtre Dame,
Nôtre Dame, Indiana.

Gen. Roberts, about whom we had an article in our last Magazine, has been appointed to succeed Gen Colley, who was lately killed by the Boers. So af er all, John Bull has to get an Irishman to get him out of difficulties.

The Reported Guatemala Tragedy. — The Rev. Father Purbrick, Provincial of the Society of Jesus, has telegraphed to Mrs. Gillett, of Preston, England, to state that her son, Father Gillett, S. J., who was reported to have been shot in Guatemala, was still in life at Belize. The rumor, however, of his death is not wholly fictitious. Father Gillett, who had resided for about twelve months at Belize, went on a journey for the benefit of his health, and had got to Livingstone, where he intended to spend New-Year's Day, when he was seized and made to walk a distance of about a hundred miles, guarded by half a dozen soldiers. It seems that he was imprisoned by order of the President of Guatemala, — under sentence of death, it is believed. News of what had taken place having reached Belize, representations were made to the British minister in Honduras, and owing to his influence, Father Gillett was at length liberated, after fourteen days' detention.

JAMES STEPHENS A BRITISH SPY. — We copy the following extraordinary statement from the Buffalo Catholic Union: —

The cable announces that even James Stephens, now in Paris (he was starving, you know, here in America quite recently), refuses to give the light of his pure countenance to Parnell and the Land League Of course Parnell and the Land League have no use for such men as James Stephens has proven himself to be; and as he can't use them, his occupation is gone, so far as they are concerned. Now, we feel the time has come to expose this "professional" to the Irishmen of the United States and other lands, and denounce him as an *English spy!* We hereby publicly declare that we can prove that the "Irish patriot" James Stephens, was for hours closeted with the British consul in New York, on the very day on which he sailed for Paris. And so, of course, James Stephens does n't like Parnell or the Land League.

ON Wednesday evening, W. J. Onahan, Esq., of Chicago, lectured in the Immaculate Conception Hall, Minneapolis, Minn. There was a large attendance, every seat in the spacious hall being occupied. On the platform were seated Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, Rev. James McGolrick, Rev. William McGolrick, Rev. L. Powers, O. P., and Rev. F. Splinter, O. P. The subject chosen by the distinguished speaker was, The Catholic Church and Popular Education. He wished, he said, to repel the old-time and oft-recurring calumny that the Catholic Church is the foe of popular education. His array of facts from the history of the Church in the earliest centuries of the Christian era, in the Middle Ages, and in our own modern times, showed the Church to have been the great patron of learning, the founder of free schools and public libraries. The simple enumeration of the religious orders devoted by vow to the cause of education shows that neither sect nor state can ever rival the Church in this great work. The part the Irish nation took in the education of all Europe from the fifth to the tenth century was vividly and beautifully portrayed. The lecture, for its erudite accumulation of facts, and it pure, classic diction, was a masterpiece. It abounded in many passages of genuine, fiery eloquence. It was a treat such as our Minnesota Catholics seldom enjoy. — *N. W. Chronicle, Feb.* 19, 1881.

Mr. O. furnishes a very interesting paper on John Mitchel in this issue of our Magazine.

THE total debt of the United States is stated to be $1,891,799,568.28.

CORRESPONDENTS. — Mr. Donahoe would remark that as his time will not permit him to examine poetical and other contributions, those sending such must not be disappointed if their contributions are not published.

FATHERS Vincent and Timothy, of the Order of the Passion, have lately arrived at Buenos Ayres. The Southern Cross remarks: "Our wishes are at length realized, — we have a religious order of Irish priests to attend to the spiritual wants of our countrymen, both in town and camp."

ESSAY ON LIBERALITY. — We print an interesting article from the pen of the late Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, S. C. It was written in 1814, for a monthly magazine printed in Cork, called The Religious Repository. The essay does not appear in the published works of the great bishop.

NEW ENGLAND CATHOLIC. — This paper, published in the enterprising city of Lawrence, Mass., we are glad to learn, is in a flourishing condition. Our old friend, Peter McCorry, Esq., the editor, has lost none of the pluck which distinguished him on the Scotch press in the past, and on the American press for a number of years. We have made arrangements to furnish our Magazine and the Catholic for $3.00 a year.

CARLYLE — The late Thomas Carlyle said some time before his death: "So-called literary and scientific classes in England now proudly give themselves to protoplasm, origin of species, and the like, to prove that God did not build the universe. The older I grow, — and now I stand upon the brink of eternity, — the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the great end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him forever.' No gospel of dirt teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."

THE letter of Cardinal Manning to Earl Grey is particularly interesting at this trying time in the affairs of Ireland.

THE aggregate loss of live cattle on board of nine steamers crossing the Atlantic the past winter was 1,340 head. One of the steamers lost five hundred and forty-eight.

GOOD HEALTH, published at Battle Creek, Mich., is a most interesting magazine. It is full of practical good sense to the family. Among the articles in the March issue are Hygiene of the Muscles, Swill Milk, Bread-Making, etc. The price is only $1.00 a year.

A CATHOLIC JOURNALIST WANTED. — An excellent chance is now offered to a ready and capable writer, with some means, to assume the duties of managing editor of the Catholic Messenger, which will be soon published weekly. The Messenger is the only Catholic paper in West Virginia, or in the Wheeling Diocese, and is already in a flourishing condition. The past five years' experience has demonstrated the necessity and want of a first-class Catholic paper, which will be handsomely supported by the people of this and the adjoining States. This is a good opportunity for a live Catholic journalist, who must come well recommended. For further particulars, address John N. O'Brien, manager Catholic Messenger, Parkersburg, W. Va.

WE must be on our guard. Brennan, the secretary of the Land League, and Eagan, its treasurer, are caterers of the Irish World. Brennan is its paid correspondent. They want all money sent through the Irish World. Brennan has no communication with Father Walsh, of Waterbury, Conn., the regularly elected treasurer of the American Land League. He refuses to give him the name of the person who is to receive the money in the event of his incarceration. If the Land League of Ireland is in partnership with the Irish World we are very sorry for it. We do not like Parnell's alliance with Rochefort and Hugo; but these men are as Solomon before he fell, compared with the blasphemous madmen of the Irish World. We are in favor of the policy of the Land League; but that Irish World is simply infamous. — *The Western Watchman*, edited by REV. FATHER PHELAN.

NOVEL AND INTERESTING NEWS. — The Boston Globe has made a happy deal. In an extraordinary special edition dated Jan. 1, "1981," it presents the news of one hundred years from now, in a highly interesting and elating manner. "The Phonograph in Divorce Suits," "Sunday-School Excursion in Air Cars," "Terrible Accidents in Mid-Air," "Invention of a Burglar Bouncer," are respectively treated from the standpoint of the advanced journalism of that day. News by the Talkogram and Photophone from all parts of the world is fully presented. To show the progress of those times, it is only necessary to state that "Hiram Grant's bay mare Broad S trots a mile in 1.37¼." Every one should secure from his news dealer, or from Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., of Baltimore, Md., by whom this edition is exclusively controlled and owned, a copy of the Boston Globe for "1981." Mailed on receipt of price, — five cents. To read it is to have grace and flexibility imparted to the intellect, and a strong desire to live on, — as the poet would express it.

THE RICHES OF THE PASSION.

Eleanor C, Donnelly.

THY sacred hands are set around
With hyacinths most fair;
The blessed palms, dear Lord, are filled
With gold and jewels rare;
And through the ever-open wounds,
(Those ruddy, shining holes,)
The heaping treasures, ceaseless, fall
Upon our needy souls.

O Love! supporting as thine own
Our weight of misery,
The wine-press thou dost tread alone,
With none to comfort thee;
But from the vintage, red with blood,
Thou show'rest gifts on us, —
Redeemer! merciful and good,
How could we wound thee thus!

The gold and jewels thou dost bear
Are dripping with thy gore;
O bleeding fingers! let us share
That pure and priceless store.
The love, the grace, thou dost impart,
Our gold and gems shall be;
Grant us these treasures of thy heart,
And we are rich in thee!

Events of the Month.

M BLEICHSRODER, the eminent German Jew banker, — the Rothschild of Germany, — has gone to Rome, it is said, to be baptized into the Catholic Church.

IN a recently published work, entitled "Trials of the Church," by the Rev. W. Gleeson, of California, we read that in one century, from 1234 to 1334, as many as 13,370 members of the Order of St. Dominic died for the faith, and from 1500 to 1600 no less than 26,000 of the same Order were martyred. Within the last forty-two years fifty-five Dominicans were put to death in China. In the year 1590, 20,570 of the Jesuit converts in Japan were martyred. "Thee, the white-robed army of martyrs praise."

OLD-CATHOLICISM DECLINING. — Father Riecks, of Heidelberg, makes some complaints that show how small is the number of those who compose the Old Catholic sect. He laments that the German Mercury, the principal organ of Old-Catholicism, has not over eight hundred subscribers, and that his own paper, the Old-Catholic Messenger, is likewise unable to secure any considerable share of public favor. Old-Catholicism, it appears, is losing ground every day, notably at Dortmundt, in Westphalia, and at Bockum; it is stated that at Gumbinnen, Pastor Grunert officiates ordinarily in presence of only one old woman.

POPULATION OF THE BRITISH ISLES. — As the time for taking the census is now approaching, it may not be inopportune to glance at the broad results of the enumeration of ten years ago. The population then ascertained to be living in Ireland amounted to 5,412,377. Of these, 2,639,753 were males and 2,772 624 females. The disparity between the numbers of the sexes then visible was most strongly marked in the case of persons between the ages of 20 and 30. Of these there were respectively 398,245 males and 445,536 females. The latter sex, too, would appear to be the longest lived, as the figures relative to persons of 90 and upwards show respective totals of 3,141 males and 4,201 females. The population of England and Wales ten years ago numbered 11,058,934 males and 11.653,332 females. That of Scotland was 3,360,018: males, 1,603,143; females, 1,756,875. The Isle of Man had a total of 54,042, and the Channel Islands of 90,596. The whole population of the United Kingdom was, finally, 31,629,299.

THE French papers state that, the General Union Bank wishing to present an offering to his Holiness, the director of that administration in Rome, received in audience by the Holy Father, brought him the sum of a hundred thousand francs as a New-Year offering.

ARCHBISHOP MCCABE is shocked at Mr. Parnell's employing the services of Rochefort in the cause of Ireland. Well, Rochefort has done a great deal of evil in his day, and if Mr. Parnell succeeds in enlisting him in the cause of Ireland, he will have made him do one good act, for which the prayers of the Irish people will ascend to heaven, and perhaps obtain his conversion. — *Western Watchman.*

THE French congregation of St. Paul, Minn., have purchased for $15,500 the church and property on the corner of Wabashaw and Exchange Streets, heretofore owned by the Universalists. The lot is one hundred feet on Wabashaw and one hundred on Exchange, and is valued at the very lowest at $10,000. The church, which is of stone, was erected at a cost of $23,000, and the pews, carpets, organ and other fittings must have cost several thousand more. The French congregation have made a good bargain. — *North Western Chronicle.*

WHISTLING OFFENSIVE TUNES. — Mr. O'Sullivan asked the Chief Secretary whether it was true that a lad named Lee was brought before the magistrates at the petty sessions court, at Newcastle, county Limerick, on the 11th inst., for whistling in the streets of that town, and what decision the magistrates came to on the case; and if any complaint had been made of the conduct of Head-Constable Copeland by the people of that district. Mr. W. E. Forster said the honorable member asked him about some one who was brought before the Newcastle (County Limerick) magistrates on a charge of whistling. The case was dismissed [*hear, hear, and laughter*]. The charge against Lee was for having, on the 28th of January, followed the police and whistled objectionable tunes. Of course, if these "Black Diamonds" made themselves a nuisance, they must be put down for the peace of the town. In the case referred to the magistrates made "no rule," and he thought they did quite right, but it would have been better if the police had found a more important case than that of whistling [*loud laughter*].

HON. MR. FITZCLARENCE, a younger son of the Earl of Munster, has become a convert. As Lord Munster was a natural son of King William IV., the young gentleman who was received into the Church by Father Sebastian Bowden, at the Oratory the other day, can boast a blood relationship with her Majesty the Queen.

AT the annual meeting of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, it was reported that during the past year, 27,564 pounds' weight of improper literature had been seized and destroyed by the society's agents. For selling obscene literature. 142 arrests had been made, 147 years' imprisonment had been inflicted, and $55,650 fines imposed; 14,495 pounds of plates, and 1,316,088 songs, etc., had been seized.

DR. EARLE has been making investigations with regard to the pernicious habit of opium-eating in Chicago. He finds that fifty druggists in that city had two hundred and thirty-five regular customers. Of these, one hundred and six ty-nine — or nearly three fourths — were females. As regards nationalities, native-born Americans were vastly in the majority. Of the foreign-born opium-eaters, seventeen were Irish, ten were Scotch, and seven were German.

A WEALTHY BEGGAR. — The trustees of the charity of Peter Lathom, once a beggar of Maudsley, near Preston, have just met. It was reported that the property, which originally cost but a few hundreds, was now worth about £570,000. One block had recently been sold for £87,000, the fabulous advance of value being owing to the discovery of coal on the land. Lathom left the land for the benefit of the thirteen townships through which he begged, to keep and apprentice poor lads, to further education, and other philanthropic uses.

A CHILD SWEPT AWAY IN A SEWER. — A deplorable accident, indirectly resulting from the quantity of snow in the streets of Paris, occurred at the corner of the Rue de Hauteville. A bootmaker named Babin was crossing the street with his little girl, ten years of age, when the latter, in order to escape a passing cab, left hold of her father's hand, and in jumping on to the pavement, fell down a large drain-hole which had been opened for the purpose of shooting the snow into the sewers. M. Babin was with difficulty restrained from following her into the drain, where the mass of water and half-liquid snow was running with tremendous force. The flooded state of the sewers rendered a rescue impossible, and as yet the bereaved parents have not even had the sad satisfaction of seeing the body recovered.

ON the feast of St. Agnes, his Holiness received, by custom, two white lambs decked out with ribbons. They came from the Chapter of St Agnes-Without. The fleece is taken for the palliums, and afterwards their flesh is bestowed on the poor.

THE JESUITS IN BRAZIL. — The negotiations commenced by the Inter-Nuncio with Brazil have had, in part at least, a satisfactory result, as the latest arrivals at the Vatican bear the news that the law against the Jesuits is to be abolished, and that the latter will be allowed to settle unmolested in the Brazilian Empire.

EAT ONIONS. — We once knew a poor unfortunate who was the prey of every one. Poor people borrowed money of him, rich people ran over him, book agents clung to him, insurance agents followed him from morning to night. He commenced eating onions. Now no one goes near him. No matter what people say about onions, eat them every time, cooked or raw.

ST. PAUL Catholics will remember one Van Meter, yclept Rev., who some three years ago shed the light of his holy countenance on this blessed city, and from the pulpit of the Baptist Church told a too credulous congregation of his herculean labors in behalf of Protestantism in Rome. Van Meter succeeded in collecting a large sum of money with which to help his Roman mission; but lo! on his way to Rome, while crossing the English Channel, $5,000 were lost in some unaccountable manner. It now transpires that the holy Van Meter pocketed the money, and squandered it in high living. Next! — *North Western Chronicle.*

THE returns just published by the census office announce the following approximate distribution of the total population of the country among the several classes: Males, 25,520,582; females, 24,632,283; natives of the United States, 43,475,506; foreign born, 6,677,360; whites, 43,404,877; colored, 6,577,151; Indians and half-breeds, not in tribal relations on reservations under the care of the government, 65,122; Chinese, 105,463; other Asiatics, 255. The number of colored persons to each 100,000 whites is 15,153, against 14,528 in 1870. The number of females to every 100,000 males is 96,519, against 97,801 in 1870. The number of foreign-born persons to every 100,000 natives is 15,359, against 16 875 in 1870. From these figures we find that 50.87 per cent of the total population are males, and 49.13 per cent are females; that 86 68 per cent are natives, and 13.32 per cent foreign-born; and that the colored population is 13.11 per cent of the whole.

THE venerable Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, reached his eighty-first year on the 26th of February.

THE Catholic schools at West Brompton, England, which were erected only a few years ago by Monsignor Capel, are about to be demolished, in order to clear the site preparatory to its being converted into a building estate.

THERE is no republic so truly democratic as the Church. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna, who has just died, was the son of a poor weaver of Austrian Silesia, and it was only by the greatest sacrifices that the father was able to give him such an education as prepared him for ecclesiastical studies.

BISHOP SPALDING, of Peoria, says Chicago is the filthiest city on this planet, and declares that she must clean her river or his people will have to slake their thirst with whiskey or beer. Of course the good bishop is not aware, but they say it is a fact, that Chicago whiskey and beer are even worse than Chicago water. — *Western Watchman.*

THE NIHILISTS AND LAND LEAGUERS. — A Vienna telegram to the Standard of a late date says: The Nihilist leaders have just published a new programme. They are now bent on provoking an agrarian revolution in Russia, modelled after the proceedings of the Irish Land League. They threaten to carry out a systematic series of secret murders of Russian landlords.

SHOCKING CALAMITY. — An appalling catastrophe, resulting in the death of seventeen children, fourteen boys and three girls, occurred Sunday night at St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum in Hyde Park, Pa. Forty children were in the asylum at the time of the fire, ranging from six to twelve years of age. Only two of them were touched by the fire, and all had evidently been dead for some time. The cause of the fire is in doubt.

MISSIONARIES TO THE BLACKS. — The nine missionary fathers sent out from St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, England, continue to labor zealously in Maryland, Kentucky, and South Carolina, in accordance with the vow they took at the foot of the altar, that they would strive to be always the fathers and servants of the blacks, and never accept any office which might interfere with their duties to their poor African children. According to their last report, they baptized at Baltimore 82 adults and 182 infants; Louisville, 39 adults and 36 infants; Charleston, 95 adults and 52 infants.

THE active army of France for the year 1881 will be 498,497 men. Of this number 52,750 are in Algeria. Deducting an average of 39,000 men representing sick, absent on leave, etc., there remains a minimum of 459,370 men under arms.

SCANDALOUS ASSAULT ON A PRIEST IN FRANCE. — The priest-haters of France are taking leave of their senses. The Union Franccomtoise states that in the arrondissement of Baume, the priests are being constantly howled at and assaulted, and even their lay sympathizers have to complain of similar treatment. Here is one incident which speaks for itself: The curate of Leugney, while walking to the railway station of Baume, was followed by some roughs, who insulted him with shouts of "Vivent les décrets." As he entered the station, the maire of a neighboring commune — Monsieur C——, the paper calls him — was descending from a train. When Monsieur C—— heard the noise and saw the priest, he was seized with sudden fury, under the influence of which he rushed at the reverend gentleman, dealt him several blows with great force, dashed him about, and finally knocked him down, all the while shouting, "Vivent les décrets." This will not go on forever, thank God; its very wickedness will be its cure.

DREADFUL DUEL IN HUNGARY. — Another fatal duel has taken place at the Baths of Czemeteer, near Eperies, in Hungary, the principals in this deadly encounter being members of the Hungarian aristocracy. Differences having arisen between Count Alfred Szirmay, Baron Joseph Luzsenski and Ritter Julius von Gundelfinger, these gentlemen agreed to settle their quarrel with pistols. Szirmay and Luzsenski fired three rounds without effect. At the fourth discharge, however, Luzsenski's bullet pierced Count Szirmay's hand, disabling him. Luzsenski and Gundelfinger were then about to continue, when the seconds discovered that the trigger of one weapon had got out of order. The whole party, therefore, drove to Eperies, and lunched together there, while fresh pistols were being procured. These having been obtained, Luzsenski and Gundelfinger returned to Czemeteer, and proceeded to fight their afternoon duel. Both fired together and fell, Luzsenski a dead man, the ball having passed through both his lungs, and Gundelfinger bleeding profusely from a deep wound in his left thigh. It is stated that Baron Luzsenski's two surviving brothers have announced their resolve to avenge his death in combat with the two noblemen successively engaged with him as above.

THE law against admitting boys under fourteen to places of amusement where liquor is sold is being enforced in New York, — and a good idea it is, too. It is about the first sensible thing the self-elected guardians of youthful morals have accomplished, and they should have credit for it.

THE number of members of the Society of Jesus in the world is estimated at 10,-500. Sixteen hundred members of this Order are laboring in the United States. There are about twenty first-class colleges in the United States, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, situated as follows: In Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Fordham, N. Y., Washington, Georgetown, D. C., Grand Coteau, La., New Orleans, New York City, Prairie du Chien, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco, Santa Clara, Cal., Worcester, Mass., Woodstock, Md., and Spring Hill.

PERSONAL.

THE Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, of Limerick, has been appointed Cameriere Segreto (Private Chamberlain) to his Holiness, Leo XIII., with the title of Monsignor.

IT is stated that Bishop Spaulding, of Peoria, Ill., will probably be transferred to Newark, N. J., as successor to Archbishop Corrigan, or to San Francisco, as Coadjutor to Archbishop Alemany.

O'HURLEY. — The Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, is engaged in taking the preparatory steps to institute a process for the canonization of Dermod O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, who was cruelly put to death in Dublin in the year 1583.

LIEUT. MAURICE O'CONNELL, of the Sixtieth Rifles, who was killed in the action in the Transvaal, was a grand-nephew of Daniel O'Connell, being the oldest son of Sir Maurice O'Connell.

THE well-known missionary of the Pacific Coast, Father Quigley, the author of a number of popular books, among which are "The Cross and Shamrock," "Profit and Loss," and "The Irish Race in California," after years of labor and good works in California, has returned to his native isle to pass the remainder of his days.

MCNULTY. — We are pleased to learn that Dr. McNulty, a gentleman of good ability and gentlemanly bearing, is doing well since his settlement in Boston Highlands. The doctor has a splendid record, not only as a surgeon in the late Rebellion, but as a skilful practitioner in the various intricacies of his profession.

WOOD. — Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, who could never be accused of too great a leaning to the cause of Irish liberty, has subscribed $25 to the Parnell Branch of the Philadelphia Land League, and encourages the movement in every possible manner. It is certainly an auspicious augury to have to record the gain of such a recruit to the armies warring against landlordism.

GILMORE. — The Rev. John G. Gilmore, for the last seventeen years pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass., has been chosen Superior of the Order of St. Augustine in the United States. His successor in Lawrence will be the Rev. Daniel C. Regan, Waterford, N. Y., formerly pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Lawrence. Father Gilmore's departure from Lawrence will be profoundly regretted by the Catholic population.

BOYLAN. — The numerous friends of Rev. John Boylan in America will be sorry to learn that the Catholic church at Crosserlough, county Cavan, of which the Rev. John Boylan, well known in connection with efforts for railway extension in Cavan, is pastor, was destroyed by fire on Saturday. Father Boylan was to have attended and spoken at the Ardcathland meeting on Tuesday, when the news of the sad disaster recorded reached him, and caused his instant return. The cause of the fire is not known.

DONOHUE. — Hon. Charles Donohue, judge of the Supreme Court of New York, has, in the name of his wife, donated to Father Drumgoole, for the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, a valuable tract of land, running one quarter of a mile along the magnificent beach of Rockaway, and back to the Salt Meadows, about two miles west of the village of Far Rockaway. It is pronounced unsurpassed for bathing purposes. Father Drumgoole intends as soon as possible to erect a house on this land, to be used for the children of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin.

HIS Holiness the Pope received in private audience on Tuesday, the 18th, the Chevalier O'Clery, late M. P. for Wexford County, who, as a distinguished Zouave, was specially introduced by General Kanzler, late commander-in-chief of the pontifical army. The Chevalier wore his decorations as Knight of the Order of St. Gregory and of Pius IX., and was received with much cordiality by the Pope, who referred to the well-known bravery and fidelity of Irish soldiers. The Chevalier expressed, in the name of the Irish Zouaves and of the youth of Ireland, unalterable attachment to the Holy See.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society, New York.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS. Translated from the German of the Rev. Dr. J. Schmitt, of Freiburg-in-Breisgau, Germany. Price, 60 cents.

MEMOIRS OF A NEW YORK DOLL. Written by Herself. Price, 50 cents.

THE WILL OF GOD. Translated from the French by M. A. M. Price, 30 cents.

The first of the above books is a most valuable addition to our works of instruction; the second will please the young reader; and the last is valuable to all who desire to submit everything to the will of God.

SEVENTY-THREE CATHOLIC TRACTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. Price, 50 cents.

These tracts were issued separately some years ago, but the sale was limited. It is sad to know that our people, who are well able to buy Catholic tracts, seldom or never buy these useful publications for gratuitous circulation. While Protestants scatter their tracts everywhere in millions, the Catholic body do not circulate thousands. This should not be. If our people do not sow the good seed, we cannot expect to reap the harvest. There is plenty of cockle in the field, and the wheat is choked up by them. The seventy tracts can be had for fifty cents, or in single copies at fifty cents per hundred.

Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, can furnish them.

THESAURUS BIBLICUS; OR, HAND-BOOK OF SCRIPTURE REFERENCE. Compiled from the Latin of Philip Paul Merz. By Rev. L. A. Lambert, Waterloo, N. Y.

This is a most valuable book, particularly to the reverend clergy. The preface says: "The utility of a hand-book of Scripture reference will be recognized at once by those who have frequent occasion to consult the Sacred Writ. The practical advantages to be derived from such a book are, indeed, so apparent as to render it matter of astonishment that its publication in English should have been deferred until this late day." The book comprises nine hundred and ninety five pages octavo, and is well gotten up.

Mr. Kennedy, New York.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED. By the Nun of Kenmare.

This book has created a sensation in English as well as Irish circles. One of the reverend sister's arguments seems to strike more forcibly than the others, and that is the new feature exhibited by this outburst of long-restrained indignation on the part of the Irish people, which she denominates as a "a national strike," as applied to the measures taken by the Irish peasantry to resist the oppression to which they have submitted so long that like many other abuses of the like nature, it has got to be regarded as the right of the oppressor, not as the wrong inflicted upon the oppressed. It is but just, however, to state that however severe the strictures launched by Sister Mary against the Anglo-Irish landlords, and the bitterness of the truth she utters, the book is read with great attention in the high circles, where the means of obtaining disinterested information concerning the real causes of the conflict now going on in Ireland is so difficult to obtain by disinterested people. The book has already given rise to discussion and argument; and in the strife the truth now and then is brought out, and the right cause defended. Perhaps the arguments adduced by the Nun of Kenmare, "a real lady born, one of ourselves, you know," may have a more powerful effect than the world may be aware of in the decisions to be adopted by the British Parliament.

Copies of this work can be obtained from the convent, Kenmare, County Kerry; and in America from Mr. Kennedy, 5 Barclay Street, New York. Sister Clare earnestly begs American friends to send him orders.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PROFESSOR ST. GEORGE MIVART, at once the champion of modern science and of revealed truth, has almost ready for publication, in England and America, a new work. It will be called "The Cat," and be an introduction to the study of vertebrate animals, especially mammals.

THE Peuple Française announces that as soon as the Empress Eugènie is finally settled in her new residence at Farnborough, she will publish a volume entitled "A History of the Life and Death of the Prince Imperial," written by her Majesty during her exile at Chiselhurst. The publication of the "Notes de Napoleon III.," being the daily notes of the ex-Emperor during his reign, is also spoken of.

WHY is a vine like a volunteer? Because it is trained, dressed, has ten-drils, and shoots.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

DEATH OF FATHER DEVLIN, P. P., WATERSIDE.—The Catholic people of the North will hear with deep regret of the death of the Rev. Father Devlin, P. P., V. G., which melancholy event took place Feb. 4, at Waterside, Londonderry. Few priests in the North were better known or more deeply loved than Father Devlin. He was for many years connected, as parish priest, with Lifford and Strabane, where the news of his death will create, we are sure, feelings of the profoundest sorrow. The deceased clergyman was, indeed, a man to be remembered and regretted. He was in all things the kindly priest, the erudite and refined scholar, the perfect gentleman. Of Father Devlin's sacerdotal career we cannot now speak in detail, but we may say that it was in Maynooth he was trained as a Levite, and that he there passed a most distinguished course. In Rome he had the enviable distinction of winning his degree of Doctor of Divinity by the process of public thesis. After some years he was appointed to the spiritual cure of Strabane and Lifford, where many monuments of his zeal and paternal love, including the Convent of Mercy, of which he was the founder and builder, still subsist. In 1851, Father Devlin had the honor to accompany his friend and college companion, the present Lord Bishop of Clogher, to the United States, on a mission the object of which was the collection of funds for the Catholic University. These are the main facts of a ministry which was one record of Christian activity, tempered with sweetness of demeanor and scholarly erudition. Father Devlin, who was a native of Buncrana, was about sixty-three years of age. He had been suffering for a little time from disease of the heart, but his demise was, we believe, quite expected. —*Dublin Freeman.*

DEATH OF THE REV. ROBERT O'KEEFE. It is our duty to record the death of the Rev. Robert O'Keefe, late P. P. of Callan, and formerly P. P. and V. F., Rathdowney, in the diocese of Ossory. He died on Tuesday, Feb. 1, at his residence in Thomastown, County Kilkenny, where he had been living for the last few months, Father O'Keefe was a native of county Kilkenny, received his ecclesiastical education in the College of Maynooth, and subsequently to his ordination to the priesthood filled many important positions in his native diocese. He was a man of unusual ability, great energy, and wonderful perseverance, and during a large portion of his priestly career displayed much earnest zeal in the discharge of the sacred duties of his ministry. For a while he was intrusted with a professorship in the Diocesan College, and later on he was appointed by the bishop to the office of Vicar Forane. At such a time as this, it would not be becoming in us, as we certainly are not desirous, to say a single word that could mar the tribute of prayerful sympathy that is the fittest offering that could now be tendered to his memory; but it would be the merest affectation to shut our eyes to the fact that for a while a deep and painful shadow darkened his name and fame. To the incidents of the occasion to which we allude it is not our intention to refer by another word. The great and illustrious prelate — gentle and forgiving as he was great and illustrious —whom it was Father O'Keefe's deplorable misfortune to have dragged from the quiet of his retired and holy life into the glare and turmoil of a public court of law, has gone before him the long journey we all must one day make, and has been sleeping his last sleep for more than two years in the crypt of Clonliffe We know that were he alive to-day, not a word of reproachful reminiscence would be spoken by his Eminence's lips of the dead priest; but that rather he would pray for him with all his heart, and would rejoice that before the end had come he had yielded to the better and more sacred inspirations, and had done all that in him lay to atone for the sad and unhappy past, and to repair any harm or scandal that his actions might have effected. We shall imitate the example which we feel convinced the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin would have given, were he living to hear the tidings of Father O'Keefe's death, and shall simply, and in all sincerity, express our fervent hope that all was peace with him at the last, and that the God of Mercy may give rest to his soul. — *Dublin Freeman.*

In Milwaukee, Feb. 26, Rev. J. M. Doyle, for seventeen years the faithful and energetic pastor of Janesville, died at St. Mary's Hospital in Milwaukee. Deceased was born in Wexford, Ireland, Sept. 14, 1825, and came to Milwaukee in 1849.

The Abbé Guelle, formerly chaplain to Louis Philippe, died on Tuesday in his eighty-third year. The deceased, who accompanied the king to England, was present at his death-bed, as well as at that of Queen Marie Amélie.

The Very Rev. Canon Burton, who for nearly twenty years officiated as parish priest of Castletownroche, breathed his last on Sunday, Feb. 13. Extreme regret is felt throughout a wide district at the unexpected demise of this estimable clergyman.

The Rev. Michael McAleer, pastor of St. Columba's Church, in West Twenty-fifth Street, New York, died at the pastoral residence, No. 343 West Twenty-fifth Street, on Feb. 22, of bronchial pneumonia. Father McAleer was the oldest priest in New York, in years and ordination. He was born in the county Tyrone, Ireland, on the 4th of March, 1811.

LAY PEOPLE.

The death is announced of Mr. John Lewis O'Ferrall, D. L., late chief commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, in his eighty-third year. He was called to the bar in 1827, and was appointed chief commissioner of police in 1836. Col. Lake succeeded him on his retirement. He was second brother of the late Right Hon. More O'Ferrall, and was a deputy lieutenant for the county Longford.

Terence S. Reynolds, formerly of the diocese of Pittsburg, Pa., died suddenly at Sweeny's Hotel, New York, on the 24th of February.

SISTERS.

The nuns of the Presentation Convent, Waterford, Ireland, are plunged into deepest sorrow by the death of Mother Patrick, one of the oldest members of the community.

On Feb. 13, Mme. Anna Quinn, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in St. Charles, Mo. She was the youngest daughter of Hugh and Ann Jane Quinn, and sister of Mr. Jas. J. Quinn, of Milwaukee, Wis.

At the Convent of Mercy, Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 1, Sister M. Angela.

Feb. 7, at the Convent of Mercy, Mt. Washington, Md., Sister Mary de Sales Slattery, in the thirty-seventh year of her age, and the tenth of her sacred profession.

Sister Mary Veronica, of the Sisters of Mercy, died on Saturday morning, Feb. 26, at the convent on Webster Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. She was one of the original number brought there by Bishop O'Connor. She was sixty-five years of age, and was in the fortieth year of her religious profession. With the other sisters she came in 1843 from the Convent of Mercy, Carlow, Ireland.

Increasing episcopal duties, consequent on the numerical growth of the archdiocese, devolving on Cardinal Manning, a coadjutor-archbishop to his Eminence will shortly be appointed.

Cucumber Catsup. — Grate large cucumbers before they begin to turn yellow; drain out the juice and put the pulp through a sieve to remove the seeds; fill a bottle half full of the pulp, discarding the juice, and also add the same quantity of good vinegar; cork tightly; when used, add salt and pepper, but salt kills the vinegar if put in when making. This is almost like fresh sliced cucumber when opened.

Insanity in Italy. — The Archivio di Statistica of Rome publishes some curious statistics on insanity in the peninsula. Within three years lunacy has increased fourteen per cent. There are over 15,000 persons confined in mad-houses in Italy. The Jews, who number 35,356 of the population, have the largest proportion. The proportion is 260 Jews to 56 Catholics in confinement, or five Jews to the rest of the population. According to the last census there were 58,651 Protestants in Italy belonging to different sects; and there were 44,567 individuals, of no doubt a very superior kind of humanity, who declared that they professed no religion whatever; while the number who profess the Catholic religion is put down as 26,662,580. To every 384 Jews there is one lunatic, and to every 1773 Catholics there is one; the proportion of lunatics to Italian Protestants is somewhat larger. There is a notion that ignorance promotes insanity. This is disproved: when three quarters of the population of Italy did not know how to read, the great majority of the insane were persons who did. The large majority in the asylums is still made up of persons more or less instructed and able to read. Signor Verga, the writer of the article in the Archivio, shows also that it is false to say that celibacy leads to insanity.

Six young Africans have reached Lille, France, sent by the Bishop of Algiers, as students of the Catholic Faculty of Medicine. Mgr. Azarian, Archbishop of Nicosia (Asia Minor), has sent a young man of his nation to the same Faculty.

Six members of the new Senate are not natives of the United States. Farley of California, Fair of Nevada, Jones of Florida, and Sewell of New Jersey, were born in Ireland, Jones of Nevada in England, and Beck of Kentucky in Scotland.

Parnell's Peach Orchard — The largest peach orchard in the world is not in Georgia, as the papers have it, but in Chambers County, Ala., near the Georgia line. It contains two hundred and fifty acres, and has yielded $70,000 worth of peaches. It is owned and cultivated by Mr. John Parnell, a brother of the Irish agitator. He is getting immensely wealthy at the business.

Mount St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md., of which Father Hill was lately appointed president, is in financial difficulties, and a receiver has been appointed. The liabilities are said to be about $200,000. The college has a national reputation, and its difficulties will be regretted by Catholics everywhere. The church authorities are in no way responsible for the failure. It was a private secular corporation.

Mr. John Devoy, of New York, sent a defiant cablegram to Sir Vernon Harcourt, over which that gentleman seems to have got excited. Perhaps the Home Secretary is aware that Mr. Devoy is one of the trustees of the skirmishing fund, and fears that it is going to be used in the manner originally proposed. There is no need of individuals on this side of the water talking bluff. The leaders in Ireland are the best judges of the policy to be pursued. — *Connecticut Catholic.*

English Landholders. — The London Truth reminds those alarmed at the prospect of Mr. Gladstone's coming legislation on the subject of land that the Premier is himself a landlord. Mr. Gladstone owns nearly 7,000 acres in Flint and Lancashire. In fact, the landed interest is pretty well represented in the Cabinet. The Duke of Argyll owns 175,000 acres, rental over £50,000; Lord Hartington's father, 200,000 and £180,000 a year; Lord Spencer, 27,000 acres and £46,000 a year; Lord Kimberly, 11,000 acres and £25,000 a year; Lord Northbrook, 10,000 acres and £12,000; Mr. Dodson, 3,000 acres and £3,500. Lord Huntly, who has just enrolled himself in the ranks of the administration, is lord of 90,000 acres and £27,000 a year.

One bishop and ninety-eight Roman Catholic priests died in the United States during 1880.

The Northwestern Chronicle, St. Paul, Minn., has been changed from a sixteen-page to an eight-page form. It is a great improvement.

A telegram has reached England from an American journal, addressed to "Mr. Davitt, care of her Majesty's government, Newgate," asking him to contribute a series of papers on the present aspects of affairs. We wonder whether he has been permitted to receive it.

Balls. — St. Francis of Sales advised his worldly penitents, when they went to a ball, to divide their attention by thinking how many persons had danced themselves into hell. A meditation like that, he said, would keep them safe in the midst of the fire.

Gambetta's opposition prevented any part of the Land League funds from being lodged in French securities. Thus we have French anti-Catholics for and French anti-Catholics against the League. Universal principles rather than French prejudices should be applied to settle this matter of Irish interests. — *Catholic Times.*

Why not invest these funds in United States securities?

The Charity Ball, in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, will come off on Low Monday evening, and not Easter Monday as previouly announced. The tickets have been placed at $3.00 admitting a lady and gentleman, $2.00 for a gentleman, and $1.00 for a lady. Those wishing to procure tickets can obtain them of Messrs. Noonan & Co., the Pilot Publishing Co., of the superintendent, and of the board of directors. The ball promises to be a great success.

The cost of the late civil war has often been the subject of controversy. Secretary Sherman in a recent report gives the entire cost from July 1, 1861, to June 30, 1879, including actual expenditures, bounties, pensions, and interest, at $6,187,243,335. Of this amount $1,764,256,197 is for interest on a war debt of $2,500,000,000. This interest is the legitimate profit of the bondholders for their patriotism (?) in the late war; but to it

should be added about one half of the debt, as they bought the bonds at an average of fifty per cent discount. It would thus appear that nearly one third the cost of the late war has gone into the pockets of the bondholders.

CARLYLE, the great English author, died on the 9th of February. His admirers would do well, in this grave crisis, to remember his judgment of England's dealing with Ireland: "We English pay even now the bitter smart of long centuries of injustice to our neighbor Ireland. Injustice, doubt it not, abounds, or Ireland would not be miserable. The earth is good, bountifully sends forth food and increase, if man's unwisdom did not intervene and forbid. . . . Violent men there have been, and merciful, unjust rulers and just, conflicting in a great element of violence these five wild centuries; and the violent and unjust have carried it — and we have come to this. England is guilty towards Ireland, and reaps at last, in full measure, fruit of fifteen generations of wrong-doing."

FRANCE. — The St. James's Gazette, English paper, discussing "The Future of France,' observes, "The net result of the first decade of the Third Republic has been to subject the French nation to M. Gambetta's personal rule." And considering the fickleness of the fancies of the mob, the fact that M. Gambetta is no longer young and that "his personal appearance does not convey the promise of longevity," our contemporary augurs unfavorably of the stability of the existing public order on the other side of the Channel. So do we. The article in the St. James's recalls to us a caustic passage where Landor compares democracy to "a caldron eternally bubbling and hissing, in which the scum of the sugar-baker has nothing at the bottom of it but the poison of a lawyer's tongue, and the bones of the poor reptiles he has starved."

A FENIAN AMONG THE BOERS. — The London Times gives an account of Aylward, the Irishman who is advising Joubert, the commander of the Boer army. It says he was formerly a Fenian, and informed Lord Mayo that he was to be shot by Fenians on an evening on leaving the castle yard in Dublin. Mayo acted on his information. Subsequently Aylward was shot by Fenians, and after recovering was given money from the secret-service fund to leave the country, which he did, and then went to South Africa. During a war he volunteered with the Boers, and was made captain of the Lydenburg volunteers. He is the author of "Transvaal of To-day," in which he gives a sketch of recent Boer wars and describes the habits of the people. He was, up to quite recently, editor of the Natal Witness, published at Pietermaritzburg.

SEVERELY DRY TIMES. — An interesting record is that of severe droughts, as far back as the landing of the Pilgrims in America. How many thousand times are observations made like the following: "Such a cold season!" "Such a hot season!" "Such wet weather!" or, "Such dry weather!" "Such high winds or calms," etc. Read the following list, showing the number of days without rain: In the summer of 1621, 24 days; in 1630, 41 days; in 1657, 75 days; in 1662, 80 days; in 1674, 45 days; in 1688, 81 days; in 1694, 62 days; in 1705, 40 days; in 1715, 46 days; in 1728, 61 days; in 1730, 92 days; in 1741, 72 days; in 1749, 108 days; in 1955, 42 days; in 1762, 123 days; in 1773, 80 days; in 1791, 82 days; in 18.2, 28 days; in 1856, 24 days; in 1871, 42 days; in 1875, 26 days; and in the summer of 1876, 26 days. It will be seen that the longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762. No rain fell from the 1st of May to the 1st of September. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.

IMMIGRATION. — From the report of the New York Commissioners of Emigration, it appears that the immigration for 1880 exceeded all previous years, and that the entire number of passengers who came into New York from foreign ports in 1880 was 372,880. Of these 327,371 were aliens, and 320,607 were steerage passengers. The increase of arrivals for 1880 over those of 1879 was 186,611. Of the total immigrant arrivals, 112,119 went to the Western States and 63,368 to the Eastern States, while 137,561 remained in New York State. The Southern States drew but 6,497, and Canada 1,627. The distribution of immigrants in some other States was as follows: Wisconsin, 9,847; Ohio, 13,869; Iowa, 7,649; Minnesota, 12,540; Nebraska, 4,237; Michigan, 11,303; Kansas, 3,546. The nationalities were divided as follows: Germany, 104,264; Ireland, 66,399; England, 33,768; Sweden, 35,217; Italy, 11,190; Norway, 9.937; Scotland, 9 625; Switzerland, 8,223; Russia, 7,693; Bohemia, 7,606; Hungary, 6,672; Denmark, 5 577; Austria, 4,461; France, 4,087; Wales, 3,588; Netherlands, 3,259; Belgium, 1,309; West Indies, 1,298; Spain, 931; other countries, 2,266. Total, 327,371. It is a good sign that more than one third of the immigrants who arrived were bound for the West, but the proportion that remained in the overcrowded Eastern States, nearly two thirds of the whole, is entirely too great.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND.

I AM not a revolutionist at present, but I confess that if I were cast into prison under the proposed bill for forty-eight hours I would come out one. — DWYER GRAY, M. P., *in the debate on Coercion.*

To hear the chief secretary talk of the pain it would give him to carry out the bill, one would think the pain was felt by the incarcerator and not by the incarcerated. I would suggest a new name for the government, taken from the title of a comic opera, — The Pirates of Ireland, or the Slaves to Duty. — O'CONNOR POWER, M. P., *in replying in the House of Commons to Mr. Forster.*

THE COERCION BILL

PASSED the House of Commons on the 26th of February, by a vote of 281 for to 36 against. Six English members voted in the minority.

MANIFESTO FROM MR. PARNELL.

Mr. Parnell has addressed a manifesto to the people of Ireland. The honorable gentleman, "after grave consideration," has decided that it is his duty to remain in Parliament during the present crisis. His reasons for this course are, that though the Irish movement in America is of great importance, it depends entirely upon the stand made by the League in Ireland, and that he may be of service during the passage of the Land Bill through the Commons, in pointing out in what respect it may fall short of a final settlement. Mr. Parnell thinks that vigorous agitation in England and Scotland would correct the systematic perversion of public opinion with regard to Ireland; therefore he proposes a junction between English Democracy and Irish Nationalism, upon the basis of Ireland's right to make her own laws, the overthrow of territorialism in both countries, and the enfranchisement of labor from crushing taxes. He makes a special appeal to the tenant farmers of Ireland to preserve the union and organization which have already gained for them great results.

THE FUNDS.

At a meeting of the Land League Executive in Paris on Sunday, Mr. Parnell explained the business on which he had been engaged on the Continent. He was happy, he said, to be able to tell them that the funding of the money of the League — about £70,000 — had been finally arranged. A manifesto would be issued explaining everything that had been done with regard to the funds to the branches of the League, and this would be published soon after his return. It was, he further said, intended. immediately after the Coercion Bill passed the House of Commons, that the Irish members should return to Ireland and hold a conference in Dublin. They would by this means place themselves at the head of the people, and meet the blow which the government was aiming at the organization. A discussion followed, in the course of which Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Biggar, Mr. O'Kelly, and Mr. Healy expressed full concurrence in Mr. Parnell's views. Messrs. Egan and Brennan remain in Paris for the present, and Mr. Dillon returns to Ireland as chief organizer of the League. According to the information supplied by the Press Association, very little mystery attaches to the movements of Mr. Parnell since he left England on the 5th inst. The primary object of his journey was to obviate any difficulty in dealing with the foreign investments of the Land League, which might be occasioned by the arrest of Mr. Davitt, one of the trustees. This was to be effected by the substitution of another name in place of Mr. Davitt's. The object of Mr. Parnell's visit to Frankfort was to procure a higher rate of interest than was obtainable in Paris, and a fresh arrangement has been made in consequence, which is regarded as satisfactory.

PARNELL'S CLARA SPEECH.

Mr. Parnell, in retracting that part of his Clara speech in which he ad-

vised tenants to plough up their land before eviction, condemns the land laws more vigorously than by any amount of invective. The penalty for ploughing is a relic of the days before the passage of the Compensation to Tenants Act. It goes to show how utterly and hopelessly the tenant is still at the mercy of the landlord. He must submit to any rental imposed upon him, to eviction at any moment and to all the oppressive rascalities that a bad landlord can impose. And all this time he must banish from his mind all thoughts of reprisals. He may not plough land under his leasehold nor otherwise get even for outrage. Parnell's retraction reminds the Brooklyn Eagle of the story of the lawyer who was charged by a learned judge with declaring that "his Ludship" was not "fit to carry entrails to a bear." The learned judge sharply contested the point, and demanded an instant apology and retraction. The lawyer staggered his friends by declaring himself ready to meet the demand. "I humbly apologize to your Ludship," quoth he, "for the misstatement of fact, and publicly state that your Ludship is eminently fit to carry entrails to a bear."

ANSWER TO THE POPE'S LETTER.

MOST HOLY FATHER: The bishops of Ireland, assembled in Maynooth College, to transact business connected with its administration, deem it their duty to approach your Holiness with the expressions of love and reverence which have animated the Irish Episcopate towards the Apostolic See, and to thank your Holiness for the fatherly letter which you have lately addressed to them through the Archbishop of Dublin.

It is needless to assure your Holiness again that every word of counsel and advice, coming from the successor of Peter, will always receive a cheerful and prompt obedience from the children of St. Patrick; for the deepest devotion to the Roman See is Ireland's special glory; and the proudest page of our history is that which records the unconquerable firmness and constancy with which our predecessors preserved, amid the fiercest storms of persecution, an unbroken union with the successor of Peter. That the love of the Father has equalled the devotion of his children is fully attested by the vigilant and truly paternal care with which the Sovereign Pontiffs have in every age constantly watched over the interests of our country. In the letter lately received by us we find another proof of that fatherly solicitude, and that not the first, which your Holiness has afforded to our afflicted country.

The iniquitous and destructive legislation which for centuries has been rending Ireland has brought the flocks placed under our care to the greatest want and misery. Famine periodically sweeps over our fairest districts, which naturally teem with abundance, and are fertile in the highest degree; and *frequently our country has been driven to stretch out her hand for alms, and sue like a mendicant for help from the nations of Christendom.* These repeated misfortunes must not be impiously attributed to the Father of Mercies; for he has given us a land fertile to a proverb. *They must not be attributed to the sloth or indolence of our people, for the Irish in exile are everywhere models of unwearied labor and devoted industry.* BUT THEY MUST BE ATTRIBUTED TO THE UNJUST LAWS WHICH AT HOME HAVE PARALYZED THE STRONG MAN'S ARM, *and though an absolute sense of insecurity, have made him apathetic and hopeless.*

At present the Irish nation, rising from its lethargy in strength and power, demands the repeal of the cruel laws which oppress her; and we earnestly pray that God may bless this just struggle and bring it to a happy issue and the desired result. We must not, however, conceal the fact that, although the cause is most just in itself, occurrences and utterances which we all deplore have from

time to time cast a shadow over it. But whilst we rightly denounce these crimes, and regard their perpetrators as the most dangerous enemies of their country, *we cannot forget the ages of oppression and misery which have driven our people to despair of justice and equity.*

Whilst, therefore, we give our heartfelt approval to the end proposed to be obtained by the present agitation for a change in the land laws, we feel that certain means have been employed towards the attainment of this end which we cannot sanction. Hence, even in June last, assembled in council, we advised and warned our flocks against the dangers which threatened their cause, and we strove to confine the agitation within the limits of equity and moderation. We will not be wanting in our duty now, nor will we fail to obey the counsels of your Holiness: "Wherefore let you, venerable brothers, and your colleagues in the episcopacy, endeavor that the Irish nation in her present anxious position may not pass the boundaries of equity and justice."

At the same time, Most Holy Father, we cannot ignore the fact that, in certain journals which are published in England, many statements are made which are based only on lies and calumnies, and are most unjust to our clergy and country. We earnestly beg of you, Most Holy Father, to give no heed to those enemies of our faith and race. In the mean time, prostrate to kiss the feet of your Holiness and beg the Apostolic blessing, we sign ourselves with all respect and reverence, your Holiness's most humble and most devoted servants.

† EDWARD McCABE,
Archbishop of Dublin, Chairman.

In name of all the archbishops and bishops present at the meeting.

MAYNOOTH, Jan. 25, 1881.

LENTEN PASTORALS.

ARCHBISHOP McCABE. — "It is our duty in these troubled times earnestly to pray for our Holy Father and for the peace of the Church We should also pray with great fervor for our own dear country, on which in his infinite wisdom and unfathomable providence, the Almighty has permitted sore trials to fall. Her history for ages has been an almost unbroken record of temporal sorrows, which, to a great extent, are still her portion. But a calamity more terrible and humiliating than any that has yet befallen her seems to threaten our people to-day. Allies for our country in her struggle for justice are sought from the ranks of impious infidels, who have plunged their own unhappy land into misery, and who are sworn to destroy the foundations of all religion. Will Catholic Ireland tolerate such an indignity? Will she give her confidence to men who have wickedly planned it? Will she break from all holy traditions, which during ages of persecution commanded for her the veneration of the Christian world? Let us pray that God in his mercy may forbid it."

In their Lenten pastorals, several bishops alluded to the state of Ireland. Dr. Dugan, Bishop of Clonfert, forwards the Pope's letter to his clergymen, and adds: "It is needless to assure his Holiness that the Irish people will receive and obey his paternal wishes with that reverential love which is characteristic of their traditional fidelity to the Holy See. His Holiness may feel consoled by the assurance that, in the present anxious condition of affairs, though some incidents have occurred to be regretted, there is no danger of a departure on the part of the Irish people from the principles of equity and justice. In the mean time, it is earnestly hoped that Parliament will soon, by wise, vigorous, and incisive legislation, put an end forever to this burning agitation; an agitation that will not cease to exercise the public mind until it is finally settled in conformity with the eternal laws of equity and justice."

Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, says: "Our country presents at this moment to the gaze of the world a

social upheaving which is calculated to inspire all with the greatest disquietude. After being rescued by the charity of the world from the jaws of a terrible famine, the people have risen from their lethargy, and, joining together in a lawful combination, have proclaimed that they shall no longer submit to the conditions of life which keep the bulk of them in chronic abasement and misery, to be turned into the horrors of a national famine through the failure of a single esculent. Is it not time that such a state of things should end, and that Irishmen, who are patterns of industry, thrift, loyalty, and prosperity, in every foreign land, should no longer be kept in perpetual struggle between life and death on this island, which God has given for their support? While we ask the clergy to impress on their flocks the necessity of prudence, moderation, and charity in the present agitation, and the need of keeping strictly within the laws of God and his church, and of the civil laws as well, we call on priests and people to join with us at this supreme moment in making an earnest appeal to Almighty God, that he may move the hearts of our rulers and legislators to send at length a message of relief to a long-suffering nation. If political organization, a hitherto legal expedient, comes to be suppressed by coercive measures, the clergy must redouble their vigilance lest popular enthusiam may turn itself into other channels, and secret combinations and dark conspiracy take the place of open action and agitation. They should warn people assiduously against all secret and illegal societies, equally imperilling their temporal and eternal interest."

UNITED STATES, CANADA, ETC.

Meetings are being held in every section of the country to assist the cause in Ireland. If things are managed well in Ireland, any amount of assistance can be obtained from this country. The following circular has been issued for the purpose of unifying the Land League in the United States, and is commended to all branches: —

IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, 198 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., Feb 21, 1881.

For organized, united, and effective action, all branches of the Land League in the United States are earnestly requested to conform to the Constitution adopted by the National Convention held at Buffalo, Jan. 12 and 18, 1881, and *immediately communicate* with the *central office*. Copies of the proceedings of said convention and of the constitution, instructions for forming and conducting branches, and other relevant documents, will be furnished on application to the secretary, at the above address. Branches already formed, or to be formed, whether composed of men or women, can become affiliated with the Irish National Land League of the United States by reporting to us, and in no other way. Official intelligence of the movement here, and of the important events taking place in Ireland, will, from time to time, be communicated to the branches from this office. To make the full strength of our organization known to the world, as well as to insure its effectiveness and success, there should be but one head, one executive, and one common centre. To concentrate our whole strength and give the movement its full legitimate force is our object. We therefore urge every branch to report at once the names and addresses of its officers, date of organization, and number of members.

Per order of Central Council,
THOMAS FLATLEY, *Secretary*.
198 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

THE phrase, "It takes nine tailors to make a man," though used in contempt, has an origin that does honor to the knights of the goose. In 1742 a homeless orphan lad applied for assistance at a fashionable London tailor's, where nine journeymen were employed. The boy's condition stirred the benevolence of the nine, who each gave him one shilling. With this slender capital the youth started in the flint business, and in time became very rich, and retired from trade. Then, instead of having a coat-of-arms, he emblazoned upon his spoons and panels the grateful motto, "Nine tailors made me a man."

WHAT IS SAID OF OUR MAGAZINE.

We continue to receive words of encouragement from all sections of the country. We select a few of the many letters recently received: —

St. Sylvester, P. Q., Jan. 24, 1881.

Dear Mr. Donahoe: In the first place, I wish you and yours a happy New Year, and very many returns of the same. Your excellent magazine, so well got up, and containing such admirable articles on the most useful and entertaining subjects, is my delight during my leisure hours. Why should I enlarge in the praise of your publication? It bears the *prima facie* evidence of its own merit; so it meets with the approbation of the *literati*, and may posterity guard it sacredly as a treasure. The land of our birth (for I presume you are an Irishman, born on the old sod) is honored by a work that adds lustre to the literary character of her sons. I know your city is dignified by the presence of another genius, particularly in poetry, — I mean Mr. J. Boyle O'Reilly, a name dear to me as a family one; I get his Pi ot, and if you would tell him how I cherish his national love, you would add greatly to my spiritual comfort.

Your friend ever,

Rev. J. M. Dowling, C. C.

Mr. Patrick Donahoe.
Boston, Mass.

Rosemond, Dakota Co., Minn., Jan. 21, 1881.

My Dear Mr. Donahoe: It is with pleasure I hasten to inform you, that I have read with no ordinary feelings of pride and interest the cordial welcome extended to, as well as the strong and earnest recommendation given to, the January number of your Magazine; especially as both the one and the other originated, for the most part, with men who, in virtue of their knowledge of its usefulness and suitableness to the wants and requirements of the age, as also because of their personal notoriety for profundity of thought and maturity of judgment, were amply qualified to decide as to its real value and merits.

And I feel satisfied that the praises and recommendations thus lavishly bestowed upon it by competent judges will not pass unheeded by those under whose notice they may at any time come, but that on the contrary they will exercise a due and benefiting influence over their minds, so as to encourage them to speak of its usefulness to others, and thus try to give to it that world-wide circulation which it, devoted as it is to the interests of Catholicity, so highly deserves.

It doubtless may be called a true and sincere friend of Catholics, by its tendency to awaken in their hearts the faith which has been lulled to sleep in the cradle of indifferentism, owing to the constant reading of those bad and trashy novels and infidel periodicals which have been scattered with more than lightning speed throughout the length and breadth of this land, so boastful of its freedom.

Your Magazine, thus tending to free the Catholic mind from the spirit of indifferentism, should meet not only with the approval of every serious, thinking Catholic, but also some token of their encouragement, such as is given by the enclosure of this check for ten dollars and a half. In conclusion, I wish your efforts to be crowned with untold success.

I am yours truly,

Rev. Michael Quinn.

Immaculate Conception Church, Easthampton, Mass., Feb. 16, 1881.

Dear Sir: Please send me nine copies of Donahoe's Magazine for March. I have disposed of this number, but hope to make it greater at an early date.

Respectfully,

R. F. Walsh.

Patrick Donahoe.

PRESS COMMENTS.

We are indebted to Father Twomey for a copy of Donahoe's Magazine, a journal devoted to the Irish race at home and abroad. It is cheap, — cheap as dirt. Every Irishman should sustain it by subscribing for it. It is nearly as large as the standard four-dollar magazines, and is very ably conducted.

Donahoe's Magazine for March is an excellent number. It contains a portrait and sketch of the Nun of Kenmare, articles on the Irish question, and a large amount of other interesting and valuable information. The magazine is excellently conducted, and commends itself to the lovers of wholesome literature. It should be handsomely supported. — *St. John (N. B.) Freeman.*

Donahoe's Magazine for March is out. It is a fine publication; and no wonder its readers become attached to it. Only $2 a year, but it and the Visitor can be had for $2 75. — *Catholic Visitor, Richmond, Va.*

Donohoe's Magazine: March, 1881. — This truly Irish-American gets better, we believe. At any rate it grows on one. The more he sees of it the better he likes it. — *The Central Catholic Advocate, Louisville, Ky.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. V. BOSTON, MAY, 1881. No. 5.

SPEAKING of a *religieuse*, Bossuet said: "A hard couch, the chanting of Psalms at night, and the day's work draw down slumber on that tender form."

LET the Catholic young men with their associations, and the Catholic Congresses with their committees, develop their action with alacrity; let them seek to establish and plant themselves everywhere, working in concord, and ever keeping themselves, in that which regards religion and faith, under the guidance and protection of the pastors of souls.— LEO XIII.

ARE THE WONDERS OF LOURDES AND OF KNOCK ILLUSIONS?*

Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

THE remarkable series of wonderful cures, of which Lourdes in France and Knock in Ireland have been the scene, has caused a profound sensation in the medical world. It would be idle to deny that the tendency of medical science in our day is decidedly materialistic. Physicians are so immersed in matter that they are exceedingly loath to credit any cures which are not directly traceable to the scalpel or the apothecary shop. They are unwilling to acknowledge the spirituality of the soul, except in a very restricted sense. Indeed, unless a doctor has a firm faith in the supernatural, his studies incline him to reject the evidence which philosophy adduces for the separate powers and functions of mind. He perceives so clearly the interdependence of mind and body that he is tempted to view man only as a material, physical being. The phenomena of thought seem to result from purely bodily conditions. He beholds the "mind o'erthrown" by merely corporeal agencies, and restored by the like means. The philosopher demonstrates the spiritual nature of the soul, by comparing its activity with the inertness and extension of matter; he pores over the argumentative language of Aristotle and Plato, points with triumph to the marvellous achievements of pure intellect, reasons upon the nature of sensations, discourses eloquently upon our aspirations to immortality, discusses the religious instinct, and contrasts the lightning-like rapidity of thought with the slowness of mechanism: but the physician stands calmly by and shows us that mind is helplessly dependent upon the brain, a material substance. He argues that the nervous system gives the law of health to our sensations; that the phenomena of memory are strangely physical; that thought is only transformed sensation; and that an ever-widening science has unveiled qualities in matter so akin to spirit that the old-time distinction is in a fair way to complete abandonment. Prof. Crookes has invented an apparatus which

* The Scientific Relations of Modern Miracles. By W. E. Hammond, M. D.

is claimed to reveal the intelligent action of invisible atoms of matter. The unifying tendency of science has brought about the doctrine of the existence of one supreme force in all nature, bodily and spiritual, of which heat, light, and electricity are only modes. The domain of natural law has been so thoroughly explored that there is no room left for the play of supernatural forces, and God is best known by the name of The Unknowable.

It is not strange, therefore, that the revelations of Lourdes and of Knock come with an unpleasant shock to these theories. Here we have the ordinary laws of nature reversed. Not only are there apparitions which are contrary to the general optical laws, but most remarkable changes in diseased subjects; changes which medicine endeavors to explain away on principles which, under other circumstances, it would reject with disdain. There is no controverting the *fact* of the cures. This is admitted on all hands. The theory of imposture is equally rejected as untenable. Can medicine, therefore, on any good physiological grounds, account for the phenomena of the cures of Lourdes and of Knock? Can it be shown that these cures result from certain pathological conditions competent to solve any problem suggested by the admitted inadequacy of such remedies as Lourdes water or Knock cement? This is the question to which Dr. W. A. Hammond, of the University of New York, addresses himself in a recent number of the International Review.

It may be of interest to note that Dr. Hammond has written several books on the subjects of spiritualism, dreams, visions, and hallucinations, which books, although largely compiled from De Boismont and Chacot, are not recognized as authorities in the medical profession. They have been very severely handled by leading medical reviews both here and in Europe, and have been characterized by eminent medical scientists as "neither thorough nor fair." Dr. Hammond, in the opinion of his medical critics, has a fashion of stating theories for facts, and of evolving conclusions from imaginary premises. This fault is a serious one in any kind of writing except professed fiction, but it is peculiarly offensive to the scientific mind, which boasts of its rigid adherence to exact and proved experiment. We have an example of the Doctor's conjectural style, in his surmise that Bernadette Soubirous, the young girl to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared at Lourdes, was suffering from congestion of the brain. Now, *if* Bernadette at the time of the apparition was laboring under cerebral congestion, the apparition *might have been* a hallucination. But this complaint is the very point to be proved. And why must we think that Bernadette suffered from congestion of the brain? Why, answers the Doctor, because this cerebral disease explains the apparition. This is a good example of arguing in a circle, which we commend to lads still in the first part of their Logic. The conclusion which the Doctor wishes to draw against the apparition depends upon the fact of Bernadette's cerebral congestion, — which he assumes without a particle of proof: —

"The vision is explicable on the theory that Bernadette was subject to attacks of cerebral congestion. The vision appeared when she was in a stooping posture, a position which facilitates the flow of blood to the brain and

impedes its return. The present writer has witnessed many cases of disorders of the brain produced by packing trunks, putting on stockings, buttoning gaiter boots, etc."

There is little wonder that medical men criticised Dr. Hammond for want of thoroughness and fairness, if his general pathological reasoning is of a stripe with this explanation of the Lourdes vision. It is all the more unfair from the fact that Bernadette was a remarkably sensible and placid child, without a trace of mental disease, as was evidenced by the whole tenor of her answers to the strict examinations and investigations which her wonderful story elicited from a great variety of intellectual men, — theologians, philosophers, physicians, and the civil authorities. What makes it worse for Dr. Hammond's professional reputation is the well-known fact that cerebral congestion is attended with great confusion of thought, and utter inability to recall the fitful images that flit across the distempered brain. Could such a minute description as Bernadette gave of the Blessed Virgin spring from a brain clogged, injected, and benumbed with unreturning blood?

"In a niche, formed by Nature in the rock, she saw, with superhuman distinctness, a female figure of incomparable splendor. The ineffable light which emanated from her did not in the least hurt the eyes, though shining with as much brightness as the sun at midday. On the contrary, it irresistibly attracted Bernadette's gaze, and seemed, in its delicious softness, like the light of the morning star in the freshness of the early dawn.

"There was nothing fantastical or vague about this lovely being. She appeared to be a real woman, and one of the most surpassing beauty. She was of middle height, seemed to be quite young, and had all the grace of a girl of twenty summers; but at the same time, though the fact did not detract in the least from the delicacy and beauty of her form, there was an air of eternal grandeur about it which was in entire accordance with the fitness of things. For, mingled with the divine traits of her countenance were those features which seemed to typify the four stages of human life. The innocent candor of the infant, the absolute purity of the virgin, the tender sedateness of the mother, the transcendent wisdom derived from the experience of accumulated centuries, were all at the same time expressed in the wonderful face of the young woman. Her face was oval, her eyes blue, her lips bore an expression of divine gentleness and love, her forehead appeared to express superior intelligence, — that is to say, a knowledge of all things united to a virtue without limit. The garments worn by this heavenly being were of an unknown material, and were doubtless, as M. Lassere says, manufactured in a mysterious workshop where lilies of the valley are made into textile fabrics; for they were as white as the immaculate snows of the mountains, and more magnificent in their simplicity than the gorgeous vestments worn by Solomon when in the height of his glory. Her robe, long and *en train*, fell in chaste folds, allowing her feet to be seen, as they stood upon the rock, pressing lightly a branch of eglantine. On each one of her feet, which were in a state of virginal nudity, bloomed the mystical golden rose. In front a girdle, blue as the heavens and loosely tied around the body, fell in two long bands which almost touched her feet. Behind, enveloping in its fulness her shoulders and arms, was a white veil which was fastened about her head, and which reached to the lower border of her robe. There were no rings, no necklace, no crown, no jewels of any kind; no such ornaments as those with which human vanity in

all ages has loved to decorate the Virgin. A chaplet, the beads of which were as white as drops of milk, and of which the chain was as yellow as the harvest corn, fell from her fervently clasped hands. The beads of the chaplet glided, one after the other, through her fingers, and her lips moved as though she were reciting her rosary; at other times she was apparently listening to the eternal echo in her heart of the angelic salutation, and to the murmur of the countless invocations coming to her from the earth. Each bead, as she touched it, was doubtless a shower of celestial graces falling on souls as the drops of dew fall on flowers. She was silent, but afterward her own words and the miraculous facts which occurred showed that she was the Immaculate Virgin, — the very august and very holy Mary, Mother of God."

This resplendent vision, as simply and plainly told by the young girl, was rejected at first as a hallucination. Her mother, the priest of the parish, and her companions ridiculed the whole story. And here we find the Doctor acting very fairly. Of course ignorant people at once credited the tale, and no doubt the priest saw in it a good opportunity for building a church! This is what the average critic would assert. But Dr. Hammond admits that Bernadette's story was received with general incredulity. The priest in particular strongly objected to it, treated Bernadette very cavalierly, and in fact acted just as the Church requires every priest to act in such matters. He demanded proofs, sent Bernadette to a physician, told her to ask the name of the Lady, and warned her of the awful consequences upon her soul of any deceit or imposture which she might be practising. The whole world knows the rest: the declaration of the Virgin that she was the Immaculate Conception; the spring which burst forth for the healing of nations, although the water has not a particle of specific medicinal virtue; and the awakening throughout the world of a new spirit of faith, which has profoundly modified even Protestantism, as Rev. Dr. Tyng declares.

An amusing delusion of Protestants and Rationalists is that Catholics are only too ready to swallow the most improbable stories about miracles, visions, etc. Even so judicious a writer as Lecky (History of Rationalism) thinks that the miraculous facts recorded in the lives of the saints have been accepted with uncritical and unquestioning faith. The fact is that Catholics are most critical and exact in the matter of the proof of miracles. The process of canonizing a saint is the most rigidly judicial in the world. The testimony to a miracle is subjected to tests which the ablest lawyers have deemed unnecessarily severe. The work of Pope Benedict XIV. (*Cultus Sanctorum*) is the most searching treatise on the nature of evidence as furnished by human testimony that the legal mind can boast of. The slightest flaw in the testimony respecting a miracle suffices to invalidate it. There is an authentic incident related by a Protestant lawyer, sojourning at Rome, who studied up the evidence of a miracle, and was profoundly convinced of its truth. "And yet," said an ecclesiastic to him, "that very miracle was rejected as not proven, for a trivial reason which would not weigh a moment before a civil tribunal." Every witness is put under oath, and at least two in number are of rigorous necessity. The objector to their evidence is

selected with special reference to his acuteness, sternness, and powers as a cross-examiner. The physicians that attended the patient are required to testify under oath to the nature of the disease, and to their conviction that the cure transcende l the powers of nature. The slightest evidence of the possibility of a cure through the ordinary methods of nature is a valid objection to the supposition of miraculous interposition. If any one reads the process of canonization of, say, St. Alphonsus Ligouri, he will see the strictness of this examination. The reason is, as Benedict XIV. points out, that the Church must be indubitably satisfied of the sanctity of one whom she raises to her altars; and though miracles are not essential to sanctity, yet where they exist, they are to be regarded as an evidence of the divine will to honor a saint. It is simply absurd to represent the Church as too anxious for the accumulation of miracles. The truth is that they are so common that they form only a minor proof of her divine institution. She exacts the fullest evidence, however, when she canonizes a saint; for then she, so to speak, adds a new member to the heavenly hierarchy, and so challenges the unbelieving world to question her action.

Acting in accordance with this rigor of the Church, the Bishop of Tarbes in 1858 appointed a commission to examine into the miracles alleged to have been wrought at the grotto of Lourdes, or by the application of the Lourdes water. Every cure had to bear the attestations of physicians, as is the case with all cures recorded in the "Annales," published at Lourdes since 1859. These attestations are strictly scientific. They give the nature of the disease, the course of natural treatment, etc., and the names of some of the most eminent physicians in France frequently appear. It is characteristic of the noblest medical men that they are candid enough to acknowledge the potency of supernatural or certainly preternatural remedies, when all the resources of their skill fail; and Dr. Hammond will himself acknowledge that what French physicians of eminence cannot cure, cannot be cured, for France stands admittedly at the head of medical science in the present century, as England did in the last.

These cures, ranging through every form of disease, are innumerable. The most striking are recorded in the volume of Henri Lassere, "Our Lady of Lourdes." The author himself was cured of an organic disease of the eyes. Dr. Hammond falsely asserts that all the cures effected by the Lourdes water are of nervous and hysterical patients. He says this in order to bring in his theory of "expectant attention," as the real cause of cure. He is convicted of unfairness, the general charge against him, by assuming that any appeal to the imagination would work the cure of a nervous affection quite as readily as the exhibition of the Lourdes water. To meet this theory, all that is logically necessary is the citation of a few cures wherein *no* action upon the imagination took place. For example: —

1. The son of Jean and Croisine Bouhorts, aged two years. General wasting away. Contrary to all medical prudence, his mother plunged him into the water of the grotto, and kept him there fifteen minutes. Death was sup-

posed to have ensued. The following day the child was able to walk, and possessed the health and strength hitherto denied him. At M. Lassere's writing, he was a vigorous lad of thirteen. Three medical men of repute testify to the wretchedly asthenic condition of the child at the time of the icy bath, which *should* have proved fatal. (Lourdes, February, 1858.)

2. Louis Bourriette, quarryman. Right eye smashed by a splinter of rock from a blast. M. Dozous, physician, testifies to amaurosis. Cured by a cup of Lourdes water applied as a fomentation. Drs. Dozous and Vergez, of Tarbes, testify to the incurable nature of the affection, which could not be relieved by any ophthalmic surgery. (Lourdes, 1858.)

3. Madeleine Rizan, incurable paralysis. Dr. Tuberville announced to her that she had but a few days to live. A sufferer for twenty-six years. The disease toward the end was complicated with hemorrhages from the lungs. Restored by one glass of Lourdes water to complete health.

4. Sœur Marie Revest. Disease of the spinal marrow, with paralysis of the lower limbs. Completely restored by a novena to our Lady of Lourdes. Marseilles, 1874. The medical expert testimony given by Drs. Brengues, Gustal, and Cauvin.

5. Jeanne Marie de Fontenay. Organic lesion of the viscera. Cured instantaneously at Lourdes, after years of suffering. Medical testimony furnished by Drs. Buttura and Bennet (an English specialist), Courby, Mangin, and Lagoutte. These admit the instantaneous and complete cure of a terrible disease aggravated with others. (Baccaret, 1874.)

Now for Dr. Hammond's theory of cure. It is that imagination, expectant attention, and ardent hopefulness are the prime factors in the matter: —

"It is not a matter of the slightest consequence what the thing is in which faith is put, — whether it be the piece of the rope with which a murderer was hung, or powdered snakes and lizards, prayer to God, or even to the devil, — for miracles are done in his name: one is just as efficacious as the other."

If our readers will glance over the five cases which we have enumerated, they can determine for themselves how much room there was for this powerful operation of the imagination. What imaginative power had the child of two years? Even admitting that the adults cured had some hope, how much influence has hope upon a chronic disease? The fact is that Dr. Hammond is very far behind the age, even in this department of nervous complaints, about which he writes so copiously. De Vaigny, who is recognized, with Brown-Séquard, as the greatest living specialist of neurotic or nerve diseases, says, "In cerebral pathology, there is great difficulty in separating the essential from the accidental, and distinguishing cause and effect among a plurality of causes." But Dr. Hammond will admit only one cause of the cures at Lourdes and Knock, — imagination. This was the old theory, and it is elaborated in an exploded book by Tuke, who exaggerated the function of fancy in the cure of disease. A physician whose science is up to his day will not depend upon the imagination of his patient for a cure. He recognizes, with the lates medical science, the comparative if not total helplessness of mind or the

emotions to prevent or to cure disease. The old-fashioned theory of curing with bread pills or colored water is at present rightly stigmatized as a resource of ignorance. Haviland thinks that there never was a complaint cured by the mere action of the imagination; and if Dr. Hammond were not writing against a wonderful exhibition of God's providence in the world, he would as a physician say the same thing, — unless indeed, as we fear, he is somewhat in the rear of medical research. Even so old a doctor as Rush, who was inclined to attach undue importance to imagination, admits that it is useless in curing diseases, however potent it may be in bringing on certain hypochondriacal affections. But imagination never caused a real disease, and never cured one.

It must ever remain a mystery to candid men, why certain minds reject all evidence of God's doings in a world which he himself created. It is the height of absurdity to say that it is impossible for the Creator to change, modify, afflict, or heal his creature. The physical laws have him for their lawgiver, and it is a commonplace that a lawgiver can dispense with his own laws. God did not make the world subject to a code of cast-iron legislation, which would defy himself to modify. If man can control the atoms of matter, and direct the great forces of nature; if he can make steam do his work, and electricity carry his thought, — it certainly seems hard to deny to God a power to interfere in his own creation. He assuredly has given us dominion over the earth, but not to the exclusion of himself. An ingenuous mind rejoices in such marvels as Lourdes and Knock, if only for the evidences that God has not deserted mankind, in spite of the strong objections to his presence and power urged with such virulence by men like Dr. Hammond.

The objection that the Lourdes water does not prove efficacious in every case proceeds from a misconception of the nature of miracle. It is clear that the main purpose of the Lourdes vision was doctrinal. Not that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception needed miracles to prove it, but there was something fitting in this glorious attestation by heaven to the faith of the Church on earth. The miracles bore witness to the veracity of Bernadette. Dr. Hammond therefore wastes his powder by citing cases in which the Lourdes water was of no avail. We could also overturn his theory of "expectant attention," by examples of many who were full of eager hope, expectancy, faith, imagination, and all the conditions of his merely natural cure, but who used the Lourdes water in vain. It was also due to the argument which he draws from parallel means of cure — "the hangman's rope," etc. — to compare these cures with those known to have been wrought at Lourdes. We should like to contrast them, examine wherein they agreed and differed, the nature of the disease, etc., before we would pronounce them identical in the method of cure, through the imagination. A careful and scientific physician would not hazard these parallelisms, and similar cures, without instituting a comparison and proving the similarity. The same remark applies to his explanation of Bernadette's vision on the same theory that accounts for the hallucinations of fever, delirium, and insanity. We can understand the animus of a mere atheist in ridiculing

the supernatural, and make allowances for it on the ground of ignorance or malice; but when a physician comes forward, we look for scientific analysis, and cool, calm dissection. We would respect such a man, and gladly examine his proofs and weigh his objections, even if they were not in accord with our religious emotions. But Dr. Hammond is neither an atheist nor a scientist, and it must have been only professional etiquette that prevented his medical critics from calling him a charlatan.

CLÔTURE.

The Boston Evening Traveller gives this explanation of an expression now in general use: —

Clôture is defined to be "the previous question." It means that, and something — and a great deal too — more. The most remarkable case of *Clôture* is that in which Oliver Cromwell turned the remnant of the English House of Commons out of doors, at point of pike, indulging all the while in the most abusive language, much of which will not bear quotation. The whole affair was well got up as a "closing" scene. It was repeated some years later, after Cromwell's death, at the expense of the same House of Commons. Cromwell treated almost all the Parliaments that he called to *Clôture*, in the most liberal manner. All English though he was, he did not disdain to get up a little French, on occasion. James the Second disposed of the only Parliament he ever called by what amounted to *Clôture*, just as his father had applied the same thing to the Short Parliament. The Paris rabble applied *Clôture* to the French Convention, on several occasions; and it was a common resort in the Reign of Terror, even the defence of the Dantonists being stifled by it. Bonaparte applied it to the Council of Five Hundred, in 1799, and history politely calls the "transaction" the Eighteenth Brumaire. The bayonet did for him what the pike had done for Cromwell. As Napoleon I. he had resort to *Clôture* when the Legislative Body took a slight snatch at free speech. He had availed himself of it on other occasions. Charles X. sought to apply it to the Chamber of Deputies, and he was tumbled off his throne for his pains. There was a race for *Clôture* in 1851, between the French Assembly and Louis Napoleon. The Assembly meant to "enclose" the Prince President in the narrowest of all prisons, and the only one that keeps all it gets, — the grave; but P. P. shut up the Assemblymen in temporary prisons, thus making them familiar with *Clôture*. Call it "the previous question," or "a case of urgency," or what you will, *Clôture* is nothing but tyranny, which wears many shapes, and bears many names. It is of the tools that tyrants use, but do not cast away. All use it when they can, and all denounce it when they find it turned against themselves. It is part of the common and constantly played game of deception that belongs to public life, and which is not altogether unknown in private life. To apply *Clôture* generally, let us borrow some of the lines of a poet of our time, not long dead: —

> "The high-titled cares of daily strife,
> Which we our duties call, —
> Trades, arts, and politics of life, —
> What are they after all,"

but just so much humbug?

SHAMROCKS FROM IRELAND.

To the Nun of Kenmare. By J. T. Gallagher.

["I write to ask those of your readers who wish for shamrocks from Ireland for St. Patrick's Day to give me timely notice. Dean Swift said that the only thing in Ireland not taxed in his day was the air. Well, that is taxed now, as far as possible, for an attempt has been made by our paternal government to prevent meetings in the open air for the discussion of Irish grievances. But the shamrocks as yet are free. Let me add that even this may not continue, since periwinkles have been taxed by an Irish landlord." — *Sister Mary Francis Clare's Letter to the Boston Globe.*]

Sweet Sister, O sweet Sister! send, O send across the sea,
For the coming Patrick's morning, send some shamrocks green to me;
How I'll prize them from thee, Sister, God alone can ever know,
For I love them, oh, I love them, and the land in which they grow!

Yes, old Erin's faithful daughter! wheresoe'er the exiles stray,
Whether in the ice-bound Arctic, where there's but one night and day,
Or beside the gates of morning, or where daylight sinks to rest,
The green shamrock hills of Erin fond are treasured in each breast.

And thy name, sweet, sainted Sister, in the South, North, East, and West,
Of all Erin's faithful children, is beloved the dearest, best;
And thy voice, where'er 't is echoed, it but more thy name endears,
And the exile, weary-hearted, cheers or floats his eyes in tears.

But thy letter! ah, to read it — the sad tale of Erin's woes,
The great suffering of her children and the tyranny of her foes,
Thy great efforts to redress them in the past and present years, —
Ah, 't would wring from hearts of iron, floods of salt and scalding tears!

And they 've threatened thee with murder! O most valiant men and brave!
Land of warriors and of heroes! land that never nursed a slave!
What? a proud and mighty empire, on which never sets the sun,
Claims the honor first to threaten murder to a saintly nun!

And the cause! O mankind, hear it — hear, God, in heaven above —
That she strove through years of famine to feed the hungry of her love!
Told the kind and list'ning world how the landlords flung the poor,
When they had no more to plunder, starving, naked from their door.

And they 'll murder thee for telling! By that God that made us all,
By the grave of every martyr, from Cork's Cove to Donegal,
By our hopes and by our sorrows, if they lay a hand on thee,
All the world cannot save them from being swept into the sea.

For though Ireland is down-trodden, robbed and starved and begging there,
And her tyrants fast have bound her, — even taxed the very air, —
Though her sons are broken-hearted, are nigh driven to despair,
To avenge thee, noble Sister, there 's an Ireland everywhere!

And you say, dear, loving Sister, — glorious news for all and me,
Who were driven broken-hearted from their country o'er the sea,
And who are longing, longing, longing, that bright land again to see, —
Though they 've taxed the periwinkles, still the shamrocks yet are free.

Then, while they 're free, O send me for the coming Patrick's Day
One bright wreath; and night and morning, ever, ever shall I pray
That you 'll rise as bright and happy as the sun yet ever rose,
On the wings of glorious triumph, o'er your mean, unmanly foes.

OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND GEOLOGICAL NOTES OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

The Coal Formation — Mining Districts.

England, it is more than probable, is indebted for a considerable amount of its wealth and power to the sister isle: its manufactures, the true sources of its colossal colonial empire, have been produced by coal, therefore to Ireland it owes a debt of gratitude. It is abundantly proved that the great central limestone plain of Ireland was originally covered throughout with immense carboniferous beds, the formation and deposition of ages. This great stratum was composed of shale and grit, with numerous and deep seams of coal occurring therein, which we have undoubted evidence that ancient seas, during the process of the submergence of this island, denuded and washed away only to increase the vast mineral stores of Britain. Prof. Hull, in his "Physical Geology and Geography of Ireland," at page 153, thus alludes to this subject: "Thus, in several places, either on the margin of or rising from the central plain, we find remnants of the upper carboniferous strata which, owing to special circumstances (chiefly that they occupy stratigraphical basins of synclinal troughs), have escaped destruction, and like solitary columns amidst the ruins of ancient temples, are monuments of decay and waste which has reigned around. In this way, the little coal-fields of Arigna, Slieve-an-Jerin, and Tyrone in the north are interesting as showing what kinds of strata originally overlay the carboniferous limestone between their widely separated positions. Now if we compare the succession of the beds in these places, we shall find they are strictly representative, and the manner in which they are broken off and abruptly truncated along their outcrop proves that they originally extended to undefined distances beyond their present limits." Further on, at page 166, our author continues: "Throughout this inconceivably long space of time, our island was more or less unsubmerged, its surface being swept by sub-aerial waters, and its strata carried, little by little, into the adjoining ocean, to form, perhaps, some of the strata which were being piled up over the ocean-bed of the British area. At this time Ireland contributed to the future mineral wealth of England. She stripped herself to clothe her sister, and to supply materials from atmospheric waste for the latter's vast stores of coal, upon which her greatness and prosperity now so largely depends; this debt ought never to be forgotten."

The veins of coal throughout Ireland are of comparatively little magnitude. In the Castlecomer or Kilkenny * district there are two or three thin seams, which are extensively worked and supply a large local demand; in Tipperary

* Kilkenny coal possesses singular properties, arising from the total absence of bitumen, which in specimens of the generality of good-quality coal, as well as Whitehaven, usually amounts to fifty per cent of the entire; it is principally composed of carbon, and does not emit in combustion either smoke or flame. Referring to Kilkenny, part of an old rhyme runs thus: —

> "Fire without smoke, earth without bog,
> Water without mud, air without fog,
> And streets paved with marble."

Perhaps it is to the paving with marble the absence of mud is attributed; with regard to the coal being devoid of smoke, it is perhaps a disadvantage, as it emits a peculiarly unpleasant and unwholesome vapor, — carbonic-acid and sulphuric-acid gas.

there are several beds of some extent, but the seams are also thin, yet they are worked with considerable success. This remark also applies to the seams at Kanturk, in the county Cork. The Tyrone coal-field occupies a large area; it is much broken by faults, but is likely to be rendered very productive; being in a manufacturing district, it is to be hoped eventually it will become a valuable adjunct to the industries of Ulster.

The coal-beds and mineral veins of Ireland being commercially of considerable importance, and most interesting in a geological point of view, our subject would be incomplete without the foregoing notice of them. Their extent and localities have been described in the late Sir R. Griffith's "Outlines of Geology of Ireland," and their commercial value prominently brought forward in Sir R. Kane's "Industrial Resources," to which authorities, for information on these points, we refer our readers. Coal always occurs in seams of different thicknesses, overlying each other, — seldom horizontal, but generally inclined, as all deposited strata are found; its being of vegetable origin is unquestioned. At the period of its accumulation, that the earth was covered by rank, luxuriant vegetation, and that a nearly tropical heat pervaded the entire surface, is certain, because the remains of tropical plants, such as tree-ferns, most predominate, while many of the species discovered are totally unknown at the present day, yet all evidently of tropical growth.

In the shale which separates these beds of coal, and in the sandstone accompanying them, impressions of plants are found, — horse-tails and club-mosses of enormous size, yet bearing evidence of being allied to the diminutive specimens existing in our climate, but of such vast proportions in their cellular structure as to prove they could only have existed in very warm latitudes. Numerous large fragments of trees are found upright, with their roots still embedded in their native soil, while many are horizontal, as if transported from a distance.

The most probable theory accounting for coal beds, is that they were once immense tracts of the richest vegetation, of which we have now no representatives, except upon a small scale in the swamps of India, Africa, and South America. We have sometimes heard that our own bogs will, after the lapse of ages, be reproduced in the form of coal; but of this we must remark, when that period shall arrive they will be found greatly deficient in the properties of our present product. The luxuriant vegetation of tropical climates only can produce it, such as we are accustomed to.

But to return. These enormous fields of vegetation — the vegetation of age after age, superimposed upon each other — were by some depressing cause lowered until they became submerged under water. Possibly, by being thus formed into lacustrine beds, they accumulated mud and sand, the precursors of shale and grit, which formed successive strata over them. They were again upraised, similar vegetation appeared, and similar results followed

We cannot better terminate our remarks upon the formation of coal than by giving an extract from Prof. Buckland's graphic account of the coal mines of Bohemia, given in his Bridgewater Treatise: "The finest example I have ever witnessed is that of the coal mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black color of these vegetables with the light groundwork of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into

the forests of another world. He beholds trees of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigor of their primeval life. Their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians."

Impression of a Fern. Coal Mines of Bohemia.

Lyell does not give the formation of coal; but in Vol. II., of his "Principles of Geology," page 249, he describes the drift-wood constantly floated down large rivers into lacustrine deposits, as now producing wood coal. In Ireland, we have examples of this in the lignite found on the banks of Lough Neagh, at depths varying from thirty to seventy feet.

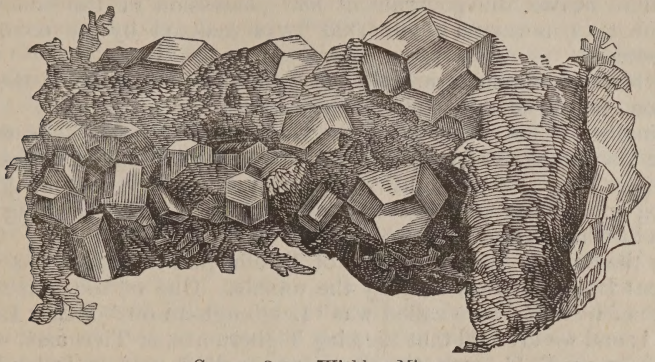
In connection with the formation of coal, it is an extraordinary fact that no matter in what part of the world it is discovered, — even at Melville Island, in the regions of eternal frost, — the same tropical vegetation pervades it. This would tend to show that the climate of the entire globe was at one period uniform. This may or may not be. Coal, however, is only produced under a tropical sun.

The small remnant of the coal formation of Ireland which still exists rests upon the upper limestone, with intervening beds of sandstone and slate rock, and the districts where it occurs have generally an aspect of considerable elevation. A glance at Sir R. Kane's "Geological Map of Ireland" will at once show where all the workable seams occur, and prove the denuding forces which once existed.

Mining operations date back to a remóte period. In several of the abandoned workings of former times, antique tools are found, wooden shovels, stone hammers, and chisels of primitive form, evidently of great antiquity.

Dr Boake tells us, in his "Natural History of Ireland," written more than two hundred and thirty years ago, that iron was manufactured then in considerable quantity, so much so as to have been an article of considerable export to London. Iron ore exists largely in numerous places, and is found in almost every coal district. There is also what is called bog iron ore, which, as its name implies, occurs in bogs and morasses. Iron ore is also found in the sandstone and clay slate deposits.

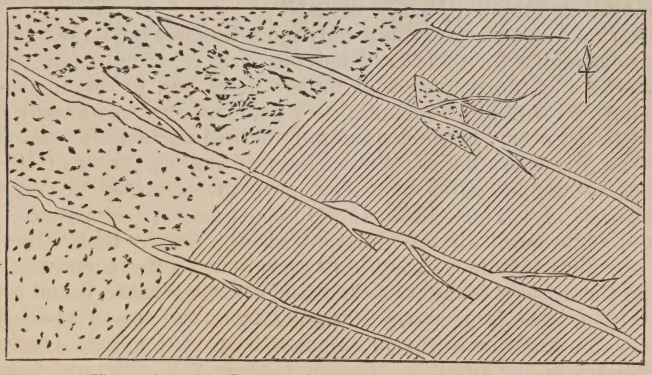
In the clay slate, copper is obtained more or less abundantly, particularly in Wicklow, Waterford, and the southern portions of Cork and Kerry.



Copper Ore. Wicklow Mines.

Lead ore is extensively developed in the granite districts of Dublin and Wicklow. In Wicklow it has been extensively worked at Glendalough and Glenmalure. Near Dublin, at Ballycorus, it is found associated with silver; and at Clontarf, in the same county, in the calp formation on the seashore, it was for a time successfully raised, until the tide broke in and filled the mine with water. In the clay slate deposits it occurs in Armagh, Down, and Louth, and in Clare, Cork, Kenmare, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Wexford, in the granite and mica slate of Connemara and Donegal.

Silver is generally found associated with lead in Ireland, and varies in quantity from eight ounces to one hundred and twenty ounces per ton of ore. At Kilbricken mine, in Clare, it occurs in the latter large proportion.



Veins of Lead in Granite and Sedimentary Rock, Wicklow.

That the ancient Irish must have been possessed of native gold is evidenced by the abundance of their ornaments preserved to our time, and for which no means of importation then existed. About eighty years ago considerable quantities of gold were found in the beds of the streams which descend from the mountain Croghan Kinshela, which rises on the confines of Wicklow and Wexford, where it was for a considerable time collected by the peasantry in larger and smaller nuggets, and even down to the most minute grains. The business of its extraction was at length taken up by the government, but it was found after a while it would not pay the cost of working. About forty

years ago a London company obtained a lease of the district, but the product of gold was so trifling the works were finally abandoned. Yet it is curious to remark that before the government had possession of the mines, reliable information tells us a sum of £10,000 * was realized by the country people who collected it.

Iron pyrites, or sulphur ore, exists in considerable quantity in the clay slate of Wicklow, and is an article of constant export.

Mr. Kinahan, in his "Manual of the Geology of Ireland," tells us that quite recently a small nugget of gold was picked up in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, out of a load of gravel brought from the river Dodder, and he gives much interesting information with regard to both gold and silver occurring in Ireland, a portion of which we avail ourselves of: —

"That the gold in the mountains of Dublin and Wicklow was worked by the ancient Irish seems proved by the annals. One of the names by which the people of Leinster were called was 'Laighnigh-an-oir,' or the 'Lagerians of the Gold'; and we are told that the king Tighernmas, or Tiernmas, who reigned about 1000 years B. C., was the first that smelted gold in Ireland, and that the mines were situated in the Foithre, or woody district, east of the Liffey (the Dublin mountains). The name of the artificer is said to have been Uchadan, and his residence in Fercualan, or the present barony of Powerscourt.

"Silver, similarly to gold, is mentioned by the old historians. Enna Airgtheach, who reigned about eight centuries and a half B. C., is said to have been the first who made silver shields for his chieftains. They were made at Argetros, or Silver Wood, on the Nore, county of Kilkenny. In that neighborhood, at Ballygallion and Knockadrina, are very ancient mines in which native silver associated with argentiferous lead occurs. Silver is also said to have been found near Toomavara, county of Tipperary, at a place called Rosargid, which also means Silver Wood. This name has not reached our day; but a little southward of Toomavara, at Kilanafinch, are the remains of very ancient 'silver mines,' as they are locally called."

In concluding these chapters, our only remarks shall be, — We have avoided, as being unnecessary for their intended purpose, entering upon the numerous subdivisions of rock formation so minutely described by geologists. All, — either primary, stratified, or volcanic, — where, as they necessarily must be, in contact with each other, produce numerous hybrid variations, completely altering their relative textures, each partaking of the qualities of the other, the igneous rock becoming partly stratified, and the stratified losing the original traces of its origin. These metamorphic changes have contributed largely to subdivision, while many of the different groups derive their names from the localities in which they most abundantly crop out on the surface of the globe; others from the organic remains, either animal or vegetable, found embedded in them; but by far the largest are classified from the age of their deposits, to which a—to the beginner—puzzling nomenclature is applied. Our purpose has been to explain in the simplest possible manner the different descriptions of mineral formation as occurring in Ireland; therefore we have confined ourselves to the principal denominations of each, avoiding as much as possible entering into minutiæ, which, in a utilitarian point of view, could have no connection with our subject. In remarking upon coal, and the mining districts, the information given is only of a general character. Both are ably treated, and in the fullest possible manner, in the works of the late Sir R. Griffiths and Sir Robert Kane, of whose valuable labors we have availed ourselves in addition to other acknowledged authorities. In these chapters we have had but one object

* "Industrial Resources."

in view; namely, the promotion of a taste for geological information, which many erroneously suppose is inconsistent with divine teaching. When it is remembered that the revelations of Scripture are more generally employed in a figurative sense, the first chapter of the Book of Genesis will be found only to explain the truths unfolded by science, and make apparent the dispensations by which the Almighty Architect of the Universe, in the exercise of his divine power, has rendered this earth subservient to all the wants of man; and as each phase of geological discovery presents itself to our view, in page after page of its history, they in their turn tend more fully to compel us to acknowledge there is no departure in them from the words which have emanated from the Great Creator of all; and when we consider that he has permitted his creature man to exercise the genius and power of research conferred upon him in unveiling the marvellous history of bygone worlds, and enabled him to explore the far-off epochs of creation, we should admit it was not without an object; and as we must believe the earth will again undergo a cataclysm similar to the many we have described in the earlier pages of this book, it is to be hoped that the treasures of the scientific labors of our era will not be without advantage to the more highly organized races who, according to the imprints which remain to us, will probably follow as habitants of the globe: for it seems to be the law of divine power, so far as our limited capabilities can explain it, to make each change of the world's system more perfect than those which have preceded it, and, according to the notions of Cuvier, as expressed by a modern author, —

"Such things,
Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity."

ENGLAND COMING BACK TO THE OLD FAITH.

Never, since the reign of religious anarchy began in England, have Catholics played so important a part in court, in council, and in camp, as they do at this moment. For her Earl Marshal, Queen Victoria has that type and ornament of the Catholic laity, the Duke of Norfolk; for her Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Kenmare; for her own vicegerent in India, the Marquis of Ripon; for her Lord Chancellor in Ireland, whose office supposes him to be "the keeper of her Majesty's conscience" in that part of her dominions, Lord O'Hagan; while the guardianship of her colonial dominions has been intrusted to General Sir Henry Clifford, to Governor Pope Hennessy, to Sir Frederick Weld, to Sir H. Strickland, to Sir Garnet Wolseley, and several other less conspicuous persons of the same faith.

THE PERSECUTIONS OF APOSTATES.

In a letter to Father Ragey, author of an excellent work on the Julian Persecution, Mgr. Forcade, the eminent Archbishop of Aix, compares the present persecution of the Church in France to that which she suffered under Julian the Apostate: "The analogy between the present persecution and that of the too famous apostate has struck me from the first day, and the more it goes on the more I distinguish its odious traits; there is the same hypocrisy, the same roguery, the same perversity. Between these persecutions there is perhaps this difference, that the authors of the first were of a higher order of intellect than the author or the authors of the second. These are only pigmies to the Roman Cæsar. They can ape and exaggerate even his grotesqueness; but, thank God, they cannot elevate themselves to his height. We are permitted to hope that their Satanic empire will last even a shorter term than that of the brief reign of their Satanic master."

Mgr. Forcade, like Count Joseph de Maistre, looks on.

THE THUNDERING LEGION.

The pagans who have written the life of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius relate that this prince, having carried the war into Germany against the Quadi and the Marcomanni, fought for a long time without any advantage, and was about to perish with his whole army, when it pleased the Lord to favor him in a most wonderful manner.

Marcus Aurelius, having passed the Danube during the great heats of summer, found himself engaged in the mountains of an unknown country, and holding a position so disadvantageous that his troops could neither retreat nor advance. Without water and other necessaries, exposed to the arrows of the enemy, his army was at the same time overcome with fatigue, scorched with the heat of the sun, and devoured with thirst. The emperor sought not to vanquish, but to save his army. Retreat was cut off from him, and owing to the advantageous position of his enemies, he could not attack them. All human prudence was at an end, and the courageous Romans were without resource. Happily for the salvation of the Roman Empire, there was in this army of idolaters a legion called the Thundering Legion, composed of nearly all Christians. The danger awoke their faith; they prostrated themselves on the ground, or kneeling, with their hands lifted up towards heaven, invoked with confidence the name of Jesus Christ. Their humble sighs, their cries, their tears, their prayers, ascended to the throne of the living God, and obtained a miracle of protection which saved the Roman army, destroyed the barbarians, and snatched from them a victory which the Marcomanni thought themselves assured of. Whilst the Christians continued to pray (separated from the rest of the army), an abundant fall of rain fell upon the Roman camp, and quenched the thirst of the dying soldiers. From the moment it commenced to rain they lifted up their heads, and received into their mouths the water that fell. They then held their bucklers and helmets, that they might drink still more.

The barbarians thought to profit of the occasion, and attacked them vigorously. The Romans found themselves obliged to allay their thirst and fight at the same time. Some of them even that were wounded drank their own blood mingled with the water which they held in their helmets. Providence aided them still more by causing large hail-stones to fall, and launching thunderbolts against their enemies. They saw at the same place water and fire descend from heaven, giving refreshment to some and burning others; for the moment the fire fell upon the Romans it was immediately quenched, but the rain which fell upon the barbarians did not extinguish the flames which devoured them: on the contrary, it acted like oil, and augmented the fire. The barbarians in vain sought for water in the midst of the rain; and they saw themselves either obliged to sink under their wounds, or cast themselves into the arms of the Romans, in order to save their lives at the expense of their liberty.

A young lady being taken to task for tight lacing, said that she resorted to the practice on purely economical grounds. "How is that?" asked her reprover. "Why," she replied, "I lace tightly simply to prevent waistfulness!"

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and all will see the defect when the weaving of his lifetime is unrolled.

A good deed is never lost; he who plants kindness gathers love.

IRELAND:

A LETTER TO EARL GRAY.

(*Concluded.*)

Third. In the last three centuries of its poverty, the Church in Ireland has been once more supplied by the Divine Providence with sufficient revenues. Once it possessed fixed endowments: now it is endowed with the free-will offerings of the people. Burke, in one of his letters, had this in view when he described the Catholic Church in Ireland, some few points excepted, as "an image of a primitive Catholic Church." * They who serve the altar in Ireland live of the altar. The highest exercise of mutual charity is reciprocally manifested by the pastors and their flocks. The old church property has been desecrated, a new endowment has been found. When an old chalice has been stolen, a new one is consecrated. If the old one were restored, as it has been desecrated, melt it down, and give the silver to the poor. A new one has been provided; the old one is no longer needed. So with the old endowments. They belonged once to God. They have been taken away, and he has provided in another form for the service of his altar. They ought indeed to be restored, and let the restitution be fully made; but let it be made to him in the hands of his poor. They are his representatives. Therefore it is that the bishops declare that, "by appropriating the ecclesiastical property of Ireland for the benefit of the poor, the legislature would realize one of the purposes for which it was originally destined, and to which it was applied in Catholic times." By this, the bishops do not mean that it should be applied to relieve the landlords of the poor-rates, or the government of the cost of education, but in other ways for which there is no provision.

There are many works of piety and charity, much needed in Ireland, which would absorb much. The rest would go direct to the poor if it were applied to such a settlement of the land as would lift the families of the poor by giving them an interest in the soil.

But the question of applying the proceeds, be it easy or difficult of solution, in no way bears upon the absolute duty of withdrawing from Catholic Ireland the ubiquitous offence and challenge of a Protestant Establishment in every diocese and in every parish, where sometimes the whole population is exclusively Catholic. Perfect religious equality, as in Canada and Australia, is the sole way of peace and justice between England and Ireland.

And now, my lord, I will not shrink from venturing even upon the land question, because it is the chief and paramount condition on which the peace of Ireland depends. In comparison with this question, all others are light. It is the question of the people and of the poor; of social peace or agrarian war; of life or of death to millions. Until lately we have been led to believe that no one could understand it. We have been persuaded by the confident assertions of men to shut our mouths before it, as if it had some special and infallible difficulty; as if it were a problem that statesmen could not unravel, of which political economists could render no account. Foreign nations are not of this opinion: they see no exceptional difficulty or complexity about it; and there are some general truths and governing axioms connected with it about which there can be no reasonable doubt. To these I shall confine myself, and they will be enough to show the inevitable necessity of

* "I very much wish to see, before my death, an image of a primitive Christian Church. With little improvements, I think the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland very capable of exhibiting that state of things. I should not, by force or fraud or rapine, have ever reduced them to their present state. God forbid! But being in it, I conceive that much may be made of it, to the glory of religion and the good of the State. If the other was willing to hear of any melioration, it might, without any strong perceivable change, be rendered much more useful. But prosperity is not apt to receive good lessons, nor always to give them; rebaptism you won't allow, but truly it would not be amiss for the Christian world to be rechristened."—Letter to Rev. Dr. Hussey, Feb. 27, 1795; *Correspondence*, Vol. IV. p. 284.

legislation on the relation of the Irish people to the land.

I will begin, then, by affirming that there is a natural and divine law, interior and superior to all human and civil law, by which every people has a right to live of the fruits of the soil on which they are born, and in which they are buried. This is a right older and higher than any personal right. It is the intrinsic right of the whole people and society, out of which all private rights to the soil and its fruits are created, and by which those created rights must always be controlled. A starving man commits no theft if he saves his life by eating of his neighbor's bread so much as is necessary for the support of his existence. The civil law yields before the higher jurisdiction of the divine, as the positive divine law yields before the natural law of God. Even the "shew bread" might be eaten to save life. If at any time the civil laws shall so define the property of private persons as to damage the public weal, the supreme civil power has both the power and the duty so to modify those private rights as to reconcile them with the public good. No better example can be found than in the Act of Elizabeth, whereby the land in England was charged with the relief of the poor The Law of Settlement is a modified right to the soil, — a right to live on it and of it. The poor are joint owners of the usufruct. The land being a fixed quantity, and the people an extending quantity, it is inevitable that the preoccupation of the whole area of the country by a small number of landlords must have the effect of excluding or disinheriting the greater part of the people from all possession of the soil. The Poor Law, therefore, charged the general estate with a rent-charge for the younger children of the realm. Nothing can be conceived more just; and yet, when it was proposed in 1838 for Ireland, it was called "confiscation" For three hundred years the landlords in England had clearly recognized it as a just law; Irish landlords resisted it as a violation of the rights of property. It is to be doubted if the land laws of England would have lasted till this date if the Act of Elizabeth had not made their exclusiveness tolerable to the mass of the people. Here, then, is a wise and just modification of private rights by a higher law: "Salus populi suprema lex." It is a law as conservative as it is just. Without it, where would be now the great estates of England? The late Sir Robert Peel said to a friend, from whom I heard it, that by the repeal of the Corn Laws he had saved the landlords against their will. The same will, I trust, be true of the land laws in Ireland.

I need not recite what all men know, that there is no right of private property which is not modified, not only by those higher laws, but also by a multitude of positive enactments, based only on public utility. What are the forced sales of all kinds of property, even the most valuable to the owners, — ancestral estates, and cherished homes,— if a line of railway be required? In building our own dwelling-houses, we are limited and controlled in endless ways, as to frontages and lights and construction. We cannot use our own land except under limitations which take from its extent. We cannot do what we will with our own. We cannot even let in the light of heaven, which is *res nullius*, and therefore the universal property of all men, except under conditions which protect our neighbor, not in life and limb, but in convenience and comfort. We may not set up mills or works upon a river which may cause the stream to alter its course, and to damage our neighbor down the stream. We may not bank our own side of the river so as to make it eat away the shore of the opposite owner. Our whole law is full of wise, equitable, merciful limitations upon the absolute right of private property. The notion that we may do what we will with our own — that

is, that we have no limit to our use but our own will — is false every way, immoral, and contrary to all laws, civil, natural, and divine. In the use and employment of our private rights, we are subject to the public good. If we respect the public good, the legislature has no need to intervene. If we use our extreme rights to our neighbor's hurt, the law will justly come in to protect him, and to limit our freedom. In England the traditions of centuries, the steady growth of our mature social order, the ripening of our agriculture and of our industry, the even distribution and increase of wealth, have reduced the relation of landlord and tenant to a fixed, though it be an unwritten law, by which the rights of both are protected. There may be in England no need of land laws. Our land customs may be enforced in the courts, and thereby have the force of law. English landlords, as a rule, live on their estates. Their lands are their homes. English tenants are protected by the mightiest power that ever ruled a Christian country,— a power which controls the legislature, dictates the laws, and guides even the sovereignty of the Crown, — the force of a vigilant, watchful, ubiquitous public opinion.

But in Ireland none of these things are so. In one fourth of Ireland there are land laws, or rather land customs, which protect the tenant. In three fourths of Ireland there are neither laws nor customs. The tenants are tenants at will. Over a vast proportion of Ireland the landlords are absentees. The mitigating and restraining influences of the lords of the soil, which in England, and in every civilized country, do much to correct the excesses of agents, speculators, and traffickers, and to temper legal rights with equity and moderation, are hardly to be found. The substantial improvements upon farms, and the buildings necessary for agriculture, are made, not by the landlord, as in England, but by the tenant, in Ireland. Is this to be found in any other country of Europe? The tenant has no security that his outlay is his own, or that he shall ever reap the benefit of it. Whatever goes into the soil, whatever is built upon it, "fructificat domino." The landlord may raise his rent at will, and give him notice to quit at will. The tenant at will may be put out for any cause; not only for non-payment of rent, or waste of his land, or bad farming, or breach of covenant, if such can be supposed to exist, — all of which would bear a color of justice, — but for the personal advantage of the landlord arising from the tenant's improvements, for political influence, for caprice, for any passing reason, or no reason, assigned or not assignable, which can arise in minds conscious of absolute and irresponsible power.

This is an evil state. Absolute and irresponsible power is too great for man. Even supreme civil rulers do not possess it; but the rights of property, as they are claimed in Ireland, in respect to the amount of rent and the eviction of tenants, are absolute and irresponsible. The very term "tenant at will" is there of dangerous sound. If the events which have passed in Ireland since 1810 had passed in England, the public opinion of this country would have imperiously compelled the legislature to turn our land customs into Acts of Parliament. If any sensible proportion of the people of the English counties were to be seen moving down upon the Thames for embarkation to America, and dropping by the roadside from hunger and fever, and it had been heard by the wayside that they were "tenants at will," evicted for any cause whatsoever, the public opinion of the country would have risen to render impossible the repetition of such absolute and irresponsible exercise of legal rights. It would erect tribunals to judge between landlords and tenants; it would reduce to open and legal process the exercise of these imperial rights claimed

by private citizens. If five millions, — that is, a fourth — of the English people had either emigrated in a mass, by reason of discontent, misery, or eviction, or had died by fever and by famine since the year 1848, the whole land system of England would have been modified so as to render the return of such a national danger impossible forever. But both these suppositions have been verified in Ireland. Whole counties have been sensibly drained of their population; the public ways have been choked by departing trains of emigrants; one fourth of the population of Ireland fled from it, or died of hunger and fever, and yet the legislature still maintains the land laws under which these things are possible. Parliament did, indeed, fifteen years ago, solemnly recognize the right of tenants, but that recognition lies dead on the record. This, too, adds bitterness to those who suffer. Their right has been acknowledged, but its protection has for fifteen years been delayed. Of this, however, it will be better to speak hereafter. That I may not seem to use exaggeration, I will give one or two statements from an authority I cannot mistrust. In the year 1849, more than 50,000 evictions took place; more than 50,000 families were turned out of their dwellings without pity and without refuge. "If we assume that the evictions of one year, 1849, admitting it to be an exceptional one, represented a fifth of those which occurred in twenty years, our calculation would be below and not above the truth. Give only four individuals to each evicted family, and we have, on a moderate estimate, one million of human beings driven by force from their homes." * This is softly called a "clearance." Mr. Butt, from whom I quote these statements, goes on to say: "Let us estimate impartially — calmly, if we can — the character of these evictions. They were not the ordinary transactions in which the owner of property reclaims it from persons in whose hands he does not wish it to remain; they were in many instances clearances of estates,— that is, the dispossession of a whole population from their ancestral homes. These people were cottiers, it is true. Their existence had become inconvenient to the great lord to whose ancestors Oliver Cromwell's grant had given the ownership of the land. From generation to generation, they and their forefathers had lived as cottiers upon that land, under a system tolerated by law. The hope of gain, the dread of a poor-rate, the desire for large farms, had prompted the edict which commanded that the whole condition of life in an entire district shall be changed. By what name shall we call a wholesale extermination that followed such an edict as this? It is vain to disguise it as the exercise of any right of civilized property." *

The same author adds two other instances: "I could tell of another estate, on which the landlord's agent has laid down the rule that under no circumstances shall two families be permitted to live in the same house. An aged widow invited her daughter, who had lost her husband, to take a share of her house. For this crime, although occupying a respectable position, — the mother of a Roman Catholic priest, — she is actually evicted from a farm where she had lived for nearly fifty years. She is given her choice to leave that home or send away her daughter."

One other instance, and it is the last: "A townland in one of the midland counties was inhabited by a prosperous and contented community. An estate of about five hundred acres was divided into thirteen farms; thirteen thriving families occupied the ground, a happy and contented tenantry, numbering thirteen families. They paid as rent the full value of their farms. They paid that rent punctually. The families of some

* Land Tenure in Ireland, by Isaac Butt, Esq., p. 34.

* Land Tenure in Ireland, p. 34.

had occupied for centuries the same farms. The industry of themselves and their forefathers had given fertility to the soil. Crime was unknown among them. Disputes with their landlord they had none It suited the convenience of their landlord to sell his interest in this estate. The purchaser was buying it to traffic in it, and he believed it would be more marketable if it were freed from the encumbrance of human beings. To effectuate this object, the seller covenanted to clear the estate. The tenants, who had paid up every penny of their rent, were all served with notice to quit; they were all evicted. Thirteen human habitations were levelled, the inmates turned out upon the world, reduced at once from comfort to absolute beggary. It so happened that in this instance the landlord adopted a course which enabled a jury to strain the law, and award these poor tenants ample compensation. But for the awkwardness with which the proceeding was carried out, it might all have been done without the power of any human tribunal to take cognizance of the wrong An accidental blunder in the process put it in the power of a jury of landlords, by the damages they awarded, to mark their sense of the moral character of the act" *

I doubt not, my lord, that these things already are well known to you. But I believe they are unknown to the English people at large. I do not believe they would rest a day without crying out to be delivered from the shame of partaking, even by silence, in such atrocities. When a writer like Mr. Mill affirms that the conscience of Europe condemns us for our treatment of Ireland, there are critics among us who deride his words. But his words are measured and true. I have talked freely for many years with men of most countries in Europe. I have found everywhere a profound sympathy with Ireland, in no way flattering to England. Our insularity keeps these things from our ears, and we therefore soothe ourselves with the notion of our own superiority to other men. But such an abuse of the rights of property is without parallel, at least in this century, on the Continent of Europe. Our self-respect should lead us to give up the illusion that our office in the civilized world is to "teach the nations how to live." We may learn of Prussia, France, Switzerland, and Tuscany, even of Canada and Prince Edward's Island, all of which are in advance of England in the solution of what is called the "land question" in Ireland.

How is it to be expected that a people will be industrious who have no security that they will not be swept off the land they till? How will they improve it if they have no security that they shall retain the benefit of that improvement? How shall justice be done to the land unless it be improved by advancing cultivation? How shall cultivation advance if improvements be visited by a rise in the rent, and the increased rent be enforced by notice to quit? How shall the land so treated fail to breed famine and fever, and a people so harassed restrain themselves from a wild discontent and bitter retaliation? The same would be the state of England if custom, which is the "mother of quietness," and therefore of plenty, did not protect the tenant from arbitrary rents and arbitrary evictions.

It is sometimes over-boldly said that landlords in Ireland are not guilty of these abuses of extreme rights. If so, then they would not be in any way wronged if the legislature, by statute, should make such abuses to be forever impossible. The bare possibility of such acts of arbitrary power destroys confidence, and ought to be legally extinguished. What just landlord would complain if he were so limited by law as to be unable to commit three wrongs: first, the wrong of abusing his right by arbitrary eviction; secondly, by exacting an exorbitant rent; thirdly, by

* Land Tenure in Ireland, p. 40.

appropriating to his own use the improvements effected by the industry of his tenants? A merciful man would not only not resent such a law, but would gladly preclude the possibility that any owner of land should blot the fair name of landlord, and embitter the hearts of men against his whole class by such injustice. It has been well said, "A whole people must not hold their position in the country upon the chances of individual character. In a country like Ireland, to give the power of doing such things is to insure that they will be done." * And none would be more glad of such merciful laws as would prevent their being done than they who now mercifully use their arbitrary rights, and refrain from doing them.

But it is not my intention to enter into any detailed plans or schemes for such a purpose. I do not pretend to draft a land bill, or even to give the heads. But any one may lay down the principles which ought to govern this question, and may do so without hesitation, and upon the highest authority. In the year 1852, the government of Lord Derby introduced a bill affirming the great principle of equity, that "The property created by the industry of the tenant belongs of right and in justice to himself, and that it is the duty of the legislature to protect it by law." †

This bill was accepted and supported by the government of Lord Aberdeen, which succeeded in 1853. It was supported by all the three great political parties in the state It was urged upon Parliament by the first statesmen and lawyers of the day: by Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, Sir George Lewis; by Sir Richard Bethell, Mr. Cairns, Mr. Napier, Mr. Whiteside, now four of the highest authorities of the law in Great Britain and Ireland. The bill was passed by large majorities, but never became law. In 1855 it was revived in the House of Commons, and lost. But majorities, though they make laws, cannot unmake rights. The great right of equity, once so clearly seen and so authoritatively enunciated, remains as a witness of justice. and a warning of the danger which will never pass away till justice be done. I say justice without fear, because legal right is not always just. The highest legal right is sometimes the greatest wrong. Human law is but an imperfect expression of the natural and divine right which is anterior and superior to all legislation. There are axioms and principles which restrain, modify, and suspend the action of law, and become a higher law of supreme jurisdiction. What is the High Court of Equity but a tribunal above the law, dispensing justice often against the letter of the law, of which it may be truly said, "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life?" And what is the High Court of Parliament but a tribunal higher even than the Court of Chancery? And to this tribunal the Irish people come, as Sicily came of old for redress of wrongs to the Imperial Senate. Ireland prays that it may be declared by the Sovereign Justice of the Empire that the property in the soil which the industry and enterprise of the tillers and tenants of the soil have created, though by law it belongs to the landlord, nevertheless, by moral right, higher than all other law, belongs to those who have created it. Of this supreme right of natural and divine justice, it is that they claim the protection of the highest tribunal of the realm. Scotland and England already possess this security by customs. Why should it be denied to Ireland? Where these customs exist, they ought to be made into law; where they do not exist, they ought by law to be created.

It may be thought that I have ventured to speak upon a subject which is beyond both my capacity and my duty. But I have done so from the profound conviction that the deepest and sor-

* Land Tenure in Ireland, p. 40.

† Land Tenure in Ireland, p. 85.

est cause of the discontent and unrest of Ireland is the land question. I am day by day in contact with an impoverished race driven from home by the land question. I see it daily in the destitution of my flock. The religious inequality does indeed keenly wound and excite the Irish people. Peace and good-will can never reign in Ireland until every stigma is effaced from the Catholic Church and faith, and the galling injustice of religious inequality shall have been redressed. This, indeed, is true. But the "Land Question," as we call it by a somewhat heartless euphemism, means hunger, thirst, nakedness, notice to quit, labor spent in vain, the toil of years seized upon, the breaking up of homes, the miseries, sicknesses, deaths of parents, children, wives; the despair and wildness which spring up in the hearts of the poor when legal force, like a sharp harrow, goes over the most sensitive and vital rights of mankind. All this is contained in the land question. It is this which spreads through the people in three fourths of Ireland with an all-pervading and thrilling intensity. It is this intolerable grief which has driven hundreds of thousands to America, there to bide the time of return. No greater self-deception could we practise on ourselves than to imagine that Fenianism is the folly of a few apprentices and shop-boys. Fenianism could not have survived for a year if it were not sustained by the traditional and just discontent of almost a whole people. Such acts of rashness and violence as have marked the last twelve months may be the work of a few, and those of no high or formidable classes; but they would never have been perpetrated, they would never have been possible, if it were not for the profound estrangement of a large part of the people from British laws and from British government. This feeling is to be found nowhere more calm, deep, and inflexible than among those who are in immediate contact with the "land question"; that is, in the occupiers and tenants, and in the laborers, whose lot is better or worse as the occupiers and tenants prosper or are impoverished. These are neither apprentices nor shop-boys; neither are they a handful, but a population, and a population in close kindred and living sympathy with millions who have tasted the civil and religious equality, and are thriving under the land laws, of the United States. Let us not deceive ourselves. Ireland is between two great assimilating powers, England and America. The play and action of America upon England, if it be seven days slower in reaching Ireland than that of England, is sevenfold more penetrating and powerful upon the whole population. It is estimated that in the last twenty-five years £24,000,000 have been sent over by the Irish in America for the relief or for the emigration of their kindred and friends. The perfect unity of heart, will, and purpose which unites the Irish on either side of the Atlantic cannot be more complete. Add to this, that the assimilating power of England, which has overcome the resistance of Scotland, and absorbed it into itself, is met by a stern repulsion in Ireland, which keeps the two races asunder. Add again, that the assimilating power of America is met and welcomed with gratitude, sympathy, aspiration; that the attitude of Ireland has long been, as Sir Robert Peel said in Parliament five-and-twenty years ago, "with her back turned to England, and her face to the West." Four millions and a half of Irish in Ireland turn instinctively to five millions of Irish in America.

It is this that every statesman and citizen ought to weigh; and the first condition to estimating the gravity of the danger is to put away the childish shallowness with which some of our public papers have treated Fenianism. For nearly three hundred years, the same diseases in Ireland have produced the same perils. In the seven-

teenth century, the men who should have been our strength were in the armies of Spain, Italy, France, Germany, Poland, and the Low Countries. In the eighteenth century, according to the records of the War Office in France, 450,000 are stated to have died between 1690 and 1745 in the French service; and as many more, it is believed, between 1745 and the beginning of this century. Is this imperial wisdom or imperial strength? My lord, I will not pursue these thoughts. I cannot think that the statesman who will not stanch this ebbing of our life-blood will deserve well of his country. And I do not think that any man who cannot, at least in some measure, do so, is a statesman. It needs little wisdom or capacity to see that the Constitution which fitted England in its childhood, when it was bounded by Berwick Castle and the Cinque Ports, is a garment too narrow to cover the limbs of three kingdoms. The Tudor Statutes will not even clothe Great Britain. Presbyterian Scotland has indignantly cast off the English Constitution in church and state. Great Britain and Ireland cannot any longer be straitened in the Penal Statutes of Cromwell and the Revolution. We have outgrown not only our swaddling clothes and the gear of our childhood: we have become an empire of many races, and of many religions; and the worst enemy of our civil and religious peace could devise no surer policy of discord, and no more fatal device of ruin, than the attempt to keep alive the ascendency of race over race, of religion over religion, of church over church. A policy of absolute equality in religion is alone imperial, and I will add, if the empire is to hold together, is alone possible. It is already, with few and slight lingering imperfections, realized in our colonies: Canada and Australia have led the way, and are teaching the mother country how to live. I trust we shall not be too proud to learn our lesson. As one who toward the end of life can look back without discerning a deed or word at variance with the heartfelt loyalty of an Englishman, and as one who next after that which is not of this world desires earnestly to see maintained the unity, solidity, and prosperity of the British Empire, I implore all who are near the springs of sovereign power, and are able to guide by their wisdom the course of legislation, to take no rest until they shall have raised Ireland to an absolute equality— social, political, and religious — with England and Scotland, and shall have won back the love and fidelity of the noble-hearted, generous, heroic people of Catholic Ireland. Sir John Davies, Attorney-General in Ireland in 1613, no soft judge by nature or by office of the Irish nation, has left on record his opinion, formed on the experience of many years, that "There is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so that they may have the protection and benefits of the law when upon just cause they do desire it."

Let "equal and indifferent justice" be done even now, and the heart o Ireland may yet be won.

I have the honor to be, my Lord, your obedient servant,

H. E. MANNING.

MARCH 12, 1863.

A NEGRO held a cow while a man who squinted was to knock her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired "You gwine to hit whar you look?"—"Yes."—"Den," said Cuffee, "hold de cow yourself; I ain't gwine to let you hit me."

IT should be a fixed rule that floors, particularly those of sleeping-rooms, are to be scrubbed only on dry days, and where the health of the inmates is delicate the drying should be quickened by lighting a fire in the room.

THE BANSHEE.

This apparition is of Irish rather than Scottish origin. Miss Edgeworth, when she wrote to Scott about "Waverley," praising the introduction of the Bodach Glas as a Highland superstition, might have remembered that it was so only by adoption; the Banshee really being peculiar to Ireland, though something like it has obtained some degree of credence in France and other European countries.

The French legend is that Emerich, Count of Lusignan, had adopted as his successor one Raymond, a poor relative, who accidentally met three lovely maidens by a fountain, and married one of them, by whom he had several children; that she confessed to him that she was a water-fay of great power; that on his family having discovered, as she bathed, that her lower extremities had changed into a tail of a monstrous fish, he was compelled to turn her out of the house; that, as she went, she proclaimed that she would hover over the castle whenever a new lord was to come; and that the belief long prevailed in France that this unfortunate fay always appeared on the ramparts before the death of one of the lords, and that, on the extinction of the family, she was seen whenever a king of France was about to die. Her attire was black, and her wailings filled the air. So lately as three hundred years ago Mezeray and Brantôme, the French historians, wrote of this tradition as if it were an assured fact. After the Castle of Lusignan was demolished, this apparition ceased to appear. There are various versions of this story. Some of the highest of the French nobility claim to have been descended from this fishy lady (her name was Melusina), and the Emperor Henry VII. of Germany, who was a scion of the French house of Luxembourg, did the same. At least a score of books relating to the history of Melusina were published in Switzerland, France, Spain, Holland, Bohemia Germany, Denmark, and Sweden between the years 1478 and 1838.

The Banshees, or spirits of women attached to families, who by their bitter cries at night announce the approach of death, are almost exclusively Irish. Moore alludes to it in one of his melodies; and Mr. John Banim, in his "Tales by the O'Hara Family," has a story called "The Banshee." In the "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe" she relates how, when in Ireland with her husband in the middle of the seventeenth century, she was a guest in an old baronial castle there, and was awakened at midnight by a terrible and supernatural scream. On looking out of the bed she beheld in the moonlight a female face and part of the form hovering at the window. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale; and the hair, which — alas for romance! — was red, was loose and dishevelled. The dress, as far as could be judged, was that of the ancient Irish. This figure remained visible for some time, and finally vanished after giving two farewell shrieks. On telling her host next day what she had seen, he gave full credit to her story, declaring that a near relation of his had died in the castle on the preceding night, and that the Banshee had given the usual warning. She was believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank whom one of his ancestors had married, and afterwards, thinking the union disgraceful to his ancient lineage, had dissolved it, much faster than ever has been done in any of our divorce courts, by causing her to be drowned in the moat which surrounded the castle.

The Irish Banshee has been described thus by one who said he saw and heard her: "We saw the figure of a tall, thin woman, with uncovered head, and long hair that floated around her shoulders, attired in something which seemed either a loose white cloak or a sheet hastily thrown about

her, uttering piercing cries." It is considered a mark of dignity in an Irish family to have a Banshee attached to it, the ordinary belief being that none but the very ancient families are thus attended

Mr. Crofton Croker, the well-known collector of Irish legendary lore, has devoted some space to the Banshee in his entertaining and instructive "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," published in 1825. In particular, he relates a remarkable story of what occurred, in one instance, where the event appears to have been well authenticated. When a boy, long before Mr. Croker's book appeared, I heard the tale in various quarters. About the middle of the last century the rector of Buttevant, an old town in the county of Cork, was Rev Charles Bunworth. At that time the national instrument, the harp, was more common than it is now. Mr. Bunworth was an admirable performer upon it, and was fond of exercising liberal hospitality to the minstrels who, after the fashion described by Scott in his "Lay," wandered about the country from house to house. Mr. Bunworth possessed as many as fifteen harps, bequeathed to him by these members of a tuneful race which has almost passed away from Ireland.

One evening one of Mr Bunworth's shepherds heard the Banshee moaning and clapping her hands under a lightning-struck tree near the rectory house. At that time its occupant was apparently in good health. Immediately after, he sickened; and on the eve of his death, his two daughters watched by his bed, which had been removed to the drawing-room. The night was silent, serene, and moonlit, and scarcely a tree rustled in the stillness. Suddenly the two watchers, who were in the opening spring of womanhood, heard a sound at the window nearest to the bed. Outside, so close to this window that it touched the glass, grew a rose-tree. This they saw forced aside with some noise, and then a low moaning was heard, and a clapping of hands, as in lamentation. One of the young ladies went into the next room, and asked, "Have you heard the Banshee?" Two gentlemen, very sceptical, then heard the wailing sounds, and rushed out to detect the person who they presumed must have made them. They walked all around the house and saw nothing. Under the window, where the rose-tree grew, the bed of earth had been dug that very afternoon, and a footprint would have shown on it if the tree had been moved aside by mortal hands; but there was none. They went out on the road to ascertain if any person lurked about; still they found none, but were told when they returned that all the time they were out of the house the moaning and hand clapping continued louder and more distinct than before. Every hour after this the sick man became worse, and died at sunrise. It is said that this strange story was well authenticated.

CATHOLIC CHARITY.

FRANCE has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc, by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prisoner girls, and to be now worth $160,000. This establishment has three hundred girls from six to eighteen. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over four hundred acres in extent. Twenty-five sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darnetel, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairy-women, and laundresses. Each girl has on leaving an outfit and a small sum of money, earned in spare hours. If they want a home they can always return to Darnetel, which they are taught to regard as home.

THE FAREWELL SCENE BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON.

WHILST Judas and the High-Priests of Jerusalem, those reprobates of the old and the new law, were clasping hands in their work of death, two holy persons, Jesus and Mary, were in Bethania, standing with their sacred hands clasped together, preparing for the great work of eternal life, and separating one from the other that the redemption of man might begin.

A venerable and learned writer of antiquity has so beautifully, simply, and graphically described this farewell scene between Jesus and his blessed Mother at that solemn and trying moment, that we must all, if we read his words with devout and childlike minds, derive much profit and salutary edification.

He writes: "The farewell scene between Jesus and Mary is so sad, tender, and interesting, that if you entertain the slightest regard for your Saviour and his Mother, you must be moved to heartfelt sympathy and pity. On the Wednesday of his passion week. Mary sat alone in a room with her beloved Son, and after a long period of silence, she ventured with a mother's confidence to tell him how sad and anxious her heart was, saying, 'My dearly beloved Son, though I am not worthy to talk with thee, who art my Lord and my God, yet, as thou art my Son, and flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone, I shall avail myself of a mother's privilege, and shall ask something which I am confident you will not refuse.'

"'Thou art dear to my heart, Mother,' replied Jesus, 'and thou knowest that I have always cherished a son's affection for thee. Tell me, then, what thou wouldst ask; I shall not refuse thee.'

"'I know well,' rejoined Mary, 'that thou hast been sent by the Father to redeem the world; and I know also, from the predictions of the prophets, that this redemption is to be accomplished only by thy sufferings and death. But the time appointed I do not know. Yet, as I have lately heard and seen, thy enemies are now more than ever exasperated against thee, and I have not been without dreadful apprehensions lest they should tear thee unexpectedly from me, and before I could come to console thee.'

"'Kindest of mothers,' Jesus inquired, 'why fear such a thing taking place? Thou oughtest to know that I would not enter on my sufferings without giving thee notice.'

"'I should know that, but I was afraid that thou wouldst not want to tell me, lest I should be too much afflicted at the dreadful information.'

"'Certainly, dearest mother, I have not mentioned this sad and solemn affair to thee sooner, because I knew that thy sufferings would be of too long duration even as it is. But now the time has come for Simeon's prophecy to be fulfilled, and thy heart, alas! to be pierced with a sharp sword of grief. I will, therefore, now tell thee all that it is necessary for thee to know, but I beseech thee not to repine or be overcome with grief.'

"'O my Son, although the recital must rend my heart with pain, yet I beg thee to tell me all; for I feel that it will be some consolation to know when and how thou art to suffer.'

"'Best and most loving of mothers, although but little worldly happiness has fallen to our lot during life, yet all our joys will now be changed into bitterest sorrow; for I can remain with thee only till to-morrow morning, when I must leave thee and go to Jerusalem. To-morrow night I will be in the hands of my enemies. I will be bound with cords, dragged violently from one judge to another. I shall be cruelly scourged, crowned with thorns, mocked, and spit upon. My enemies will lay a heavy cross upon my shoulders, and lead me in

disgrace and shame through the streets of the city out to Mount Calvary, where they will nail me to the cross.'

"Alas, what a dreadful revelation this must have been to the tender heart of the Blessed Virgin! Every word pierced her soul to its deepest recesses, carrying excruciating anguish and grief to every sense; so that she stood almost lifeless before Jesus, and unable to utter one word or even a sigh.

"Jesus, seeing her thus struck motionless and almost dead with grief and sorrow, said to her: 'Most beloved and sorrowful mother, why dost thou take it so much to heart? Wouldst thou that I should not drink the chalice which my Father has prepared for me? Is my Father's will no longer thy will? Take courage and submit thy will to that of our Father in heaven, and prepare thyself for the dreadful struggle before us.'

"'O my most beloved Child! how is it possible for me to repress these tears? For although I am satisfied with the will of God, and perfectly reconciled with his providence, yet am I not thy mother? Art thou not flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone? It is impossible for a mother's heart not to bleed at the sufferings of her offspring. O sweet, beloved Jesus, my Son! I regret that I thus, by wailings and lamentations, must add to the weight of thy cross; yet I cannot restrain these tears. I cannot suppress these sighs. Grant me the one request that I am now going to ask.'

"'Dearest Mother, thou knowest that I was always obedient and ready to do thy will in all things. Name thy request, and if not inconsistent with my Father's will, it shall be granted.'

"'Beloved Child of my heart, thou knowest how my heart is bound up in thee, and how utterly impossible it is for me to be separated from thee. And yet, God's will be done! I would beseech thee not to choose so cruel and disgraceful a death as that of being crucified. Thou knowest that only the most degraded malefactors are subjected to that kind of death. How dreadfully hard it would be for thee to be thus scourged, crowned with thorns, and nailed to the cross! And yet one single drop of blood from thy sacred body would be sufficient to atone for all the sins ever committed. I implore thee, then, not to undergo so dreadful a martyrdom, but to choose an easier death.'

"'Dearly beloved Mother, divine justice requires that I shall suffer the most torturing pain and the most disgraceful death, in order that the sin of Adam and those of all men may be completely washed away. For just as sinners have presumed to dishonor my heavenly Father, so must I be dishonored and disgraced to the last degree. As sinners have committed sin with all the members of their body, so must I suffer in every member. As sinners have, by their sins, justly merited eternal and painful death, so must I, in order to save them from this death, undergo a cruel and torturing death. Such is the death predicted for me long ago by the prophets, as thou hast often heard and read. And in order that the prophecies concerning my death may be fulfilled, it is my Father's will that I should redeem the world, not simply by shedding one drop of blood, but by pouring out the whole of my heart's life-blood.'"

Consider, Christian reader, the profound grief of the Blessed Virgin, as she listened to these words of her beloved Son. Unable to speak from her sighs and tears, burying her face in her hands, she fell upon her knees before him. Jesus, filled with tenderest sympathy, placed his divine hand gently upon her head and imparted to her a miraculous strength, so that she recovered so far as to raise her eyes to his and to say, "Dearest Son, adorable Lord, be it done according to thy word."

On the following day, Jesus, not having much time to remain with his friends in Bethania, thus addressed

them: "My dearest friends, the time having now arrived when I must go forth to do the will of my Father, I must take my leave of you. I thank you all sincerely for the kindness and friendship which you have ever shown to my disciples and myself. My heavenly Father will reward you and compensate you a hundred-fold for all the kind services which you have rendered to us. I thank you, good and devout women, who, from your very slender means, have so faithfully and generously ministered to me and my poor disciples To you especially, Lazarus, Mary, and Martha, is my gratitude due; for you have often and cheerfully given shelter and a place of rest to my weary companions, and often generously given them to eat and to drink when they were hungry and thirsty." Finally, Jesus turned towards his blessed Mother to say farewell to her, but both Mother and Son were so overpowered with emotion, that for some minutes neither could utter a word. Whoever has witnessed the parting of two faithful, chaste, and loving hearts, when one goes forth to meet certain death, may form a slight and very imperfect conception of the harrowing grief which rent the hearts of Jesus and Mary in this trying hour. Never in the history of the human family have there been two hearts so fondly and sacredly attached to each other as were these two pure and holy hearts of Child and Mother; hence never has there been on earth so sad and painful a separation. Mary's grief was keen, agonizing, crushing, yet so full of resignation as to challenge the admiration and stir up the deepest sympathy of men and angels.

At last, our blessed Saviour, with calmer voice, said to her: "Dearest Mother, I am grateful for all the motherly love, fidelity, and devotion which thou hast manifested to me through a life of poverty and affliction. My heavenly Father himself will one day be thy reward. He will repay thee for thy unswerving fidelity to me, who am his Son and thine."

Here, devout reader, try to comprehend the solemn effect of these farewell words of Jesus upon the soul of his blessed Mother and the other personages of this little group. All were in tears, as Mary said, "Beloved Son, adorable Lord, may the will of God be done."

Then the gentle and amiable Jesus Christ went forth with his apostles to Jerusalem, there to accomplish the greatest of mysteries, the atonement for man's sin.

THE WRENS' REQUIEM.

A WRITER in Chambers' Journal says: "It was on a morning early in the spring, a few years ago, that we heard an unusual twittering outside our bedroom window, above which is a deep thatch; on looking up we saw two curious festoons hanging from it, apparently in motion. It was in fact two half-circles, composed of little wrens, clinging to each other by foot and wing, to the number of twenty or thirty. They clung together thus for the space of about two minutes, it might be more or less; as we did not mark the time by a watch, I could not with certainty say how long. They twittered mournfully all the while, so different from their usual joyous song; then suddenly, as if by one consent, they in a moment broke loose and flew away. On descending shortly afterwards, we found a dead wren lying just under the window, over which these festoons of wrens had been hanging a few minutes before. It looked as if these affectionate little creatures had been singing a dirge over their dead friend below; at least we could think of no other cause for the unusual appearance. From that time the wrens deserted that spot for more than two years. On speaking of this to one who had made natural history his study, he told me that it was called the 'Wrens' Requiem,' and was an established fact, though very rarely seen."

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

The Irishman, Dublin.

DEFEAT after defeat has smitten down the prestige of England, until now Africa seems destined to be the grave of England's military glory. Her besetting sin has been encroachment on the weak, wild, free nations of the earth, and her punishment has come of it. If Divine Providence still guide the greater destinies of nations, — and no Christian can deny it, — who in Christendom can fail to see that its hand is now heavy on England for chastisement? When Napoleonic France failed in the strife, a myriad of voices in Britain declared that Heaven had stricken her: let them now accept the clear signs of God's justice, and acknowledge in shame and grief the sins of England and its punishment.

All the notes of a particular Providence are manifest, in the circumstances of the last and most terrible disaster to the British invaders. These are exceedingly strange and wonderful. The English general marched out with a strong detachment from the camp to set an ambush for the Boers; he succeeded. When the morning came, the Boers beheld not only enemies in the front, but also that a force in ambush was behind them. There was a shout of alarm; but in a few brief hours, the British force, though posted on an apparently impregnable height, were suddenly swept off like chaff before a whirlwind. The fact is amazing, astounding to all, and not less incomprehensible to those who survived the rout.

There is a marvellous and close parallel to this in the pages of Holy Writ. Let men read and reflect over it: —

"But Jeroboam caused an ambushment to come about behind them, so they were before Judah, and the ambushment was behind them.

"And when Judah looked back, behold the battle was before and behind; and they cried unto the Lord, and the priests sounded the trumpets.

"Then the men of Judah gave a shout, and as the men of Judah shouted, it came to pass that God smote Jeroboam, and all Israel before Abijah and Judah.

"And the children of Israel fled before Judah; and God delivered them into their hands.

"And Abijah and his people slew them with great slaughter."

This is, in brief, beautiful, and prophetic phrase, the picture of the African encounter, where an ambush was laid for the Boers, who, against incredible difficulties, triumphed, as "the children of Judah prevailed, because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers."

Whilst the British Parliament at home was refusing, out of piety, to open its public galleries to the excluded public on Sundays, its generals abroad had selected the Lord's day to open fire from their ambush, and give battle! Midnight on Saturday was the appointed hour. As soon as the first chime ushered in the Sabbath, a large British detachment sallied forth from the camp, quietly and quickly. Leaving their entrenchments on Prospect Hill, they directed their course for Moyuba Mountain, with the intention of seizing on a peak named Spitzkop, that overlooked the position of the Boers. The distance was four miles, but the way was rugged and difficult, so that nearly seven hours elapsed before the coveted post was gained. The British detachment, under General Colley, was some six hundred and five strong, and included picked men of the 58th, 60th, 92d, and the Naval Brigade.

When the Sunday morning dawned, they found themselves upon a lofty level, on the top of a truncated peak, about a mile above the long lines of the Boers' camp. Upon this pinnacle, the British invaders seemed as safe as ever were warriors on bastion, bulwark, or castle keep. The summit was a hollowed basin, in which all the troops could rest and hide, except those de-

fending the edge, who had the advantage of a close-covering parapet of rocks. No force could escalade the mountain, whose slopes were open to their scorching fire; no bullets could touch them through the protecting stone. They looked down upon the camp of the Boers, far below: it was at their mercy, exposed to every shot.

Exulting in their success, they reposed for an hour after their four miles' ascent. At sunrise, they saw the unsuspecting Boers move about their camp. An hour later, they watched with satirical amusement a party of mounted vedettes trotting easily out from the camp towards the hill, on which they evidently intended to take up their position. As they approached, the English pickets startled them by a volley; and then what exciting sport it was for the British to gaze upon the wild alarm that seemed to seize upon the Boers, as if a thunderbolt had fallen! The camp swarmed with men, running to and fro, yoking ox-wagons and girthing horses. They were about to flee. News sped about that they were fleeing, that they were in full retreat before the terrible aspect of the English perched upon their commanding and impregnable pinnacle. Shouts of joy and derision rolled down upon them from their confident conquerors.

Suddenly, however, the chaos in the camp resolved itself into fair order and distinct discipline, and in a moment a moving mass of men was observed approaching the precipitous pinnacle. What! were they going to attack the solid rock? Nay, that would be madness of which no one could conceive the possibility; they were only about to lay siege to it. What mattered that to a force that had three days' provisions, and re-enforcements ready to come up? For four morning hours, from seven to eleven, the beleaguering Boers kept up a constant fire, taking careful aim, and making most accurate shots. The parapet stones were speckled with splashing lead, but the men were safe behind them, only three being slightly wounded, and only one man, Commander Romilly, dangerously, by a long-range bullet.

In fact, the British looked upon their triumph as secure, and already declared that the Boers were in full retreat. Thus, in an official despatch sent at eleven o'clock, it was stated that they had broken up their camp and begun to move away. Here are the words: —

"11 A. M. Boers still firing heavily on the hill, but have broken up their laager and begun to move away."

For another hour, however, the fire was kept up; then it slackened, and nearly died out. The British invaders exulted over the easy triumph, when at one o'clock a terrific fire was opened on them anew, and a tremendous rush was made up the peak and over the rocks by the Transvaal patriots. What follows is told in this vivid description by the correspondent of the "Standard," who was present with the invading force: —

"A tremendous rush was simultaneously made by the enemy. Our advanced line were at once nearly all shot or driven back upon our main position. This position may be described as an oblong basin on the top of the hill. It was about two hundred yards long by fifty broad. Our whole force now lined the rim of the basin with fixed bayonets. The Boers, with shouts of triumph, swarmed up the sides of the hill and made several desperate attempts to carry the position with a rush. Each time, however they were driven back with the bayonet. After each charge the firing, which only ceased during the melee, broke out with renewed violence, and the air about us seemed alive with bullets. The troops did their duty well and steadily, and, trying as was the occasion, fought with great coolness, encouraged by their officers.

"At last the Boers, who had gathered on the edge of the slope, made a tremendous rush at a point which they had before been attacking, and where the number of defenders was comparatively small. They went through the defence and passed in on the edge of the basin, and our position was lost."

All was lost. The main line made a futile effort to rally, but the wild

rush of the Boers swept down the Britons, and their shouts struck terror. Confusion, panic, a helter-skelter flight for life down the precipitous peak, and great slaughter marked the close of the conflict, whose beginning seemed such a triumph of vain-glory. The general in command himself was killed, with many officers, and some hundreds of men, — a melancholy blood-offering to the Moloch of an unrighteous and unholy war.

The completeness of the victory is acknowledged, and the singular valor of the patriot Boers, who stormed a rocky fortress which the British general and all with him considered to be "impregnable." "Even now," says the witness quoted, "I can hardly understand how it was done, so sudden was the rush, so instantaneous the change from what was regarded as perfect safety to imminent peril. Up to the moment when they made this rush, they had made no progress whatever, a few only of our men having been engaged. The casualties were trifling in the extreme. A few moments later they held the centre of the hill, and our men were deserting the natural basins in which they had been lying in apparent security." This, though somewhat confused by the telegraph, disposes of the convenient fiction that the British troops did not retreat until their ammunition gave out. Only a few of them were engaged, keeping off the Boers with the bayonet, a task that should have been easy in such a place; and the troops in the centre of the position were apparently a reserve, which broke and fled the moment the Boers succeeded in swarming over the parapet.

There is something more here than is told: that is the moral motive. Nothing could have given the Boers the strength to surmount apparently insurmountable obstacles but the sentiment that they were combating for a righteous cause. There would have been more of British bravery displayed, we do believe, could they have nourished such a belief. As it is, how strangely and sadly do the words of the Prophet Isaiah apply to this catastrophe: —

"Woe unto the land that sendeth ambassadors by the sea. . . . All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth, see ye, when he lifteth up an ensign on the mountains; and when he bloweth a trumpet hear ye. . . .

"They shall be left together to the fowls of the mountains, and to the beasts of the earth; and the fowls shall summer upon them, and the beasts of the earth shall winter upon them."

We do not exult over this disaster: we grieve over a wild waste of human lives flung as a sacrifice to an unjust war; we recognize the hand of Providence in warning and in protection.

BOERS AND BRITONS.

There are certain circumstances in connection with Colley's catastrophe which deserve particular notice.

As usual, the fact has been prefaced and surrounded by fiction. One tale reported that there was division amongst the Boers, another that they were forced to retreat. Finally, when the disaster can no longer be concealed, it is said the British gave way because their ammunition failed. This is an astounding statement. What! A force that went out to seize the peak, that had "provisions for three days," had not ammunition for half a dozen hours, although "only a few" men were engaged!

This is too preposterous a story, and the Pall Mall Gazette admits that there can be no truth in it. The fact seems to be that the fighting was left mainly to the poor Highland Celts, who defended the parapet till they found themselves deserted by the reserve body. When the Boers jumped up, "in a moment our poor fellows broke and rushed for the crest in the rear," says the Times correspondent; "the Boers were all around, the bullets came from all quarters." "Our brave fellows," adds the Times correspondent, "panting and bleed-

ing, while retreating, were shot down!" "Our brave fellows" in fact, broke and ran away, once the Boers had crossed their outer line.

The next point is, What were the camp-garrison at Mount Prospect doing all this time? Apparently they did nothing but look on, from seven till one o'clock, although only four miles distant! They let the detachment be destroyed, without one effort to effect a diversion. They had field guns, and did nothing.

Towards the close a party of Hussars were sent out with ammunition, and these, says an account, "were taken by surprise," adding that their horses broke off, and that they beat a hasty retreat, having lost all their horses and ammunition.

In reality, the whole affair, considered as a mixture of recklessness, panic, and imbecility, is a second Isandula.

IRISH WOMEN.

A FEW years ago Archbishop MacHale, the lion of the fold, stated that the Irish girl in America was her country's glory and pride; and in a recent lecture Father Tom Burke declared that one of the distinctive features of the Irish character was "the extraordinary sanctity of Irish womanhood, the sanctity which found its expression in the wonderful purity of the Irish maiden and the Irish mother the world over, and in the veneration and respect which Irish manhood from the earliest days of Ireland's history down to the present time has had for Irish womanhood. On this point he wished to dwell as lovingly as he could. It was a beautiful feature in the Irish character. The great national misfortune which befell the Irish when the throne and royalty of their country were lost for many a sad day, and were never recovered, came upon them through the indignation and fury of the Irish people at the sight of a guilty woman."

The only woman in Irish history that ever disgraced the people was she who left her husband and went off with McMorrough, of Leinster. The guilty partner of this man's unlawful love sought to set herself by his side as a Queen in Ireland. But Ireland rose as one man, and said: "For the honor of our manhood and our religion we will not have an adulterer for our king, and for the honor of our womanhood we will banish the adulterous woman." That false-hearted Irish prince and that false-hearted Irishwoman called in the aid of the stranger, and he came and landed upon the Irish shores, and the only chance for Ireland's nationality was that the Irish people should submit to McMorrough and accept Eva for their rightful queen. Rather than do that, Ireland sacrificed her nationality. From the day that St. Patrick preached the Gospel in Ireland, they had in that country, alone among all the nations of the earth, the singular phenomenon, that female monasticism — women consecrated to God, virgins, nuns — sprang up under the very hands of the apostles, and the island was covered with the children of St. Bridget, from which circumstance Ireland received the title of "Island of Saints."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CANADA."—The origin of the word "Canada" is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular search for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves, "Aca nada," — there is nothing here. The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. The French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them in the Spanish sentence, "Aca nada." The French, who knew less of Spanish than the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of "Canada," which it has borne ever since.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XII.

OPPOSITION OF THE IRISH BAR TO THE UNION.

The Irish bar strongly opposed to the projected Union. — Sketch of Mr. Saurin. — Of Huguenot extraction. — Born in 1758. — Called to the bar in 1780. — Anecdote of his retentive memory. — Aristocratic marriage in 1786. — Elected colonel of the Lawyers' Corps of Volunteers. — Takes the requisition for the bar meeting against the Union. — Spirited address to the Lord Chancellor. — Letter from the Viceroy to the Duke of Portland. — Bar meeting. — Speeches of Mr. Grady and Mr. Goold.

THERE was very determined opposition offered to the proposed Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland in several quarters; but none was more vehement than from the members of the Irish bar. Many of them had seats in the House of Commons, and made their mark by their ability and patriotism. Prominent amongst these gentlemen was Mr. Saurin, member for Blessington. He was so remarkable a man that he deserves more than a passing notice. When the ill-advised revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. banished the industrious members of the Huguenot creed from their native land, the ancestors of Mr. Saurin settled in Ireland, where William Saurin was born in 1758. In 1775 he became a student of the Dublin University as fellow commoner, and during his collegiate career obtained the highest honors. Having taken his degree, he went to London and entered as law student at Lincoln's Inn. While in London he was most diligent in storing his mind with legal principles, and learning the practice of his profession in Westminster Hall. Far better prepared than most juniors, he was called to the Irish bar in 1780. To very great reasoning power he united a most retentive memory, of which a friend gave me the following instance:

"When I was an attorney's apprentice, a foreclosure suit in chancery from our office came on for hearing. Mr Saurin was to state our client's case. The property was greatly involved; there were many titles to be traced, and various denominations of land, with very jaw-breaking names, as Garrycaghera, Bouladarrigha, and Courawadlagh. When the cause of Hogarty *v.* Hiffernan was called, Mr. Saurin pulled brief after brief from his bag, until he emptied it on the table in the court. Then, leaning over to me, he whispered, 'Have you got the prayer of the bill?' which luckily I had. I handed it to him; and opening one of the large briefs, he commenced his statement. On he went, clear and precise, with the statement of titles, and denominations of land, and nature of encumbrances, until he completed the statement. Then the proofs were read; and when the decree was pronounced and the case over, I said, 'I'll take home your brief, Mr. Saurin.'

"He smiled as he replied, 'It is on my study-table. I was noting it since daybreak, and forgot it as I was leaving home; but you see I did not forget its contents.'"

In 1786, Mr. Saurin formed an aristocratic connection. He married the widow of Sir Richard Cox, Baronet, and sister of the Marquis of Thomond. When the lawyers enrolled themselves in the national army of Volunteers, they elected Mr. Saurin colonel of the Lawyers' Corps.

Soon as it was known that a great bar meeting was called to protest against the proposed Union, the then Lord Chancellor, Earl of Clare, did all he could to prevent the meeting. Mr. Saurin, undeterred by the hostility of the Chancellor, took the requisition for convening the meeting into the Court of Chancery, in order to obtain the signatures of members of the bar. The Chancellor no sooner observed him than, casting a scowling glance on Mr. Saurin, he said, "It is very wrong, sir, to come here to interrupt the business of the court!" Saurin replied, "Yes, my lord, I fully concur with your Lordship; but to this, as to every other rule, there are exceptions. I should not trespass on your Lord-

ship's time, and retard for a moment the business of the court, unless I felt convinced — and I only speak the general sentiments of the bar — that the dignity and authority of your Lordship's court will be less impaired, the rights and privileges of the profession more securely established, and the general welfare of the country based on a firmer foundation, by resisting a measure fraught with ruin to all. The paper I have just now submitted to my brethren for their signatures and approval contains a requisition for a bar meeting on that momentous subject; and I pray your Lordship to ascribe my conduct, if you look on it with displeasure, to any other feeling than that of the most profound respect for your Lordship and this high court." The Chancellor merely bowed, but watched eagerly who signed the requisition. To his mortification, six out of seven king's counsel present promptly affixed their names. Several of the judges also were strongly opposed to the Union. The Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, writing to the Duke of Portland, says: —

"DUBLIN CASTLE, Dec. 4, 1798.

"Lord Carleton* was with me on Sunday, and gave his sentiments very decidedly against the measure of Union."

The celebrated meeting of the Irish bar was held in the Exhibition Room in William Street, Dublin, on Dec. 9, 1798, under the presidency of Mr. Smith, the "father" of the Irish bar, as the senior is styled. Among the king's counsel who signed the requisition for calling the meeting were: E. Mayne, W. Saurin, W. C. Plunket, C. Bushe, W. Sankey, B. Burston, J. Barrington, A. Macartney, G. O'Ferrall, J. O'Driscoll, J. Lloyd, P. Burrowes, R. Jebb, and H. Joy.

The account of the meeting given by Sir Jonah Barrington is not very complimentary to Mr. Saurin. He says: "Mr. Saurin was the first speaker. His speech was vapid, and his resolution pointless; but he had great influence with the profession. He was an excellent lawyer, and an amiable, pious Christian. He was followed by Capt. Spencer." The supporters of the Union were evidently no favorites with Sir Jonah Barrington. Mr. St. George Daly, a briefless barrister, was the first supporter of the Union. Of all men, he was the first thought of for preferment; but it was wittily observed that "the Union was the first brief Mr. Daly ever had to speak from." He moved the adjournment of the meeting. Mr. Grady, — a *protégé* of Lord Clare, — according to Sir Jonah, made a most extraordinary speech. He said: "The Irish are only the rump of our aristocracy. Shall I visit posterity with war, pestilence, and famine? No! no! Give me a Union! Unite me to that country where all is peace and order and prosperity. Without a Union, we shall have embryo chief judges, attorney-generals in perspective, and *animalculæ sergeants* All the cities of the South and West are on the Atlantic Ocean, between the rest of the world and Great Britain; they are all for it. They must become warehouses, the people are Catholics, and they are all for it." *

One of the most powerful speakers at the bar meeting in the opposition was Mr. Thomas Goold, a very talented member of the bar. The following peroration may be taken as a sample of his impressive oratory: —

"There are forty thousand British troops in Ireland, and with forty thousand bayonets at my breast, the minister shall not plant another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assurance of divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled by the visible and unerring demonstration of nature to assert, that Ireland was destined to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state,

*Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland.

*Mr. Thomas Grady wrote the ferocious satire referred to hereafter, called "The Nosegay," for which the Limerick banker, Mr. Bruce, brought an action, laying damages at thirty thousand pounds.

not a shire, comes direct from heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the Great Charter of our independence. The Great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, and by G— she never shall."

Such language was calculated to stir men's passions; a perfect hurricane of applause rewarded the eloquent speaker: and on the division of the meeting, the votes recorded were as follows: —

Irish barristers opposed to the Union	166
In favor of the Union	32
Majority	134

This was one of the last decisive efforts against the Union, but it was unavailing.

CHAPTER XIII.

DUBLIN BEFORE THE UNION.

From an unpublished diary in 1799. — Dublin visited in 1799. — Extracts from "Reminiscences for my Children," by Mrs. Howard, of Corby Castle. — The Irish House of Commons. — Lord Cornwallis anxious for the Legislative Union. — A family party at Lady Roden's. — Who betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald? — Visit of Lady Louisa Connolly to the insurgent leader. — Second Visit to the House of Commons. — Society in Dublin. — Dinner-hour and table arrangements. — An English lady's opinion on the Union. — Dinner-party at an Anti-Unionist's. — Character of the Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis. — Anecdote respecting his eye.

Before continuing my anecdotes of the bench and bar of Ireland, it may be well to give my readers some notion of the state of society in Dublin before the Union. This I can do from a perfectly reliable source, — that of an English lady of high rank, who, with her husband, Philip Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, in Cumberland, visited Ireland in the spring of 1799. They came hither with the West York Militia, in which corps Capt. Howard commanded a company, and was a personal friend of Lord Cornwallis, then Viceroy. I quote from an unpublished journal, kept by Mrs. Howard: — *

"Dublin, *April* 16, 1799. — I was not disappointed with the appearance this fine city presented, which is beautifully placed by the sea, with the hill of Howth rising like Mount Vesuvius, without its smoke.

"Our first visit was to the House of Commons, which is a circular building embellished with a number of pillars. In the centre hangs a large brass candelabra, which ignites all at once by tow communicating with the flame. Lord Castlereagh was presenting a petition of supply for those who assisted in quelling the rebellion. The Dowager Lady Roden, and my attached friend, Lady Louisa Jocelyn, whom I had known in England, found us out, as did also the Bishop of Elphin and Mrs. Law, who warmly received us as friends from the same county. Capt. Howard dined with Lord Cornwallis, who received him cordially as an old friend. He expressed himself most anxious for the success of the Union, as the only means of saving this country, and amalgamating all classes of people.

"The next day we joined a family *réunion* at the Dowager Lady Roden's, consisting of the Ladies Charlotte, Caroline, Louisa, and Emily Stratton, her daughters. Her sons, Mr. and Mrs. John Jocelyn, Mr. Percy Jocelyn, Lord and Lady Roden, with Colonel and Mrs. Howard, of Bushy Park, came in the evening. We were received with the greatest kindness by this united family, and spent a most pleasant day. They were all going to a ball at Lady Castlereagh's, at the Castle, to which we found an invitation on our return home.

"The Dowager Lady Roden told us that Mr. George Stewart, the principal army surgeon here, attended Lord Edward Fitzgerald whilst in

* "Reminiscences for my Children." Printed for private circulation among the family of the talented author, and presented by her accomplished son, the present P. H. Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, to my mother-in-law.

prison, and until his death. He came into Dublin disguised as a carter, and driving a car. On entering the house he was to lodge at, his man called him 'my lord,' which was overheard by a yeoman's wife, who informed her husband of the circumstance. His place of abode was thus providentially discovered not two hours before the time of attack intended to be made from without, and which was to be answered by a corresponding rising at Dublin.* After the alarm had sounded, Lord Charles Fitzroy heard a sound of pike-heads thrown out of a garret window at the back of a house adjoining a churchyard, where he found a person delivering them to the multitude. Lord Roden and his brothers were dining with the Dowager, in St Stephen's Green, when they heard the drums beat to arms, and soon after the bugles sounded; upon which every gentleman joined some standard and repaired to guard the passes, some of which were attacked within two hours. Lord Roden received a shot through his hat in a sally he made somewhere out of town. Lady Louisa Connolly requested to see her nephew, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom she tenderly loved; *Mr. Corry went with her.* † But he was nearly delirious; he just knew her, and pressed her hand, whilst she prayed by his bedside.

"*April* 20.—I availed myself again of the privilege allowed to ladies here, and went to the House of Commons. Gen. Cradock conveyed us to the Speaker's seat, which occupied three parts of the gallery, and is generally filled with ladies upon any important question, when Lady Castlereagh always attends and sits out the whole of the debate. We had no sooner left our letters of introduction, given us by Lord Hobart, than we were visited by all the very agreeable society at Dublin; and those to whom we had not letters, after meeting us at other houses, were kind enough to adopt us as acquaintances; and it was a very pleasant surprise, after the melancholy prospect held out to us of the state of this country, to find that the only engagements we had to encounter were most pleasant dinner engagements.

April 20.—We dined with Gen. and Lady Theodosia Cradock. In the general Capt. Howard found an early friend, as they had met when young at Dijon; he had lately married the handsome Lady Theodosia Meade, daughter to Lord Clanwilliam. We there met the Lord Chancellor,* who took the head of the table and was very cheerful, Lady Clare, Lady Glentworth, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Scarborough, and Lord Powerscourt, who told me that a plot had been discovered last year by the soldiers, of the rebels having intended to take possession of his house at Powerscourt, and to have murdered his lieutenant-colonel, since which time it had nearly been converted into a barrack. He added that the Catholic priest of his parish was a great anti-republican, being one of those whom the French had pushed off in a boat, by way of getting rid of him, and that he had got safely to Cannes.

"*April* 22.—We dined with Sir George and Lady Shee at the Ord-

*This statement may throw some light on the question, "Who betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald?" which the researches of my able and zealous friends, Dr. R. R. Madden and W. J. Fitzpatrick, J. P., have not been able to answer with certainty.

† This is a mistake. It was the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Clare, who accompanied Lady Louisa on this sad occasion. So few kind actions are related of this nobleman, I may be permitted to give the account of his kindness: "Lady Louisa went in vain from the Viceroy, Lord Camden, to the Secretary, Lord Castlereagh. Both were inexorable; so, as a last resource, she called, late in the evening, at the Chancellor's town mansion, in Ely Place, and asked to see his Lordship. The servant informed her ladyship the Chancellor had a large dinner-party; but moved by her tears, so pressed the urgency of her entreaty for an interview, that the Chancellor received her, and was much moved by the intensity of her grief. She entreated him to grant her an order to see Lord Edward. 'Lady Louisa,' he replied, 'to grant the order you solicit is quite out of the question. We have so decided in Council. But you are a female and a near relative; I know of no decision which prohibits *my accompanying you.*' He drove with her to Newgate, where he waited for three hours, while aunt and nephew were together for the last time on earth." (O'Flanagan's Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland, Vol. II., p. 233.)

‡ Earl of Clare.

nance Office, and met Lady Carleton, wife to Lord Carleton; * the Attorney General; † the Bishop of Killala, who was taken prisoner by the French;‡ and Mr. Daly,§ the Prime Sergeant, who held forth such illiberal sentiments towards the Catholics as I did not imagine could exist in any man's breast. Out of consideration to our good-humored entertainer no reply was made, except a few words from the Bishop of Killala, which only proved that he thought very differently.

"The usual dinner hour here is six o'clock, but it is often nearer seven. The prevalent custom is for a gentleman to sit at the head of a table, and carve for the lady of the house, who takes her seat by him: a much better custom than having all the dishes to pull on one side. Supper is usually announced at twelve, and few assemblies break up sooner than two or three in the morning.

"At present there are but two subjects of discussion here, — the past rebellion and the projected union of this country with England. As the English militia are sent to keep the country quiet and repel invasion, it would be wrong for me to take any part in politics; but we cannot be deaf to what passes or indifferent to those interesting subjects."

The opinion of an intelligent English lady upon the contemplated Union is well worth quoting: —

"I feel convinced that were I born in Ireland, I should decidedly be against the Union, — it seems giving up so much independence; but those who know better than I do, think that Ireland would be a far happier country if it was impartially governed by a united Parliament, than it is now with the reins in its own hands, as they have laws which do not appear either to be respected or obeyed. Many acts of unjust power have been exercised, both before and during the rebellion, by the Orange party, and as many ungrateful and atrocious acts by the opposed party. Oppression and poverty, in the long run, have rendered them savage, and it will require some years of kind treatment, and some education, to bring them round; but I hope that in becoming more civilized, they will not lose their natural warm-heartedness and instinctive wit, which seems to burst forth spontaneously when least expected." This is a pretty strong indication of the opinion of one who up to this time had mixed exclusively with the Castle set, all supporters of the contemplated Union, as she herself relates.

"*April* 27. — We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Digges La Touche, as did Mrs. Robert and John La Touche, Lord and Lady Mathew, Lord Roden, and Col. and Mrs. Howard. We have hitherto met only those who are zealous for the Union, but this family are decidedly against it; and we heard many arguments well supported, particularly by Mrs. La Touche, who defended her cause famously. The ladies here enter quite as warmly into politics as the gentlemen, and nothing else is talked of, which is very pleasant, as one thus hears so many interesting events; yet there exists so much animosity between parties, owing to the long-disturbed state of the country, that is difficult to meet with unprejudiced statements of facts."

The opinion entertained in Dublin of the Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, is thus given: "Lord Cornwallis is considered too lenient by the violent party, respecting the measures he has taken to suppress the rebellion, and those who before have been consulted by the government on every occasion are not less severe on him. He expresses great anxiety for the success of the Union, as the only means of saving this country and making it

* Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

† John Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury.

‡ Right Rev. Dr. Stock. He was bishop of Killala when the French expedition under Gen. Humbert landed at Killala, in 1798. They treated the bishop and his family with great respect.

§ St. George Daly supported the Union at the bar meeting, and was rewarded by the government for doing so. He probably was not aware that Capt. Howard was of the ancient Catholic family of the Duke of Norfolk.

prosper. We have heard it said of him, that if Lord Cornwallis was less of an honest man and more of a politician, he might have carried it easily; but by endeavoring to put a stop to jobbing, and such-like practices, he has lost nineteen votes in three different families and similarly in others. It is, I believe, his wish to introduce a mild government; which would be a happy change from the flogging and torture hitherto so generally resorted to."

With these humane words, I must take leave of this excellent work, which I have referred to, as showng the state of society in Dublin, at the period of the Union, and how an unbiassed person regarded that measure.

The following anecdote was told me respecting Lord Cornwallis: Owing to some affection of one of his eyes, it constantly rolled about in the socket, and caused him much inconvenience. An unhappy expression in one of the addresses of congratulation on his arrival in Ireland was therefore *malapropos*, though of course quite unintentional, for he was a perfect stranger: "We are sure your excellency, during your administration, will always keep a *steady eye* on our industrial advancement."

To be continued.

Shooting a Cougar. — Ned Wallace killed a cougar the other day that measured eight feet in length. Mr. Wallace was out hunting, and during his search for game came across a couple of young cougars. He shot one of the cubs dead and wounded the other. The wounded one set up a crying and whining that was heard by its mother, and before Wallace could reload his rifle he was startled by a terrifying scream. He is an experienced hunter, and he well understood the significance of that cry. He knew it came from the female cougar; an animal that when aroused and enraged has no superior in strength, activity, and ferocity. A crash in the brush on the hillside above him, and a repetition of the frightful scream that sounded almost human, warned Wallace of his perilous situation, and he prepared to face the danger. His rifle was empty. With the utmost celerity he threw a handful of powder into the barrel and shoved a bullet down after it without the formality of encasing the latter in a patch. As he hurriedly finished capping the weapon and drew his knife the cougar was within twenty feet of him, preparing for the spring that would have probably cost him his life. Quick as thought Wallace levelled his rifle and fired, the bullet luckily striking the animal in the breast, inflicting a fatal wound. The cougar leaped fully ten feet in the air and fell dead at Wallace's feet.

Maxims for Young Men. — Never be idle. Never gamble. Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Never speak lightly of religion. Be just before you are generous. Good character is above all things else. Never borrow if it is possible to avoid it. Never listen to idle and loose conversation. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again. Save when you are young and spend when you are old. When you speak to any person, look him in the face. Good company and conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. When you retire to bed, think over what you heve done during the day. Idleness is hunger's mother and of theft its full brother.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again though watered with tears.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

O monster, mixed of insolence and fear—
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
POPE'S "HOMER."

On leaving the house of his friend, Harcourt sauntered slowly to the rooms of the "Historical," which he was glad to find empty. He had not long taken up a paper, when, after a gentle tap at the door, one of the porters entered.

"I 've great news for you, Master Robert," he said; "there 's goin' to be terrible doin's here before long. Mr. Winn and the Yeomen are ragin' on account of the row at the theatre last night. They swear they will have revenge."

"If they want satisfaction, Morgan," remarked Harcourt, "I suppose they know how they can have it."

"No fear of that, sir; trust them for never meetin' you in fair fight. But I 'll tell you what they 're up to. They mean to have a great procession round King William to-morrow. They are goin' to dress him up in grand style, and so that there won't be a second whitewashin'; they intend to mount a strong guard on every street leading to the Green, and to give the statue itself in charge to Tom the Devil."

The porter here alluded to the celebrated whitewashing of the statue of King William on the night preceding a grand procession projected by the Orangemen. The statue had been decorated for the occasion. Two persons in the garb of tradesmen, one carrying a paint-pot, the other a brush, had approached the Yeomen in charge, and informed them that they had come to give the finishing touch to the royal figure. Permission being at once accorded, they accomplished their work and departed. Next morning rider and horse were found daubed all over with white paint. The procession of course had to be deferred. The affair created much indignation and merriment amongst the students, according to their political proclivities. The daring feat was by college rumor soon set down to the account of the gentleman and his friend whom Mr. Winn had mentioned at the Castle. But to resume.

"Who is this Tom the Devil?" Harcourt asked.

"One to whom his title is no nickname, sir, for if there was a walkin' devil on earth he 's the man. He 's a sergeant in Mr. Winn's militia, and in the hangin' and shootin' of all the people in the South last month they say he left his master far behind. Oh, you 'd know to look at him he was a man born for the gallows work; you could read it in his face."

"And he is to be put in guard of the statue, you say? What sort of a fellow is he in size?"

"A towerin' great man, sir; for all the world like a second Mr. Winn. To see how he swaggers about you 'd say he 'd eat an ox alive"

"And all the streets around the Green are to be guarded?"

"Yes, sir, by Yeomen in double file."

Harcourt mused a while. "Look here, Morgan," he said at length, "you must find out for me the password of the Yeomen to-night."

"Oh, for God's sake, Mr. Robert," cried the porter, "put yourself in no more danger. You have run great risks already. These Orangemen have a set on you; never mind what they say or do, sir, but reserve yourself for a better time."

"Nonsense, man; I merely wish to know their passwords, and also that of Tom the Devil."

"It would be easy enough to find out the Yeomen's, sir, but as for the Devil's, I expect 't will be only known to him and Mr. Winn."

Morgan was a member of the United Irishmen Confederation, and a man extremely useful to Harcourt and his party, as from his position he easily gained information of most of the Orange and government designs. Whilst they were still conversing,

their attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of voices in conflict on the stairs.

"Aisy, aisy there, now. Sure I tell you I want to have nothin' to say to it. He never did anything for me or mine that I should put up his colors."

"Mr. Michael Dowell, for a guinea," cried Harcourt, as he listened to catch the words.

"Yes, poor gentleman," said Morgan. "and I am afraid he is in trouble just now. There 's one of the Yeomen with him wanting to make him put an orange ribbon in his hat."

"Well, he has a friend near at hand; but let us hear what he says."

"Put this in your hat, and be d—d to you for an infernal Connaught Papist, and be quick, or I 'll string you up on the triangle!" cried a loud and angry voice without.

"But I tell you, Mr. Lunham, I want to have nothin' to say to it; I am no party man," the well-known brogue replied.

"But you 'll be a party man now, and wear the ribbon to honor the pious and immortal memory?"

"I don't think the memory pious of the man who sent me and mine to hell or Connaught. My uncle says —"

"Never mind what *he* says. *I* say you 'll mount the ribbon!"

Harcourt, who had stepped gently to the door, here opened it.

"What is this, Mr. Lunham," he asked blandly, "that you are insisting on with my friend, Mr. Dowell?"

"I don't think it any concern of yours, Mr. Harcourt," Lunham answered sullenly, at the same time shuffling away.

"Eh?" said Harcourt, growing serious. "In what sense do you intend me to take those words?"

"I don't intend you to take them in any sense. My concern is with this Galway plough-boy here."

"This *gentleman*, whom *you* call 'a Galway plough-boy,' is my friend." said Harcourt firmly, "and any insult offered to him I take as personal."

"Oh, never mind him, Mr Harcourt," put in Dowell; "he 's done me no harm, and I don't care what he says."

"Keep easy one moment, Mr. Dowell. Look you here, sir," cried Harcourt, addressing the Yeoman, "you have offered this gentleman an insult in my presence; how many more you may have put upon him elsewhere I know not, but I tell you this: the words you have used towards him you must withdraw and apologize for, mark you, on your knees! I will give you two minutes. If both be not done in that time, why — look you here — I presume it was by the stairs you came to these rooms from the yard below, but by my honor as a gentleman, it 's through that open window you 'll go back! I believe you expect my Lord Camden in six months to make you a knight; in half as many seconds I 'll undertake to make you a lord"

The eyes of the speaker flashed fire as in a voice of thunder he spoke, and the young bully quailed before them, not for an instant daring to put the threat of the former to the proof. He went on his knees, and while burning with rage and mortification at the indignity to which he was subjected, doggedly repeated the humiliating apology that was dictated to him.

"That will do, sir," said Harcourt, when he had finished. "If either you or your master should feel aggrieved, you both know who I am, and where to be found. Good day. Come in, Mr. Dowell."

"I 'm greatly beholden to you again, Mr. Harcourt" said the last-named gentleman, when they had both entered the room. "It was not your fault that you did n't make a happy man of me a long time before. Myself does n't mind much the talk of these Orange boys, only I like people to have some manners, and let a body pass that is n't sayin' this or that, or goin' next or near them, but walkin' on his way in quiet."

"And how did it happen, Michael, that this scoundrel accosted you just now?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Harcourt, I was just comin' to the rooms to have a look at the market list, so as to send my uncle the news. Well, as I was a comin' fair and easy down College Green, lo and behold! what should I see but King William on horseback, covered in flags and sashes, and a score of the Yeomen standin' under and makin' every one that went by take off his hat and bow to the effigy; and whoever did n't got a clout in the jaw, and had his hat knocked off into the bargain. Well, so just as myself came up 'longside, one of them — that young Lunham — comes up to me, and he says, 'Halloa there, Dowell, take off your hat!' 'For wha'?' says I. 'For our glorious liberator,' says he. 'What liberator?' says I. 'King William,' says he, 'who won our liberties at the Boyne, and freed us from the power of James and the Pope.' 'He won no liberties for me,' says I; 'my uncle says often that but for him and ould Cromwell, instead of bein' tillin' the bogs of Galway we'd now be feedin' our cattle on the pastures of Kildare.' 'Your uncle is a fool,' says he. ''T is well for you the boys at home don't hear you,' says I; 'they'd rise for him as they would for the priest.' With that he and those about him began to laugh outright. 'Come,' says he, 'once for all, are you goin' to take off your hat?' 'I 'm not,' says I. 'Then I 'll make you,' says he, and he up and knocked it off. 'Are you aisy now?' says I, stoopin' and pickin' it up. 'Not till you put this orange ribbon in it,' says he. 'That I won't,' says I. 'I'll let you see you will,' says he, and he followed me on through the gate and up here, till you heard us discoursin'. Only you came out I don't know what would have been the end of it."

"Upon my word, Dowell, you're a braver fellow than ever I gave you credit for," said Harcourt, much amused at the story. "But in their own coin we'll very soon pay these gentlemen off. I have a green ribbon which I'll cut in two; you 'll take one half, I the other. Now we 'll walk together up College Green with them flying from our hats, and let us see whether any one will tell either of us to take them out."

"Oh, maybe it would be better advisin' not to do that, Mr. Harcourt," remonstrated Dowell. "Sure I've got in safe and sound enough, and what more do I want?"

"I will take it as a particular favor, my dear Dowell, if you will submit yourself on the present occasion to my guidance. I warrant you against injury, and let him insult you who dares."

"I 'm sure of what you say, sir, and I 'll say against you no further, only will *you* fix the ribbon in my hat, if you please; 't is myself is unhandy at the work."

Harcourt, laughing, took the hat from the hands of Dowell, and fastened the ribbon to the band, then returned it to the latter; and fastening another in his own, and taking his friend's arm, they left the rooms, and having reached the yard, turned in the direction of the gate. As they passed through they encountered Winn, who scowled as he passed, but made no remark. On they went into the street, and walking leisurely through the midst of the Yeomen who stood on guard, they came on towards the statue and walked slowly round its base, Harcourt all the time, apparently unconscious that twenty sullen glances were fixed upon him, conversing carelessly with his companion. Having made the entire circuit they faced towards the college, and at the same pace retraced their steps, no one from first to last venturing to impede their progress, or calling on them to uncover in honor of the Prince of Orange. As they returned to the college, some half-stifled growls rose behind them, but any words that were uttered they were unable to hear.

Some ten minutes after they had retired, the gigantic figure of Winn appeared coming through the gate. With a face purple with passion he approached the Yeomen, and in furious tones addressed them : —

" Has that d—d rebel again been flouting his popish colors in the midst of you and not one of you been man enough to tear them from his cap? you set of bragging, sneaking, worthless poltroons ! "

" And yet, Winn, you did not stop him yourself when you met him coming out," remarked one.

" And he 's this moment in college, if you wish to call him to account for the act," said a second.

" All men are stout behind his back, but you seem to care as little to meet him face to face yourself as any one else." put in a third.

" Hang you all ! will you hold your tongues? " shouted Winn. " I 'm afraid to meet none of *you*, that is one thing certain. But listen to my plan for to-night. The statue is to be decked out this evening for to-morrow's procession. I 'll take care what occurred before sha'n't happen again. On every street leading to the Green I 'll place heavy guards, but the statue itself I 'll give in charge to my sergeant. Tom the Devil ; 't will be the delight of his heart to guard it well."

" But what if Harcourt should come upon him? " asked a Yeoman.

" That is the very thing I wish Harcourt would try. By my conscience, I think I 'll leave a way open that he may. Tom would run him through and roast him for his supper with as little concern as — "

" As you would bring him down at twelve paces." said one of the Yeomen.

Winn's brow darkened, but he made no reply. " Where is Lunham? " he asked after a moment's pause.

" He followed Dowell, the Galway Papist, into the college an hour ago, and we have not seen him since "

" The cringing dastard ! I suppose he slunk away too. He must have encountered Harcourt if he followed Dowell to the Historical rooms."

" Aye, that is most likely, and Harcourt probably horsewhipped him there, and now he is ashamed to show his nose out here again."

" Oh ! " cried Winn, uttering a fearful oath. " What do you mean, one and all of you, by affording this limb of Beelzebub so many opportunities of trampling on you? Why do you attempt what you have not the courage to perform? "

" As I said before, Winn," remarked a former speaker, " 't is in your power to put all to rights. Draw your sword upon him as he is leaving the college, or else send him a mortal defiance."

" No, d— it, no ! " roared Winn. " That might do for you, but my life is too valuable to the state to be risked on a chance bullet. But I have a surer way to catch him. Here now, let ye all get in. No use of you showing yourselves off any longer here to-day, to be the joke of every street loafer, after you all being cowed and bearded to your teeth by one man But look ! there goes his d—d comrade Fitzgerald. He is about joining him in the rooms. All right, my good boy, you 'll be keeping him company in another place before long, when you will both be handed over to Tom Galvin ! By Jove ! boys, but won't Lady Alice make a fine, dashing young widow? And she 'll have the money, too. I wonder after a time might she be brought to look on me? They say I 'm a dashing young fellow in the country. Wait till I come back from my next expedition the hero of a hundred fights ! Hurrah ! but the day she says she 'll have me I 'll make a bonfire of priest's bones and —"

" Winn," cried one, interrupting him, " look at Harcourt coming out."

Winn started suddenly round, and on finding he had been hoaxed uttered another oath, while roars of laughter rose on every side of him. Calling to his followers in an angry tone to " take down the state hangman and

furl their banner," he led them back to the college.

CHAPTER XXIV.

For courage mounteth with occasion.
SHAKESPEARE.

It was not from mere bravado Harcourt had cleared the pit of the theatre the previous evening, and just then fluttered the green colors in the face of the Orange party; for dearly as he loved a dangerous adventure and honorable risk, yet any act that would require him to assume the part of a bully was repugnant to his high spirit and dauntless courage But he saw the numerical inferiority of his party in the college, and he knew how vitally necessary it was that he should gain a moral ascendancy over his opponents, the great bulk of whom, inasmuch as cruelty and courage are seldom allied, he rightly guessed to be cowards at heart. He was determined if he could to hold his own and restrain the brutal excesses of the Yeomen; and by a few skilfully devised and well-executed schemes, he had already so utterly discomfited and demoralized them that, as we have just seen, he could pass through their midst wearing an emblem which they detested, without one of them daring to challenge his act. He now set himself to mature a plan, failure in which would place him and his cause in no slight peril. To injure a public statue, not to speak of such a one as King William's, would lead to his certain arrest; and then, even if no more happened, his further services were lost to his country. Government, he was aware, suspected his loyalty, and only wanted a pretext to throw him into prison, and the many parties to whom he had rendered himself obnoxious could then glut their hatred and malice to the full. But on the other hand, the gain to his party from another successful *coup* would be enormous, as nothing would more tend to raise the enthusiasm and strengthen the confidence of his followers than their seeing the Orangemen a second time baffled in their intended procession, notwithstanding all their extraordinary precautions. After long and anxious deliberation he determined on the venture, let the result be what it would. He had just made up his mind when Fitzgerald joined him.

"Robert," said the latter as he hastily entered the room, "have you heard the news? But our conversation may disturb Mr. Dowell; let us take a turn in the park."

"Oh, aisy, gentlemen," said Dowell, "ye won't put me out at all; talk on. 'T was Mr. Harcourt stood to me well a while ago, Mr. Fitzgerald, with a Yeoman chap. Ah, but I 'm still prosperin' well in the world, thank God, and the young lady is unmarried yet."

At another time Fitzgerald would have laughed, but serious matters now occupied his thoughts; so he simply answered, "We will hear all tomorrow, Mr. Dowell," and took Harcourt off with him, and when well out of hearing whispered, "Robert, the bloodhounds are on *his* track."

His companion started. "Can it be possible they have discovered where he is?"

"No, but I am afraid they have obtained a clew. When I called today to visit Lady Pamela, there was one with her whom, although he has ever enjoyed the confidence of Lord Edward, I do not trust. In his face, I often observed to you, I see clearly written, 'Traitor.' No doubt it may belie his soul, although I do not believe the countenance of a villain ever concealed the heart of an honest man. But this Reynolds, Lady Pamela seems to confide in. She told me he expressed the greatest anxiety and alarm about Lord Edward's safety, and promised her that if she would inform him where his lordship lay concealed he would place a secret guard on the house and street. Fortunately she was unable to enlighten him. As I was coming over here, one of our men informed me that Swan

and Sir were this morning seen with a military guard near Aungier Street. That looks suspicious. What if this Reynolds really be what I have long suspected, a government spy? Lord Edward's doom is sealed."

"The same thought with regard to Reynolds, George, has often struck myself. On the day, you remember, on which he called to us at Emmet's rooms, and professed such undying devotion to the cause, my suspicions were first aroused, for true patriotism avoids ostentatious display. In any case our course is clear. We must remove Lord Edward from his present lodgings. Our only question is whither."

"There is a grocer named Murphy, in Thomas Street, who has offered to shelter him."

"Oh, very good; now we must arrange our plans to escort him thither as early in the night as possible. We must get together about forty of our men. When it is dark we shall all assemble at the rendezvous. We shall then divide into two parties, one of which shall take Lord Edward. These parties shall take different routes, keeping sufficiently near together to be able to render aid to each other if requisite. Each band shall guard one end of Thomas Street, while one of us conducts our charge safely to the house. Lord Edward once in a place of safety, I can proceed on my second enterprise with a bright heart."

"Second enterprise! what other have you on hand?"

"Oh, I forgot; I should not have mentioned anything of it to you, and this day I faithfully promised Damer, my dear George, that I would tempt you to no more risks, and in the present instance I am determined to keep my word. What I this time purpose to attempt is, I will admit, a thing of a dangerous character. Failure might involve not a broken head but a broken neck."

"Robert," said his friend, "you have always trusted me before. What have I done that you should not repose confidence in me still?"

"Beyond getting married, certainly nothing. If you were yet single, I would ask you to assist me with a heart and a half. However, I 'll tell you what it is, though I must insist on your taking no part in it. The first act of our programme will bring you sufficiently within reach of the gallows for one night, although to my mind the second part seems like the comedy after the tragedy. Well, as you have probably heard, Winn intends to dress up King William again this evening for a procession to-morrow, and I mean to-night to show my respect for the pious and immortal memory by blowing his Majesty off his horse."

Fitzgerald laughed. "And do you for an instant suppose," he exclaimed, "that I could keep away from the fun? Why, how the recounting of your exploit will entertain Lord Edward to-morrow! But how do you mean to carry it out?"

"Aye, there 's the rub. The affair is, I allow, a little ticklish. Winn means to station guards on every street around the Green. No one without the password can get through; but that Morgan can easily find out for me. Then again, I am known to all the college Yeomen, who would identify me at once. I must learn on what streets the Cork militia will be posted, and endeavor to make my way through them. But now comes the chief difficulty. This favorite sergeant of his, Tom the Devil, is to take in charge the statue itself, and he is to have a special password which will be only known to his master and himself. The question is how to manage him. Even if I should escape being shot down by him, the report of his musket or the noise of a scuffle would in an instant bring five hundred men to the spot."

"And how will you overcome this Cerberus — throw him a honeysuckle?"

"No, the only thing is to get near

and overpower him; the rest would then be easy work."

"The first is easier said than done: you probably know the appearance of this Goliath. In height he is fully two inches over Winn."

"Then the greater the body the greater the fall."

"Look here, Robert, this is a capital joke you propose, but take my word for it you cannot carry it out alone; and besides, Alice would never forgive me if I did not share the danger and glory of such a feat."

"Alice is, I well know, a brave girl, but I doubt that she has any ambition for widow's weeds."

"Come, my good fellow, you don't put me off in this way. Whatever Alice may like, I 'll answer for it, she would prefer that she should be a widow rather than her husband a coward."

"Have your own way, George; I 'll oppose you no further. I hope I have not broken my word with Henry Damer."

"Certainly not, but almost overreached your other friend in your anxiety to keep it. Now let us set about arranging for the affair of greater moment."

"By all means; but first I would wish to make a call at my house, and then at yours. I want to present Cecilia with a gift."

"A gift!" said Fitzgerald in astonishment.

"Yes: simply a deed which purports to make over to her all the real and personal property of which I may be at the present moment possessed. Why do you look so? Do you forget in what times we live? that we are treading on a volcano? Were I arrested now, and put on my trial tomorrow for high treason, on my conviction every penny I have would go to the Crown. So my possessions I mean to place in the keeping of your sweet sister, so that at the worst the state can have only my life."

His friend paused and appeared confused. "But why did you not make this settlement on Damer?" he asked.

"What! would you have him involved in suspicion? Besides, may I not make a present to a lady if I wish?"

"Robert, you are right, and I will as soon as possible follow your example. I will not leave it to the Castle bloodhounds to boast that they grew fat on my riches as well as on my blood. I also will settle my own estate upon Cecilia. Alice is well provided for by her marriage settlement."

"And then if you go, I go, and Cecilia will have all. But not knowing what may happen soon, I would recommend you to have the settlement executed before to-night."

"So I intend; I will call on my solicitor on my way home, and desire him to use all despatch. I will run off this instant. I suppose I may expect you over in half an hour."

They had now reached the college gate, where they each hailed a hackney carriage. Harcourt drove home, and then rejoined Fitzgerald at his own house.

After some time the girls came in. "I have to congratulate you, Cecilia," said her brother, "on your coming in for a splendid fortune. Mr. Robert Harcourt has made you his heiress."

"Speak correctly, George," said Harcourt; "you forget *Nemo est he es viventis*. What he says is indeed true, Miss Cecilia; I have come here to hand over to you everything I possess." The girl smiled, blushed, but appeared incredulous, so he continued in a more serious tone: "I have assigned all my property to you, in order that it may be preserved for me till happier times. Except he belong to the government, no man is sure of his possessions an hour in the present state of things. When peace and liberty are established in the country, you can then, if you wish, restore all back to me; unless indeed you shall in the interim have married Mr. Michael Dowell, in which case of course your

husband will have control of your property."

"Not if I have a marriage settlement," said Cecilia, laughing; "you see I know something of law, Mr. Harcourt."

"But you never would think of requiring a settlement from such an amiable gentleman as Mr. Dowell. However, my dear Cecilia, here is the deed with which I endow you with my worldly goods — why, I am getting into the marriage ceremony. Forgive me if my words offend you: now I am entirely depending on your bounty; I must come to you for every guinea I require. But George and I must leave you for awhile; we have other business of importance to transact."

Throughout the evening, both young men conversed as thoughtlessly and merrily with their fair companions as though dangers thick and dark were not impending, like the sword of Damocles, over their heads, until the hour drew near when they were to depart upon their important and perilous enterprise.

WEATHER IN LONDON IN JANUARY.

Let us not be alarmed at the weather we are having. Let us not be afraid that the immunity from severe frosts which has for so many years characterized the United Kingdom, in contradistinction to other countries in the same latitude, has deserted us forevermore. The weather has been very bad indeed, but nothing to what it has been before now in England. In 1814 the Thames was frozen down as far as Queenhithe so firmly that a sheep was set to a fire in a tent on the ice, and sold in shilling slices. The ice from London Bridge to Blackfriars bore not only passengers, but heavy carts and wagons, and a fair was held on it with merry-go-rounds and entertainment booths. In 1715–16, an ox was roasted on the ice opposite where Temple Pier now stands. But even all this is comparatively nothing. According to an old chronicler —

"In the winter of 1684, the frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames, before London, was still planted with booths in formal streets. All sorts of trades and shops, furnished and full of commodities, — even to a printing press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and the year set down, were produced on the Thames. This humor took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, etc. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from other stairs, to and fro, as in the street; sheds, sliding with skates, or bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet-shows and interludes, cooks, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water."

So that we can take comfort. — *London Universe.*

Praise your Wife. — Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement: it won't hurt her. She made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, food agreeable: for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it: it will make her eyes open wider than they have these ten years; but it will do her good, and you too. There are many women to-day thirsting for words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly; and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labor, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Home every day may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its homelikeness. You know, if you can take from the drawer a clean shirt every time you want it, that somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous.

TO IRELAND.

Speranza (Lady Wilde).

My country, wounded to the heart,
Could I but flash along thy soul
Electric power to rive apart
The thunder-clouds that round thee roll,
And by my burning words uplift
Thy life from out death's icy drift,
Till the full splendors of our age
Shone round thee for thy heritage,
As Miriam's, by the Red Sea strand
Clashing proud cymbals, — so my hand
Would strike thy harp,
Loved Ireland!

She flung her triumphs to the stars
In glorious chants for freedom won,
While over Pharaoh's gilded cars
The fierce, death-bearing waves rolled on;
I can but look in God's great face,
And pray him for our fated race,
To come in Sinai thunders down,
And with his mystic radiance crown
Some prophet-leader, with command
To break the strength of Egypt's band,
And set thee free,
Loved Ireland!

New energies, from higher source,
Must make the strong life-currents flow,
As Alpine glaciers in their course
Stir the deep torrents 'neath the snow.
The woman's voice dies in the strife
Of Liberty's awakening life;
We wait the hero heart to lead, —
The hero, who can guide at need,
And strike with bolder, stronger hand,
Though towering hosts his path withstand,
Thy golden harp,
Loved Ireland!

For I can breathe no trumpet call,
To make the slumb'ring soul arise;
I only lift the funeral-pall,
That so God's light might touch thine eyes,
And ring the silver prayer-bell clear,
To rouse thee from thy trance of fear:
Yet, if thy mighty heart has stirred
Even with one pulse-throb at my word,
Then not in vain my woman's hand
Has struck thy gold harp while I stand,
Waiting thy rise,
Loved Ireland!

JOHN MITCHEL: A SKETCH.

William J. Onahan.

PART II.

"JUNE 1 [1848]. It was on a raw, damp morning that I took my last look of Irish land. . . .

"It rained dismally; the wind sang ruefully in shrouds and rigging; and huge gray rain-clouds darkened over shore and sea. We were out of sight of land almost as soon as the ship had cleared the headlands of the bay.

"I waved my hand northeast by north, then went below and ate a tremendous breakfast.

"So my mornings are cut. I am a banished man. And this is no mere *relegatio*, like Ovid's at Tomi: it is utter *exsilium*, — interdiction of fire and water, — the loss of citizenship, if citizenship I had, — the brand of whatsoever ignominy the law can inflict, if law there be. Be it so: I am content; there are no citizens in Ireland, there is no citizenship, no law; I cannot lose what I never had, for no Irishman has any rights at present.

"As for the disgrace of 'felony,' that sits very easy upon me: to make me a felon needs an *act* of my own. No 'Act of Parliament' can do it; and what ignominy London "law" can stain an Irishman withal, I am content to underlie till my dying hour. Be that disgrace on my head, and on the heads of my children!

"But for the thought of those children and their mother, and what temporary inconvenience they may suffer before arrangements can be made for their leaving Ireland, — but for that, I should feel absolutely jolly to-day! There is something independent in setting forth on a voyage of three thousand miles, with an old brown coat on my back, and a few shillings in my *tricolor* purse. The onus is not upon me. You, Sovereign Lady, Queen Nice, have charge of me now, — look you take care of me. I am in your Majesty's hands at last, but you may find, O Queen, that I am too dear at the price you have paid, and are like to pay. I will cost you, most dread sovereign, rather more than my rations."

Mitchel thus grimly sets down in his memorable "Jail Journal" his meditations on bidding an involuntary farewell to Ireland. The government evidently had not settled and determined the ultimate fate of the resolute and defiant "rebel."

His first destination was the island of Bermuda, which was then a British convict station. He was kept in confinement there on board one of the prison "hulks" moored in the harbor, during a period of ten months, at the expiration of which time, orders arrived from London directing that he be transported in a convict ship to the Cape Colony, Cape of Good Hope.

Mitchel had suffered greatly during his imprisonment. The climate was prostrating, and the confinement aggravated the evil effects on a constitution naturally delicate. Mitchel's health became seriously impaired, and a longer detention in the West Indies would plainly soon make an end of the "Irish rebel." It was with satisfaction, then, that Mitchel contemplated the prospect of removal to the Cape — to anywhere out of the "loathsome hulks" and solitary confinement to which he was subjected.

Here is his own melancholy musing: —

"To-day [April 12, 1849], without a moment's warning, I was carried off from the 'Dromedary,' in a boat, and brought to the hospital ship. The 'Neptune' is to sail within a week, and it seems I am to have a few days'

hospital treatment, to fit me for so long a voyage; 'lest they should find it necessary,' says Dr. Hall, 'to lower you from the yard-arm between this and the Cape.'"

"He says that he procured this arrangement with difficulty, by distinctly certifying that I am too ill to be put on board ship; and that, in his opinion, there is danger I may not survive the voyage. I did not think I had been so ill: curse on them, they have gone near to murder me! Yet I do not believe that the voyage will be hurtful to me, or that I am now in danger of death. The danger was in being kept in solitary confinement here. Indeed, weak as I am in body, I feel stronger in soul than ever I was; for which I sincerely thank Almighty God.

"Many foul shadows that seemed threatening to rise up between me and the sun have scattered themselves and sunk. I have risen into a clearer atmosphere, and feel myself more in accord with whatsoever is good in this world.

"Let some philosopher account to me, upon either physiological or psychological principles, which he pleases, for this phenomenon, — the mind growing stronger as the frame grows weak; growing hopeful, contented, indomitable, the nearer a man looks upon the face of death, death in a dungeon, death among his enemies.

"For my own part, I bethink me that if there be work for me to do on the earth, the Almighty will keep me alive to do it, and draw me out of this pit in his own time: that if not, he knows what is best for every one of us; can raise up friends and guides for my children, — better friends and guides than I could ever be; can find means and instruments that I never dream of, to elevate our poor country out of the dust and set her high among the nations, and give her peace and prosperity within her cottages.

"In short, everybody can do *without me;* and if I am to perish in this exile, I shall take it as a certain sign that all things will go on *better* without me. Yet I do ardently desire to live and to act, — to rear my own children, to do my own duties, — to act and speak amongst men that which I know to be just and true. And all this will I do if it be God's will; if otherwise, God's will be done."

The long five-months' voyage to the Cape proved of incalculable benefit to Mitchel, and with restored health came buoyancy of spirit and recovered energies; all of which is plainly visible in the current pages of the "Journal."

Arrived at their destination, an unlooked-for difficulty and embarrassment confronted the commander of the convict ship, and the British authorities in the colony. The settlers, learning of the expected arrival of a cargo of convicts, who were to be turned loose on the settlement, had determined to prevent the unwelcome accession.

They were not content that their country should be made a penal settlement. Indignation meetings had been held, and petitions and remonstrances forwarded to the "home" government, protesting against the threatened infliction; and not content with these measures, a vigorous and systematic plan for "Boycotting" the unwelcome cargo was instituted. Every person in the settlement was pledged to "not sell anything to anybody on board the 'Neptune' [the name of the convict vessel], or to anybody who will so deal, or to any one who will assist any convicted felon to land, or enable him to live when landed, or to the government, or to anybody for the government, so long as the 'Neptune' remains even afloat within the waters of the Colony."

This moral and commercial quarantine proved wonderfully effective. Awaiting orders from London, the vessel with her convict cargo rode at anchor in the harbor, week after week, until fully five months had passed. Mitchel meantime enjoyed the situation, and chronicles with gusto his satisfaction with the proceedings of the colonists.

Finally, orders came directing that the "Neptune" proceed forthwith to Van Diemen's Land; on arrival there the prisoners to receive (in compensation for the hardships of their long voyage) conditional pardon, except "the prisoner Mitchel, whose case Lord Grey reserved for separate consideration; but special instructions respecting it are to be forwarded to the governor of Van Diemen's Land."

The 19th of February the "Neptune" again set sail, this time plowing the seas towards far-away Tasmania. Early in April the final end of the voyage was reached.

Arrived at Hobart Town, Mitchel was informed by the authorities of the conditions under which he would be allowed to reside in any one of the "police districts" of the colony that he might choose to select. The conditions were simple enough, the only restriction on his liberty (within the limits of the police district adopted) being the necessity of reporting in person to the district magistrate once a month

One other condition, attached to this "ticket-of-leave," it is important should be plainly understood, since upon this point hinges a controversy affecting John Mitchel's honor, which has not yet altogether died out of the region of controversy.

That condition required from the person accepting the so-called "ticket-of-leave" a promise that while holding said ticket he would not escape from the colony. It is well to give this understanding in Mitchel's own words: "I may accept it or not, as I think proper; or, having accepted, I may at any time resign it: but first of all, I must give my promise that so long as I hold the said 'ticket,' I shall not escape from the colony."

Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Martin, O'Doherty, MacManus, and O'Donoghue had already preceded Mitchel, and were settled in Van Diemen's Land under conditions akin to those accepted by him. O'Brien, however, had refused to give the promise, and so was subject to police surveillance. The others enjoyed comparative liberty, though no two of them could reside nearer than thirty or forty miles to each other.

Mitchel records his acceptance of the "ticket-of-leave" in these words: "Wrote a note to the Comptroller-General, informing him that I would promise not to escape so long as I should enjoy the 'comparative liberty' of the ticket."

And so the exile was allowed to set foot on Tasmanian soil, and proceed to find such "home" as circumstances admitted.

On account of the condition of his health, backed by the indorsement of the ship's physician, he was permitted to live within the district where John Martin had established himself, and he accordingly proceeded to Bothwell, where — but we shall let his own graphic words tell the story of the scene of the rendezvous: —

"Sitting on the green grass, by the bank of a clear, brawling stream of fresh water.

"Trees waving overhead; the sunshine streaming through their branches, and making a tremulous network of light and shade on the ground.

"It is Bothwell, forty-six miles from Hobart Town, from the 'Neptune,' and the sea; and high among the central mountains of Van Diemen's Land.

"Opposite sits John Martin, sometime of Loughorn, smoking placidly, and gazing curiously on me with his mild eyes."

The genius for journalism displayed by the Young Irelanders was illustrated even in Van Diemen's Land. Shortly after his arrival Mitchel found that an ardent countryman had started an organ and named it The Irish Exile; and he was not more amazed than disgusted to find that he was invited to join in

editing the concern. "God preserve me from organs of opinion!" he wrote in the "Journal"; "have I sailed round the terraqueous globe, and dropped in here in a cove of the far South Pacific, to find an able editor 'mounted stiltwise upon phrases tall,' and blowing deliberate puffs in my face?" Needless to add, he paid no heed to the invitation.

Meagher and O'Doherty were settled in districts near to Bothwell, and though contrary to the "rule," the three "rebels" — Martin, Meagher, and O'Doherty — had hitherto arranged for a weekly rendezvous at Lake Sorel, which formed a central point to the three districts. Of course the temptation for a meeting was irresistible, and it was not in human nature, especially in Irish nature, to withstand the temptation. Besides, the authorities were said to tolerate or connive at these meetings as "harmless." A meeting was accordingly arranged for Mitchel.

Arrived at the lake — but here again we will let the "Jail Journal" tell the story of the memorable meeting: —

"It now began to grow dusk, for we had been four hours and a half on the way; and the evening was fast growing dark, when we heard the gallop of three horses, and a loud laugh well known to me. We went to the door, and in a minute Meagher and O'Doherty had thrown themselves from their horses; and as we exchanged greetings, I know not from what impulse, whether from buoyancy of heart or *bizarre* perversity of feeling, we all *laughed* till the woods rang around; laughed loud and long and uproariously, till two teal rose, startled from the reeds on the lake shore, and flew screaming to seek a quieter neighborhood.

"I suspect there was something hollow in that laughter, though at the time it was hearty, vociferous, and spontaneous.

"But even in laughter the heart is sad; and curses or tears, just then, might have become us better.

"Both these exiles looked fresh and vigorous. Kevin O'Doherty I had scarcely ever met before; but he is a fine, erect, noble-looking young man, with a face well bronzed by air and exercise. . . .

"Our talk was all of Ireland, and of Richmond and Newgate prisons, and of Smith O'Brien; and it soon made us serious enough. I had still very much to learn, — though before coming up to Bothwell at all, I had met MacManus at a wayside inn, and he told me all he knew.

"They have been in Van Diemen's Land just five months; and they inform me that Smith O'Brien has been during that time subjected to most rigorous, capricious, and insolent treatment by the Comptroller-General and his subordinates. His confinement for a while, indeed, was as strict as my own had been in Bermuda; and only the representation of the medical officer that his health was sinking under it compelled them to relax the discipline so far that he is now allowed to wander over part of the island at stated times, attended by an armed constable.

"Our meeting at the lakes, begun with factitious jollity, soon grew dismal enough, and it was still more saddened as we talked of the factions of our Irish refugees in America, — factions founded principally on the momentous question, who was the greatest man and most glorious hero of that most inglorious business of '48; and each imagines he exalts his own favorite 'martyr' by disparaging and pulling down the rest, — as if the enemy's government had not pulled us all down, and ridden rough-shod over us.

"It seems that I have my faction, and Meagher a still stronger one. If our respective partisans could but have seen — as we discussed this question of our own comparative importance — how bitterly and how mournfully we two smiled at one another across the gum-tree fire in that log hut amongst the forests of the Antipodes, perhaps it might have cooled their partisan zeal."

On another occasion Mitchel joins in an excursion to see the "Shannon," a Tasmanian river borrowing its name from far-away Ireland. What memories it recalls, what a throng of glittering fancies it suggests to his eloquent pen! Here is a passage full of beauty: —

"All my life long I have delighted in rivers: rivulets, rills, fierce torrents tearing their rocky beds, gliding, dimpled brooks kissing a daisied marge.

"The tinkle, or murmur, or deep resounding roll, or raving roar of running water, is, of all sounds my ears ever hear now, the most homely. Nothing else in this land looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue; the very trees, whispering to the wind, whisper in secrets unknown to me: for your gum-tree leaves are all hard, horny, polished as the laurel; besides, they have neither upper nor under side, but are set on with the plane of them vertical, wherefore they can never, never, let breeze pipe or zephyr breathe as it will, never can they whisper, quiver, sigh, or sing as do the beeches of old Rosstrevor. Yes, all sights and sounds of nature are alien and outlandish — suggestive of the Tropic of Capricorn and the Antarctic Circle — save only the sparkle and the music of the streams. Well I know the voice of this eloquent river: it talks to me, and to the woods and rocks, in the same tongue and dialect wherein the Roe discoursed to me, a child; in its crystalline gush my heart and brain are bathed; and I hear, in its plaintive chime, all the blended voices of history, of prophecy, and of poesy from the beginning. Not cooler or fresher was the Thracian Hebrus; not purer were Abana and Pharpar; not more ancient and venerable is Father Nilus. Before the quiet flow of the Egyptian river was yet disturbed by the jabber of priests of Meröe, — before the dynasty was yet bred that quaffed the sacred wave of Choaspes, 'the drink of none but kings,' — ere its lordly namesake river, in Erin of the Streams, reflected yet upon its bosom a Pillar Tower, or heard the chimes from its Seven Churches, this river was rushing through its lonely glen to the Southern Sea, was singing its mystic song to these primeval woods.

"O sun-loved river! wherefore dost thou hum, hum, hum alway thy strange, deep mystic song unto the rocks and strands? for they are dumb, and answer nothing as thou flowest along. Why singest so, all hours of night and day? Ah! river! my best river! thou, I know, art seeking some land where souls have still the gift of speaking with Nature in her own old wondrous way!

"I delight in poets who delight in rivers; and for this do I love that sweet singer, through whose inner ear and brain the gush of his native Aufidus forever streamed and flashed. How some perennial brook of crystal glimmered forever through all his day-dreams! how he yearned to marry his own immortality with the eternal murmuring of that bright Blandusian fount! Wisely, too, and learnedly, did Clarence Mangan discourse with the rivers, and attune his notes to their wondrous music. How gloriously he interprets the German Moericke and his melodious theme! . . .

"But, behold! plump into the water, just under the bank, tumbles a *platypus*, uncouth, amphibious quadruped, with broad duck-bill; and shrill from a neighboring gum-tree yells the 'laughing jackass,' — a noisy bird, so named by profane colonists.

"We are in Australia, then! Martin has been sitting on the bank, musing with dreamy eyes on the passing waters; but now we awake, and see that the dusk is approaching, a dusk that will call forth stars which never glassed themselves in the *other* Shannon. So we mount for our 'registered lodgings' in Bothwell, and reluctantly leave that most lovely glen."

And so, in wanderings by stream and river, in excursions over the hills and through the forests of this lonely and wonder-abounding land, Mitchel strove

to occupy his time and thoughts until the looked-for and eagerly expected arrival of his wife and family, who were to join him and make bright the home and hours of his exile.

We next find Mitchel busied with the cares and duties of establishing his family in a settled home. "Naut Cottage," Bothwell, was selected.

Attached to the cottage was a farm of some two hundred acres; and having stocked it with sheep and cattle, Mitchel settled down to routine work, devoting, as he says, "four hours every day to the boys' lessons; then riding or roaming in the woods." He had not yet seen Smith O'Brien, and shortly after the arrival of Mrs. Mitchel, he set out with her to pay him a visit. They met him at *Avoca*, — the place and the meeting recalling old-time memories of the land for which both had suffered and sacrificed so much!

Mitchel's "Jail Journal" shall tell the story of this meeting: —

"We met him at the door as he entered; and our greeting was silent, but warm and cordial, although the rest of our intercourse in Ireland had been somewhat distant. He seems evidently sinking in health: his form is hardly so erect, nor his step so stately; his hair is more grizzled, and his face bears traces of pain and passion.

"It is sad to look upon the noblest of Irishmen, thrust in here among the offscourings of England's jails, with his home desolated, and his hopes ruined, and his defeated life, and falling into the sere and yellow leaf. He is fifty years of age, yet has all the high and intense pleasure of youth in these majestic hills and woods, — softened, indeed and made pensive by sorrow, and haunted by the ghosts of buried hopes.

"Here is a rare and noble sight to see, — a man who cannot be crushed, bowed, or broken; who can stand firm on his own feet against all the tumult and tempest of this ruffianly world, with his bold brow fronting the sun like any other Titan, son of Cœlus and Terra; anchored immovably upon his own brave heart within; his clear eye and soul open as ever to all the melodies and splendors of earth and heaven, and calmly waiting for the angel Death.

> "' For near him lies his grave; hidden from view,
> Not by the flowers of youth, but by the snows
> Of age alone.'"

Of course the two talked over the melancholy chapter of '48; discussed the prospects, which were indeed dismal enough. O'Brien related the story of his recent attempt at escape, in which he had been foiled by the treachery of the master of the vessel that was to have conveyed him beyond the reach of British power. As to the situation of affairs in Ireland, O'Brien was resolute and emphatic in his declaration that the cause was "utterly lost, and the history of Ireland as a nation closed and sealed forever," — a conclusion which Mitchel as decidedly rejected.

During the year, Meagher, having first surrendered his parole, or "ticket-of-leave," effected his escape from the island, and reached the United States in safety, where he was received with great ovations and demonstrations. Mitchel occupied himself with his farm and other duties, and became quite an expert in stock-raising, occasionally indulging in his favorite pastime and recreation, hunting.

He describes a kangaroo hunt with the *gusto* of a professional "whipper-in," and followed the hounds with the genuine enthusiasm of a true sportsman. But his heart and his thoughts were more often far away, speculating on the future of his unhappy country, or on the wider field of European politics; or yet again on the fortunes of so many of the exiles who had found a home and a career in the United States, the accounts of which were given in

dashing detail in the letters that came to him from Thomas Devin Reilly, then editing the Democratic Review, Washington.

He himself was soon to follow. P. J. Smyth, the present M. P. for Tipperary, had been commissioned by the Irish Directory of New York to procure the escape of one or more of the patriots, — if possible, O'Brien's and Mitchel's. Arrived in Van Diemen's Land, Smyth promptly went to work to execute his plans, which he carried into effect with a boldness and address, and a degree of vigor and resolution that were, to say the least, marvellous.

Smith O'Brien, however, could not be persuaded to avail himself of the chance to escape. He had once tried and failed; and he did not look with complacency on the design of making his home in America, even if he succeeded in the proposed venture. For him there was no other, could be no other congenial home but Ireland; and he had hopes that some time or other the British government would find it politic to set him free, even without submission on his part, in which case he then could return to Ireland; while if he escaped, "Ireland would be barred against him forever." O'Brien was immovable as to his own escape, but he was equally of the opinion that Mitchel ought to avail himself of the opportunity; it was *his* chance.

Finally, after a full and frank discussion between O'Brien, Martin, Mitchel, and Smyth, it was decided that Mitchel should "go," — at all events the attempt must be made The question of discharging the parole was fully considered, and O'Brien's advice and opinions decided and determined the course of action subsequently followed by Mitchel: and that was, that the only mode of discharging it would be to withdraw the promise given (*i. e.*, not to escape), and this must be done formally, in the police office of the district, in a regular manner, thereby giving the authorities full opportunity to take the person thus surrendering the "ticket-of-leave" into custody, if they were able (if they were not able, that would be THEIR misfortune); that this must be done within proper business hours; that any previous bribery would be quite legitimate; that any force or violence (O'Brien said short of killing) would then be allowable to secure escape, etc

In conformity with this plan and method of procedure agreed upon, Mitchel, in company with Smyth, rode into the town of Bothwell, the police headquarters of his district.

What transpired there may as well be given in Mitchel's own words: —

"At the police barrack on the little hill we saw eight or nine constables, all armed and undergoing a sort of drill. At the police-office door there was as usual a constable on guard. We dismounted. I walked in first, through the little gate leading into the court room, where I found his Worship (the magistrate), sitting as usual. Near him sat Robinson, the police clerk. 'Mr. Davis,' I said, 'here is a copy of a note which I have just despatched to the governor. I have thought it necessary to give you a copy.' The note was as follows: —

BOTHWELL, June 8, 1853.

To the Lieutenant-Governor, etc.:

SIR, — I hereby resign the "ticket-of-leave," and withdraw my parole. I shall forthwith present myself before the police magistrate of Bothwell, show him a copy of this note, and offer myself to be taken into custody.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN MITCHEL.

"Mr. Davis took the note: it was open. 'Do you wish me,' he said, 'to read it?'

"'Certainly; it was for that I brought it.'

"He glanced over the note and then looked at me. That instant Smyth came in and placed himself at my side.

"His Worship and his clerk both seemed discomposed at this. I have no doubt that Mr. Davis thought I had a crowd outside; there is no other way of accounting for his irresolution.

"'Then,' I said, 'you see the purport of that note, sir; it is short and plain: it resigns the thing called "ticket-of-leave," and revokes the promise which bound me so long as I held that thing.'

"Still he made no move and gave no order. So I repeated my explanation: 'You observe, sir, that my parole is at an end from this moment; and I came here to be taken into custody pursuant to that note.'

"All this while there was a constable in the adjoining room, besides the police clerk and the guard at the door; yet still his Worship made no move.

"'Now, good morning, sir,' I said, putting on my hat. The hand of Smyth was playing with the handle of his revolver in his coat. I had a ponderous riding whip in my hand, besides pistols in my breast coat pocket. The moment I said 'Good morning,' Mr. Davis shouted, 'No, no — stay here! Rainford! Constable!' The police clerk sat at his desk looking into vacancy. We walked out together through the hall; the constable in the district constable's office, who generally acts as his clerk, now ran out, and on being desired to stop us, followed us through the court and out into the street, but without coming very near. At the little gate leading out of the court into the street, we expected to find the man on guard on the alert between us and our horses. But this poor constable, though he heard the magistrate's orders, and the commotion, did not move. He was holding two horses, one with each hand, and looked on in amazement while we passed him and jumped into our saddles.

"We concluded that we had done enough, and that there was no reason to wait any longer; therefore

> "We gave the bridle rein a shake,
> Said, 'Adieu forevermore my dear,
> And adieu for evermore!'

"Mr. Davis and two constables rushing against one another, with bare heads and loud outcries; grinning residents of Bothwell on the pathway, who knew the meaning of the performance in a moment, and who, being commanded to stop us in the Queen's name, aggravated the grin into a laugh; some small boys at a corner, staring at our horses as they galloped by, and offering 'three to one on the white 'un,' — this is my last impression of Bothwell, on the banks of the Tasmanian Clyde."

Mitchel and his companion took to the woods and hills, finding refuge in various hiding places, while the country was being scoured by the police.

After six weeks of adventure, peril, and disappointment, Mitchel finally got away in disguise in the American schooner "Emma," which conveyed him to Sydney; and from there, still in disguise, and under an assumed name, he sailed in the "Orkney Lass" for Honolulu. The rest of the voyage was easy, and concealment no longer necessary.

After a brief sojourn in San Francisco, where he was received with remarkable enthusiasm, Mitchel sailed for New York, where he arrived on the 29th of November, 1853.

His welcome there and subsequent career will form the subject for a future number of this Magazine.

PART III. NEXT MONTH.

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS.

Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, in North American Review.

THE ill-considered rashness with which the old system of public education was discarded to make way for one new and untried, here or elsewhere, is beginning to torment its victims. Not every change is an improvement. But the spirit of unstableness and change is the spirit of our age and country. In the name of progress, change is demanded in religion and education, as in habits and fashion. Changes in religion have multiplied sects. Some call this a gain. Radical changes in methods of school management leave us to-day without instruction in the simplest truths of Christianity, — without the most elementary code of morals, on a foundation of Christian authority. Moralists esteem this a loss.

So far has the experiment of eliminating religion from even primary schools been pushed, that these have become truly "Christless and Godless." This change is recent. It is only within a few years — within a generation — that the old methods of disciplining the young in morals and religion have been made to yield to the new ones resting on expediency, good manners, and supposed worldly advantage. The beginnings of the change were gradual; within the last ten years advocates of the exclusion of all religious teaching have been loud, urgent, imperative, and successful. The demand to secularize education admits of no question. It is a curious fact, but not the less true, that the American people have been trained down to this low standard by the very ministers who now clamor for a return to the old ways. A hearing on the merits of the question that would not have been conceded yesterday can be had to-day, because thoughtful men, not ministers or politicians, amazed and disappointed at the first-fruits of the common schools, after years of trial and lavish expenditures of money, anxiously ponder over and seek light upon the moral and social problem of the future of our children in cities and towns. These fair-minded men ask, and by the necessities of the hour they are justified in asking, Can a republic, of all forms of government, endure, whose children, for generations, are educated in schools without religion, without God?

To understand the character and extent of the change which has come over our system of schools, and to show the moorings from which it has broken loose, and the rock on which it has stranded, it is worth while to examine the early history of the establishment of public schools in the State of New York. What is true of this State is, in some degree, true of all the States. The founders of the public-school system were men strongly imbued with religious ideas and profound reverence for God's law, as they found and understood it in the Bible. State constitutions assumed that the people were Christians, and that their children should be educated as Christians. Virtue, morality, and religion were claimed as essential to the existence of a republican form of government. So long as the American people remained evangelically Protestant in church forms and belief, public schools were conducted as schools Biblically Protestant. A large infusion of religious teaching and influence pervaded them. And thus the parents, the children, the teachers, and the public officials were in accord, and the virtue and morality contemplated by the State constitutions, and deemed in the highest degree essential to the bringing up of law-abiding citizens, were secured.

The first free school not in connection with a church society was founded in New York City in 1805. Its trustees issued an address, from which the following words are taken: "It is

proposed, also, to establish, on the first day of the week, a school called a Sunday school, more particularly for such children as, from peculiar circumstances, are unable to attend on the other days of the week. In this, as in the common school, it will be a primary object, without observing the peculiar forms of any religious society, to inculcate the sublime truths of religion and morality contained in the Holy Scriptures." After several years of work, its trustees, of whom De Witt Clinton was president, published an address to the parents of the children in attendance on this school, in which this paragraph is found: "The trustees of the New York free school, however desirous they may be to promote the improvement of the scholars in school learning, to qualify and fit them for the common duties of life, cannot view with an eye of indifference the more primary object of an education calculated to form habits of virtue and industry, and to inculcate the general principles of Christianity," etc. When this Free School Society was, in 1825, merged in the Public School Society, the same leading idea of a morality based on Scriptural teachings was continued. In pursuing this course, the managers were in harmony with popular sentiment and the religious views of the vast majority of their patrons. Indeed, the non-Catholic church schools ceased to be necessary, and were for the most part abandoned. The new schools were satisfactory to non-Catholic religionists, whose prejudices, however, were so intense and blinding that they failed to understand why Catholics were unwilling to accept what pleased them.

The ideas prevailing in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York, on the subject of the training and education of the young, found their way into the constitutions and school statutes of the new States of the West. The Bill of Rights of Ohio is a fair sample of all. Its third section reads: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being essentially necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of instruction shall forever be encouraged by legislative provision not inconsistent with the rights of conscience." This was not intended to be a fine phrase with which to adorn the statute book. It meant that religion and morality should be imparted to children in State schools hour by hour, with instruction in all branches of needful secular knowledge, by teachers of correct morals and Christian belief. It was furthermore strictly enjoined that great care should be used in the selection of Christian teachers.

In thus prescribing a plan for the management of schools, these early evangelical Christians, and the political States whose constitutions and statutes they moulded and shaped, showed remarkable harmony with the prescriptions of the Catholic Church on the same subject. It is an incontrovertible fact that the founders of the American Republic believed that religion could not with safety be divorced from secular education, and of necessity ordained that the tone, ideas, and practices familiar to parents in churches should be conserved in the schools to which they intrusted their children.

In consonance with the same idea, the Catholic Church holds that the religion which is good for parents in the church ought to be good for their children in the school, and in what is known as the Syllabus, expresses her mind on this subject. She condemns as an error the following proposition: "Catholics may approve of a plan of education withdrawn from Catholic faith and the authority of the Church, and which concerns itself only with natural sciences, and the worldly ends of social life, solely, or at least primarily." Just as evangelical Protestants hold that religious knowledge should accompany secular learning in schools for evangelical children, so

Catholics claim, in full accord with the Syllabus, that Catholic children should be indoctrinated in the teachings of the Bible by teachers of the same faith as their fathers; and furthermore — since virtue, to become habitual, needs practice and daily use—they claim that their children should be made familiar with the observances and duties ordained by Christ, and always preserved and enforced in the Catholic Church.

That the truth and wisdom of the Syllabus are appreciated by non-Catholics may be learned from what follows

In 1869, the Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe published "Moral Reforms," a book made up of pastoral letters addressed at various times to members of his church. In instructing his communicants, he seems to catch the very spirit of the Syllabus, and thus gives three rules for their spiritual guidance: —

"1. Secure to every human being the very best education you can provide for him.

"2. When you can do no better, utilize the common schools, and supplement them by all additional means of doing good.

"3. But where we can do better, let us do our full duty to our own children, and to all children, by gathering them into schools and colleges thoroughly Christian."

In thus explicitly laying down the law, Bishop Coxe interprets correctly the mind of the Protestant Episcopal denomination In a General Convention held in New York City, the following resolution was adopted: "*Resolved*, That the bishops and clergy be most earnestly requested to bring this subject to the attention of the members of this Church, that they remind the people of their duty to support our own schools and colleges, and to make education under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church superior in all respects to that which is afforded in other institutions."

The Presbyterians, in General Assembly, "recommend their congregations to establish primary and other schools, on the plan of teaching the truths and duties of our holy religion in connection with the useful branches of secular learning." In the same sense, all classes of evangelical religionists speak out from time to time. Now it is the Congregationalists, in the Advance, of Chicago; then it is the editor of the Methodist, the chief organ of the Methodists. The latter, in an editorial, says: "Again, a firm and genial Christian tone pervading a school, by warming the heart, stimulating conscience, and strengthening and bracing up all the better elements of one's nature, is eminently calculated to predispose the pupil to faith as well as to virtue." But of all denominations, the Baptists have put themselves on record as most decidedly opposed to schools from which religious teaching and influences have been excluded. It is certainly gratifying to Catholics to know that Protestants, in reality, agree with them regarding the necessity of religious teachings and observances in children's schools, even if they do not live up to their belief. Many of the secular newspapers re-echo the language of the pulpit Notable among them is the Journal of Commerce, of New York City.

But after such strong expressions on the part of State legislatures in the past, and on the part of conventions and assemblies to-day, what are the rights of religion in State schools, in the year of the Lord 1881? New York State has made as great progress in the eliminating of every shade and semblance of religious instruction and usages from its common schools as any other State in the Union. The ruling of its department of public instruction is precise and peremptory. Mr. Randall, in making known decisions of his predecessors in the office of superintendent of public schools, uses this language: "In view of the above facts, the position was early, distinctly, and almost universally taken by our statesmen, legislators, and prominent friends of education, —

men of the warmest religious zeal, and belonging to every sect, — that religious education must be banished from the public schools, and consigned to the family and the church. . . . We have seen that even prayer — that morning and evening duty which man owes to his Creator . . . has been decided by two of our most eminent superintendents as inadmissible as a school exercise within school hours, and that no pupil's conscience or inclination shall be violated by being compelled to listen to it." When Bishop Coxe asks that the Bible shall not be excluded from State schools, it is evident he is not aware of these rulings of competent authority.

The above is the law for the State of New York. The city has a special law by which the reading of the Bible is retained in its schools In many State schools the Bible is still read, — in a very perfunctory way, it is true, — but any dissentient has only to demand its exclusion to be gratified, for under the above law the Bible has no place in a State school. The custom adopted in some schools, of keeping young children, not criminals, shivering on the cold side of a door while Bible-reading is going on within the school-room, or the substitute gravely suggested by a high dignitary, of inflicting on the helpless innocents "the listening to the reading of State constitutions and sundry municipal laws," may be commendable for nicety of persecution, and as a refinement on past methods, but is out of place in America. The clauses in the constitutions guaranteeing civil and religious liberty would elicit curious comments from the young martyrs freezing and tortured for conscience' sake. The American people will not tolerate unnecessary mental suffering of children because their elders cannot agree on a system of schools adapted to the moral and intellectual needs of all classes. It is not the children's fault that American Christians are divided into numberless sects, "working out into manifold abuses, rivalries, and even conflicts."

It has been shown what is the teaching of the Catholic Church with regard to the exclusion of religion from schools; it has also been demonstrated, by the utterances of the highest authority in several Protestant denominations, how great is the agreement between them and Catholics. It is proper now to note how these two bodies accept the decision of political authorities by which every tittle of religious instruction is excluded from school-rooms. When Catholics proposed a compromise with evangelical Christians by which equal rights might be secured to all without the sacrifice of an inestimable blessing, a majority of their non-Catholic fellow-citizens confronted them with angry looks and fierce determination to listen to no reasonable remonstrance, even, but to enforce unrelentingly the establishment of free schools all over the State, in which neither prayer nor the Bible should be tolerated. The uselessness of contending against an overpowering majority, not in the best humor, on a question that had found its way into the arena of politics, was soon apparent. With sadness of soul they gave up the attempt to arrange with their fellow-citizens a system of schools, that, securing universal education, might do so without sacrificing essential principles, and without disregarding most sacred rights of parents and children. Between Catholics on one side and evangelicals on the other, infidels, agnostics, secularists, and Jews stepped in and captured the field.

To Catholics it became clear that if they meant to transmit the faith of their baptism to their offspring, if they believed that Christ's religion was worth living for, if they held that God should not be driven out of the schoolhouse, and that the virtue, morality, and religion essential to a republican form of government were to be perpetuated, — they would have to establish a system of schools for their own children, under their control, and at their cost. The outlook from a tem-

poral point of view was forbidding, and except to men of the martyr spirit, without a ray of hope along the horizon. Crowds of poor immigrants flocking to our shores for shelter from oppression and the miseries of the Old World, intent on finding a patch of ground and a roof as a home, had no treasures to offer for the erection of educational buildings. And even if the buildings were up and ready for occupancy, whence should come the army of skilled instructors, with God and the love of God's little ones in their hearts, to undertake, on a sudden, the training of these thousands of the poor of Christ? But the time for words and discussions having passed, that for action and work had come. As the cause was God's, Catholics put their trust in him.

Abandoning all hope of help from their fellow-citizens, Catholics are now providing satisfactory schooling for their children all over the country. What Bishop Coxe and the Convention of Protestant Episcopal Bishops entreat their followers to procure for the children of their church members, has been placed within the reach of the poorest member of the Catholic Church. The irreligious and secular world will judge religionists by their deeds, rather than by resolutions and rhetorical speeches at conventions. In some sections of the country — in Massachusetts, for example — Catholics have held back from establishing Catholic schools in the hope that their neighbors, the majority, would listen to reason and agree upon a plan by which all classes of citizens may be secured in their rights. These hopeful people are losing hope. The ministers and the politicians will not permit the people to exercise their common sense and act in accordance with their natural impulses of justice and fair play.

To understand the amount of educational work accomplished by the Catholics of the United States, a few statistics will be useful. According to "Sadlier's Directory" for 1881, there were in Christian free schools, of a grade corresponding with the common or State schools, 423,383 children, whose education in State schools would have required $6,164,456.16, computing the cost at the average per scholar estimated by the Commissioner of Education for 1878; a large annual saving in favor of non-Catholic tax-payers. New York State had 270 Christian free schools, attended by 80,429 pupils.

In New York City there are fifty-seven Catholic churches under the care of resident pastors. Of these parishes thirty-two have Christian free schools. Special reports for 1880 have been received from twenty-three of these parishes. They had an average attendance of 21,550 scholars. The great majority of the teachers were brothers and sisters of different religious orders. The amount paid for tuition alone was $100.928.16; for books, $8.638.93; for janitors, $8,397; for sundry expenses, coal, repairs, etc., $27,147.50. The estimated value for these twenty-three school buildings, including ground and furniture, is placed at $1,501,300, omitting the cost of residences for teachers. As tax payers in New York City pay for tuition at the rate of $20.30 for each child in its grammar and primary schools, they are saved $437,465 annually by these twenty-three Christian free schools. In a few years the parishes whose school buildings are insufficient to receive all children whose spiritual care is on the conscience of the pastor will have erected larger ones; and the other parishes not yet provided with these necessary school-churches for children because of heavy indebtedness incurred in erecting expensive churches for parents, and because in some neighborhoods fine music is held of more account than the care of the young, will also have joined their sister parishes in a noble rivalry to work with whole-heartedness, as the Syllabus and the Church teach, in gathering into Christian schools, from

which the great thought of the life to come is not excluded, all the children of the flock. Priest and people who do not believe as the Church teaches have lost the faith. Priests and people who fail to live up to their faith because of heavy sacrifices to be made are unworthy of membership in a Church that demands of her disciples heroic sacrifices to preserve the faith. It is, then, only a question of time when there will be ample school room in every Catholic parish of New York City for all children having a right to a Christian education.

As the above figures refer to schools in the great metropolis, others, relating to a much smaller city and in the rural districts, may be of interest. In Rochester there are eleven parishes, ten of which have Christian schools. In these there was in 1880, an average attendance of 4,391 scholars. To teachers the amount paid was $14,-152.39. As it cost the tax-payers of Rochester, in 1879, $117,387.57, to pay teachers for 8,017 children, or at the rate of $14.64 per scholar, simple arithmetic tells us that the 4,391 scholars in Christian free schools saved non-Catholic tax-payers $64,284.24 for teachers, not to speak of additional expenses for buildings, coal, repairs, etc. Catholic school-houses in Rochester are valued at $250,000. It is a costly price to pay for religion's sake, but it is well worth this, and more.

We turn now to our non-Catholic friends, believers in Christianity, and ask, What have you done for the religious and moral education of your young? It is well known that educational establishments for the wealthier members of your flocks, in which religious and secular education are combined, are worthy of all praise, and bespeak the zeal of ministers and the liberality of laymen; but what have you accomplished for the poor children of your denomination, in view of the utter failure of the public schools? How have your congregations responded to the admonitions and entreaties of the General Assembly and the Protestant Episcopal Convention?

The weakest suggestion of a reform is the demand to replace the Bible in the public schools. The uselessness of the Bible as a mere reading-book was demonstrated long ago. As a teacher of morals and religion, it needed the living voice of a competent instructor to explain its meaning and enforce its authority and precepts, thus turning the school into a church. As a sign of antagonism to Catholics, it has ceased to play a part, for Catholics are no longer there to note the intended insult, or to heed the fumbling and crumpling of its pages by irreverent scholars. Bible-reading that teaches no dogma to children's minds is like trying to feed their bodies with dry husks. Theology without dogma may be adapted to the "Church of the Future," of which the agnostics are preparing to be the high priests; but it is now an unknown quantity.

It is profound reverence for the Bible which induces Catholics to object to it in schools as an ordinary reading-book. Yet more do they object to its use in the hearing of their children when the teacher is one whose sympathies and belief are opposed to their faith The schoolmaster may never speak a word adverse to Catholic doctrine, and yet exercise a pernicious influence over the minds and hearts of Catholic children. The power of personality in the teacher is strongly placed before his hearers by the Rev. Dr. Hall, Presbyterian minister in New York City. In a Sunday sermon, he says: "You cannot detach absolutely the person of the teacher from the thing taught. One may ask, What can religion have to do with algebra? Now, if you could get teaching without personal influence, that might be true. But you cannot," etc. Earnest and devout Christians see that much of the growing contempt for the sacred Scriptures is due to unwise and indiscrim-

inate reading by young school children, whose attention is called to passages suggestive of evil by perverted companions, or to its cold, hesitating, half-hearted, mechanical reading by skeptical masters. Personal influence is often more active and seductive on the play-ground than in the school-room. Catholics desire the exclusion of the Bible and of religion from schools to which, for the time being, they are compelled to send their children, in default of schools of their own. They grieve to see the exultation of secularists and infidels over the easy victory evangelicals have permitted them to win. The secularists, not Catholics, wave aloft the banner of triumph.

It will require a stronger argument than imputed lack of patriotism on the part of Catholics to reintroduce the Bible into the public schools, such as is offered by Bishop Coxe. This stale and decrepit calumny raises a blush on the cheeks of some, and flashes fire from the eyes of others. It may do for the hustings on voting day, but it is unworthy of attention from serious and just men, who know the historical record of Catholics on every battlefield from 1776 to 1865.

Such a cruel innuendo could be thrown out only by one who wrote of "Romanists," "Their arithmetic is wonderful, and their moral theology concerning oaths allows the widest exercise of imagination in making out returns and reports." * The writer of this sentence would be barred as a juror in any court of Christendom, were this question on trial. The country is full of American Catholic citizens who smile at inane distinctions in their membership, kindly suggested by non-Catholic friends. These Catholics, so loyal and so true, may fearlessly challenge comparison with their maligners in all that proves devotedness and fidelity to the country and the Constitution.

The taunt that when Catholics become the majority they will not tolerete others may be relegated to the same category of popular claptrap good for electioneering times, but not to be flung out when men are seriously discussing how best to secure the stability of our common country. Should Catholics at any time, and in any part of the country, grow to be the majority, they will take delight in placing the minority on a footing of equality with themselves; even as the French Canadians, forty years ago, being then a large majority of the inhabitants of Lower Canada, settled this question of schools, in its moral and religious aspect, by conceding to the Protestant minority every privilege and claim asked for. It is an unfortunate suggestion to offer that to keep Catholics from practising intolerance towards a Protestant minority, it is advisable for a Protestant majority to be intolerant towards a Catholic minority.

The belief is growing day by day that the public schools, as now constituted, are failures. Richard Grant White cries aloud only what is in many minds. It is distressing to be obliged to admit that the idol of our national worship is a false god; that education in earthly things, solely or primarily, does not make good citizens; that unbounded expenditures of money bring no adequate return; that the very principle of State pupilage is radically defective, and worse, is highly dangerous, fostering as it does the most cankerous social and political evil of the age, — communism. It demands renewed efforts on the part of teachers and superintendents, paid officials of the schools, to keep the people from seeing these truths.

When the people of New York State were cajoled into the free-school system, with its denial of parental control, the promise was held out to the anxious tax-payers that increased taxation for schools would be followed by lessened taxation for alms-houses, prisons, and lunatic asylums. The former will cost less, — so said partisans of the new system. Has the promise been kept? Our educated rogues are shrewder, and escape with

greater facility from the meshes and restraints of the law, but our houses of correction are multiplying out of all proportion to increase of population; and lunatic asylums. State and county, cannot keep pace in number and accommodation with the demand made on them by victims of shattered brains and morals. The increase of crimes, — not alone of crimes which send their perpetrators to jail, but of crimes which destroy the fountain of life, — and the startlingly progressive multiplication of divorces, destroying all hope of Christian families, the prop and mainstay of a republic, alarm ministers and laymen, and justify the verdict of "Failure." Schools that won sympathy on the plea of providing a plain education for plain people have spread out into high schools, academies, colleges, and universities. Normal schools give a professional training to young men and women who, for the most part, have no thought of following a teacher's career, for the compensation usually given is not commensurate with their expectations. Notwithstanding unlimited expenditures of public money, complaint is heard that instruction in the elementary branches of learning falls short of what the people have a right to expect, and "Failure" is written again.

But when in large cities, such as New York and Rochester, a third of the children turn from the open door of the public school, on conscientious grounds, and seek schooling in other buildings, put up and paid for by citizens the least able to open their slim purses to a second tax-gathering, it becomes a duty to proclaim the existing system a "failure and a cruel wrong." The "failure" is the more evident when separate schools are needed for colored children, banned for the accident of color. It is yet more marked when the system requires poor schools, under the Children's Aid Society, to make room for those who suffer from the misfortune of poverty. But when a system of free schools, that seventy-five years ago began an assault on private and church schools for the alleged reason that there were some few children uncared for, and monopolized the teacher's work and profession by the power of the general treasury, to-day has to admit that there are adrift and untaught in the streets of one city from ten to twenty thousand children of the very class in whose behalf State charity finds its justification, acknowledgment of "failure" becomes more than a necessity.

By way of help to return to correct principles and methods, some truths are here indicated: —

First. We forgot American traditions when religion was driven out of the schools.

Second. We forgot them when the State was allowed to step in between the father and his child.

Third. We forgot them when we imported European ideas of paternal government, and began the breeding of communistic social heresies.

Fourth. No nation, not Christian in belief and morals, can flourish in our civilization.

Fifth. Virtue and morality, to become a habit of life, need the teaching and disciplining of the school, as well as of the church and family.

Sixth. Knowledge does not lessen vice. Will and conscience, helped by God's law and grace, restrain passions and evil inclinations.

Seventh. Since the State has no religion, and cannot teach morals on the authority of divine truth, its incapacity to educate is beyond doubt.

The sooner we return to sound prinples, the same on which the founders of the Republic built and prospered, the easier will it be to repair the mischief of the last few years, and the greater and more reasonable will be the hope of the stability of our institutions. If our people were one in religious belief and worship, the question of schools would present no difficulty. The only obstacle to a just

* "Moral Reforms," by Cleveland Coxe.

and righteous settlement is the unwillingness of the majority to concede to the minority rights that are heaven-born, that are the very life of a republican form of government, and that guard and uphold the consciences of every class in the community.

GIVE US THE BEST OF YOURSELF.

A LADY gave us a rule, not long since, by which she had succeeded in interesting her lively, fun-loving boys, so they preferred to remain at home evenings instead of seeking amusement elsewhere. She said: —

"I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is the reason why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions requiring the answer to be looked up if not given correctly. We follow a similar plan with the children: sometimes we play one game, and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays, or treats of some kind to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that any one could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening, and to arrange something entertaining.

"When there is a good concert, lecture, or entertainment we all go together and enjoy it; for whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people is equally valuable to the children, and we let them see that we spare no expense where it is to their advantage to be out of an evening.

"But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it requires quite an effort to sit quietly talking and playing with them when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table; but as the years go by and I see my boys and girls growing into home-loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to give the best of myself to my family."

WOMAN AS WIFE AND MOTHER. — Woman, as wife and mother, can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children. By her thrift, prudence, and good management, she can secure to her partner and herself a competency in her old age. By her tender care, she can often restore him to good health. By her counsel and love, she can win him from bad company, if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. She can do as much as man, perhaps even more, to degrade him, if she chooses to do it. As a wife, she can ruin her husband by extravagance and folly; by want of affection she can make an outcast of a man who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings and strife into what has been a happy household. She can become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. As a mother, her words and her ways should be kind, loving, and good. If she reproves, her language should be choice and refined. The true mother rules by the laws of kindness, and to her children the word "mother" is synonymous with everything pure, sweet, and beautiful.

As St. Patrick's day comes round, a shout of joy goes up from the Irish soldier in India, which rolls over the Himalayan Mountains, and is caught up in the Eternal City by the Irish students there. It passes over the continent of Europe, is echoed in Ireland, passes over the Atlantic to our own city, and dies on the shores of the Pacific. We are proud of our history; there are two things you cannot drive from an Irishman's heart, — his love for his altars and his native land. Let us continue to love our country and our faith, remember the glories of the Irish Church, and make ourselves worthy citizens of the city of God, that we may be received into the mansions of heaven.

GROSS OUTRAGE.

FACT FOR FORSTER'S FALLACIOUS FIGURES. — At Newcastle West, Ireland, Myles Ambrose, a little boy aged ten years, was prosecuted at the suit of the Queen for having "on the 23d of January whistled at Hugh Murray Gunn, J. P., in a tone of derision, and thereby intimidated him."

AN agrarian outrage of the grossest kind was last week investigated at the Newcastle Petty Sessions. A little boy was charged with "whistling in a derisive tone" at a Mr. Gunn, J. P., thereby intimidating him. We presume that this will appear in the next list of outrages as four separate offences. First, we presume the little boy looked at Mr. Gunn; that was one offence! Then he whistled; that was another! Then his whistling assumed a derisive tone; that was a third! Then he intimidated him by whistling; a fourth! The time-honored privilege of little boys is "to whistle as they go, for want of thought." But the little boys of Newcastle West must take care that their whistling does not assume a "derisive tone," and does not intimidate a magistrate; if it does, a state trial awaits them. The Newcastle Bench seems to be a sane one, for they laughed the case out of court. But we commend it to those interested in recording the vagaries of the Irish outrage-mongers, and to the authorities of the Constabulary Department, by whose men these absurd and amusing prosecutions are instituted. The fool who instituted this prosecution deserves to be presented with a "leather medal" or some similar reward of merit.

SEVERE WINTERS.

THE unusual severity of the present winter naturally recalls the remarkably cold winters of the past. Statistics show that this season has been steadily growing milder for many years. There seem to be no such winters now as there were seventy or eighty years ago; owing, no doubt, to the cutting down in this country of the native forests, the planting and growth of towns and cities, and the general development of the land. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there were in the Old World some winters bitterly memorable. In Britain, in 1664, the Thames was frozen to the depth of sixty-one inches, and nearly all the birds in the United Kingdom perished. In 1692, the cold was so intense in Southern Europe, especially in Austria, that wolves were driven by hunger into Vienna, where they attacked beasts of burden and even human beings. Three years later, many persons were frozen to death in various parts of Germany. "The cold winter," as it was called for distinction, occurred in 1700, when all the rivers and lakes in Europe were compactly frozen, and even the sea several miles from shore, and the earth itself from seven to eight feet deep. Birds and beasts fell dead, and thousands of men, women, and children perished in the houses. In Southern France, nearly all the vineyards were destroyed, and have not yet recovered from the disaster. The Adriatic was frozen, and much of the Mediterranean in the neighborhood of Genoa and Leghorn; and the lemon and orange groves were blighted in many parts of Italy. During 1716 persons crossed the straits from Copenhagen to the Province of Senia (Luden) on the ice, and horses and wagons likewise. Snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal during 1740; the Zuyder Zee was covered with ice thick enough to bear a multitude of people; and four years after, snow measured on a level twenty-three feet in Portugal. In 1771 the Elbe was frozen to the bottom, and in 1776 the Daunbe showed ice below Vienna eight to ten feet thick. The winter of 1779-80 was very severe in this country. The bitter cold began in the middle of November, and continued until the close of February. The sun's rays were not warm enough to melt the snow, which lay on the ground almost five months, so thick that it was very hard to get from place to place. All ordinary bodies of water were ice-bound. Domestic fowls and wild turkeys perished by thousands, so did deer and buffalo, and wolves and panthers, mainly from lack of their natural food, buried under the snow. The Northern and Western rivers were fettered by the frost, and the Cumberland was so firmly frozen, as far south as Nashville, that emigrant trains passed securely over the river. The Delaware opposite Philadelphia contained ice of three or four feet, and Long Island Sound and the Chesapeake were frozen over. Scientific persons declare that hot and cold waves recur every eleven years, as in 1846, 1857, and 1868.

THE proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the supreme pontiffs. . . . She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the Old World, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca; and she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. — *Lord Macaulay.*

AN IRISH QUAKER ARRAIGNS THE BRITISH.

[The writer of the following article is the author of "A Compendium of Irish Biography," a most interesting work. Mr. Webb is a Quaker.]

No. 17 Highfield Road, Dublin,
Jan. 30, 1881.

To the Editor of the Spectator:

Sir,—Nothing has ever made me so realize the sad gulf between England and Ireland as the perusal of your article, "An Unexpressed Feeling about Ireland," in which you sum up British surprise at our attitude and sentiments towards you. You wonder and seek for a reason why it can be so: we should be surprised if it were otherwise. For the last forty, indeed eighty years, we have proffered you an honorable *modus vivendi*,—local self-government of some form or another. You will have none of it,—you will not even discuss the proposition; and still you wring your hands because no *modus* has developed itself. You wonder why the legal changes since the Union have not attached us to you: they have never been given us as rights, and have always been granted with such a bad grace, that gratitude (if the idea of gratitude is consonant with the theory of a People's Parliament) was impossible. You delayed Catholic Emancipation for twenty-nine years, and then only gave it to prevent a rebellion. Before giving it you suppressed the Catholic Association, which had forced the question to a settlement; and when you gave it, you attached a clause obliging the man who had carried it for us to seek re-election; and you passed it with clauses, *still in force*, making the members of Catholic male religious communities liable to banishment or transportation. The law under which the religious communities have been broken up in France is an old, almost forgotten enactment. The law under which the Catholic communities in Ireland might any day be broken up is one almost of our own day, and forms part of the greatest concession ever made to us. Our corporations were reformed; while a petty clause, but lately repealed, prevented Catholic officials from wearing their insignia of office in their own places of worship. Tithes were converted into a charge on land, not in answer to our reasonable appeals, but after a score of policemen had been massacred, and an unknown number of peasants transported and sacrificed on the scaffold. An Irish poor-law was passed, which has been rigidly administered on the basis of the workhouse test, whilst yours has been stretched more and more in favor of out-door relief to the helpless poor. The difference between the two countries in this respect, especially as regards women and aged people, is galling in the extreme. You now sigh for O'Connell's moral-force principles and moral-force agitation. You suppressed it by cannon and bayonets; you imprisoned him and his coadjutors. What did we get by our lethargy from 1850 to 1865, when we were represented by men after your own heart? It required the Fenian scare and the sufferings of the Fenians to disestablish the Church. You talk of your generosity in that matter, forgetting that you eased yourselves of the burden of the Regium Donum and Maynooth Grant by the transaction. It also required the Fenian scare to pass the Land Act, and then you hurried on one in accordance with *your*, not *our* ideas, and in the face of Irish protest that it was inefficient and in some respects hurtful. Since 1871 you have consistently and sternly refused some twenty-eight appeals for land reform. Persistent neglect of a question that affects our most vital interests has ended in fierce agitation; and now, instead of endeavoring at once to redress acknowledged grievances, you seek first to save your dignity by coercive enactments. You have obtained a scheme of education in accordance

with your own ideas. Is it not the right of my Catholic fellow-countrymen to educate their children entirely in accordance with their ideas? What immediate chance is there (or was there before the present troubles) of their obtaining that right? You passed a Reform Bill with a great flourish; our people are in the main still outside the franchise. The order of a late Chief Secretary led to our citizens being bludgeoned for exercising their undoubted and immediately afterwards recognized right of public meeting in our own Park. All the chicanery of the law was put in motion to prevent justice being obtained. He has never apologized. You wonder why we have not hearty confidence in a party lieutenanted by him. For a generation your daughters wept over the sufferings of Silvio Pellico; you were indignant at the horrors of the Neapolitan dungeons. You subjected the Fenians to indignities that cannot be penned: all the beneficent legislation in the world would not efface the memory of them from the minds of the present generation. Even untried political prisoners endured at your hands treatment which called forth the indignant protest of your own official, one of the most respected physicians in Dublin; whereupon you dismissed him. The attitude of too large a section of your press is enough to alienate us. We, and all we hold dear, are depicted by your comic papers, and often by the best of your illustrated journals, as everything that is ridiculous, hateful, and repulsive. A dominant people can bear ridicule; it cuts a subject people to the quick. And yet, if you only knew how, you might so easily win us! But you do not and you cannot. We are unable to understand why all this miserable bickering and misunderstanding between us should not be put an end to by your managing your own internal affairs, and leaving us to manage ours. This you say you cannot permit. Be it so: can we do otherwise than mistrust? You have power over our bodies; but you cannot reach our hearts. And great and powerful as the Empire is, it remains to be seen what the ultimate effect will be of the steady hatred of even so insignificant a part of it as the Irish people. You cannot understand why matters should be as they are between us. To us it appears as clear as day, that if you were in the same relations to a dominant power that we are to you, you would feel exactly as we feel. Respectfully yours,

ALFRED WEBB.

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CANTONS.

MR. RUSKIN has returned in his last publication, "Arrows of the Chase," to the comparison between the Catholic and Protestant cantons of Switzerland, which he made once before. His view is decidedly not that of the ordinary English traveller, who uses that republic, in its divisions of religion, to point his favorite moral, — the progress and prosperity of Protestant, and the laziness, conservatism, and fleas of Catholic peoples. Mr. Ruskin, on the contrary, thinks that the Catholic Swiss are frugal, dignified, and pious, — true peasants; and that the Protestants are money-loving, stupid in their amusements, and exceedingly drunken. The very dogs are different. Compare, he says, the Protestant Swiss dog with the St Bernard!

That noble St Bernard, however, is doomed to extinction, at least as the friend and rescuer of the poor foot-travellers over the St. Gothard. In a few months, the beneficent and time-honored hospice will be closed. The railway under the gigantic Alps will draw all wanderers away from the mountain road; for the poorest pedler pursuing his little commerce between Italy and Switzerland, and the most destitute searcher after employment far from home, will rather pay his small railway fare than risk the avalanche and the weary walk. So ends a great Catholic charity; one of the most beautiful, brave, and self-sacrificing which the world has ever seen.

THE EXTRAORDINARY JUBILEE.

THE following is a translation of the Apostolic Letter of his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., proclaiming an Extraordinary Jubilee: —

To Our Venerable Brethren the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops in peace and communion with the Apostolic See, and to all Our beloved children of the faithful of Christ, health and Apostolic benediction.

Venerable Brethren and beloved Children: The Church militant of Christ Jesus, doing best for the health and safety of the human race, is so heavily afflicted in this calamitous age, meeting every day new storms, that she may be compared with truth to that bark of Genesareth which, while carrying Christ and his disciples, was shaken with the greatest wind and waves. Those who wage a warfare of hate against the name of Catholic are elated beyond measure by the number, the strength and the boldness of their counsels. They not only openly reject religious teaching, but they strive with all their strength and force either to drive the Church altogether out of the civil communion of mankind, or to effect that at least she shall have no share in the public life of the people. Hence in fulfilling the trust which she received from her Divine Founder, she finds herself everywhere hampered and retarded by great obstacles. The bitterest fruits of this wicked conspiracy fall especially to that of the Roman Pontiff, to whom, while deprived of his legitimate rights and in every way impeded in the exercise of his heavy duties, the shadow of regal majesty is left, as it were in mockery. Therefore, We, placed by Divine Providence on this summit of sacred power, and busy with the government of the whole Church, have for a long time felt, as We have often declared, how hard is Our lot, and how sorrowful the state upon which Our time is cast. We do not wish to go into particulars. Yet the course of events in this Our own city, now for many years, is manifest to all. Here, even in this very centre of Catholic truth and Our most holy religion, the dignity of the Apostolic See is mocked and injured, and the Pontifical Majesty is subjected to the repeated wrong-doing of profligate men. Many of Our foundations which had been instituted by Our predecessors, and had been handed down to be inviolably preserved by their successors, have been despoiled; nor is there any mitigation, but the rights of the holy institution for propagating the name of Christ are themselves attacked: an institution of merit so conspicuous, not only in the cause of religion but of civilization, that no violence of former times had violated it. Several Catholic churches are closed or profaned, heretical rites multiply, and wicked doctrines are scattered broadcast with impunity by word and act. Those in the highest position often lend their co-operation to the making of laws injurious to the Catholic and the Catholic name, and this in the sight of Ourselves, who were intrusted by God Himself to watch over all for the safety of Christianity and the preservation of the rites of the Church. But in no wise do they shut out from Us that power of teaching which is vested in the Roman Pontiff, Our authority for the education of youth; permitted to do that which any private person can do, open schools for the education of youth at Our own expense, the violence and severity of the civil law invade even these. We are deeply grieved by this sorrowful spectacle, because We are prevented from coming to the aid of the people as We would wish to do. For We are truly more in the power of Our enemies than Our own, and that very exercise of liberty which is granted to Us has no certain basis of stability and con-

sistency when it can be snatched away or diminished at the will of another. Meanwhile, daily experience shows that the evil contagion is creeping more and more through the rest of the Christian Republic, and is propagated among many. For, truly, nations turned away from the Church daily fall into greater miseries, and where once the Catholic Faith becomes extinct or weakened, the shortest road is made to wild opinions and desire for revolutionary change. But when the greatest and most noble power of him who is the Vicegerent of God upon earth is contemned, it is very plain that no reins remain to human authority strong enough to restrain the untamed spirit of the enemy, or to repress the heat of senseless freedom in the multitude. And from these evil causes human society, although it is now suffering great evils, is yet alarmed with the fear of still greater perils.

Therefore it is necessary that the Church, in order to repel the attacks of its enemies, and to fulfil its sacred mission for the benefit of all the faithful, should work energetically and continue the combat unceasingly. But in this vehement and varied contest, which is conducted for the Divine glory and the eternal welfare of the souls of the faithful, all the courage and industry of men would be vain and void if uninspired by the celestial lessons appropriate to the time. Now, in the present period of troubles and afflictions for Christian peoples, the safest refuge against anguish and tribulation has always been found in redoubling the intensity of prayers, beseeching God to come to the help of his threatened Church, and to give her the strength to struggle against her enemies and the power to vanquish them. Now, then, in conformity with this ancient custom, and imitating the example of our predecessors, since We are fully aware that the greater the abundance of men's repentance and their desire to be reconciled to God's grace, the more ready he is to hearken to their prayers, proclaim by this letter a holy extraordinary Jubilee to the Catholic world for the purpose of invoking Divine Assistance and promoting the salvation of souls.

Trusting in the mercy of Almighty God, and confident in the authority placed in the hands of the Blessed SS. Peter and Paul, of binding and unloosing, notwithstanding Our unworthiness, We hereby accord to each and every one of the faithful the plenary indulgence for all sins in the form of a General Jubilee on their fulfilling the following conditions: For those who are inhabitants of Europe, from the 19th of March, a day consecrated to the memory of St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to the 1st of November, All Saint's Day, inclusive, and for those who are resident outside Europe for the same date, the 19th of March, up to the end of the present year, the ordinances which follow: The inhabitants or persons resident in Rome to visit twice the Lateran Basilica, and the Vatican and Siberine Basilica, then to piously spend some time in offering prayers to God for the prosperity, and exaltation of the Holy Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresy, for the conversion of those who are in error, for peace and comfort amongst Christian princes, and union among all the faithful according to Our wishes. Also that they should fast once, using only the food allowed, and that on a day not included in Lent, according to the precepts of any ordinary fast day, and also to receive the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, after having obtained absolution for their sins in confession, and also to make some offering by way of alms to some pious work. With this view we should bring under special notice of the faithful the institutions, the interest of which we previously recommended to the charity of Christians; *i. e.*, the Propagation of the Faith, the children of Jews, and the Christian schools in the East, which are dear to Our heart,

and which we propose to Ourselves to found even in the most distant and barbarous countries, so that We may be able to meet the wants and necessities of the faithful in those regions. As for those who reside not in Rome, no matter what place they inhabit, they ought to visit twice within the prescribed interval three churches to be decided on by the bishops of the diocese or their vicars, or by some one acting for them, or three times if there are only two churches, and six times if there is but one. They ought also carry out the other works prescribed already. We desire that this indulgence may be also applied by sufferance to those souls departed this life, joined with God in love. In addition to this, we grant to the diocesans the power to reduce, according as they may deem fit, to a less number the above-mentioned visits to churches in the case of chapters and congregations, whether lay or regular communities, and universities which attend their churches in procession.

In addition to this We allow the faithful at sea to receive the benefits of this indulgence if on their arrival at a port, they visit six times the principal or parochial church, and duly carry out the other good works which We have already mentioned. As to the members of religious orders of both sexes, even those who are perpetually confined to their convents, and to all other laymen and clergymen, secular or regular, prevented by detention, physical infirmity, or any other just cause from carrying out the above-mentioned ordinances, or any of them, We grant permission to their confessor to substitute for them other works of piety, or to postpone them until some time not too remote, and to dispense with the obligation of receiving the Blessed Sacrament those children who have not yet approached the altar.

Beyond this We concede to all and to each of the faithful, whether lay or clerical, to the secular and regulars of every order and every institution, even those that it may be necessary to name specially, the permission to select for the purpose whatever confessor they may choose, and nuns, novices, and other ladies living in convents will also be enabled to take advantage of this privilege, provided that they appeal to the confessor approved of by their superiors. We confer on the father-confessors themselves, but only on this occasion, and during the period of the Jubilee, the same power that We gave them at the time of the Jubilee promulgated on the 15th of February, 1879, commencing with the words "Pontifici Maximi," always having regard to the exception which We make in those letters.

But in order that the salutary results which We have in view may be the more amply secured in this Holy Jubilee, it is necessary that every one should apply themselves with ardor to merit the assistance of the august Mother of God by their homage and piety towards her We consequently place this holy Jubilee under the guard and protection of St. Joseph, the spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whom the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., of glorious memory, declared patron of the universal Church, and whose help every faithful Christian shall implore unceasingly. Furthermore we exhort the faithful to organize pilgrimages to the shrines of saints especially venerated in their country by local tradition, the most celebrated of which for Italy is the Holy Church of Our Lady of Loretto.

With this object, and in virtue of the holy obedience due to the Apostolic See, We commend and ordain to each and every one of the diocesans and their vicars and representatives, that when they have received printed copies of their present letters they shall cause them to be published throughout the extent of their jurisdiction, and shall make known to the church or churches to be visited, as We have already indicated, taking

special care to prepare them as soon as possible for the fulfilment of those injunctions by the preaching of the Word of God.

"NO IRISH NEED APPLY."

It has been seriously debated in sundry circles of the British metropolis for some time past, that Irishmen in British employment should be forthwith dismissed wholesale, and that the old shibboleth, "No Irish need apply," should be renewed.

All right. The idea is capital, and creditable to the individuals of the churchwarden type from whom it emanated. Only when it is done, let it be done in its proper entirety.

Do not merely send about their business the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the sturdy laborers who earn their hard bread at the dockyards and in house-building, and in the womb of hazardous mines. Begin at the top.

Cut the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan out of English dramatic literature; tear up the novels of Lever and Carleton, Griffin and Dowling; kick Cairns and O'Hagan from their seats padded with the woolsack; drive Dion Boucicault and Shiel Barry off the stage; hand over the works of Jonathan Swift to Mr. Marwood to be burned, and put the orations of Edmund Burke on the index of St. Pancras; chuck Lord Mayor M'Arthur from the Mansion House; and give their discharges to all the Irishmen in the army, from Sir Garnet Wolseley, who saved Canada and seized Coomassie, to drummer Maguire of the 33d, who won his Victoria Cross at Magdala

Let it be made treasonable to drink Jamieson's whiskey or Guinness's stout, a high crime and misdemeanor to eat Wicklow ham or Cork butter, a hanging matter to wear bog-oak ornaments or Kerry diamonds, felonious to sport Limerick lace or Ulster frieze, and a transportable offence to back an Irish cross-country crack for the Croydon steeplechases or the Liverpool Grand National.

Hurro! the very prospect is like quaffing champagne gratuitously, or listening to Dan Godfrey's music for nothing through a perfumed hedge. Will not this be a delightful country to live in when there are no more of the nasty Irishry here; and will not the London newspapers be a treat to read when all the Irishmen who contribute to them have been packed off, and have carried their humor and sprightliness and vivacious good-nature, their humanity and solid sense along with them?

Gently, individuals of the churchwarden type: before you go off into hysterics of delight, a word with you.

This game of "no Irish need apply" is one at which two can play. It is a ticklish weapon to handle, for it is double-edged.

We know of only one country which raised this cry of nativism within this generation. That was the United States, and the patriots — patriots, ye gods! — who raised it were very appropriately termed Know-Nothings. That country subsequently owed its salvation to the despised Irishry. — *London Universe.*

Mr. Gladstone's recent declaration that, in contradistinction to the Irish Land League, the English Trades-Unions have never been associated with outrages or a "suspicion" of outrage, has naturally excited much amazement at Sheffield, the seat of Trades-Union outrage of so many kinds. It is remembered that the Royal Commission to inquire into the subject reported that twelve distinct trades of Sheffield were addicted to the commission of outrages in order to compel compliance with the dictation of the Union, and that in most cases it was the secretary of the Union who directed the infliction of the rattening or other punishment ordained by the secret code of the society. Hamstringing dumb animals, blowing up sleeping women and children, and other horrors are among the Trades-Union outrages reported upon by the Royal Commission. In one case as large a sum as £200 was taken out of the funds of a Trades-Union to pay the scoundrels, ten in number, who carried out one atrocious piece of vengeance.

ASHAMED!

Catholic Union, Buffalo, N. Y.

"When I see Irishwomen, forgetful of the modesty of their sex, turning stump orators, . . . I hang my head for shame as an Irishman."

Thus says Patrick J. Smyth, Home Rule M. P. for Tipperary, in a letter read at a land meeting in Tralee last Sunday. He is probably ashamed because the ladies got on the "stump" whilst he remained on the fence. When *we* see Irishwomen 'turning stump orators," — as Mr Smyth is pleased to designate the action of Miss Anna Parnell and her associates in Ireland and America, — we raise our head in pride as a *man*, and thank God that the heroic women of to-day are Irishwomen: Irish ladies, who fearlessly proclaim their intention of continuing to feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, and clothe the naked, after their husbands, fathers, sons, or brothers have been dungeoned for performing the same works of mercy to their impoverished, rack-rented, and heart-rended fellow-countrymen. A cause with such advocates cannot be lost. A nation producing such women cannot be enslaved. Such were the mothers of the Maccabees and the Gracchi, such was Joan of Arc, such the women of Limerick, and such the heroines of the American Revolution, who did not disdain to fire the ripening crops ere they would help sustain the enemies of their country, — women who moulded bullets and prepared ammunition for the patriots in the field; aye! and proclaimed throughout the land, like the women of Ireland to-day, No renegade or Tory, no enemy of our country, can sue for or win the hand of an American woman.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Hail, thou rosy May! with thy merry-dancing hours,
Thy eyes of "dewy light," and the fragrance of thy flowers;
Hail, thou rosy May! for the wintry winds are past,
And thy primroses and cowslips have shown their hues at last.
To life's young hour of feeling, the gales of Araby
The odors of thy spicy breath in sweetness far outvie;
They come with gentle colloquy, and whisper every heart,
Of mysteries, joys, and thy bright sun, as if they ne'er could part.

Let summer wear her flaunting garbs and shoot her parching ray,
Her lip is not as fresh as thine, mine own dear sunny May!
The star that gems thy radiant brow so sweet in lustre is,
It shines the beam of hope to earth, the herald of a bliss.

Thou kindliest month of all the year, pass not too fast away,
As hours enjoyed are prone to do, for man is miserly
Of thy sweet presence, since to him thou art a boon indeed,
Slave as he ever is to gloom, in friendship, love, and creed.
Welcome, thou rosy May! with thy merry-dancing hours,
Thy eyes of "dewy light," and the fragrance of thy flowers;
Welcome, thou rosy May! for the wintry winds are past,
And thy primroses and cowslips have shown their hues at last.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TIM'S FALSE FRIEND.

One day a sparrow saw a canary, whose name was Tim, put in a warm open window to get the fresh air. The cage had every comfort, and there was seed, water, green-meat, sugar, lots of nice perches, and a bath. As Tim ate his seed he now and then sent one out at the window, which the sparrow got, who then sat and waited till another seed fell that way. Thus the birds came to have some talk together, and to be quite friendly.

"Why do you not come into the fields?" said the sparrow to Tim; "it is so nice out there."

"Why do I not come out?" repeated Tim, at a loss for an answer; "oh, because this is my home, and I do not care to leave it."

"Stuff!" said the sparrow; "I do not believe any bird would stay shut up in a cage forever if he could help it. I think the fact is, you cannot get out."

"And I think you are rude, sparrow," said Tim. "Anyhow, I shall not come out to please you."

Now this sparrow had a bad heart; for though, being bred a free bird, he could not himself be happy in a cage, he was full of envy for all the comforts Tim had, and he liked to think he had made him less content with his lot. If the sparrow was bad, Tim was silly not to remember that he and all his race had been bred in a cage, and that he could not get his own living, or fly about like a wild bird. So soon as the sparrow had flown off, with a saucy chirp, Tim gave way to low spirits, and thought it hard he could not fly away too. For the rest of the day Tim sat moping in his cage, and would not sing or eat much; but he kept a lookout for the sparrow, who came the next morning to pick up stray seeds.

"Well, Tim," said he, "here you are still; forever in the same place. I do wonder how you bear such a dull life. I have had a lovely hour in the hedges. If you only knew how nice it is, you would come out at once."

"You see," said Tim, "I am used to this way of life, and I doubt if I could get on as you wild birds do in the lanes and fields. I fancy I should feel as strange out there as you would in my cage."

"Not a bit of it," said the sparrow; "you would enjoy yourself very much. Why not lift that catch of your cage door, and just try how you like being free? You could come back as soon as you liked"

Poor Tim was so weak as to listen to this false friend, who had no other wish than to ruin him; and he tried if he could lift the catch. It was not easy for him to do; but the sparrow told him not to be faint-hearted, and to try again. So Tim worked at the wire till at last he could open the door.

"Come along," said the sparrow; "I will show you the way."

But Tim, who had never before used his wings, found that he could only fly a very little way, and he had to rest on the first tree he came to. When he looked out for the sparrow he was nowhere to be seen. After a little rest, Tim thought it really was nice to be free. So he tried to have another little flight, but again found he could not go far. Soon Tim began to feel hungry, and looked about for seed; but there was nothing he could eat anywhere. So he thought he would go back home; and he gave his call-note, in the hope that the sparrow would return and show him the way. As he did not come, Tim thought he would try and find the way himself; but he could not tell how it was he could see no signs of his cage, or even of the house where his mistress lived.

Every hour the poor bird grew

more and more faint for want of food; and as night drew near he felt most sad at heart. When it was quite dark, Tim put his head under his wing, feeling sure that when daylight came he should find his way home. As soon as morn broke, Tim heard the wild birds chirp, and he too shook his feathers and flew out of the tree in which he had roosted. How hungry he was! The other birds were eating flies and grubs, and pecking up heartily, but Tim could eat none of this food, and he thought if he could not get home soon he should die of want. Just when Tim's spirits were as low as they well could be, up flew his old friend, the sparrow.

"Take care," cried he, "they are on the lookout for you at home, Tim. If you do not mind they will catch you and put you into the cage again."

"Oh! I wish they would catch me. I do so want some seed. Please, sparrow, do be so kind as to show me the way home."

"Nonsense!" said the sparrow; "you will soon get used to our life; here is a lot of my brothers and sisters coming to see and cheer you up."

"What a smart bird!" cried one of these sparrows. "Who are you?" said another.

"Oh, you know," cried a cross old sparrow; "this is a spy! We won't have him among us; we must drive him out. How dare you come here, you pale, sleek thing?" he said to Tim, who now shook for fright.

"Peck him," cried one. "Pull out his fine feathers," said another. "Kill him," cried a third.

"If you please, good friends," said Tim, in a meek tone, "I do not want to stay here. I have lost my way. If any one will lead me home I will give him my sugar, and as much seed as he likes."

In answer, three of the sparrows jumped on a branch just over his head, and told him he should never go home alive, for they all thought, say what he might, he was a spy.

Then they all set upon poor Tim, and pecked him till he fell to the ground more dead than alive. Tim then gave himself up for lost: he could never get up without help, he knew; and he thought he could only live a very short time in pain and misery. When he had lain a little while on the ground, Tim heard the well-known voice of his mistress, and his heart gave a bound as he thought she might find him, and that at least he might die in her kind hand. And she did find Tim, and many were the tears she shed when she saw the sad state her pet was in. With much love and care the lady took home her little bird, and she washed his wounds and gave him a drop of wine and water, and laid him in his cage on soft wool, and nursed and tended him for many days Then Tim's life came back to him, but the sight of one of his eyes was gone, from a cruel peck one of the wild birds had given him. When Tim could once more hop about on his perch, his false friend, the sparrow, came to the window.

"How do you do?" said he. "I hope you do not bear any malice, for it was not my fault that you were hurt."

"I think," said Tim, gently, "it was not your fault that I was not killed. I bear no malice, sparrow; indeed, I thank you, for you have taught me not to listen to bad advice, as well as to know when I am well off, and to be thankful and content with my lot."

Then the sparrow flew off, and never again paid Tim a visit.

THE ORPHAN OF THE STORM.

In the North of Scotland, near Lochleven, stood a humble cabin, occupied by a delicate widow and her little son, five years old. During one sultry night in summer, the mother was awakened by a violent gale of wind, which shook her humble dwelling. Her first thought was for her son, although she could hardly drag herself about. She tottered, candle in hand, to his little crib. He

slept sweetly; one arm was thrown over his head, and formed a white arch over his golden hair. His sleep was profound, and he seemed to smile on his mother.

The widow, no longer anxious about her son, crept to the door, opened it, and perceived at once that a severe storm was coming on. The moon was hidden by clouds; the wind bowed the trees and tossed up the waves of the lake on the stony beach. Great drops began to fall, and soon the rain came down with fury. The mother shut the door and returned to the crib, dreading the first sound of thunder. "O God," she cried, "save my son!"

The child slept on, though soon the thunderbolts crashed around the little cot, and trees, uprooted by the wind, were dashed to the earth. So still he lay, she almost feared he might have been struck in his sleep But soon a little stream of water, leaking through the roof, fell on the boy; he uttered a gentle sigh, half opened his eyes, smiled on his mother, and slept again. She was thankful for even that sign of life. "O God," she cried, "I ask no more! I thank Thee! Thou hearest the cry of the mother, even in the midst of the tempest."

The storm broke at last: the thunder died away, more and more faintly; the air became tranquil and the drops of rain now fell softly; the night drew to a close. Presently the sun arose in a pure, clear sky; the air was filled with the scent of flowers, and all nature revived with new life. The boy awoke. The last word on his lips had been his mother's name, and now his first thought on awakening was of her. She was kneeling by his bedside.

"My mother," he exclaimed, "hast thou begun thy prayers without me?"

She was dead! God had called her spirit in the midst of the storm

The boy wept. He knew he was now alone in the world, though so young. But the bright sun shone upon him, — an emblem of the good Providence that watches over orphans.

A kind and rich lord, who lived near, took the little boy for his own, and named him "The Orphan of the Storm."

HOW TO CALL A CROSS WORD BACK.

Once upon a time there was a great wrangle in a certain street. Five little girls were quarrelling, and two dogs were barking. The neighbors put their heads out of their windows, and the policeman stopped. Mrs. Blake put her two forefingers in her two ears, for the noise was near her steps, and the five little girls were all telling her together what the matter was and whose fault it was. Then the mothers called their children home, and two went into Mrs. Blake's, for they were hers. This was the story she drew from them: Anne Blake had said a cross word to one of the others, that other had made a face at the next, the third had slapped the fourth, and it went round the circle. So it seemed that Anne started the whole by speaking a cross word.

"Since you are sorry, I will talk no more to you about it," her mother said. "But I wish you to go up to your chamber and sit alone a little while, and think over a Chinese proverb which is written on this slip of paper. You are ten years old, and must begin to think."

Anne went slowly up-stairs to her chamber, shut the door after her, and sat down in a little cushioned chair by the window to read her proverb. Its being Chinese did not prevent it from being good. This is what she read: "A word once spoken, a coach and six cannot bring it back again." The day was warm, and the curtain at the window swung with a lulling motion, giving glimpses of blue sky with white clouds sailing over, and below, of the top of a grape-vine full of leaves and small green grapes Anne gazed at the sky till she felt sleepy,— gazing at bright things does make one feel

sleepy, — then she gazed at the grape-vine. Presently she saw something in this vine that looked like a tiny ladder, hidden among the leaves It looked so much like a ladder that she leaned forward and pulled the curtain aside to see more plainly. Sure enough, it was the loveliest ladder or stairway winding down and down. Its steps were dark, like vine branches, and there was a railing at each side of twigs and tendrils, and it wound down and down, in sight and out of sight. And more wonderful still, it was no longer a yard with the city about she saw, but a great vine covering all the window, and glimpses of a moon-lighted forest down below. "I must go down," said Anne; and so down she went on the beautiful stairs. Lights and shades fluttered over her, and the leaves clapped together, and little tendrils caught at her dress in play. And by and by she stepped on to the brightest greensward that could be, full of blue and white violets. The trees arched over her, the air was sweet, and there was a smooth pond hard by. The water was so very smooth that she would never have known it was water if the banks had not turned the wrong way in it, and the trees grown down instead of up. A little white boat, too, had another little white boat under it, the two keel to keel. Swans ran down the shore as she looked, and splashed into the water, dipping their heads under, and making the whole surface so full of motion that the upside-down trees and banks and boat disappeared. Words cannot describe how beautiful the place was. There was every kind of flower, and hosts of birds, and the moonlight was so bright that all could be distinctly seen. There were also a great many splendid moths, that looked like flowers flying about and flapping their petals.

But the most beautiful part was that everything seemed to breathe of peace and love. The birds sang and cooed to each other, the blossoms leaned cheek to cheek, the water laughed at the stones it ran over, and the wet stones smiled back, the gray old rocks held tenderly the flowers and mosses that grew in their hollows, and the mosses and flowers held on to the rocks with their tiny roots, like little children clinging to old people who are fond of them.

"How beautiful it is to see them so loving," Anne said. "They are a sort of people too, for they look alive. I wish other folks would be as good. I 'm sure I try, but then somebody always comes along and says something ugly; and then of course I can't help being ugly back again."

"Oh, yes, you can," said a sweet voice close by.

Anne looked and saw a charming lady standing beside her. She was so beautiful that words cannot describe her, and she carried a pink petunia for a parasol to preserve her complexion; for she was exquisitely fair, and the moonlight was really very bright.

"Oh, yes, you can!" she repeated, when Anne looked at her. "You can give a pleasant answer, and then people will stop being ugly."

"I could do it if everybody else would," Anne said. "The beginning is the trouble. How nice it would be if there were a king over all the world, and he would say: Now, after I have counted three, all of you stop being cross and love each other and keep on loving a whole hour; if you don't I 'll cut your heads off!"

"That would not be love; it would be a make-believe to save their heads," the little lady answered. "But there is such a king, and He has commanded us to love each other, and — " Here she was interrupted by a loud flapping of wings and a terrible croaking, and a great black bird, something like a bat, flew by; and wherever it struck its wings other bats flew out, and the air grew dark with them, and all the forest was changed. The stones tried to stop the brook, and the brook tried to upset the stones; the leaves struck each other; the swans and little birds began to pull each

other's feathers out. All was discord.

And then there was a rolling of wheels, and a trampling of hoofs, and a great yellow coach appeared, drawn by six horses covered with foam. The coachman looked as if he were driving for his life, and there was a head thrust from each window of the coach, telling him to drive faster.

All the heads wore caps like dish-covers, and had long braids of hair hanging down their necks, though they were men; and their eyes slanted down towards their noses, instead of going straight across their faces.

"We are trying to catch a wicked word that is ruining all the place," they said, "but we cannot. A wicked word has wings."

"So has a kind word wings," said the little lady. "Send a kind word after the cross one, and perhaps it may bring it back."

"You are right, madam," said one of the Chinamen; and he nodded his head till the long braid at the back of it wagged to and fro. And he kept on nodding so queerly that Anne felt obliged to nod too, and so he nodded, and she nodded, till he nodded his head off. And then she nodded her head off — no, not quite off; but she nodded so that she waked herself up. For she had been dreaming.

Then she jumped up and ran down stairs and out of doors as fast as her feet could carry her. And in ten minutes she was back again, all out of breath and full of excitement. "Mother," she said, "a coach and six can't do it, but a kind word can. I told Jane I was sorry, and she told — and we all told each other that we were sorry, and then we were glad." The words were rather mixed up, but the meaning was all right.

THE BABY.

The youngest is always emperor of the household. Father and mother, brothers, sisters, all bend to his baby dictation. He can sow the parlor carpet with cake crumbs, tip over the plant stand, spill the milk pitcher, and get nothing but hugs and kisses for his rascality; he is kept on the laugh and screech by all the members of his family, and their nerves are not strained in the least; he picks up the art of talking without any trouble, and "gives away" family secrets to high-toned callers, and is rewarded by candies innumerable; he is round and chubby and sweet and happy, and household affairs revolve in their orbits around him, as though he was a grand central sun. We pity a family that has n't a "youngest."

OUT AT NIGHT.

Parents should not permit their sons indulgences which ruin their morals in all instances. We know of none more dangerous than that of allowing sons to be on the street after nightfall. There they will learn evil practices, such as theft, drunkenness, and profanity. They acquire, under the cover of night, an unhealthy and excited state of mind, bad practices, and criminal sentiments which it will take years of the most judicious and careful training to eradicate. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall that boys principally acquire the education that fits them in after years for becoming dissolute and criminal men, and makes them fit subjects for the penitentiary. Parents should adopt an inflexible rule never to permit their sons, under any circumstances, to go into the street after nightfall, — to engage in out-door sports, or to meet other boys for the purpose of lounging around the groceries and saloons; but rather should provide for them some innocent amusement in-doors, with plenty of juvenile books and papers. Many a young man has been ruined in health, business, and character, who can trace the commencement of his ruin to the evenings spent by him upon the street.

A CHILD'S MAY HYMN.

Ave, Blessed Mother!
Keep us through the night;
In thine arms enfold us,
Till the morning light.
Ave, Virgin Mother!
Ave, Lady sweet!
Love thy little children
Kneeling at thy feet.

Pray for us, dear Mother,
To the Father pray;
Jesus, dearest Saviour,
Will not say thee nay.
Ask, O holy Virgin!
Ask that we may be
Little children always
Listening unto thee.

Patient, kind, and gentle,
Hearts as pure and white
As the snow in winter,
As the morning light
Pure as thine, dear mother,
Who still lov'st us so,
Ever keeping near us,
Wheresoe'er we go.

So we love thee near us,
Morning, noon, and night;
Only keep us, mother,
Cleanly clad in white,
Till we see thy beauty,
Call thee all our own,
Worship thee and Jesus,
Round the Father's throne.

H. S., *in Catholic Progress.*

PLAYTHINGS.

The children of our days fancy, perhaps, that all the beautiful playthings which are given to them were invented expressly for their use. We learn from a book which was published a few years since that there is nothing new under the sun, even in playthings.

The Greeks are said to have had an aphorism which they carried into practice. "Happy," they said, "is he who dies young." When a child died, they considered that he was spared by the liberator Death from the ills attendant upon prolonged life, and then, perhaps to further the enjoyments of the child in his abode in the unknown world, they placed around him the playthings which had been the joy of his childish years; and thus it is that the tomb has revealed to us the toys which were the delight of the children of antiquity.

The underground researches which have been made in Italy and Sicily have brought to light a great number of such things, made of bone, ivory, and wood. Near Catania, dolls have been found dressed in painted tunics falling to the knees, with jointed arms and legs, and the head delicately carved.

At Milo a beautiful specimen of the marionettes of antiquity has been found with a coiffure in the form of a coronet, and the legs moving by a remarkable system of joints.

The Athenian baby had his coral surrounded by little bells. They had also balls, swings, and other playthings in common use with us, and many of their games were the same.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime, and sing; their husbands, fathers, and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails: there, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer him, and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these dwellers by the sea! Truly, it is among the lowly in this life that we find some of the most beautiful customs put in practice.

Catholic parents should never for a moment force themselves into the belief that they are not required to teach their children the Catechism. Many neglect this duty, but they will regret it some time.

Useful Knowledge.

COCKROACHES AND ANTS. — Hellebore sprinkled on the floor at night destroys cockroaches; they eat it and are poisoned. Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is good also for mice.

DRAIN PIPES. — Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure may be cleansed with lime water, copperas water, or carbolic acid. Copperas mixed with the whitewash put upon the cellar walls will keep vermin away. Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads; hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

HOME-MADE YEAST. — One pint of mashed potatoes, with the water they were boiled in, one cup of sugar, one cup of salt, one cup of flour, one cup of strong hot tea; add four quarts of boiling water; when cool add one pint of baker's or other yeast; let it stand and work for twenty-four hours; then skim, strain, and put in a jug.

CARPETS. — Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox-gall or ammonia and water. If paper has been laid under the carpet, all dust may be easily removed with it without raising any. The warmth of floors is greatly increased by having lining or layers of paper under the carpet.

INK STAINS. — Ink stains can be removed from a carpet by freely pouring milk on the place, and leaving it to soak in for a time, then rub it so as to remove all ink, and scoop up remaining milk with a spoon; repeat the process with more milk, if necessary; then wash it off completely with clean cold water and wipe it dry with cloths. If this is done when the ink is wet, the milk takes all stain from woollen materials instantly; but when it has dried a little time is required.

MAN'S AGE. — Few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The common expression "choked with passion" has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men often live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like a candle, to run; the weak to run out. The inferior animals that live temperate lives have generally their prescribed number of years. The horse lives twenty-five; the ox fifteen or twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is one that seldom lives this average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to physical law, for five times twenty is a hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches on an average four times his growing period: the cat six times, and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious: man is not only the most irregular and intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES. — Quassia is used in medicine as a powerful tonic, and the chips are sold by chemists at from sixpence to a shilling a pound. The tree is indigenous to the West Indies and to South America. A young friend of mine, severely bitten by mosquitoes, and unwilling to be seen so disfigured, sent for quassia chips, and had boiling water poured upon them. At night, after washing, she dipped her hands into the quassia water, and left it to dry on her face. This was a perfect protection, and continued to be so whenever applied. At the approach of winter, when flies and gnats get into houses, and sometimes bite venomously, a grandchild of mine, eighteen months old, was thus attacked. I gave the nurse some of my weak solution of quassia to be left to dry on his face, and he was not bitten again. It is innocuous to children, and it may be a protection also against bed insects, which I have not had the opportunity of trying. When the solution of the quassia is strong it is well known to be an active fly poison, and is mixed with sugar to attract flies; but this is not strong enough to kill at once.

The Humorist.

A GENTLEMAN in Danbury, Conn., has had perseverance enough to take the plege 83 times and break it 82.

"CARRIE," said he, dreamily contemplating her coil, "how beautiful, how very beautiful is your hair! Where did you get it?"

PIOUS old lady: "Just think, Rose, — only five missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals!" Kind-hearted niece: "The poor cannibals will starve!"

A LITTLE girl begging for some sugar in her tea was told that she had had several lumps already. Whereupon she pitifully said, "Yes, mamma, but you see they melt away so!"

AN American actor says that what English audiences demand is something to make them laugh. Then they ought to see a man trying to carve a sixteen-year-old turkey with a dull knife.

A LITTLE boy entered a fish market one day, and seeing for the first time a pile of lobsters lying on the counter, looked intently at them for some time, when he exclaimed, "By gracious! them 's the biggest grasshoppers I 've ever seen!"

A YOUNG lady who had ordered home a pair of unusually high-heeled boots was flushed by the announcement by Mary, fresh from answering the door-bell, "If you please, miss, there 's a man in the hall below with a pair of stilts for you."

AN old bachelor was courting a widow, and both had sought the aid of art to give their fading hair a darker shade. "That 's going to be an affectionate couple," said a wag. "How so?" asked a friend. "Why, don't you see they are dyeing for each other already?"

"DOCTOR, my daughter seems to be going blind, and she 's just getting ready for her wedding, too! Oh, dear me! what is to be done?" "Let her go right on with the wedding, madam, by all means If anything can open her eyes, marriage will."

A CLERGYMAN in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roostin' on our fence three nights; so dis mornin' I seized it for de rent ob de fence."

EXTRACT of a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-by, Henry."

THE Colonial Treasurer of New Zealand, who has lately made his financial statement to the Legislature of that happy island, is called — what do *Punch's* readers think? — the Hon. J. Ballance! Oh, if we could see him in the exchequer at home! Come, Ballance, come to the mother country, that yearns for you!

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a Hammersmith young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

A LITTLE company of Englishmen, who went for a hunt to the northern moors, said to the guide, "John, are there any pheasants here?" "They are just in thousands," he replied. "Any partridges, John?" "They are just in thousands," he again replied. "Well, John, are there any gorillas?" "No, there are not many gorillas here; they comes and goes in twos and threes, — just like yoursels."

A MAN from one of the rural districts recently went to Washington to see the sights. A member of the House, whose constituent he was, said, "Come up tomorrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House." "No you don't," answered Jonathan: "I always manage to have a cheer to sit on at home, and I don't come to Wash'n'ton to sit on the floor!"

SHE WAS REASSURED. — "Now, I suppose,' said a pious New Haven woman, "they 'll fix up the Bible so nobody will know it with this new version. I shall expect to see Joseph's coat of many colors changed to a 'rep' dressing-gown with a gold cord and tassel, and the song of Miriam made over into a 'Pinafore' chorus Religion is getting to be awful secular these days." The good woman was assured that the Old Testament would remain undisturbed, and she joyfully put on her best bonnet and went over to the parson's to give some of the sisters a "going over" for the benefit of his new wife.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE awful fate which befell the Czar of Russia reveals the presence of a mighty spirit of anarchy at present plotting against governments which will not do its bidding. Without defending the military despotism under which Russia groans, we cannot see how the assassination of its head can benefit matters. It is true that in the gradual development of politics, the sovereign is no longer regarded as the sole source of law, the arbiter of a nation's destiny, and practically an irresponsible despot. A nation can try its sovereign for high crimes and misdemeanors, although by a fiction of law the king can do no wrong. In the trial of Charles I. of England and Louis XVI. of France, at least the forms of law were observed. But all men of sound judgment reject with horror the murder of sovereigns by the hand of a private cut-throat. Even violent revolutionists have protested that the murder of the Czar cannot be justified on the principles which they advocate. The meeting in New York to applaud the deed was not representative, in any large sense.

The views which prevailed in an earlier condition of society, regarding the absolute sovereignty of a monarch, have in all civilized countries yielded to the growing power of the people. Theoretically, the king of England is above the law; but as Blackstone points out, the sovereign is really only one of the parties to a civil contract, the other party being the people. It is not only criminal but foolish to put to death a king simply as such, and without invoking the concurrence of his subjects. Writers on natural law, while acknowledging the inevitable evils under which society labors, can suggest no remedies except those agreed on by a majority of the people. The origin of property is based upon fundamental principles, which it would be unspeakably disastrous to all to have unsettled. Even those "who have nothing to lose" would lose in the event of a redistribution of wealth on communistic principles; for where all are rich or all are poor, stagnation ensues. Society has reached its present stage, after heavy and fearful experiments, and it is better to uphold the worst instituted government than to relinquish it for chaos. Whether we accept the opinion of Hobbes that the primitive state of man was one of war, and that we live in society only on condition that every man will protect in turn the rights of his fellow-man, or receive the Scriptural idea literally that the earth was given to man on condition that he should till and improve it, the same conclusion is attained: that society, law, government, are necessary to the human being to gain even his purely material ends. All the dreamers, from Plato to Saint Simon and Fourier, have been proved to be unpractical. Man is not capable of self-government, if we mean by this that each one of us can order his life for the best. We must have law, rule, supreme power to reward or to punish. Better live under the Turk than under no government at all.

The people of Ireland are very imaginative, hopeful, trustful for the best. These amiable qualities render them an easy prey to specious theories, especially when properly rose-colored. They do not like to think that men who claim to be their friends advocate deeds which are nothing

but deeds of theft, injustice, and revenge. The French Revolution was practically the uprising of the entire nation. So was the English Revolution under Cromwell, and the revolntion which expelled the Stuarts. But the vast majority of the Russian people reject with horror the teachings of the Nihilists. This movement has in no sense the dignity of a popular movement. If the leaders of Ireland identify themselves with this shameless gang of assassins, they will be forced to resign. Rochefort may be indeed a very able man, but then it is a mistake to suppose that merely talented men are the best revolutionists. Better have an honest, God-fearing peasantry upon our side, than the most brilliant *litterateur* who breathes vengeance against all order, simply because it is order. The French Republic does not owe its existence to this class of men, nor will Ireland owe its redemption to them or to those who think like them.

THERE is quite a stir in public-school matters in Philadelphia, from the circumstance that a school teacher undertook to defame the Catholic faith before her class in history. It must be said of the Quaker City that all classes of the community unqualifiedly condemned such a procedure, for any exhibitions of anti-popery that have ever taken place in that city have never come from the Quaker element, or indeed from any form of Protestantism, except that wretched semi-political sectarianism known as Orangeism. There were some Catholic children in attendance, who reported to their parents the teachings of their schoolmistress, who finds herself in a very unenviable position. Legal action was taken at once; and whatever be the issue, the effect will be good, in putting a stop to *her* theological explanations in the future. The schoolmistress appears to be an ignorant woman, under any view; for she quoted, as an authentic Catholic document, the funny "curse" of Laurence Sterne in "Tristram Shandy." She said also that Luther gave, as a reason for leaving the church, the Catholic doctrine that an indulgence was a permission to sin for money. Poor Martin has much to answer for, but he was too good a theologian to make this mistake. Indeed, his sermon on Indulgences (*Ablass*) is an admirable exposition of the genuine Catholic doctrine. Luther never said that an indulgence was a permission to sin, or a forgiveness of sin, either past, present, or future. One of the little Catholic girls asked her school-teacher if Luther's real reason for leaving the church was not a wish to get married; a cruel question to put to a lady whose age precluded the idea of having ever entertained matrimonial views. If such was the genuine reason, (and it seems probable), poor Luther did manifold penance; for Kathrina, according to himself, led him a sorry life. Few Protestant school-teachers know anything about theology; but the class of people that know nothing of a subject never recognize their limitations. It is now admitted, by all who have carefully studied the subject in the light of time, that the Protestant Reformation went on in spite of all the efforts of Luther to prevent it. Indeed, it has gone on so well that it has left behind it all sects; and only for shame's sake, there is scarcely a Protestant in the land who would go to church, read the Bible, or believe a sermon. It is time to "give Luther a rest"; for bad as he was, he was at least a Christian.

IN the April North American there is a very able article by Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, upon what Catholics have done for educating their children in the sound principles of Christianity. This article is in the main a reply to the Protestant Bishop Coxe, who in a previous number of the North American advocated religious instruction in the public schools, on the ground that this is a Christian country. Bishop McQuaid turns the argument on Coxe by showing that Catholics are the only considerable body of Christians in this country that fully believe in teaching their children their religion. The public schools in theory and fact banish all religious instruction,

and consequently fail to be adequate to the task of training up the children of the Republic. So far from being inimical to the country, Catholics are its most devoted friends, even on this ground of giving their children a religious training. The retort of the argument is very neat. Coxe implied that Catholics take no interest in giving Christians to the Republic: Bishop McQuaid shows that they are about the only denomination that *do* instruct the future citizens of the country in Christianity. "There's nothing like logic."

VERY different from the Catholic bishop's calm and logical essay, is that of John Fiske on the "Historic Development of Protestantism." One of the most perplexing questions in history is that of religious persecution. The best answer that Catholics can give to queries on this head, is that the civil law in the Middle Ages recognized the Catholic Church as part of the very structure of society. The civil law forbade heresy on the ground of its being an invasion of statute law. Christianity is part of the law of England, and you can be punished at law for speaking blasphemously of Christ. Well, much in the same way, Catholicity was the only religion recognized in the Middle Ages, and non-conformity to it exposed you to civil disabilities, etc. There is no warrant whatever in any doctrine or tenet of Catholicity to injure or to punish heretics. Religious persecution was always a state affair, and carried on by the civil authorities, against the protests of the ecclesiastical body. In the "Hughes and Breckenridge Controversy," the reader will find this question well discussed.

EXCLUSION OF CATHOLICS.— It may not be credited, but it is a fact, that out of sixteen magistrates or local justices of the peace in Londonderry city, Ireland, there are but two Catholics, although the great majority of the inhabitants are Catholics; that in the county of Donegal, one hundred and twenty-nine magistrates and deputy lieutenants are Protestants, and only three magistrates are Catholics, —the inhabitants of the county being divided into 178,000 Catholics and about 30,000 Protestants.

BOTH houses of the Missouri Legislature adopted on Patrick's day resolutions of sympathy with the Irish people, and a salute in honor of St. Patrick was fired by the adjutant-general under instructions from the Legislature.

HIS Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and Father Michael Barry have lately given a Mission at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington. It is not often we find a cardinal conducting a Mission, but the great Manning is fit for all work in the Church.

THE UNIVERSE, a Catholic paper published in London, states that it has a larger circulation by many thousands than any other Catholic newspaper in the kingdom, — we believe in the world! It is certainly one of the best papers in the world. It is published for two cents a copy, and is an eight-page paper.

LONDON TRUTH says Count Herbert Bismarck, the eldest son of the German Chancellor, has eloped with the Princess de Carolath Benther, whose husband has instituted proceedings for a divorce. Count Herbert declares he will only return on condition his father assents to his marriage with the *divorcée*. The Princess is older than her lover, and has a daughter fourteen years of age.

THE Seventeenth of March was celebrated with unusual rejoicing throughout the United States and Canada. The event was more of an in-door than out-door celebration. Not an incident or accident occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion. Even in the New Dominion nothing occurred of a disagreeable character. So may it always be.

FOR articles applauding the assassination of the Emperor of Russia, several Paris papers have been tried and imprisoned. The editor of the Citoyen has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine, the manager of that journal to three months and 2,000 francs, the editor of the Juvenile to six months and 2,000 francs, the manager of the Révolution Sociale to the same, and M. Rochefort and M. del Perre, editor and manager of the Intransigeant, to 1,000 francs each.

In speaking of the "American Hierarchy," we by all means include Canada, Brother Tribune of Toronto. There are people living who will see the "dividing line" wiped out.

The tickets for the Grand Charity Ball in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children are selling rapidly. We would advise those intending to be present to purchase their tickets at once. The prices are: Lady and gentleman, $3.00; single gentleman, $2.00; single ladies, $1.00. The ball comes off at Music Hall, Monday evening, April 25. Tickets for sale at the Pilot office and at Messrs. Noonan & Co's.

President Garfield. — Alexander Campbell, founder of the sect of which General Garfield is a member, was born in the county Antrim, Ireland, in June, 1786, and died at Bethany, W. Va., March 4, 1866. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and came to this country in 1809. For a time he was pastor of a Presbyterian church, from which denomination he soon separated, on the ground that the Bible should be the sole creed of the church. In 1810 he and his father (also a Presbyterian clergyman) organized a new society at Brush Run, Pa. In 1812 he became convinced that immersion was the only mode of baptism, and he and his congregation were immersed. They united with a Baptist association, but still protested against all human creeds as a bond of union in the churches. He and his followers were excluded from fellowship with Baptist churches, and in 1827 began to form a separate organization, which extended in the States of Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky. In 1864 the sect numbered 350,000 members, and has now nearly double that number.

In 1837, a debate took place between Rev. Mr. Campbell and Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, on the Roman Catholic religion. The debate was held in the Sycamore Street meeting-house, Cincinnati, from the 13th to the 21st of January. At that time the then Bishop Purcell was in full vigor and manhood, and well did he establish his fame as a debater and advocate of Mother Church. The book is published by the Messrs. Benziger, New York, and can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston.

Lecture by the Rev. D. V. Crowley.— The pastor of St. Mary's Church, Oxford, Ohio, delivered a lecture in the church in that town on St. Patrick's night, on the Irish Land Question to a large and appreciative audience.

The lecture was intermingled with various quotations and anecdotes, which the Rev. Father has a happy way of bringing out. At the close he paid glowing tribute to Charles Parnell, whom he thought almost divinely appointed, exactly the right man to lead this great cause to a final success. Finishing, the lecturer was heartily applauded.

The City of the Popes. — So surely as Pius (dethroned forever in himself and his successors, according to the impious decree of the First Napoleon) recovered the Eternal City, while his enemy perished a miserable captive, so certainly will the doomed House of Savoy be swept away from power, almost from history, by the avenging logic of events. — *London Universe.*

Because the institution was a Catholic one, a great howl was raised by the Protestants and their press last year, against the appropriation for the Protectory by the Legislature of New York, of money to which it was justly entitled. In the appropriation of this year is one of $70,000 to the Juvenile Asylum of New York, a Protestant institution to which Catholic boys are often committed by police magistrates, and where they are compelled to attend Protestant service with the other inmates. This is a free country.— *New York Catholic Review.*

Yes, it is a free country. It is as free for the Catholics of New York to save their children as it is for the Protestants to proselytize them. Our contemporary takes it very easy, we think. Why does it not call upon the wealthy Catholics of New York to save these children? This thing of forcing our children by the courts could easily be prevented by a proper effort on the part of a few influential individuals. As bad as Boston is, no such outrage is perpetrated in our city. Friend Hickey, wake up the Catholic millionnaires to come to the relief of the poor Catholic children. Our motto here is, "Save the children."

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian.

The Philo Celt is the name of a new monthly miscellany of Irish literature, partly in the Irish language. It is furnished at ten cents a copy, or one dollar a year, size thirty-two pages. Address Philo Celt Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Growth of Catholicity in England. —The following statistics show the growth of the Catholic Church in England during the thirty years since 1850: The number of bishops has increased from 8 in 1850, to 14 in 1880; priests, from 826 to 1,962; religious houses for men, from 17 to 134; school children, from 24,000 to 204,752; churches and chapels, from 597 to 1,175.

Father Gillet in Guatemala. — The following letter to his mother at Preston, England, from the Rev. H. Gillet, S. J., who was reported to have been shot by order of the President of Guatemala, clears up the whole affair: — "*Belize, British Honduras, Feb.* 29, 1881. I was very anxious when I was first taken prisoner whether you had heard of it or not; and as soon as I was free, I was going to send a telegram, when Father Rector told me he had sent word that I was on my way back, and therefore that there was no use. I was very sorry to see, on the arrival of the next steamer, that they had published in the papers an account of my death, with such particulars as to make it look true. I hope you got word from the Provincial, on Sunday or Monday, 13th or 14th January, for I sent him a telegram, and asked him to send word to you. It is quite true I was taken prisoner for being a Jesuit, that I was thrown into a dungeon, and fed on beans and corn-cake, and I also think I was in danger of being shot; but thank God, my being an Englishman made them frightened, for they have an awful fear of the English in these parts, and as soon as the English Minister in Guatemala City heard I was in prison, he went and got me free. It was, counting in the journey, — 215 miles from Yabal to Guatemala, on horseback, and back 215 miles more, — and the seven days in prison, 22 days under arrest, and I don't want to go through them again. Thank God, I never lost my spirits nor had any fear, but felt a little proud that I was worthy to be kicked about a little for being a Jesuit. I was back again in Belize the 22d of January. I am quite well."

"How do you keep out of quarrels?" asked one friend of another. "Oh, easily enough," was the reply. "If a man gets angry with me, I let him have all the quarrel to himself."

Edward Hanlan, the champion sculler of the world, and probably the best man that ever handled a scull, is known as a most bitter opponent of everything in the shape of intoxicating drink.

Cardinal Manning. — We conclude the admirable paper of Cardinal Manning in this issue of our Magazine. The Dublin Freeman says of it: It would be impossible to sum up the Land Question in language more truthful, eloquent, and just than that used more than twelve years ago by the illustrious Cardinal of Westminster.

A Jesuit Mayor. — Jesuits cannot be so universally hated and execrated in France as the government tried to make out when they turned them all away from their homes six months ago. At Theuley-les-Lavencourt, in Eastern France, Father Durand, one of "those horrid Jesuits," has lately been elected mayor by the unanimous suffrage of all the inhabitants. The "Liberal" French papers have taken good care not to say a word about it.

Dried potatoes have not yet come into our market to any extent, but it is said preparations have this year been made in California for drying large quantities and shipping them to England, where last year they met with a ready sale. A machine has been invented for pressing and drying potatoes so that they will keep for years, and yet preserve their natural flavor. After being thoroughly dried, they are ground into a coarse meal, resembling rice.

All our Catholic papers are printed in the eight-page form, except the Lake Shore Visitor. We hope our excellent contemporary will fall in line. In a late issue that paper well says: "It is impossible to please everybody, and the man who tries to do so will spend his time foolishly. Honesty is the best policy, and the honest, upright man may for a time be the subject of criticism, or even worse, but in the long run he will come out ahead, and perhaps may live to see all his enemies humbled."

Events of the Month.

NINETY-FIVE thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven persons left Ireland in 1880. It is thought that as many more will leave this year.

THE Republican Know-Nothing Senate of Pennsylvania has defeated and thrown aside a resolution expressing sympathy for Ireland. Commodore Barry and Gen. Anthony Wayne were Irishmen. They gave lustre to the historical page of the Keystone State.

MR. CHARLES JAMES MATHEW, whose elevation to the English bench is announced, appears to be the second Catholic made an English judge since the Reformation; the first being Mr. Serjeant Shee. According to the prophets there will soon be a third in the person of Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C.

THE son of Bismarck, Count Herbert, has just eloped with a duchess, the wife of one of the high officials of the imperial court. They are a sweet lot, those blood-and-iron builders of German unity. If Bismarck devoted less time to regulation of the Catholic Church in Prussia, and more to the proper training of his family, he would have been spared the present ineffaceable disgrace. The words of the apostle are most appropriate: "In quis domui suæ preesse necit, quomodo ecclesiæ diligitiam sabebit?" — *Western Watchman.*

A PERSONAL friend of Alfred Aylward, Joubert's Irish adviser, states in the Freeman that throughout his stormy and troubled life, Aylward has always remained a firm and fervent Catholic. The Boers are rather puritanical in their ways and habits of thought, but Aylward's position amongst them would lead to the belief that they are not bigots.

EARTHQUAKE IN ISCHIA. — The little town of Casamiccoila, in Ischia, was almost destroyed in the space of seven seconds by an earthquake a few weeks ago. At this period of the year it is almost deserted. Had it been the season, more lives would have been lost. As it is three hundred persons are believed to have perished, and the population is described as frantic with terror, and fleeing into the interior of the island. Troops have been sent from Naples to aid in extricating the bodies from the ruins, and a public subscription has been started for the relief of the sufferers. His Holiness Leo XIII. has forwarded, through the bishop, a donation of 10,000 lire.

A CENSUS of the church-goers of New Haven, Conn., on a recent Sunday, showed 12,000 attendants at the Protestant churches, and 12,431 at the Catholic. There are about 40 Protestant places of worship, and 5 Catholic ones.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cruelties practised on the Catholics by the late Emperor of Russia, none of them have been arrested as belonging to any associations that are plotting the ruin of the dynasty; not one of those who at any time attempted the life of the Czar was a Catholic.

AN example to Galway! The grand jury of the county Cavan have approved a guaranty of £600 a year to the Midland Great Western Railway Company for thirty-five years, bearing interest at four per cent on £15,000, for making a branch line from Crossdoney to Killeshandra. The charge is divided between three baronies, one of which takes nearly two thirds of the sum on its own shoulders, and the other two divide the remainder, according to their proportion of interest in the undertaking, between them. The same grand jury have approved of a guaranty of £340 a year to the Great Northern Railway Company for the same period, for making a branch line from Belturbet Junction to Belturbet town. The whole sum is charged to one barony. Why should not Loughrea go and do likewise? asks the Dublin Freeman.

EMIGRATION. — Although the largest number of immigrants (327,371) which ever reached New York in a single twelvemonth came in 1880, it is predicted that the influx will be much greater this year. The expectation of the Castle Garden officials that at least 500,000 will arrive is based upon the arrivals since January, the reports of ticket sales on the other side, and the preparation of the steamship companies to do an immense business. Almost one third of last season's immigrants came from Germany. The indications are that the same proportion will continue for some time. In last year's statistics Ireland, Sweden, England, and Italy came next in number after Germany. Many of the strangers now arriving are well-to-do. The majority go directly West. This does not include the numbers arriving at Boston, Philadelpia, Baltimore, etc. It is safe to say that more than half a million will be added to our population the present year.

CARDINAL MANNING says in his Lenten pastoral: "No one will pass out of this Lent as he entered it. A season of special grace leaves us nearer to God or farther from Him than it found us."

A LAW has passed the Wisconsin Legislature, prohibiting the practice of treating. The bill provides that any person who shall hereafter ask another to drink at his expense shall be liable to arrest and punishment.

THAT SHOT. — We see that a large number of our Irish exchanges have a story to the effect that when Mrs. O'Donovan Rosa was lecturing in Montreal, some badly disposed person fired at her, with intent, we presume, to kill. This is a slight mistake on the part of our exchanges, which we request of them to correct for the sake of Montreal. The fact is that a youth of mischievous propensities threw a bullet through a window of the lecturing hall which hurt no one, and went within less than a mile of the fair lecturer. — *Montreal True Witness.*

THE GATES NOT SHUT AGAINST CATHOLICS. — There are at present upwards of 15,000 Catholics in the city of Derry, being a majority of the entire population. This is significant when it is remembered that little more than a century ago there was scarcely a Catholic within its walls, the penal laws and the English and Scotch settlers, with the Williamites, having previously driven all who professed the ancient faith to seek refuge in other provinces. The once city of an intolerant ascendancy now possesses one of the most magnificent Catholic cathedrals in the country, erected a few years ago at a cost of £45,000; and adjacent to it there is a palatial residence for his Lordship the Bishop, and the priests of the city, the building of which cost £5,000. We have also a cruciform chapel capable of accommodating 3,000 persons. There are besides in the city the schools presided over by the Christian Brothers, at which some 500 boys attend daily; the national schools, presided over by the Sisters of Mercy; St. Columb's College, lately erected by his Lordship, Dr. Kelly, at a cost of £6,000, in which students are prepared for the priesthood, as well as mercantile pursuits; and a handsome little church at Waterside, with parochial residence, etc., etc. Truly may it be said, how fruitless were the persecutions which sought, here as elsewhere, to destroy by the sword the Church of Christ and that Holy Faith planted by Patrick in this green land of ours, which had been reddened by the blood of our Irish ancestry!

THE COMING HARVEST. — Sowing operations in the country are even more backward than the lateness and severity of the season would account for. It is feared that the land in some places will remain untilled and unproductive this year. — *Dublin Freeman.*

BURNING OF A THEATRE IN FRANCE. — An opera house in Nice has been destroyed by fire, by which sixty-one lives were lost. The nationalities were thirty-six Frenchmen, twenty Italians, three Englishmen, one German, and one whose nationality is unknown. Three victims were boys under twelve years, nine youths between twelve and twenty-one.

HEROISM. — Two workmen on the Baltimore and Ohio road showed brave and wonderful evidence of their fidelity, for they deliberately chose death to themselves rather than to inflict it upon a hundred others who were in care of the company. About half past two o'clock in the afternoon John Sullivan and his brother, Michael, were at work on the track near Demmler Station. John Sullivan was section boss of the subdivision between McKeesport and Port Perry, and he had made a tour along the track to see if everything was in proper condition. He found a rail that was not quite straight; so he and his brother took a heavy trackman's crowbar and lifted the rail up to straighten it. While they were busily at work, the afternoon accommodation train east, with a heavy load of passengers, came along. There was a curve just below the place where the men were working, and they did not see the train until it was almost on them. They took in the situation at a glance. The rail which they had been fixing was lifted up, and the huge crowbar was wedged tightly in such a position that the train would be thrown from the track unless the bar was removed. On one side of the track was a hill, and on the other a steep bank running down to the river, so if the train were thrown from the track while under a full headway of steam there would undoubtedly be an appalling loss of life. The men seized the bar and began frantically to pull and twist it about. The engineer of the train saw them, but could not stop. He says that their efforts to free the crowbar and lower the rail were frantic and like the workings of madmen, and they seemed to forget their own danger. The bar was loosened and the rail lowered just as the train reached the spot, but the men who had worked so nobly paid for their doing so dearly. The engine struck them and killed John instantly, and mangled Michael so frightfully that he died in a short time. The men were married and leave families.

THERE have been tremendous floods in parts of Spain. It is estimated that the losses are $1,000,000.

SPAIN is generally regarded as a very degraded and ignorant nation by people who know nothing of the country. England, on the other hand, is looked upon as an enlightened and intelligent land. Yet Spain turns out to have more children at school in proportion to her population than England. England has 34,000,000 of inhabitants and 58,000 schools, attended by 3,000,000 scholars. Spain's population is 15,000,000. It has 20,000 schools, and 1,600,000 scholars.

CATHOLIC POPULATION OF NEW YORK, BROOKLYN AND NEWARK. — The census issued a short time ago shows an enormous Catholic population to exist in New York and its immediate vicinity — the archdiocese of New York, containing about 600,000 souls of that denomination, the diocese of Brooklyn 200,000, and that of Newark 175,000; making a total of 975,000, or nearly one million Catholics in the metropolis and its near-by suburbs. There are, moreover, in the three dioceses 726 Catholic priests, including both secular and "regular" priests, the latter belonging to the different religious orders here; 427 churches, 126 chapels and stations, and a very large number of educational institutions, hospitals, asylums, convents, etc., all under Catholic jurisdiction in our vicinity. It should also be stated that there are in the three dioceses a cardinal archbishop, a coadjutor archbishop, and two suffragan Bishops, who have charge of ecclesiastical affairs and reign over the Church here.

THE friends of young Boyton, the American citizen who was recently arrested in Ireland for alleged connection with the Land League agitators, have made representations to the State Department that he was born in the State of New York, is an American citizen, entitled to the protection accorded to American citizenship, and urge the intercession of the department in his behalf, and for his release from the English prison in which he is now confined. The State Department has not yet received the statement of his case from the American minister, but will investigate the case thoroughly and take such action as may appear necessary. Until the contrary is shown, however, the natural presumption in the matter is that Boyton has rendered himself amenable to British laws. If this prove to be the case, the government can interfere only to the extent of securing fair treatment for the prisoner.

SOME people are under the impression, when a minister changes his coat, or leaves his pulpit to occupy a rostrum in another place of worship, the world is coming to a point of change. Ministers are like other mortals, mutable, and if a salary is an inducement to them they are willing in some cases to sell their preaching to the highest bidder and best paying sect. It 's all right, too. One sect is as good as another.—*Lake Shore Visitor.*

AXLE-GREASE BUTTER MAKERS. — In Milwaukee, Wis., the war on the axle-grease butter makers of Chicago is being pushed with vigor, and they are being driven to the wall. Some of the testimony given as to how the pomatum is manufactured is interesting, one witness testifying that the recipe for making "best gilt-edge creamery" was to take 1,000 pounds of hog products, one hundred and fifty pounds of beef tallow, and twenty-five pounds of genuine butter, and mix them up with seasoning to suit the taste. We should say a little guano would about fix it out for a man who was blind drunk. — *Milwaukee Sun.*

THE APPETITE FOR LIQUOR. — "One quart of whiskey or its equivalent I find a low average for the daily consumption of the inebriate," writes Dr. Lewis D. Mason, physician to the Inebriates' Home, at Fort Hamilton, New York, in a recent statistical report of 252 cases of habitual drunkenness studied by him. This is a startling example of the truth of the old adage, that the appetite grows on what it feeds upon, and also of an adage not so trite, that a man's stomach, like his back, can be made to bear almost any amount of ill-usage if the ill-usage is only continued long enough. Fancy a normal, healthy man drinking a quart of whiskey a day! And yet that is what Dr. Mason says is a low average of habitual drunkards, — not the maximum, but a low average; and that it is low is made apparent in an accompanying table, wherein he states that of 138 habitual whiskey drinkers, only thirteen contented themselves with a pint a day, while thirty-seven needed a quart, seventy-six needed two quarts, eleven needed three quarts, and one went to the extreme limit of consuming four quarts or a gallon a day. No man, however, contented himself with less than a quart a day, the thirteen who were satisfied with a pint being all women. Out of the 252 cases it was found that ninety-eight had inebriate fathers, six inebriate mothers, and seven inebriate grandparents. It is also noteworthy that fifty-five, or nearly one fourth of the cases studied had received a liberal education, one in fourteen having gone through college.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT A BALL. — A terrible accident occurred at Munich, on a recent evening. The students at the Academy of Painters were holding a masked *fête*, when the costumes of some of those present caught fire. Four of the young artists were burned to death, and eight more have sustained severe injuries. The accident occurred owing to one of the artists, who was dressed in the flax costume of an Esquimaux, setting fire to his dress while smoking, and then rushing in terror amongst some other artists, who were also dressed in Esquimaux costume. The deaths of four more from the injuries received are announced, and the recovery of several others is doubtful.

THE late important memorial, signed by a number of Scotch members, and presented to Mr. Gladstone by Mr Ramsay, praying for the appointment of a minister for Scotch affairs, on the plea that the interests of Scotland suffer from the present Parliamentary system, coming at the present time, when the relations between England and Ireland are somewhat strained, is remarkable. It may prove to be the beginning of a movement in favor of separate legislation, such as will hereafter be deemed necessary not only for Ireland, but also for Wales and for Scotland. The possibility and even likelihood of such a demand was pointed out as long ago as March, 1880, by Mr. Justin McCarthy, in an article entitled "Common-Sense of Home Rule," in the Nineteenth Century.

CATHOLICS WHO ARE OUT OF THE CHURCH. — Who are they? Those who had neglected their Easter duties and had not been to confession and communion. They were out of the Church. If a man sinned and did not repent, the Church excommunicated him, — he was out of the Church; and if any man went on sinning and did not go to confession and communion, he excommunicated himself, — he put himself out of the Church; and as long as he was out of the Church, he was in the wrong road, and until he went back to the right road he could not run so as to attain eternal life. Therefore the first thing that was to be done was to be in the right road, and the next thing was not to look back. If a man began to set out running and looked back, he would be beaten in the race. If a man had given up the ways of sin and looks back with pleasure to these sins, he would lose the grace of God, which had shown him the way to work out his salvation. He must avoid the occasions of sin, and looking only to the kingdom of God, work out his salvation with all the speed and strength of his heart. — *Cardinal Manning.*

GLADSTONE'S RETRIBUTION. — Coventry, a Whig stronghold, was wrenched from Gladstone by Parnell's hand last week; two hundred Irish voters replied to coercion by kicking out the Whig. It is a galling defeat for Gladstone. In Parliament, too, the Tories turned upon him, and with the aid of the Irish, inflicted a bitter defeat upon him last Monday, in rejecting his proposed "urgency" on supplies. It is the beginning of the end.

EARTHQUAKE. — Thirty villages in Chio, Turkish Empire, were destroyed by an earthquake, and 40,000 people are destitute. A despatch from Constantinople says the latest accounts from Chio estimate the number of victims at 5,000. All the foreign men-of-war stationed at Smyrna have started for Chio. Gen. Longstreet, the United States minister, has ordered the corvette "Galena" to proceed thither with succor for the sufferers.

THE efforts to induce President Garfield to continue the practice of excluding wine from the table of the White House state dinners will probably fail. The President has a strongly developed partiality for the light wines of France and Germany, and under stress of circumstances has been known to moisten his lips with the famous corn juice of Bourbon County, Kentucky, and the seductive extract of Maryland and Pennsylvania rye.

BEER DRINKING.— The effect of lager beer drinking is one of those questions upon which it seems the medical profession is bound to disagree. There are many physicians who recommend the use of lager, and its introduction into general use in this country has been hailed as a benefit, because it lessened the consumption of pure spirits. Now comes a prominent physician who says: "The fact can no longer be disguised, that the largely increasing use of beer and malt liquors is materially augmenting our business by reason of the patients who are becoming prostrated by kidney and liver complaints; and the world has just awakened to the startling fact that whereas, ere the era of lager beer dawned on America, Bright's disease and its consequent evils were almost unknown, the victims of these maladies can to-day be reckoned by hundreds or thousands. Pneumonia, that dread agent of the grim destroyer, is in a large number of cases due to the continued existence of Bright's disease." So long as doctors disagree upon this subject, it cannot be expected that the public will have much confidence in their knowledge.

THE terms of peace between the British and the Boers give to the latter that independence for which they fought so bravely.

THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA despoiled poor Catholic Poland, and forced many of her children to renounce the true faith, and sent those of them who remained steadfast to the true Church to languish in Siberia.

DENNIS KEARNEY is once more heard from. This time he offers, if 1,000 loyal Irishmen will subscribe a dollar apiece, to cross the raging Atlantic, beard the British Lion in his den, and squelch the bloated land-holders and rack-renters.

THE London Standard says that the Boers have for chief adviser a "renegade Irishman." A renegade from what, pray? The London Times said some time ago that the Celts were going with a vengeance. The London Universe now retorts that some of them would seem to be reappearing with a vengeance.—*Western Watchman.*

THE Dublin Nation directs attention to the fact that while lawlessness among the English miners in Lancashire shows no sign of abatement, the British government does not dare to propose a Coercion Act for England. Wanton outrages, wholesale acts of violence and cases of intimidation, incendiary fires, murders, and open resistance of the police by miners and factory workers, are constantly occurring in different parts of England, but no one proposes in Parliament to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and empower the British Premier to imprison persons on mere suspicion. As the Nation pertinently says, "Coercion to the mind of the British people is only fitted for Ireland."

DAVITT.—We refer to the advertisement of Messrs. Noonan & Co., on eighth page of advertisements, for a description of the portrait—the excellent likeness—of the patriot Davitt.

WITHIN the brief period that the general organization of the Irish Land League of the United States, formed so recently at Buffalo, N. Y., has been at work, it has sent $20,000 to the home treasury in Ireland and Paris.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND.

SOME thirty or forty arrests have been made under the operations of the Coercion Bill. They are confined to Kilmainham, where they have formed a Land league.

The Dublin Irishman, writing of the celebration of the 17th of March, says, "There will be, there must be, an immense change before next St. Patrick's day."

THE FUNDS OF THE LAND LEAGUE.—The following communication from Mr. Patrick Egan, Secretary of the Irish National Land League, to the Hon. P. A. Collins, President of the League in America, should settle the question as to the funds of the organization:—

PARIS, March 12, 1881.

PATRICK A. COLLINS, *President, Boston:*

Again the government policy has signally failed. Coercion is powerless against the movement of the people. New men instantly replace all those arrested. The country is hopeful, determined, resolute. No compromise now with landlordism. Now is the time for all friends in America to rally unitedly to support the work of your Buffalo Convention. All branches should at once communicate with you, and send contributions to your American treasurer, Lawrence Walsh. The American League must have common centre to give united support to Ireland. Ireland is profoundly grateful to friends in America for aid, sympathy, and public expression in this crisis.

PATRICK EGAN.

HOTEL BRIGHTON, RUE DE RIVOLI,
PARIS, March 22.

P. A. COLLINS, *President, Boston:*

Received $10,000 by cable, and draft of $2,000 from Rev. Lawrence Walsh, treasurer. Convey to generous subscribers our warmest thanks. Landlords under the Coercion Act are making a final effort, but the League fights every inch of ground, and assuredly must win.

PATRICK EGAN.

The land bill introduced in the Commons by Mr. Gladstone does not seem to meet the wishes of the leader of the Irish people. At a meeting in Cork on Sunday, April 10, Mr. Parnell said:—

The first portion of the land bill, he said, was full of doubtful points and pitfalls. He defied anybody to tell accurately how it would work. It would be the duty of the Irish members to improve the bill as far as possible in its passage through the House, and see that its working be as advantageous as possible to tenants. The second portion of the bill was by far the most important. He looked thereto for very important results, but he believed the compulsory expropriation of bad landlords would be a far easier and more effective method of protecting tenants. He strongly denounced emigration, which he declared was a scheme for clearing out small tenants whose courage and sacrifices had brought the question to a point that no British ministry could any longer overlook. Any bill that did not largely reduce rents would and ought to fail to satisfy tenants. Mr. Parnell, addressing the people afterward from the hotel, warned them against thinking that the battle was won, and said it had only just commenced.

Notices of Recent Publications.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

THE PRESENT CASE OF IRELAND PLAINLY STATED: A Plea for my People and my Race. By M. F. Cusack, the Nun of Kenmare.

This book treats of the following subjects: Ireland and Public Opinion; Landlord and Tenant; The True Consideration of Irish Affairs hindered by Party Opinion; Irish Outrages; Cause of Irish Outrages; What is Communism? What the Irish Nation asks; What Ireland does not want; Why Irish Land Industry has failed; How Irish Land Industry has been crippled; The Social Relations between Landlord and Tenant; The Different Relations between English Landlords and Tenants; The Irish Priests and the Land Agitation; The Present repeats the Past; A Tithe Agitation in Kerry; The Irish Land Agent; The Famine Year and Sentimental Grievances; India and Ireland; Political Economy in Ireland, etc. The book is illustrated with a portrait of the author, and of the present land agitators; the whole being a book of some five hundred pages, and sold for the low price of $1.50. Messrs. Noonan & Co., 19 and 21 Boylston Street, have it.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

MY FIRST COMMUNION: THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE. A Book for Children, by a Friend of Children Translated from the original of Rev. F. N. Buchmann, O. S. B., by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. With a finely executed chromo frontispiece and many full-page and other illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, elegant, 75 cents.

This delightfully interesting little volume will be welcomed by the children. It is the heart-offering of one who, for many years, found his greatest delight in preparing little ones for First Communion, and is issued in the hope that should the instructions then received be sometimes forgotten, this book may prove a reminder of that day, which is, above all others, the Happiest Day of Life. Noonan & Co. have it on sale.

Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

THE HOME RULE CANDIDATE, and other Stories.

FOLLETTE, and other Stories.

There are ten stories in each volume They are reproduced from the Catholic World, and afford reading for every taste. The books are well bound and well printed, and sold at the low price of $1.50 each. Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, can furnish them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MYSTIC KEY TO IRELAND'S HISTORY. A lecture by Rev. James J. Moriarty, A. M., pastor of Chatham, N. Y., delivered on St. Patrick's day.

This is a very interesting production, and will prove interesting to all seeking information on Irish affairs. Father Moriarty is the author of "Stumbling Blocks made Stepping Stones," which has already gone through five editions. Address Father Moriarty, Chatham, N. Y.

THE price of Father Lambert's book, "Thesaurus Biblicus," is $5.00. Address Rev. L. A. Lambert, Waterloo, N. Y.

BLACKWOODS are preparing a second edition of a recently published work, — "The Transvaal of To-day." Its author is Alfred Aylward, Boer Irishman, and correspondent of one of the daily papers with the Boers.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A WORK of great interest, entitled "The Anglican Ministry: Its Nature and Value in Relation to the Catholic Priesthood," has just appeared in London, from the press of Messrs. C. Keegan Paul & Co. It is written by a Ritualist convert, Rev. Father Hutton, and has a preface by his Eminence, Cardinal Newman.

MUSIC.

F. W. Helwick, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Gone on before, o'er the River of Time," song and chorus by P. O. Hudson.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Yeoman's Wedding Song," by Poniatowski. "A Leaf from the Spray," by Mey. "Why I Love Thee," ballad, by Laurent. "Good by, Dear Heart, so fondly Mine," song, by D. F. Hodges. "Uncle Rufe's Dream," character song, by Harry Bloodgood. "Twilight Bells," male quartet, by C A. White. "You 'll Surely have to Guess," song, words by Geo. Cooper, music by Chas. Weber. "The Captive and the Bird," words by H B. Farnie, music by Planquette. "Three Sailor Boys," song, by Theo Marzials "Easter Hymn," quartet, by C. C. Stearns. "Charity," trio, by Rossini. "The Sea hath its

Pearls," quartet, by Pinsuti. "Hurrah for the Emerald Isle," song and chorus, arranged by Wm. Gooch. "Home Rule for Old Ireland," by Edward Kendall. "Midst Pretty Violets," song and dance, by Jas. Bland. "And the Angel of the Lord," Easter anthem, by B. F. Gilbert. "The Man-o'-War's Man," by Ignace Gibsone. "Little One, kiss me Good Night," by Harry Kennedy. "Mother's Request," by Dan Lewis. "The Fancy Dancers," words by Wm. Gill, music by Fred Perkins.

Instrumental: Waltz, from "Olivette," arranged by Bailey. Waltz, from "Billee Taylor," arranged by same. "Happy Memories," schottische, by T.M. Milliken. "La Belles de Boston," valse de concert; "Une Nuit d'Été," "rêverie poétique; "Paraphrase sur les Mélodies de Schubert"; "Attendant l'Aurore," serenade, all by Gustave Satter. "Gems from Olivette," by Audran. "Vermont Union Polka," by C. M. Chase. "Happy Dreams," by Lichner. "Sweet Hope," by Dorn. "Jolly Schoolgirls Galop," by G. F. Wilson. "March," from "Billee Taylor," and "Lancers Quadrille," from same opera, arranged by Bailey.

Music Books.

Gems of Foreign Song: a Collection of German, French, and Italian Songs and Duets, with English Translations.

We can only say that this work merits the highest praise. It contains seventy-four selections, every one a musical gem. The book is handsomely gotten up in every respect, and every lover of good vocal music should possess a copy.

Out of 20,327,764 acres of land in Ireland, 4,630,059 are uncultivated, about half of which is reclaimable.

Out of 682,237 tenures in Ireland, 526,628 are tenancies at will, only 20,217 are in occupation of proprietors in fee, and the remainding 135 392 hold under leases of varied lengths and conditions.

Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., has been doing a great work in stopping the sale of liquor on Sundays. In a recent address he said: "I again appeal to all Catholics engaged in the liquor business, and beg of them, for the love of our Lord Jesus, not to sell liquor on Sunday. I also most earnestly entreat and exhort all Catholics never to buy liquor on Sunday, nor to enter any place where it is sold on that day."

It is an interesting and terribly suggestive fact that the public-houses of London, if ranged side by side, would extend to a length of sixty miles. One can conceive that the money spent in them daily must be enormous, — sufficient to maintain all the paupers in Great Britain.

Jubilees. — The Jubilee which the pope has promulgated is the second granted by the present pontiff. The first was on the occasion of his elevation to the throne, and was published Feb 15, 1879. During the pontificate of Pius IX. we had six jubilees. The first was notified by apostolic letters, dated Nov. 20, 1846; the second was published Nov. 21, 1851; the third Sept. 25, 1857; the fourth, Dec. 8, 1864; the fifth, April 11, 1869; and the last, for the year of jubilee, 1875.

The Camel — It takes two men to swim a camel safely. First of all, the beast must be unloaded to the skin. Then a cord is tied to the tail for one man to hold by, and another mounts on his back. Thus he is driven into the water, and pushed on gradually till he loses his legs. The man on his back then floats off down stream on him, and holding with one hand by the hump, splashes water in the camel's face to keep his head straight, while the other urges him from behind. The camel seems heavier than most animals in the water, showing nothing but the tip of his nose above the surface, and he is a slow swimmer.

The Irish Vote at Coventry. — The polling for the election of a member of Parliament to the seat vacated by the late Sir Henry Jackson took place on Saturday, the candidates being Mr. H. W. Eaton (C.) and Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, Bart. (L.). The result of the poll was, H. W. Eaton (Conservative). 4,011; Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth (Liberal), 3,568; majority for Eaton, 413. The announcement was received with tremendous cheering. The same evening a Home Rule deputation waited on Mr. Eaton, and after congratulating him upon his success, informed him that they were neither Conservatives nor Liberals; they were before all other things Irishmen. In this instance they believed that they were serving the interests of Ireland in punishing the perfidy of the Whig government, which came into power steeped to the lips in promises of remedial measures for Ireland, but which had introduced and passed coercive measures more severe in their terms than any known for the past thirty years. Although they did not wish to take the merit of Mr. Eaton's large majority, they might say that out of a possible 198 Irish votes, they had registered 194 in his favor.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

A WIDE circle of friends and London Catholics in general will learn with regret of the death of the Very Rev. Canon Holdstock. The deceased ecclesiastic, who had attained the almost patriarchal age of eighty-seven years, was a canon of the diocese of Southwark, and for more than half a century labored in the London missions.

REV. WM. M. CAREY. — The archdiocese of Cincinnati has sustained a great loss in the death of this estimable priest, which took place in Charity Hospital, Cleveland, on March 23. Father Carey was in declining health during the last four or five years. Rev. Wm M. Carey was borne in County Meath, Ireland, in 1839. Few priests have gone to their reward more universally esteemed than Father Carey. Gentle, amiable, kind, to know him was to love him. A good theologian, a fine scholar, an entertaining conversationist, a sound thinker, his society was sought after and greatly prized. May he rest in peace.

THE congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Holy Heart of Mary have suffered a sad loss in the death, which has taken place at Paris, of Father Ignatius Schwindenhammer, who was its Superior-General at the age of twenty-eight. This congregation was established by the venerable Father Libermann (whose Cause of Beatification is now before the Sacred Congregation of Rites), and he named as his successor Father Schwindenhammer, who was a man of wonderful humility, and a great ornament to an Order which boasts of such names as Rohrbacher and Esebach.

THE body of the Rev. J. P. Ryan, pastor of the church of St. John the Evangelist, who died at St. Louis of cerebro-spinal meningitis, on the 26th of March, arrived in Hopkinton the afternoon of the 29th. The members of his society and friends from adjoining towns met in great numbers at the church, and, forming a procession, marched through Church, Maple, and Pleasant Streets to the depot, and thence, chanting the "Miserere," followed the body, borne by priests, through Main and Church Streets, to the church where the funeral took place on the 30th. The sermon was delivered by Father Kremmin, of Southbridge, and the remains placed beneath the altar. More than one hundred clergymen were present. The deceased was a young man of great promise. He was the idol of his congregation, who deeply lament his death. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

Father Ryan was born in Roxbury, Mass., and when quite young his father, Mr. John Ryan, removed to Lawrence. He was a graduate of the Lawrence High School, and was ordained at Troy, N. Y., in 1869. His first mission was at Boston Highlands, where he was assistant to Father O'Beirne. About eight years ago he was appointed pastor of Hopkinton, Mass., where he built the church of St. John the Evangelist. He was thirty-seven years of age. He went to Florida a few months ago for the benefit of his health, and on his return home he died at the residence of Rev. Father McCabe at St. Louis.

SISTERS.

IN Cleveland, Ohio, March 9, after a long and painful illness, Mother Mary of the Annunciation, Superioress of the Ursuline Convent, Euclid Street, died, consoled and fortified with all the consolations of religion.

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF P. M'HALE DALY, ESQ. — On March 7, after a protracted illness, which he bore with resignation, Patrick M'Hale Daly, Esq., solicitor, nephew of his Grace the Archbishop, died at St. John's, Tuam, the residence of his uncle, Thomas Higgins, Esq., solicitor. His premature demise is deeply and universally regretted. He was only twenty-five years of age, and had a bright prospect before him.

MRS. MARY ROGERS, relict of the late Stephen J. Rogers, died at Boston Highlands on the 23d of March, aged fifty-one years. The deceased was a native of Youghal, county Cork, Ireland. She was one of the early Catholic pioneers in Roxbury, and during her life won many warm friends by her honest genial, and unobtrusive manner. Always ready with words of advice and acts of charity, she goes

from this life into a happier sphere, carrying with her the prayers of all who knew her.

DEATH OF LADY BLANCHE MURPHY. — The news of the death of this gifted and distinguished lady will carry grief to thousands in this and other countries. She died at their home in North Conway, N. H., on the morning of Monday, March 21. Lady Blanche Murphy was a daughter of the Earle of Gainsborough, and was known and respected in the highest literary and artistic circles in Europe and America. She was a constant contributor to the leading American magazines, and to the Pilot. She was a devoted Catholic. May she rest in peace.

We gave a sketch of the romantic life of Lady Blanche Murphy in the first issue of our Magazine, to which we refer the reader who desires to know her history.

THOMAS M. HALPIN, aged fifty-eight years, a widely known Irish leader, died in Chicago on Sunday, March 27. He was Secretary of the Irish Confederation movement in 1848, and was associated with D'Arcy McGee in the publication of the New York Nation. He was a member of the Illinois Legislature from 1872 to 1878, and got out the first directory of Chicago. Among his other ventures he published the Memphis Bulletin in conjunction with Admiral Semmes, of the Confederate navy, and Colonel McClure, of Chicago.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS MAGENNIS — We regret to record the death of this gentleman, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. The sad event took place between his retirement on Sunday evening and Monday morning, April 4. He seemed in his usual health on retiring to rest, and attended at mass on Sunday, the 3d. Death did not take him unprepared, for he was always ready when summoned before that God who gave him being. His life was blameless, and his death painless. The deceased came to Boston near forty years ago, where he remained twenty years. He was attached to the old cathedral of the Holy Cross, where he was active in all its charities. From Boston he went to Worcester, where he was engaged in the Catholic book business, and where he was endeared to the Catholics of that city. Ten years ago he gave up business and came to live with his son, Rev. Thomas Magennis, pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plain, where he died. The funeral took place on the fifth, which was attended by nearly the whole congregation. The celebrant of the mass was Rev. W. P. McQuaid, of Abington, with Rev. John O'Brien (East Cambridge) and Rev. James E. O'Brien (Old Cambridge) as deacon and sub-deacon; Rev. R. I. Barry, of Hyde Park, acting as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the mass, Very Rev. Father Byrne, V. G., delivered a brief and touching eulogy on the deceased; after which the Most Rev. Archbishop gave the closing absolution. There were present the Most Rev. Archbishop and twenty-five of the reverend clergy. The remains were conveyed back to the parochial residence, where they remained until the morning of the 6th, when they were taken to Worcester for final interment.

On the arrival of the remains in Worcester, on the morning of the 6th, they were conveyed to St. John's Church, where a requiem mass was said for the repose of the departed. There was a large attendance of clergymen and laity. Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly preached the eulogy on the occasion. It is a rare thing to have an archbishop and one of his suffragans assist at the funeral of a layman.

The deceased was born in Ireland in the memorable year of 1798, and had reached the patriarchal age of eighty two years. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

DEATH OF AN OLD CITIZEN. — Died in this city, on the 25th of March, Mr. Malachi Clark, a native of the county Roscommon, Ireland, aged seventy-four years. He came to Boston in 1842, during which time he has resided in this city. He leaves three sons and three daughters, one of whom is a member of the Nôtre Dame order of nuns.

The funeral took place on the 28th of March from the cathedral of the Holy Cross, where a solemn mass of requiem was celebrated for the repose of his soul. There was a large attendance at the cathedral.

Mr. Clark was greatly respected by all who knew him. The number of friends and relatives who attended his funeral was an evidence of the respect in which he was held. There were fifty carriages in the funeral cortége. The remains were accompanied by two of the clergymen of the cathedral, who performed the last rites at the tomb in Holyhood Cemetery. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

IT is interesting to learn that the gold plate at Windsor Castle is of the value of £3,000,000. On the occasion of the late Czar's visit, shortly after his daughter's marriage, there was £2,000,000 worth of the plate used. The custodianship of so enormous a collection of precious metal and fine art is naturally an office of high trust.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. V. BOSTON, JUNE, 1881. No. 6.

FATHER FABER tells us that a Christian who expects to save his soul in these days without doing something to help to save the souls of others, will be disappointed; and if this be true, as it most certainly is, woe be to many amongst us. — *Archbishop Bayley.*

WHENEVER the Christian world has taken for its guide, not only the pope and his commands, but the pope and his counsels, it has progressed with giant steps along the path of true science, — a path the steps along which are not marked by sanguinary conquests, but by the peaceful triumphs of justice and truth. But when it has declined to hear those who speak in the name of God, and has attempted to find in itself the source of truth and happiness, the result has been agitation, uncertainty, and universal troubles heaped upon society, which is threatened for its pride with the greatest of all evils, — the total loss of the faith. — *French Bishop.*

THE CHURCH AND THE FIFTH ESTATE.

Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D.

THERE was a time when the Commons — or the third estate, as the French called them — were the only check on the executive of government. The struggles of this third estate against royalty and aristocracy are one of the most interesting studies of mediæval and modern history. The attempts of kings to abridge the freedom of parliamentary debate, of dukes and lords to keep all the prerogatives of their nobility intact in face of an aggressive commonalty, fill the pages of history with stories of public and private war and internecine slaughter. Before the newspaper came into existence the executive of government — whether monarchical, aristocratic, or republican, emperor, king, or doge — feared only the burghers allied for defence; the citizens claiming the privileges of their charter; a Parliament that could refuse supplies as in England, or incite *frondeurs* into insurrection as in France; or a *Cortes* that sturdily protested against the infringement of the provincial *fueros*, as in Spain. The third estate, before the invention of printing, — the third estate, represented by educated serfs, parish priests who were of the people and not of the nobility, merchants and wealthy mechanics, — curbed the governing power, threw light upon its hidden actions, exposed its motives, and made it pause on the brink of dubious action. The worst despotism is afraid of public opinion; and the third estate was at one time the public opinion of Europe. But in the march of civilization one idea presses on the heels of another. A power stronger than that of the third estate was born in due time from the womb of progress. The newspaper, controlled by intelligence and cloaked in the mystery of impersonality, became the leading force in political society. Everything now became public. Public men could do naught in private. Their private life, their plans, projects, and

designs, were inspected by the detective eye of the journalist; and Commons, as well as peers and royalty itself, feared him. The newspaper became the *fourth* estate, as it has been well named by an expert. It co-operated for a long time with the third estate, and helped it to complete enfranchisement. The assertion of populari iberty, of free speech, and individual rights, the destruction of bastiles and *lettres de cachet*, the decadence of sceptred despotism, and the reign of law as we now enjoy it, when every man's house is his castle, are mainly due to the combined influence of an intelligent commonalty that has resisted centralization, and of a fearless press that has aroused the attention of the people to the crimes of their rulers. The greatest tyrant of the nineteenth century, Napoleon I., recognized in the Catholic journalist, Görres, the fifth power of Europe.

But the march of ideas never ceases. It may sometimes move in a circle, but it is always going. Such is human nature that no one power of a natural character ever remains long intact by corruption. The Commons abused their newly acquired rights, and became as corrupt as the nobles and kings against whom they had so long struggled. Bribery ate the heart out of honest Parliaments; and most of the press, once controlled by honest enthusiasts, has now become the creeping slave of the moneyed corporations. Every man has his temptation; and journalists, like commoners, have sold their intellects and pens to the tyrants whom they should attack. The prestige of the "honest Commons" has died; and the fourth estate is no longer the power that it was even a quarter of a century ago. When men saw the horrible crimes and despotism of the French Revolutionists, perpetrated in the name of liberty, they began to realize that human nature is the same in a Robespierre as in a Louis XIV.; in a Sansculotte who adored a strumpet at Nôtre Dame, as in a Louis XV. who went to mass and kept a harem. When men began to see that they could purchase a newspaper's support of the most wicked cause; when they began to examine the *personnel* of the editorial and reportorial staff, which undertook to regulate all matters in church and state, and found it frequently so despicable both mentally and morally, — the newspaper power began to wane, and it is still waning. Universal education has given to each man the power to read for himself, and to read opposites; and he will read them. There is a tendency among men no longer to take their opinions at second hand: neither politicians nor parties nor journals sway men as they used to do. Journalists have deceived their readers so often that they are no longer generally trusted; and it is not rare now to find a man who has been reading a prominent newspaper for a quarter of a century, entirely uninfluenced by its politics or its principles, if it has any. The paper is now taken by the intelligent as a convenience, not as a judge or a dictator; and it is always read with a doubt. What a change from the days when only one man out of fifty could read, and when the weekly journal, read by the village schoolmaster in the inn on Saturday night, was the political pope of the laborer and the artisan! What a change from the times when the shibboleth of party gathered the faithful into a close communion, more bigoted and fanatical than Cromwell's Inde-

pendents or the fifth-monarchy men of the reign of James I.! In those days, belief added the interest of superstition to its reverence for prominent men and the printing press; now, in judging both, the universal rule is a discount amounting almost to scepticism. That the third and fourth estates still exist, but shorn of their former prestige, we admit; just as we admit the power of the nobility and of kings, although stripped of their former splendors. But none of them rules as it used to do. A fifth estate has come into existence,—a fifth estate that has been asserting itself in every form of government. It comes from the bottom of society; it is of the dregs: yet it has always been feared, even when it was not respectable; and now that it is becoming respectable it must be dealt with properly, or it will endanger the whole fabric of civil society. Human society is like a glass of champagne, which is always bubbling up from the bottom to the top. The lower strata of mankind, by some mysterious power of development, are always being pushed to the surface. What do we mean, then, by the fifth estate? We mean that class in society which forced the ancient kings of Egypt to regulate even their diet; which disturbed the repose of Babylonian * tyrants by frequent seditions; which in ancient Carthage † mobbed the unsuccessful generals; which ostracized good and great men at Athens, introduced communism and legalized theft in Sparta, committed agrarian outrages in Rome, and kept the city in a continual state of turbulence even during the republic, followed Catiline in his conspiracy, and afterward threw up their "sweaty night-caps" for Cæsar, or, content with "bread and the circus," gloated in the sufferings of the Christians under the emperors; that class from which, in the Middle Ages, sprang the "poor men of Lyons" and the Albigenses; which broke out in England under the lead of Wat Tyler, and in France formed the *Fronde*, and later the Jacobins who drank the blood of butchered aristocrats in 1798; which in modern times killed the archbishop of the most polished city in the world, and destroyed order and art in it; that class which swarms in Italy ready to follow the lead of Garibaldi in the destruction of property, peace, throne, order, and religion; which Bismarck is trying to suppress in Germany by coercive laws; which is controlling the legislation of France now, and gaining ground daily in that unfortunate land; which has attempted to assassinate the king of Spain, the king of Sardinia, the emperor of Germany, and the Czar, and spares the queen of England only because she is a woman; and which has been imported into our own cities from English manufacturing towns and German seaports, and like the wind of Æolus, everywhere reluctantly murmurs under the control of law: *magno cum murmure montis.* We mean by the fifth estate the *canaille*, the communists, the socialists; or that material which makes the mob element that creates riots and pillages houses, and that, although living in an orderly civilization and under Christian enlightenment, loves not order, is not civilized, and is not Christian. And yet the fifth estate

* Semiramis in her night-dress had to quell a mob in Babylon which disturbed her slumbers and threatened her life.

‡ Hannibal was exiled from Carthage through this class.

is now educated; it is not the ignorant masses of the Oriental despotisms, but a cultivated mobocracy. It has the hunger and ferocity of the wolf, with the cunning of the fox. It is no longer a beast of burden to be beaten into submission, with no means of defence but the kick of stupidity, as it was under Roman cæsarism or mediæval feudalism; but a thinking and plotting monster, with fierce eye and unerring blow. The politician fears it and caters to its prejudices, for it has the right to vote. The king fears it, for it carries a dagger. The priest fears it, for it hates religion. The law dreads it, for it ignores law, or would change it to suit its own notions of property rights and family privileges, — one of these being the important one of discarding wife and children at convenience.

That this fifth estate exists with various modifications, and in motley hue of theories and opinions, some more, some less hostile to existing order, no man who has studied the history of our times can deny. Whence its origin? Some say the devil: the late Dr. Brownson thought that the French Revolution was partially due to diabolism. But this theory does not please us. Ever since the days of Adam and Eve, there has been too much of a disposition on the part of mankind to throw the blame of their sins and shortcomings on his Satanic Majesty, instead of honestly confessing their own guilt and responsibility. And if we study the historic genesis of the fifth estate, as it stands before us, intelligent and irreligious, proclaiming its grievances, we shall find that the party of order and the party of the Church are somewhat to blame, as well as the revolting passions of human nature. Did the nobles of the Middle Ages, did the churchmen of the Middle Ages, do all their duty by the serfs, who have developed into the power which we call the fifth estate? Was property as generous to poverty as it should have been? Did not the nobles embitter the hearts of the poor by assaults on their family rights and violations of the moral law? Would it not be natural for Gurth the Swineherd to remember, and to transmit to his children the remembrance of, the lashes received from his cruel master? Could Bertuccio or his child ever forget the wrong done by the feudal lord to the wife he loved? Could the peasantry of Northern Italy care for such priests as Don Abbondio, whom Manzoni describes as a man without vices, yet afraid to do his duty? Could the peasantry of Southern Italy love religion when its ministers were but the spiritual constables of a Gallican dynasty which managed the Church in spite of the pope, and ended its career with the Bourbon Bomba, whose bastiles were filled with political prisoners? Could French serfs love royalty, nobility, or the Church, degraded by the infamies of the reign of Louis XV. and his *Parc aux Cerfs?* He that wants to understand the true origin of the French Revolution should peruse the inner history of his reign, as told in the pages of one who knew him too well, — Madame du Barry. Why is it that the Irish peasantry and the Irish poor love the priest and will defend him with their life; that the most degraded Irishman respects the priest while he will be insulted in so-called Catholic France or Italy? Is it not because the Irish priest, unpaid by the government, has shared the sorrows and the joys of his parishioner

and has become welded to him by mutual dependence; instead of being, as in many other nations, the creature of some feudal baron, afraid to offend his patron by defending the poor or taking their part in all just and legitimate patriotism? Is not one of the causes of an irreligious fifth estate to be found in the fact that kings and civil rulers usurped ecclesiastical power, and for centuries intruded into clerical offices their own creatures, who, instead of feeding the flock, spent their time in fleecing them, despite papal protest and canonical law? Did not this system of lay intrusion in monasteries and in the episcopacy gradually alienate the masses from the Church? as in Scotland, for instance, where, as Lingard tells us, mitre and crosier had lost their virtue, and become in the eyes of the populace but symbols of grinding oppression and unmeasured avarice. To understand the revolt of the sixteenth century we must read the scandals of the fifteenth. A heresy most frequently indicates an abuse. The alienation of the fifth estate from the Church showed evidence of inception in the Waldenses of the thirteenth century, who made the great wealth of the monasteries a pretext for their revolt. They refused to listen to the papal legates who were sent to them, because they came in pomp, surrounded by wealthy followers and the lordly monks of Citeaux; but when the poor Dominicans and Franciscans preached, the erring children came back to the Church by thousands. The wonderful success of the mendicant orders in the thirteenth century was owing to their putting themselves *en rapport* with the masses of the people, by a poverty greater than that of the poorest and a sympathy with every form of the serf's distress. The poor had the gospel preached to them again. "Woe to the rich" could be logically preached by the friar mendicant who did not own even the tunic which he wore; and the simplicity and purity of the Gospel again won back the people discontented with clerical neglect and corruption. If these mendicant orders did not fully succeed in instructing the people and purifying the Church, it was owing to the opposition of the barons and the kings, to the Avignon schism and the decay of early fervor. Pope's protest and monk's appeal were unheeded by as wretched a set of petty tyrants as ever disgraced the worst days of ancient paganism. The Tyranni, as Wouters most appropriately calls the barons of Europe, and especially of Italy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, did more to hamper the Church and bring her into disrepute with the masses than all other causes combined. And let it be noticed that wherever the clergy took sides with the people, the people remained true to the Church. The Spanish peasantry headed by their priests drove out the infidel soldiers of Bonaparte. The Vendeans and Bretons fought shoulder to shoulder with their priests against the ungodly soldiers of the Revolution; and they are still the backbone of Catholic France. The *Abbés de Cour* of the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. caused the murder of the good priests of Nantes and Paris in the Reign of Terror. The French clergy were among the opposition during the Voltairean reign of Louis Philippe; and consequently, when he was expelled, the Revolution of 1848 spared the clergy and gave many noble instances of Christian faith. It was the republic of 1848 that restored Pius IX. to Rome;

and Paris saw the spectacle of her infidel fifth estate following a crucifix in procession to Nôtre Dame.* The lesson to be derived from all these facts is that if the fifth estate is to be kept in the Church or won back to it, it must be done through a sympathizing clergy, — a clergy that will not truckle to the civil power, nor oppose the legitimate aspirations of popular patriotism; that will love my lord's bootblack as much as my lord duke himself. The argument that our Lord was poor, his disciples poor, that he loved the poor, and that they were among his first followers, is unanswerable. A clerical conservatism that sits at the table of nobility, and sides with it in certain questions of state which may be just, but certainly are not charitable, is a conservatism that will destroy the faith of the poor, and turn them against the Church. And if we lose the poor, how shall we win them back? The zealous clergy of France have been struggling for almost a century to regain the love of the poor, of the laborers and the artisans of her cities, lost through the negligence of noblemen bishops and abbots of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and they have not yet succeeded. Can the clergy keep the starving Irish peasantry faithful to the Church, if they oppose their cry for justice in the tenure of land, and excommunicate to the "hottest place in hell" the ardent young peasant whose mind, inflamed by the perusal of his country's wrongs, is guilty of the imprudence of attempting to free her by force of arms from a ruthless enemy? Is there no excommunication for the noble adulterer? Must the law be pronounced, not against the vices of nobles, but only against the errors and indiscretions of ardent youth and an oppressed peasantry? Why not excommunicate the landlords who have allowed their tenants to starve, and forced them to beg support from foreign nations, instead of threatening the tenants, who are guilty of no crime save that of protesting against being compelled to die of starvation on the land which they have been tilling, which their forefathers owned until it was taken from them by violence and fraud? Is it wise for a churchman to alienate the fifth estate more than it is from Christianity, and thus multiply even in Ireland the swarm, already too large, of communists and socialists?

Would it not be wiser for the clergy always to act as we find that Archbishop Langton acted, when he took part against King John; as the Dominicans and Franciscans acted with the disciples of Peter Waldo and the Albigenses in the thirteenth century? But to come into the realm of poetry, is it not the wisest part to act as the priest Rösselmann is represented to have acted in Schiller's patriotic play of "William Tell"? In that noble poem, in which the abuses of feudalism are so well portrayed, the priest is found in full sympathy with the oppressed people, and taking an active part with the men of Rütli in devising measures to free Switzerland from the *landvogt's* tyranny. In the third scene of the third act we have a dialogue between Tell and his son Walther, in which feudalism is described. They are looking down from the barren mountains on the fertile plains below and beyond the Swiss boundary, when Walther speaks: —

* he fact is alluded to by Lacordaire in one of his "Conferences."

"Father, why do we not go down quickly to that beautiful country, instead of living on this barren soil?

"*Tell.* — The land is fine and fruitful as heaven; yet those who till it cannot enjoy the fruit which they plant.

"*Walther.* — Do they not live free like you on their own farm?

"*Tell.* — The soil belongs to the bishop and to the king.

"*Walther.* — Can they not hunt freely in the forests?

"*Tell.* — To the noble belongs the game that runs on earth, or flies in air.

"*Walther.* — May they not fish freely in the streams?

"*Tell.* — The stream, the lake, the salt belong to the king.

"*Walther.* — Who is then this king whom all must fear?

"*Tell.* — It is he who protects and supports them.

"*Walther.* — Could they not courageously protect themselves?"

Such was feudalism in Switzerland, that forced Tell, according to the legend, to shoot the apple from his son's head, and compelled the peasants to bow before Gessler's hat. Against this feudalism the men of Rütli, led by Walther Fürst, Melchthal, Winkelried, Stauffacher, the monk Rösselmann, and others, took counsel; and it is interesting to notice the part which the priest takes in the deliberations as indicating the share, according to Schiller, which religion should have in all efforts for human liberty. All the others give their opinion as to the remedy to be adopted for their grievances, when Rösselmann speaks: —

"Before you take the sword, reflect well on it. Perhaps we could settle our troubles amicably with the emperor. One word will free you from your tyrants. Recognize the supremacy of Austria, and your tyrants will be driven out.

"*Mauer.* — What says the priest? We swear allegiance to Austria!

"*Winkelried.* — That is the advice of a traitor, an enemy of our country."

This outburst against the priest soon subsided, however, when they learned to understand his sentiments thoroughly. They decree that they will not serve Austria. Then the priest speaks again: —

"Now you are free by this decree; for Austria shall not gain by force what she could not win by wooing."

His voice is always for prudence and caution. He warns the conspirators against too much zeal, "for even good zeal may betray our cause." Finally he repeats the form of the oath, while all uncover their heads and contemplate the sun rising over the valley of Rütli: —

"By this light which greets us first, before the nations that sleep below us in the vapor of cities, let us swear the oath of the new covenant. We shall be a people of united brethren, united in every necessity and danger. We shall be free as our fathers were; rather die than live in slavery. We shall put our trust in God Almighty, and fear not before the power of men!"

When a whole nation demands a legal right, the Church never opposes it.

CHARLEMAGNE.

William Dennehy.

THERE are certain minds which seem fitted to reduce to order the most chaotic elements, and which can graduate and organize the most conflicting interests and disorganized materials. In every age of which history tells us anything, we are sure to discern the figure of some leader of men standing out as a very Titan amongst his fellows, overshadowing by the greatness of his deeds all his contemporaries. In the more modern days, when we read the story of some accession or usurpation, it is true we find that the great man, who has made his way to the summit of the social fabric, has found at once at his disposal all the machinery, so to say, more or less complex, of the magistracy, of executive authority; he has found all the gear and cogs and wheels, fitting one within the other, ready to take impetus from the crank which his valor or his perfidy may have placed within his grasp. In the earlier ages, matters were different. The men who held high place, who won position over others, had to create all the things which the high-ranked of modern days have found at their feet; and if we reflect a little, we will see that the relative positions of the eminent of the various epochs are as of those who have built from the foundations some lofty edifice, and as of those who have been only called upon to give to it some finishing touch, some final elaboration. If we remember how many of our institutions, how much of the substratum of our laws, how much even of our learning has come to us from the early ages, we will begin to realize and to have some proper idea of the breadth of intellect, the power of organization given to those fathers of society whose names fill the pages of the histories. Great amongst the greatest, gifted with the valor which beseemed the warrior, with the profundity needful in the lawgiver, Charlemagne appears through the mists of centuries as the kingliest of kings. If we try to arrive at a comprehension of the state of things which he encountered when called to regal place, we shall be able to see more clearly all that he accomplished, and the magnitude of his work.

When the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire began to disintegrate, and political decomposition commenced to destroy that cohesion which had cost the valor and intellect of so many generations of Romans to perfect, when from the distant outposts of the empire the tidings came of the growing strength and audacity of the barbarians, the great mistress of the world had ceased to be much which she had been, and all or nearly all that had raised her to her omnipotent position. Her sons had ceased to display those virtues which some, not looking back far enough, have ventured to class as "pagan," but which seem to us to have had their birth in eternity, and to have resisted with a marvellous vitality the morality-destroying virus of polytheism. The once hardy and patriotic plebeians, the valiant defenders so often before of their native land, had ceased to exist, — tillers of the soil, laborers that they might enjoy the fruits of the earth; men who donned the helm, who grasped the buckler and the spear, chiefly that they might the sooner return to their ploughs and to their oxen. Their place within their native land was filled by a motley horde of serfs, and their place in the ranks of the army was filled by equally motley mercenaries. Roman society was sinking in the luxuries of effeminacy, and was debauched by the follies of depravity. The Senate chamber — that hall which had once been filled by the greatest of the human race, which had re-echoed the accents of a Cato — had been desecrated by the presence of the meanest and most degraded; before its rostrum had sat disbanded legionaries and released galley-slaves. The constitution of the Roman

polity, which had been to itself its greatest source of strength, had become perhaps a weakness, because it had fallen to be a mere tool for self-advancement in the hands of the unscrupulously great. When the final convulsion came and the great organism ceased to be cohesive, the diverse nationalities which had been conquered by the Romans, and the cities which they had founded in their distant dominions, either owned new sway of a barbarian kind, perished beneath the swords and torches of the foe, or assumed a selfishly prudent and independent attitude. Wave after wave of barbarism swept over the fairest lands of Europe: the lances of the Northern hordes were mirrored in the waters of the Tiber, and the cimeters of the Arabs flashed on the banks of the Ebro. Wild warriors from the extremes of the northern and from the recesses of the southern portions of the then known world devastated and destroyed. Rome fell before the Ostrogoths, Antioch before the Persians. The Ostrogoths in their turn, defeated by Totila, saw their Italian kingdom overthrown by Narses; and yet again a little time saw the Lombards masters of the peninsula. Spain was the lot of the Saracens, who bore their blood-stained banners to the heart of modern France. Europe appeared a sanguinary battle-field; learning and literature, alike forgotten, seemed almost lost. The only oasis in the desert of decay was the Christian Church.

In the third century, various Germanic tribes entered into association for the mutual repulsion of Roman authority. The people living between the Rhine, the Main, and the Lech were to be hereafter known by the generic name of Alemanni; those between the Rhine, the Main, and the Weser by that of Franci; those between the Main, the Danube, and the Hartz by that of Thuringians; while those whose homes had been by the banks of the Elbe became the Saxons. With the fortunes of the people whom we have named secondly we have most to do. Of all the associations which we have named, the Franci or Franks seem to have been the most enterprising, most daring, and most irrepressible. Early in the century which saw their first combination, under their leader Pharamond, a number of them, crossing the Rhine, possessed themselves of the territory lying between that river and the Scheldt. The second successor of Pharamond was styled Merovæus, and his successors were to be afterwards known as the Merovingian kings. Clovis, who was the second in succession to Merovæus, by his great victories at Soissons over the Romans, and at Tolbiacum over the Alemanni, extended the sway of the Franks over all Gaul and the territories of the defeated Alemanni. Inhabited by people of diverse nationalities, — by Franks, by Romans or Gauls, by Burgundians, by Visigoths, — torn by desolating civil wars springing from the repeated partitions of the dominions between the sons of deceased rulers, Gaul presented a spectacle of disorder seldom paralleled. The later Merovingian kings were those weak and worthless sluggards, those *rois fainéants*, whose cognomen has become proverbial, who were content to allow their power and duties to fall to the mayors of the palace, the *majores domus regiæ*. The first of these officials who succeeded in somewhat reuniting Gaul was Pepin; while his son, the famous Charles Martel, by his victories over the Saracens, secured to his native land immunity from attack on the Pyrenean frontier. Charles did not, however, scruple to assail the Church or to confiscate its possessions, in order to reward his favorites as well as to defray the costs of his conquests. A man of different mould in more ways than one was his son Pepin *le Bref*, the first of the Carlovingian kings, the father of Charlemagne.

When Leo the Isaurian issued his Iconoclastic edicts, the hearts of many of his pious subjects were profoundly stirred, and popular tumults in many places within his dominions proclaimed how deeply true Catholics resented

his spurious and false purism. The continued heterodoxy of the rulers of Constantinople, and the equally continuous disaffection of the various populaces whose most ancient reminiscences had been outraged, seemed to open to the Lombards an opportunity of aggrandizement; an opportunity which Liutprand, their ruler, was noway slow to avail himself of.

The sway of the Langobards or Lombards was not one of the sort which the inhabitants of Italy coveted, and many of their cities united with Rome in order to devise measures of mutual defence. Langobard and Greek alike threatened Rome, though Greek and Roman had no quarrel save such as the misguided successor to the throne of Constantine could have healed in a day. Italy was willing to be as leal to Constantinople as she had been in the past, and the voice of the pontiff implored the emperor to recall the edicts which had bred disunion in his dominions, and implored his aid against the nomadic Scandinavian people who now dared to even threaten the sacred city. But Constantinople heard neither call nor prayer; and finding her children of the East deaf to her entreaties, the Church had to turn to that Western people, who were now by degrees being welded into a homogeneous whole, who had already become a power of importance. Pepin *le Bref* was now ruler of France; his intellect and valor guided her destinies, his voice guided and advised her people in all emergencies. The representatives of the estates of the realm, assembled at Soissons, proffered him that crown which by every right, save that of title, was already his. By the will of his people, and with papal sanction, he assumed the full regal dignity. The last of the *fainéants* was consigned to obscurity, and afforded leisure for such regrets or rejoicings as the quietude he entered brought him. The world was done with the Merovingian kings, and the Merovingians seem to have been content with the fate which came to them. Their work, such as it was, was perhaps accomplished; at any rate their dynasty vanished, leaving "not a wrack behind." The times needed men of force and power, men gifted with strong wills and valiant hearts; the Merovingians could bring neither to their throne, so they went aside before the onward movement of those who could. After the death of Liutprand and the accession of his brother Astolphus to the Lombard crown, the armies of that nation by a series of victories secured possession of Ravenna, with much other fair territory in Italy. Their march tended toward Rome, and their ruler boasted that the Romans should soon own him as their sovereign lord, and be glad to pay unto him poll tax. Pope Stephen II. applied to Constantinople for aid; but the help which came to him was advice to go in supplication to Astolphus, to ask from the clemency and liberality of the Lombard prince what the pontiff was too weak and what the Greek prince was too craven to defend. But if Pope Stephen was devoid of personal military power and attributes, he was not deficient in courage, or in determination to spare no effort in order to raise up a defence for the properties of the Church which had been given to his keeping; and therefore, finding Astolphus firm in his decision to retain what his sword had won, with perhaps the more which he hoped it would win him, he turned to France and sought the aid of her prince and people. Travelling into France, the pontiff proclaimed Pepin and his two fair sons, Charles and Carloman, patricians of Rome, defenders of the sacred city. In the abbey church of St. Denis he placed the crown of the Franks on the head of Pepin, and presented him to the populace as their rightful king.

Three times afterward did Pepin and his soldiers enter the Alpine defiles before the Lombard ruler could be brought to recognize the necessity for fidelity to plighted troth; a necessity perhaps most pressing when the word has been pledged to one whose sword is heavy and whose arm is strong.

At last, however, Astolphus finally relinquished the territories he had seized, and Pepin assured to the pontiff and his successors the enjoyment thereof. About thirteen years later, Pepin died, leaving his titles and prerogatives, his territories and his tributaries, to his two sons. Let us see — briefly and imperfectly, perhaps, but as clearly as our space will permit — what state those material possessions which Charles and Carloman jointly inherited were in.

At the time of Pepin's death, Gaul was inhabited by no united people: it was held by men of various race, of different nations; by races and nations which were little if at all intermixed, whose sympathies and antipathies proved mutually repulsive, the customs of each one of which were different from those of the others, whose interests were generally antagonistic, and whose internecine enmities bade fair to work great evil at no distant date. Administrative and executive power was confusedly exercised by the people in their assemblies; by the great land-owners, who played the part of autocrats over those who dwelt beneath the shadow of their castle walls; and yet again by the monarch, acting on the "leuds" or nobles, and their inferiors or adherents. These varied authorities, always coexistent, sometimes acting in unison but more often clashing and contestant, tended to hinder the formation of a united people. Controlled by no overweening central power, only strong enough to dispute, they lacked the power to decide anything. The religious and literary state of the land and people was as melancholy. The usurpations of Charles Martel, his spoliation of the churches and the monasteries, his bounty in bestowing "God's acres" on the daring warriors who had followed his banners, his determination and that of others of his race to make the Church a subservient instrument, tended to produce their natural results. Discipline was relaxed; the best benefices, the most ancient abbeys, fell to those who would promise the monarch most. Olden libraries were dispersed and lost; olden learning and culture, neglected, seemed in danger of extinction. Revenues which should have housed and fed the wanderer and clothed the poverty-stricken, which should have gathered and enshrined the lore of the age, encouraged the scribe, and educated the priest, were diverted from their legitimate sources. The tramp of armed men, the clang of mail and clash of arms, filled abbey cloisters and holy aisles, which should have only echoed the pacing of sandalled feet and the sanctified cadence of litany and hymn. The efforts of Pope Zachary and St. Boniface did much to counteract the results of past wrongs, and to modify and alter many of the things to which we have referred; but the evil worked was not quickly reparable, and the state of the Gaulish Church, of education, and of literature, at the death of Pepin, was a vivid commentary on the conduct of his ancestors. The genius and valor of Carlovingian kings had beyond doubt tended to spread throughout the neighboring nations respect for Frankish power; but as the wild waves of the North Sea beat with ceaseless threatenings against the dikes of Holland, so did the tameless and predatory hordes of the Saxons and other peoples seem ever ready to surge over the frontiers of Gaul. Weighted with many sources of internal weakness, yet surrounded by foreign foes, Pepin left France as the joint inheritance of his sons. He left it somewhat better than he found it, but withal no cheerful task could seem to lie before his successors; for while disunion and distrust prevailed within, exterior dangers of no common kind threatened the dominions of the Frankish king. On the 24th of September, 1768, Pepin died; and some days afterward his remains were laid by the side of his father's, in that noble abbey church wherein the sovereign pontiff had placed on his brows the crown which he and his successors were to wear so well.

The two princes to whom so fair a heritage had fallen were both young; but both had seen service and done battle against the foes of France, while one at

least was blessed with all those mental powers which age may mature but seldom gives. Charles was twenty-six years of age and his brother Carloman nearly eighteen when their father died. Pepin by his will had left to Charles Austrasia and all the German provinces except the territory of the Alemanni, with the western portion of Aquitaine and the North of Neustria; while to Carloman he had bequeathed Burgundy, Provence, Septimania, Eastern Aquitaine, the country between the Oise, the Seine, the Scheldt, and the sea, with Soissons, Senlis, and Meaux, with Alsace and the country of the Alemanni. It is therefore clear that to the future Charlemagne was given territories chiefly Germanic, while to Charles were left those which nearly constitute what we regard as modern France. Charles was crowned at Noyon, Carloman at Soissons, but the brothers had hardly assumed the duties of their governments when they were called from the peaceful enjoyment of regal place to the field of battle; for that hoary warrior, old Duke Hunald of Aquitaine, had left his monastery in the island of Rhé, and with the final self-assertion of a tameless, thoughtless spirit, was again about to risk another appeal to arms. For three-and-twenty years this old man had remained within the walls of the monastery. During the struggles of his daring but depraved son, Duke Waifer, while his people were fighting and dying for the ancient liberties of Aquitaine, he had kept enclosure; but now, when the news came that the Frankish crown was upheld by two boys, when the settlement of his country under Frankish rule was all complete, the old warrior scented advantage and revenge, and on the verge of the grave, spurning all thoughts of the future, roused his olden followers to combat. Charles and Carloman marched to meet the duke; but on the route Carloman, through pique or jealousy, withdrew his forces, and left Charles to continue his task unassisted by such help as he could give. The probability is that in the private councils of the princes the strong, clear mind of Charles had not made allowance for the more obtuse and timid one of Carloman, and with that impatience of necessity for explanation which so often marks those who think that they discern the future clearly themselves, he had no doubt, with brusque determination, put aside the propositions of his youthful brother. Be this as it may, certain at all events is it that Carloman acted no brotherly part, but left Charles in a hostile country, with weakened forces, while a relentless foe was close at hand. Charlemagne was, however, no dastard, for he possessed in its best form that spirit of seeming rashness which is often in reality calculating prudence. Half the dangers of this earth are the creation of those who exaggerate them in their origin. Many a social as well as household conflagration might have been reduced to a display of sparks and smuts had the prompt hand of a bold extinguisher been present at its outbreak That which grew to be that portentous, still living thing, the French Revolution, might have been recorded in history as a bread riot had firm steel met the waves of democratic disorder. The dangers which are most real are those which we are afraid to face. Those which we can combat, which we try to confront, generally shrink before us; socially, politically, perhaps even morally, the greatest danger is timidity. "*Audace, audace, toujours audace!*" cried the semi-demented revolutionary demagogue; but he had learned the lesson of his time and ours, and after all, only proclaimed the watchword of power. Courage is needed for most successes, — sometimes even for submission; but then, is not that too sometimes a success?

Charles won the victory his determination deserved; and the speedy dispersal of Hunald's forces, with the capture of the duke himself, soon left Aquitaine again completely docile. Naturally resenting the manner in which Carloman had treated him, it seemed for a little as if Charles would exact at

the sword-point satisfaction therefor. War seemed inevitable between the brothers; but their mother, Queen Bertha, appeased the natural anger of her greatest son and healed the quarrel. How long peace would have continued to exist between the two, it is hard to say; but the great peacemaker, whose advent has quieted so many noisy voices and stilled so many restless hands, put his seal upon the truce. Death seized Carloman on the 11th of December, 771, as he held court at Lamoucy, in the Laonnais. The dead prince left after him two infant sons; but as Charles was never a laggard from any cause when self-aggrandizement or the consolidation of his power seemed possible, it was not incongruous that he should have lost little time in crossing the frontier and presenting himself before the nobles of his brother, — before those whose fealty, in theory, was due to the feeble nursling whose mother was bearing him away just then, with such speed and stealth as she might use, away for very life's sake from the throne and castle of his father, away to the court of the Langobard king, to the enemy of Charles. That any blame is, however, attachable to the future emperor for his conduct in this matter, it were the merest folly to suggest. It is true that were the days those which were to come after, were they the days of the knights and of chivalry, of the tournaments and of troubadours, then the case might have been different. Valiant-hearted youths and sternly tried warriors would then have gloried in offering their swords in the service of the weeping woman who sat by the vacant throne of their dead master, and would willingly have set lances in rest for very pity for the weak child whose rights were threatened. Things were not thus, however: rude, uncultured, turbulent, and envious, the nobles of Carloman needed some strong hand over them, some subtile brain to adjust their differences, some heavy sword to beat down theirs. Had it gone forth through the length and breadth of his dominions that the infant child of Carloman was to bear his father's crown, there would have been quickly enough burnishing of armor and couching of lances; but not for sake of the baby prince, but because neighbor was bent on war with neighbor, and province against province was to be arrayed in battle. The crown should rest on the head of one whose neck was strong enough to bear it loftily, whose hand could uphold the swords of justice and of power. If there was to be peace in the land, there should be a central judgment seat, to which all could look and whose occupant was alike trusted and feared. If, on the other hand, an infant held the sceptre, he would necessarily be the merest puppet in the hands of some council or some regent; and who was to select the council or the regent? Where was a noble to be found without animosity to any of his brother peers? whose elevation would not be the signal for defensive revolt on the part of some other? There was no choice between anarchy and despotism; but then, while anarchy is always mischievous, despotism is often beneficial. The peers and prelates of the realm made their choice, and laid the crown at the feet of Charles.

Never was crown offered to a worthier wearer. Kingly in mind-power, and equally regal in personal appearance, Charles was the fittest ruler for those he came to govern. Brave themselves, they could respect valor in others; rapacious and avaricious, they could respect powerful ambition; unlettered and uncultured, they could look with all the more respect to one who already showed his appreciation of learning. Large in stature, exceeding six feet high, manly and well built in proportion, with a round Germanic head and a countenance lit by large and piercing eyes, with flowing locks and ample beard, clad in his golden robes of state, and girt with golden sword-belt, — a very king in truth Charles must have seemed when first he stood before his new-found subjects. Difficult enough in all conscience were the tasks which con-

fronted him. Internally, no doubt, peace reigned within his dominions; but it was the peace which reigns after a fierce storm has passed, after a deluge has subsided. Abroad the war-clouds loomed heavily; the savage and ruthless pagans pressed his people on every border. If Gaul was to be made secure, if his new empire was to be cemented, Charles should head his peers in foreign war.

Part II. next month.

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay-colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begin to gather in the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, and hope out of thousands of lives. The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming. Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out a chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policemen pacing the beat, what of the night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policemen, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit? Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in a morning paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their place of business; some would not return home at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember, young man, that in the retina of the All-seeing Eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.

HIS IRISH SOLDIERS.

What did the Duke of Wellington say of the Irish soldiery who served under him? "It is well known," said his grace in a speech which is too often suppressed by the compilers of "history," "that of the troops which our gracious sovereign did me the honor to intrust to my command, at least one half were Catholics. Your lordships are aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people — how they kept alive the old spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. It is mainly due to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. We must confess, my lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND GEOLOGICAL NOTES OF IRELAND.

ADDENDA.

DESULTORY REMARKS UPON SUBJECTS IN CONNECTION WITH GEOLOGY.

CHAPTER I.

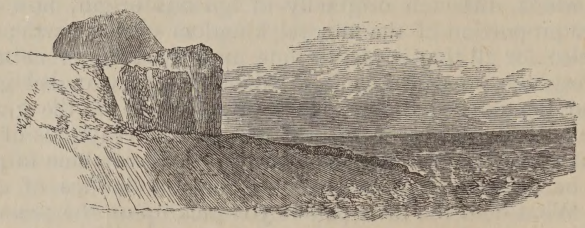
THE DISINTEGRATION OF ROCK.

What the Earth owes to it — Effects of Frost and Thaw — The Erosive Power of Running Water — The Sea, and its Agencies — Chemical Decomposition of Rock — Formation of New Land — The Earthquake and the Volcano — The Cliffs of Mohir — The Giant's Causeway.

The disintegration of rock forms a most interesting feature in geological study, and to its action we owe the production of the various soils which cover the surface of the globe, and the vegetation which clothes it. In the primary stages of the condition of the earth there could have been neither "flora nor fauna," as neither clay, sand, nor mould existed until formed by the gradual or violent wearing away of rock. Therefore it is to this influence we are indebted for all the varieties of soil, and the different formations of deposited strata, which, although originally of igneous origin, now constitute by far the larger proportion of the mineral kingdom of the earth; and solely to this source also for all that is picturesque and beautiful in nature, — for the primeval forest, the wooded upland, the depths of the tangled gorge, the jutting cliff, and the fairy dell, the undulating surface of the grassy turf, the sylvan scene with its velvet sward, and the countless myriads of flowers in all their brilliant array of vivid and varied tints, which combine in producing the pleasure to be derived from the beauties and sublimities of a surrounding landscape. What does the little pebble you pick up on the sea-shore tell you of? — the fragment of a once, perhaps, giant rock, borne, it may be, thousands of miles, embedded in an iceberg, to our shores, but now rounded by attrition during numberless years into its present form; or the piece of water-worn shale which you find in the tiny streamlet, and in which embedded is the impression of a fern (and you can almost imagine it as identical with existing species) or a sigillaria, — presenting a foreign aspect, yet both bearing evidence of their tropical growth in a former world. Without disintegration of rock, this earth would be a barren, lifeless waste: a scene of fearful, jagged acclivities and yawning chasms, such as the moon is now revealed to us by telescopic power; without a patch of verdure to relieve the eye, a rounded outline, or a single feature of interest except massive rock, — twisted and contorted, it might be, into various shapes. How much, then, should we admire this benevolent ordination of the Author of our world's being! This destroying agency, created by him for reproductive purposes, in the most extended and utilitarian signification of that term, is more particularly apparent in regions of perpetual frost The tourist, in his first experience of Alpine travel, standing amid a world of glaciers, is astonished beyond measure in witnessing the widespread mineral ruin which surrounds him: stones of every form and size are flung around in the utmost conceivable variety of wild, irregular profusion, as in the early part of the summer season they are constantly toppling over into the mountain torrent, and hurled away unceasingly in its

foaming waters; and as the sun gains power, the phenomenon increases in proportion. But after all, these are only feeble representations of what is occurring day after day in the glacier regions of Asia and America. Water, freezing in the interstices of rock and in its veins and pores, acts like so many innumerable wedges, separating it generally in giant masses, upon the occasion of the first thaw, and then into smaller fragments, until at length, falling asunder, they are borne away in the icy stream; and the rattling noise which they produce is often deafening, as, hurled over cataract and fall, they are dashed to pieces and split into a variety of shapes, particle by particle, as on and on continuously they are hurried, until finally they are nearly reduced to grit, only to be further decomposed by the numerous rills set in motion by the increasing warmth of the summer sun. Thus they are converted into shingle, sand, and mud, either to form deltas and arable land at lower levels, or to be deposited in the bed of the ocean, and cover over the marine formations of past periods; only to be reproduced in future ages, when upheaved again, as rock.

The erosive power of water in producing disintegration of mineral matter is exemplified in rivers excavating their courses through rock, and arises from two causes: the one chemical, because springs emanating from limestone districts, and flowing into rivers, are depositories of carbonic acid, and they will thus dissolve even silica, the hardest formation; the other is mechanical, as where falls occur, abrasion is in constant action. Still, this abrasion is considerably augmented by the chemical effect of the carbonic acid held in combination with the water.



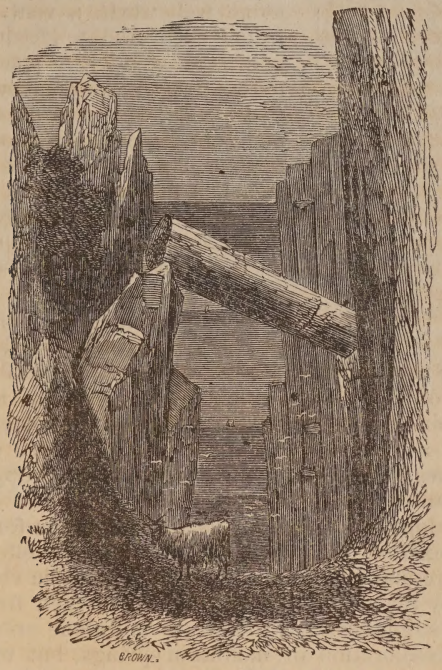
Erosive action of the Sea, Coast of Kerry. A Volcanic Bomb.

We have it upon the authority of Lyell that the Falls of Niagara are receding at the rate of one and one third yards annually; and it is to be supposed that all rivers in mountain districts, according to their volume, are in like proportion thus disintegrating the rock through which their courses lie. It will, therefore, be apparent that a large proportion of the earth's surface is continuously wearing away unnoticed before us.

The destructive power of the sea is well shown on the southwest and west coasts of Ireland, in the decomposition and in the excavation of its hardest rock. The Skellig Islands (the largest of which lies about eight miles south of the nearest point of Valentia) are exposed to all the wild fury and foam of the Atlantic, by which they are worn away into giant pyramids. The greater Skellig is described as a stupendous mass of slate rock rising majestically from the sea, and at the height of fifty or sixty yards dividing into two pyramidical summits, of which the larger has an elevation of 1,500 feet above high-water mark. At Ballybunion, on the coast of Kerry,* numerous caverns

*One of the indentations of the cliffs of Ballybunion is called Smugglers' Bay; and from a little volume published by William Ainsworth, Esq., in 1834, we extract the following: "The cliffs of Ballybunion are even less remarkable for their dimensions than they are for their singular form of rocks, which seem as if carved by the hand of man, and independently of the lofty mural precipices whose angular proportions present every variety of arrangement; as in Smugglers' Bay, where they oftentimes are semicircularly arranged like the groin work of an arch, or the tablets or small strings running round a window, or are piled above one another in regular succession, presenting a geological phenomenon of great grandeur and magnificence."

are eaten into the cliff-bound shore. One of these in particular runs a considerable distance inland, parallel to the coast line, through which are arched openings primarily formed by the surf excavating on and on; thus it has formed a passage which permits boats to pass from one to the other. Some of these caverns are fully sixty feet in height. On the same coast, close by, the Devil's Castle stands: an enormous isolated pillar of rock, resting upon a narrow base, and looking like a huge obelisk, casting its shadow upon the waters which surround it. These examples are much out of the way of ordinary tourist travel, and are therefore little known. On a calm summer day, the sail from Valentia Island to the greater Skellig is one of the most delightful of trips; an ever-varying panorama of sea and rock, the more beautiful because tinted by nature's hand, presenting itself throughout. The caves of Ballybunion are easily reached by car from the neighboring town of Listowel, and when the tide is at the full, accessible by boat without difficulty.



Fhir Leith, excavated by the Sea, amid Basaltic Columns. Coast of Antrim.

At Miltown Malbay, in Clare, similar appearances present themselves: one of these — the well-known Puffing Hole — an extraordinary freak of nature, where the tide is driven through a cavern worn by the action of the surf, until at length it has obtained an outlet upward, producing a beautiful fall, reflecting, when the sun shines, the shades of the many-tinted iris.

Underneath the cliffs of Mohir, which arise perpendicularly nearly 1,000 feet over the waters of the Atlantic, disintegration of rock by the action of the sea is well shown, and also on the coast of Mayo, where innumerable caves are to be seen, some of them stretching hundreds of yards under the superincumbent rock; but far more picturesque at numerous points on the coast of Antrim. The majestic promontory of Bengore, or Fair Head, is without exception the most sublime of nature's creations, and decidedly is not

equalled in the world, rising to the stupendous height of six hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea; its base is one widespread mass of ruin, as if gigantic temples had been overthrown by some devasting power upon the shore-line beneath, which is crowded by the débris of its columnar construction, looking like the work of man's art suddenly arrested in its progress, and confusedly scattered by the encroachments of the wild surges of the northern ocean; huge cliffs, pinnacled and isolated by the ever-recurring surf, stand out in bold relief under stupendous masses of columnar basalt for miles along at either side; several immense caverns are formed in the chalk rock, and even in the basalt itself, which in calm weather are easily rowed through. That denominated Grace Staples's Cave is a miniature representation of the celebrated one at Staffa. Port Coon Cave also, the innermost recess of which is often compared to the aisle of a Gothic cathedral, is alone well worth a visit. The entire coast from Dunseverick to Dunluce is one geological and scenic wonder, — a succession of nature's most attractive works; but to be appreciated they must be seen from the sea. We have mentioned in preceding notes that few tourists to the Causeway take the trouble of viewing the shore-line; therefore, as a rule, they are disappointed, because they never see its magnificently picturesque adjuncts. On the east and south coasts of England, the sea is constantly wearing away its cliffs, but nowhere in the British Islands is its decomposing power so well exemplified as in the Orkneys and Shetlands; for there innumerable gigantic masses of rock are perfectly isolated from each other, still showing they once formed a continuous mass, and looking in their desolation like weird spectres, sometimes likened to a small fleet at sea,* as, standing out in bold relief, mere skeletons detached in shreds and patches, they seem still striving vainly to oppose themselves to the fury of the ocean.

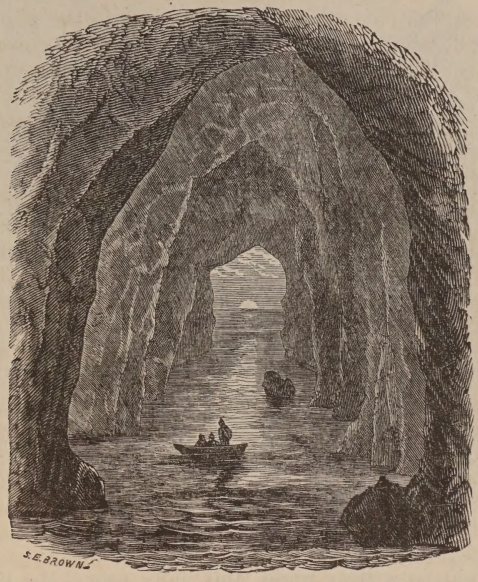
Grace Staples's Cave.

But nature has adopted other and less violent means for the disintegration of rock; these are exclusively chemical, but are equally effective as destroying agencies. There are many rocks which contain metallic veins, properly called sulphurets, which by the gradual absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere are converted into sulphates, and which are not alone soluble in water, as we often see by the discoloration of mountain springs, but many of them, when exposed to the atmosphere, absorb moisture to a considerable extent; these, as a matter of course, become speedily decomposed. For example, feldspar, one of the constituent parts of granite, being a silicate of alumina and potash (which latter has a considerable tendency to absorb water), is thus easily disintegrated; so also are all the rocks which contain silicates of alkaline bases. Even quartz, one of the hardest formations, is sensibly affected by water holding carbonic acid. Where iron exists, decomposition must be in action so soon as ever the stone is subjected to atmospheric influence; therefore, it is not surprising that both igneous matter and deposited strata holding metallic substances in combination are gradually and constantly wearing away from the oxidization of their constituent parts.

But the Author of the universe has not made laws for its government which

* Milner's "Gallery of Geography."

contain within themselves elements of destruction, without ordaining corresponding compensating power; these have been from the beginning, and will be, according to our necessarily limited experiences of the past, continuous throughout time; for although the agencies we have described are ceaseless, renovation is coexistent and simultaneous with their progress. New continents and new islands are forming themselves in the bed of the ocean, but to be upraised in future conditions of the earth. Where the shore-line is



Port Coon Cave.

decreasing upon some coasts, it is increasing upon others. Before our eyes the innumerable class of zoöphytes are building up land in coral formation * from the depths of the ocean, something akin to the chalk and oölite structure of former periods. Volcanic action is elevating it in different quarters of the globe; but man's little term here upon this earth, comparatively with its existence, has scarcely yet unfolded to him all the unchangeable perfection of the works of his Maker. There is no such thing as destruction, properly so called, existent: renovation and regeneration are unceasing upon the surface of our planet, so that it may be fairly said it is in the enjoyment of perpetual youth.

From all this it would be apparent the earth is in a constant state of change, ever renewing itself by the most ordinary and familiar operations of nature: either by the intense cold of the Arctic regions, alternating tardily with the remote gleam of a short summer sun, as it floats the iceberg into warmer latitudes, or as it splits up rock to be borne down upon numerous streams but to be reduced to sand and mud; or in the more temperate climates by the sunshine and the shower, with occasional paroxysms of storm accompanied by pelting, driving rain, acting in conjunction with its chemical allies; or the earthquake; or the volcano with its desolating power while in action, and then in its periods of repose, when new soil forms upon its streams of lava or over its accumulated depths of scoriæ and ashes, which have destroyed all traces of

* The hills of Devon and the mountains of Derbyshire are principally of coral formation.

long-lost peoples, their arts and industries, or it may be the huts of the more savage denizens of the earth, or the temples and palaces of the most refined colonists of their age, only to be discovered by accident after the lapse of many centuries, as the latter have been in Pompeii and Herculaneum.*

The Chasm, Carig-a ramhad, Antrim.

Much more might be written upon, and more numerous examples given of, the disintegration of rock; but enough has been shown to prove that very many agencies are in action for this purpose. We have described the mechanical forces which produce it from our own observation, assisted by the authorities quoted; but the chemical causes adduced are derived from Fowndes's "Chemistry," London, 1872, as well as from other standard authors, but to the first of which we acknowledge ourselves principally indebted.

NOTE. — In Chapter I. of "Outlines of Geology and Geological Notes of Ireland," we have stated that, at a remote period in geological history, Ireland consisted of a series of islands. In confirmation of these remarks we give the following extract from Sir Charles Lyell's Fourth Edition of the "Antiquity of Man," London, 1873: —

"The signs of glacial action have been traced by Professor Jukes to an elevation of 2,500 feet in the Killarney district, and to great heights in other mountainous regions. Marine shells have rarely been met with higher than three hundred feet above the sea, and that chiefly in gravel, clay, and sand in Wicklow and Wexford; but in one instance, near the Three Rock Mountain, southeast of Dublin, marine drift containing fragments of cyprina and glacial shells reaches a height of from 1,000 to 1,200 feet. More than eighty species have been obtained from these marine drifts. The great elevation of these shells, and the still greater height to which the rocks in the mountainous regions of Ireland have been smoothed and striated, has led geologists to the opinion that that island was in a great part submerged during a portion of the glacial period, and the wide extent of drift spread over large areas in Ireland seem to indicate that the land above water formed an archipelago."

* The mounds of Assyria — which in the early summer teem with verdure and flowers of countless hues, hiding away all traces of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, and looking like hill and dale of ordinary landscape, and are graphically described by Layard as studded profusely with "the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander" in their richest foliage, and flourishing luxuriantly in the soil which has accumulated during the lapse of centuries over the earliest cities of the human race — are not perhaps strictly applicable to our subject except so far as evidencing the wonderful renovating powers constantly in action on this earth.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE EARTH.

Comparatively recent Creation of Man — Opinions of Grecian Writers — Time required for the Formation of Stratified Rocks — Age of Coal Deposits — Erosion of the Falls of Niagara.

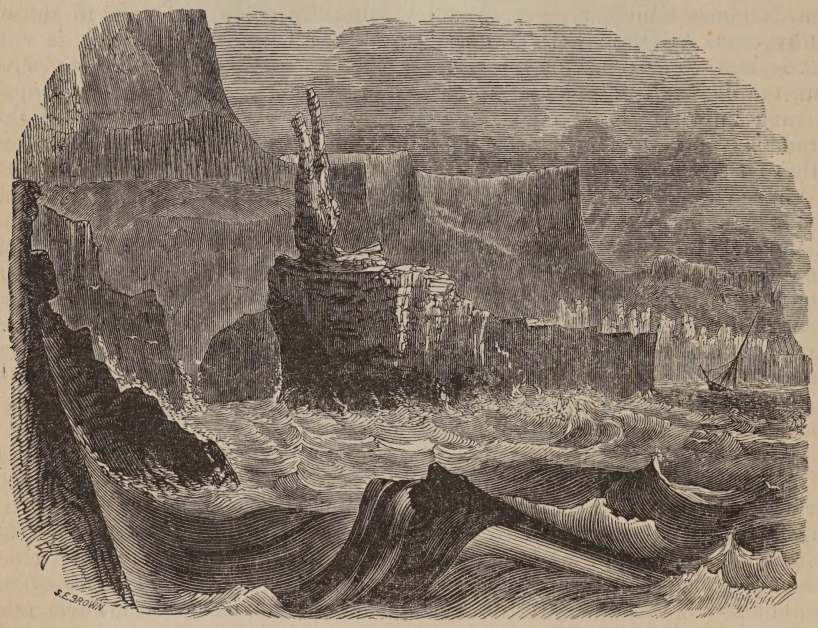
THE age of this earth is a subject which, from the earliest periods of civilization, has been a mystery to mankind. From Egyptian teachings to those of Pythagoras, Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny, down to our own time, it is still a puzzle, and will so continue forever. Ages ago, and even until a recent period, both the Jew and the Christian have considered inquiries of this description as rank impiety; but modern intellectual development has dissolved these erroneous ideas, and with them their prejudices, only to confirm us the more fully that science and revealed truths are in perfect harmony with each other. We have cumulative evidence, written in the most indelible type by the Author of our being in the fossil remains found embedded in the older rocks, that man's existence is but as yesterday in comparison with them; and we have further the direct testimony that no traces of man or his works are proven to be found elsewhere than in the alluvial and diluvial deposits, which are believed with great probability to have been formed since he became a denizen upon this earth. No signs whatever of him are discoverable in the most recent depositions of the limestone, sandstone, or slate rocks; therefore, that the age of the earth dates back for incalculable periods before man was called into being is now acknowledged as uncontroverted fact.

The views of the ancient philosophers, although not going the length of modern geological teaching, recognize several destructions of the earth's surface previous to the creation of man; they consider it was subjected to repeated changes, which, as we infer from their writings, were of periodical or gradual character; and they lead us to imagine that they believed the present agencies operating in nature were sufficient to produce, without total annihilation of the animal and vegetable kingdom, the numerous alterations in the disposition of land and water, which are palpably shown as occurring at very many former periods of its history. However this may be, they are sufficiently near to indicate they agree in general terms with the theory advanced by modern science.

By far the larger proportion of the material which constitutes the surface of the earth is composed of deposited layers called strata, and known to have been produced under water, because many of them are but accumulations of both marine and fresh-water shells, upon a scale so vast that the bare idea of computing the time such deposits would be formed in is not within the reach of human knowledge. Each of these layers is comparatively thin, and heaped upon each other according to the time of their deposition. Sometimes we find streams of lava which have flowed over rocks of older date, but to be again covered by similar deposits, as described above. Were it in our power to calculate the time necessary to form one layer of these stratified rocks, and when we know these layers are innumerable, it is evident that it is more than the mind of man will ever arrive at to fix the period of elapsed time since this earth was first launched into space by its Creator.

Again, we have coal, and to the inhabitants of these islands it is one of the most familiar products of nature; but amongst the millions who behold it in constant use, few inquire how it has been produced. Coal, then, is a series of beds of entirely vegetable growth, which have accumulated for ages under a high temperature in swamps and morasses; and most likely, becoming beds

of lacustrine formation, deposits of shale and sandstone were formed over them. Being upraised by volcanic action, they become chemically altered, and mineralized in their present form. This process was again and again repeated, until the thickness of many coal fields averages from fifty to sixty feet, varying in their seams from a few inches in depth to six feet, alternating often with double the quantity of sandstone and shale in intermediate beds. That this is its origin is abundantly proved by the numerous remains and impressions of plants found in connection with it, showing their traces of organization still perfectly distinguishable. It is remarkable that ferns most predominate,



Disintegration of Rock, Coast of Antrim.

from the tree fern of tropical regions to the most diminutive specimen of the tribe; but this is accounted for by the fact that their fibres and tissues are much less easily decomposed in water and in damp than those of all other plants. The great body of a coal seam may, therefore, be composed of other vegetable matter, but which has not been preserved in its original form, as the ferns are; and it sometimes occurs that whole forests are found with their stems standing perpendicular, and their roots still embedded in their native soil,* as in the coal mines of Bohemia. There is no product on the face of this earth which leads the mind farther back into immeasurable time than coal-fields do. Its formations are probably anterior to the existence of animal life, the fossil remains of which are preserved in our earliest strata, and may be coeval with the primary flora of the earth.

* In Hugh Miller's "First Impressions of England and its People" (page 223), we find the following, referring to a colliery near Wolverhampton:—

"The bottom coal rises to view, and where the surface has been cleared of the alluvial covering it presents the appearance of a moor, upon which a full-grown fir wood had been cut down a few months before, only leaving the stumps behind. Stump rises beside stump, to the number of seventy-three in all; the thickly clinging roots strike out on every side into what seems once to have been vegetable mould, but now exists as an indurated, brownish-colored shale. Many trunks, sorely flattened, lie recumbent on the coal; several are full thirty feet in length, while some of the larger stumps measure rather more than two feet in diameter. There lie thick around, stigmariæ, lepidodendra, calamitis, and fragments of ulodendra; and yet, with all the assistance these lent, the seam of coal formed by this ancient forest does not exceed five inches in thickness. Not a few of the stumps in this area are evidently water-worn; the prostrate forest had been submerged, and molluscs lived and fishes swam over it. This upper forest is underlaid by a second, and even a third; we find three full-grown forests packed up in a depth of not more than twelve feet."

The lapse of countless ages can alone explain such phenomena, but there are many who, not doubting for an instant that the Great Creator of the universe has existed from eternity, yet reject the theory thus given of the age of the earth, limiting it to the short annals accessible to the human race; but it is to be borne in mind that revelation was given, not to inculcate physical science, but to teach man the wondrous works of God, and the immortality he was destined for. It is superstition, not religion, which causes the non-belief of these evidences which the Almighty has so plainly written in the book of nature, and which he allows man to avail himself of upon this earth in order to teach his unbounded power and make manifest his existence from all eternity.

In conclusion of this chapter we will refer to a datum given by the first authority of our day, and which, to some extent, affords an idea of the age of the earth. In the fossils embedded in its earlier strata, the bones of the mastodon,* the great prototype of the elephant, frequently occur; and Sir Charles Lyell, in his recent edition of "The Antiquity of Man," and extracted from his "Travels in America," referring to the remains of one discovered in the former bed of the St. Lawrence River, Falls of Niagara, thus writes: "But in the case of the valley of the Niagara we happen to have a measure of time which is wanting in other localities, namely, the test afforded by the recession of the Falls; an operation still in progress, by which the deep ravine of the Niagara, seven miles long, between Queenstown and Goat Island, has been hollowed out. This ravine is not only post-glacial, but also posterior in date to the fluviatile and mastodon-bearing beds. The individual, therefore, found fossil near Goat Island flourished before the gradual excavation of the deep and long chasm, and we must reckon its antiquity not by thousands, but by tens of thousands of years, if I have correctly estimated the minimum of time required for the erosion of that great ravine."

The earth had already undergone many and long periods of geological changes before the mastodon first appeared upon it; therefore, the opinion of the eminent authority we have given ought to bring to every thinking mind the overwhelming conviction of its vast antiquity, which many calculate, not by tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands † of years. However this may be, we cannot but feel assured, from the imprint of its own unerring records, that it has existed for almost indefinite time, during which it was repeatedly destroyed and its surface as often revivified; and we must believe, when man's appointed time is fulfilled, another destruction will most assuredly follow, when —

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself —
> Yea, all that it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wrack behind."

But probably not, as Shakespeare implies, will it be annihilated, as all our experiences of its past history teach the contrary. Man and his works will necessarily be entombed, together with the "fauna and flora" of his age; but if we are to trust in the permanency of the laws which to our time have governed the globe, it is not too much to imagine that, after a period of repose, a new flora will clothe the earth, and that new races of organic life will be created, to be presided over by beings of far higher order than man, in all his pride and power of intellectual development can ever boast of.

* "The remains of the mastodon are found abundantly in the third and fourth or Pliocene divisions of the Tertiary fresh-water deposits; also, but less frequently, in the deposits of the second or Miocene period." — *Knight's Cyclopædia.*

† Maclaren's "Geology of Fife and the Lothians."

Conclusion next month.

MISS SAFFORD'S BOW AND ITS TWO STRINGS.

Magdalen Murray.

Miss Safford was a very pretty young lady; not handsome or beautiful, but "real pretty." She had a glory of flaxen hair, which she allowed to stray in bewitching little waves over her fair brow, and piled in a queenly style upon her little head. She had eyes as blue and as beautiful as a summer sky, and in them shone all the virtues of heaven, and from them no gleam of earth's vices ever darted — upon young gentlemen. She had a dainty little nose and a sweet little mouth; lily-white hands, whose dainty taper fingers were heavily decorated with rings; and a neat little figure, which she dressed with artistic taste.

Miss Safford was an only child. Her father was a well-to-do merchant in a country town. He was not rich, he was not poor. Years before, when Miss Safford was a child, her mother had kept a servant; but now the servant's place was filled by the mother, and the money thus saved furnished Miss Safford with her materials for artistic dressing, helping to make her as like as possible to the lilies of the field in beauty — and uselessness.

It was a winter morning. *Mrs.* Safford was in the kitchen arrayed in a brown calico dress, working very hard, in order to be able to change it for cashmere in the afternoon; and *Miss* Safford was standing in the parlor in the full glory of crimps and braids, in the warmth and beauty of a garnet-hued woollen wrapper, dainty lace at her snowy throat, dainty lace at her white wrists. Miss Safford was standing thus, and knitting her fair brow over a perfumed note. She was annoyed, pretty Miss Safford; and yet the note upon which she frowned held a gentleman's request for the "honor of waiting upon her to the New-Year's ball."

An honor which he must have, so Miss Safford instantly decided, even though she had already promised the same honor to another gentleman. She was a worldly little woman, despite the childlike innocence of her eyes; and there was a broad streak of vulgarity in her character, notwithstanding her lady-like air. She had several mottoes hanging in the chamber of her soul, and one of them was, "Of two beaux always choose the richest, *because* every single beau is a possible husband." Jack Herbert, or as he signed himself in his note, J. W. Herbert, was not rich, but his father was, and the next best thing to being rich one's self is to be the only son of somebody that is rich. Jack was studying with a clergyman of the place, with the intention of fitting himself for college; and Tom Jackson, the gentleman to whom Miss Safford had already promised the honor of her company to the New-Year's ball, was studying with the same clergyman, and with the same intention.

Having decided to accept Jack, and to mitten Tom, Miss Safford took two tinted sheets of note-paper, and wrote thereon two little notes, — one to "dear Mr. Herbert," accepting his invitation, the other to "dear Mr. Jackson," begging the privilege of withdrawing her acceptance of his invitation, and adding that she notified him in time, in order that he might invite some other lady. She then turned her attention to her ball dress and its belongings, — that is, its shade and style and trimmings, — which for the next week held a very prominent place in her thoughts.

Meantime, Jack Herbert was industriously pursuing his studies, his mind disturbed by no thought of his ball attire, and Tom Jackson was doing likewise. Both of these young men were lodgers in the village, rather than residents there, the home of each being in a distant city. Being pupils of the same teacher, they were already well acquainted, and often smoked their evening

cigars together. They were doing this two nights before the night of the New-Year's ball, and were holding, each from his cloud of tobacco smoke, a desultory conversation, which finally drifted towards the subject of the ball.

"Whom have you invited, Jackson?"

"I have — I 'm not going," replied Tom, his cheek flushing behind the cloud.

"Why not? I thought you told me that you intended to go. You *did* tell me so."

"Perhaps I did; but I 'm not going. I have n't any girl"

"What an excuse, to be sure! As if it was n't easy enough to get a girl to go to a ball! Did you ask anybody?"

"Yes, I did," said Tom, shortly.

"And she gave you the mitten!" said Jack, in a tone of mock pity. "Poor Tom! Well, she has poor taste, whoever she is, to refuse a good-looking fellow like you, and a good dancer into the bargain. Who is she?"

"I sha'n't tell you. Whom have *you* invited?"

"Miss Marcia Safford; she is a pretty little thing, and light to swing."

Tom laughed. "I ought to fight a duel with you, Herbert; but I won't. You 're welcome to your conquest. I invited Miss Marcia to go with me. She accepted me Sunday evening, and mittened me Tuesday. I suppose it was about that time that she received your invitation."

"The little hussy!" cried Jack, bringing his feet down from the mantel-shelf, and sitting very erect in his chair. "I won't take her, Jackson; I *swear* I won't."

"Oh, take her! I don't care. I invited her because I 've been there a good deal, and because she always made my visits so pleasant. I thought I would make some return for her civility by taking her to the ball. Besides, she is pretty, and when a fellow takes a girl to a ball, he likes to take a good-looking one. Of course, I don't like to be treated so by a girl, and I shall take good care never to give her the same chance again. But if you want to take her, Herbert, take her; I don't care."

"I shall *not* take her, and I 'll go and tell her so to-morrow. Some girls think that they may treat fellows like spaniels. But you and I will not be their spaniels, Jackson."

That same night, Miss Safford was standing in her chamber before her glass arrayed in her ball dress, *looking* like an unwinged angel, but *talking* very unlike one.

"To-night, and to-morrow night, and then the ball," she was saying; and she waltzed a little, keeping her eyes, the while, fixed upon her reflection in the mirror. "To-night, and to-morrow night, and then the ball. I shall have the handsomest partner in the hall, and I 'm *sure* that he won't have the homeliest girl there." And again she waltzed.

It was really a pity to spoil so much joyous anticipation, and so kind-hearted Jack thought the next morning as she opened the door for him, welcome in her blue eyes, greeting in her snowy fingers, presenting, in her warm garnet-hued wrapper, a striking contrast to the wintry scene outside of her home. His heart fluttered a little weakly, and it was with much reluctance that he began his errand of retribution. She was leading the way to the parlor, when Jack said decisively, "Not this morning, Miss Safford; I will not detain you long. It is too early to make a call. Ladies are usually busy at this time."

She laughed. "Oh, I am not busy!"

She was not busy, but her mother was.

"I am *never* too busy to see my friends," she said, sweetly.

Jack bowed gravely in acknowledgment of the pretty compliment, and then began his errand: "Miss Safford, you did me the honor to accept my invitation to the New-Year's ball."

Miss Safford smiled sweetly and bowed gracefully.

"I have since heard that you had a prior engagement."

In answer to this, Miss Safford neither smiled nor bowed, and a bright flush suffused her usually pale face.

"Is it true?" he asked, determined to see if a young lady with such angelic eyes *could* lie.

"No — that is, only a partial one, and it is broken."

"Excuse me," said Jack quickly, "or rather, Miss Safford, I will excuse you; I do not wish to interfere with a prior engagement."

"But it is n't — it was n't — I don't want — " she stammered.

Jack's heart was no longer fluttering. "I will excuse you, Miss Safford," he said; and with his best bow, he bade her good-day.

"The conceited puppy!" she said spitefully, as she closed and fastened the door upon him.

But spite soon gave place to grief. The blue eyes filled and overflowed. She had lost both of her admirers, she had lowered herself in the esteem of two gentlemen, she had lost the New-Year's ball; and in woe unutterable, as the magnitude of her misfortunes rose up before her, she threw herself upon a sofa, and cried as if her heart were breaking.

Poor little woman! she had nibbled clover so long that she could not bear this bit of bitter browsing. It almost choked her to swallow a nettle.

Let me whisper a word in your ear, pretty Miss Safford, — for you *are* very pretty in your abandonment of woe; so pretty, that were the gentlemanly Jack present to witness the woe caused by his severity, he would, I am sure, fall upon his broadcloths, and with gentlest words, possibly with caresses, beg your forgiveness, and accord you his, and finally give you another invitation to the ball. If he were but present he would do all this, for he has a very tender heart, has Jack, as well as a very young one; but he is not present. Into your pretty, shell-like ear only I may whisper, and this is my whisper: "Dear little woman, if you dislike bitter browsing so much, be careful how you give it to others; if nettles sting you so sharply, have a care how you place them in the mouths of others. That was a sharp nettle that you gave to your 'dear Mr. Jackson,' and it stung him, too, though he chewed it like a man, and digested it like a philosopher, while you are crying like a baby over yours, making your poor little heart throb in agony under your tight corset"

Miss Safford did not go to the ball; for when her usually indulgent father heard of what had happened, he refused to take her to it, and severely told her that she richly deserved the mortification she was feeling.

Jack and Tom, hitherto intimate acquaintances, became fast friends. The next time Miss Safford met either, she met both. She passed them with a slight bow, and a pair of burning cheeks, and when she had gone beyond earshot of them, Tom said to his friend, "She is no lily to-day, but a bright red rose. What ails you, Herbert? Are you a rose, too? You make a fine pair of blushing beauties, — the two of you!"

Jack laughed at his own bloom, and his friend's sally.

"I can't help it. It was the hardest thing I ever did, to go and tell her that I would not take her to the ball. How would you feel marching into a young lady's house to give her the mitten?"

"I don't know; but better, I fancy, then to be marching out of it, carrying the mitten myself."

"Perhaps, — but we will never speak of this, except to each other."

"Never!" said Tom, and they never did. They kept the secret like two gentlemen, as they were.

WHAT TWO METHODIST MINISTERS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IRELAND.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND THEN ON THAT."

A METHODIST minister, named MacNicoll, has been lecturing on "the Irish question" in Connecticut. "God forbid," he said, "that Ireland should ever get Home Rule. The forces behind the Land League agitation are Romanism and Rum." This will be news for Mr. Parnell and the other Protestant Irish leaders, and also for A. M. Sullivan, M. P., the strongest total-abstinence man in Ireland.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

Rev. George W. Pepper, pastor of the Methodist Church at Bellevue, Ohio, addressed the citizens of Woburn, Mass., on the Land League question, under the auspices of the Woburn League. Mr. Pepper is a fine-looking man, and a good type of the Irish race, of pleasing address and manners. The lecture was received with general favor and applause. In opening, he said: "There is a charming piece of earth washed by the bright waters of the Atlantic. Who, that has ever gazed upon its calm and beautiful scenery, can forget Ireland? There it lies, upon the western borders of Europe, the first land which the American beholds as he goes abroad in search of health and repose, and the last land on which the moistened eye of the emigrant lingers as he leaves its shores forever. While lacking the sunny skies of Italy and the sea-girt towers and gorgeous palaces of England, yet in quiet beauty and picturesque charms it surpasses them all." He then sketched the origin of the Irish people in the Druids, the Gaels of Ireland, and Milesians, and said that Irishmen were proud of their Celtic origin, and would not change it for the proudest blood in Saxon veins. There are three classes in Ireland to-day, — the Milesians, in the south and west, the English or landlord element, and the Scotch, who came to Ireland two centuries ago, and have given to America such men as DeWitt Clinton and Andrew Jackson. Every nation has its characteristics. The characteristics of the Irish are earnestness, eloquence, patriotism, of which Parnell is a type; bravery, for no Irishman was ever charged with cowardice; wit and humor, as revealed by Swift, Sheridan, and Curran. He denounced Henry Ward Beecher for calling the European emigrant "black vomit," and Emerson for saying, "The Irish and Germans come over in shoals to dig our canals and manure our fields with their bones, and leave no further trace of themselves." Every English writer, including Mr. Froude, set forth that if Ireland is unhappy, "it is because of the natural inferiority of its people." The speaker said that the bare facts of history are against these prejudices. The woes of Ireland may be traced like a bleeding man by his blood. In her sufferings she stands alone. Dr. Johnson says the sufferings caused by the Ten Persecutions could not be compared with the woes experienced by the unfortunate people of the Emerald Isle. The rent paid to absentee landlords amounts annually to $65,000,000, none of which returns to benefit the people. When the sword failed, famines were organized: the frightful havoc of 1820 caused the death of hundreds, while in 1740 600,000 died from famine alone, while the fields were weighed with golden grain, all of which was borne away to England in ships, and nothing was brought in return to feed those whose lips grew pale and closed forever. But, said the speaker, they opened again before God, and brought against the grasping landlords of

Ireland the sacred accusation of the Saviour: "When we were an hungered, ye fed us not; when we were athirst, ye gave us not drink; and when we were naked, ye clothed us not." In all charges against the British government, Mr. Pepper was careful to substantiate his statements by American and English authorities. He said, "I denounce these landlords on the authority of John Stuart Mill; I denounce the British government on the authority of Hon. John Bright and William E. Gladstone, the prime minister of England; of Rev. Arthur Edwards, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, and of Hon. Charles Sumner," who, in a letter to Mr. Pepper while a chaplain in the army during the late war, replied to a letter thanking him for his great speech on American citizenship, as follows: —

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR SIR, — I have your note of the 6th in reference to the condition of Ireland and the rights of American citizens abroad. The latter question has long been and is still the subject of discussion between this government and various powers, and it is hoped that a satisfactory conclusion may soon be reached. It has already been brought up in Congress, when I took occasion to declare the absurdity of the claim made by England. I regret the condition of affairs in Ireland, which is indeed deplorable, and I am glad to see that the subject is beginning to engage the attention of British statesmen. Justice to Ireland is a British necessity. In every effort for Irish independence and human rights, there is but one side for my sympathy and aspirations. Believe me, ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

In answering the objection that the Irish are not fit for self-government, the lecturer said that while England and the southern part of the United States were being enriched by the traffic in slaves, no slave ship ever touched the coast of Ireland. Cooke, the famous English actor, told his audience in Liverpool: "Miscreants, there is not a brick in your town that is not cemented with negro gore." There was a meeting held in Belfast, Ireland, in 1769, of merchants, to make preparations to engage in the slave traffic, when one of the number stood up, and in a tone of solemn warning, said, "May the hand that first signs these papers to engage in slavery be blasted by the lightning of the God of justice, the God of the black man as well as the white man." In his appeal for American sympathy, Mr. Pepper said that none followed the flag with a trustier fidelity in our late war than the Irish-American. When our majestic eagle wavered in his flight, the landlords of England and Ireland were rejoicing with malignant satisfaction at the prospect of our overthrow. When Gladstone declared from his seat in the Parliament that Jeff. Davis had made the South a nation, — in that dark hour, when the cloud touched the nation's heart, England was determined to go to war with us in case Mason and Slidell were not given up. What was the attitude of old Ireland, and how did she stand to the great republic? Hear the testimony of Bishop Haven, Methodist. When in London he wrote a defence of the Northern cause of two columns for the London Watchman, the organ of British Methodism, and they published only one half of it. They were in thorough sympathy with the South. Bishop Haven crossed over to Ireland. He wrote a letter back to the United States, in which he said: "I attended a remarkable meeting yesterday in Dublin. On the very spot where Robert Emmet offered up his gallant life there were over 60,000 present. Here is one of the resolutions that were passed: —

"*Resolved*, That if England goes to war with the United States, Ireland stands by the Stars and Stripes with every drop of blood that warms the Irish heart."

FLANNEL CAKES. — One pint sweet milk, half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonful, sugar, yolk of two eggs, and flour (sifted) enough to make a thin batter just thick enough to bake on griddle; when well beaten add two teaspoonfuls good baking powder, mix thoroughly, and lastly add whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth; don't beat them in, but stir them gently through the batter; bake at once.

"GONE WITH A VENGEANCE."

Dublin Freemans' Journal.

NEARLY 100,000 emigrants — the exact number is 95,857 — left the shores of Ireland forever during the year 1880. They doubled the number in 1879, which itself was 6,000 over that of 1878, which in turn exceeded that of 1877 by 3,000. How sensitive a test of the condition of a country is this emigration! Down to 1876, the last of the *quasi* prosperous years, emigration diminished. With 1877, the first of the distress, it swelled until at last it has reached the huge aggregate of nearly 100,000 human beings, — 50,189 males and 45,668 females. More than three fourths of these are between the ages of one and thirty-five years, some in the prime of their life, to enrich with their bone and blood and sweat a distant land and a far-off people. Since the years immediately succeeding the famine of 1847 there has been no such exodus. In 1851, 152,000 people became exiles of Erin; in 1852, 192,000; in 1853, 173,000; in 1854, 140,000: but in the first year of that hegira there were 8,000,000 of people in this country. In no year of the past quarter of a century have the numbers equalled those of last year; and last year the population of Ireland was not 8,000,000 of people, but only 5,000,000. What is the class of life from which these emigrants are recruited? The answer of the registrar-general will, we trust, be weighed by those who decry the land agitation. There were in 1880, out of the 50,189 males who emigrated, 36,688 "laborers," the vast majority of whom, we may say, were themselves farmers, and the sons of farmers, driven away by the law which bound in their prospect at home to one small, dark circle of helotry, to which niggerdom or pauper stone-breaking were paradise. The other males who emigated described themselves as follows: farmers, 1,994; carpenters and joiners, 579; mechanics, 172; clerks and accountants, 546; servants, 337; boot and shoe makers, 350; shopkeepers and assistants, 164; tailors, 290; masons and paviors, 201; mill-workers, 176; children and those who specified no occupation mustering 6,855. Turn we now to the females, of whom there were in all 45,618. 30,304 of these returned themselves as servants; 2,004 as housekeepers; 420 as dressmakers and milliners; and 130 as mill-workers. The "unspecified," including "wives and children," number 12,433. Of this vast army of 100,000 people on the "trek" from one small island, 74,636 faced to the west, — were bound for the United States. In the sight of such an exodus we cannot lend our voice to the recommendation of any scheme for further depletion, or as it is called, "relief of the congestion of population" in certain districts. Congestion in Connaught! Aldermanic apoplexy in a starveling snipe! 'T is blood we want, my lords, not bleeding! Yet since the people are going, and going with a vengeance, we would not be doing our duty towards them did we not point out where, if they must go, advantages are offered to them. It is notable that Irish emigration to New Zealand and Australia is latterly falling away, but that emigration to Canada is increasing, Ulster contributing the largest contingent to that Dominion. This arises, no doubt, from the advantages offered by the Dominion government. It is proposed to offer advantages to Irish immigration to Manitoba and the Northwest provinces of the most substantial kind Single men and women, it is remarked, present no difficulty; those in whose case a difficulty has been always experienced are the fathers and mothers of families, who frequently, on account of

the burden thrown upon them by having given hostages to fortune, are condemned to a life of hopelessness at home, while they might, like so many others of their countrymen, attain independence and comfort, if not actual opulence, abroad. For such, few facilities have been hitherto provided, and few agencies have catered. It is, however, to parents with three or four children that the present Canadian immigration movement addresses itself, and the offers it makes are liberal. The scheme, which in a short time, no doubt, will be matured, is that for such, a free passage across the Atlantic and transit to their new homes in the far West is to be provided, a farm of one hundred and sixty acres being presented to each new-comer. In anticipation of the immigrant's arrival a small residence will be erected, a certain extent of prairie land broken up and prepared for seed, and in case of late arrivals actually sown, so as to insure a crop the same season that they are placed in possession. All this, it is calculated, will entail an expenditure of somewhere about eighty pounds, which is to form a first charge on the land, and be repayable by certain annual instalments. It is expected that the wages earned by the man would suffice for the support of his family until his first crop was harvested, after which he might be regarded as self-sustaining. This scheme, were it once in operation, would doubtless tempt many rack-rented and notice-served peasants to accept the munificent offer of the Canadian government, of one hundred and sixty acres, with fixity of tenure, no rent, and free sale, where agents cease from troubling and tenants are at rest. But we repeat in the end what we said in the beginning, and what we have always said: Ireland was meant for men, not merely for sheep and cattle; and much as one might approve of the dictum of the father who declared that after he had done his best for his son up to the age of twenty-one, he would then let him shift for himself, it is quite another thing for the father, mother, sons, and daughters all to have to leave the old homestead and cross the ocean, to begin life anew amongst strange men and scenes. They do not flee from the military conscription in Ireland as do the Germans from fatherland. The Irish flee from that civil conscription, the draining of their substance, their earnings, and their fruits into the pockets of absentees and rack-renters.

GREAT nervous shocks sometimes cause the hair to turn white in a few hours. The case of Marie Antoinette is one of the most tender and touching on record, for in a single night her rich, dark hair was changed to a silver gray. In its natural state it was pale auburn in color, and of a silken texture. On the other hand, gray hair has been known to become dark. Nazarelia, a man one hundred and five years old, was in 1774 at Vienna presented by nature with a new set of teeth and a restoration of the black hair of his youth. John Weeks died, aged one hundred and fourteen, and was blessed with a regeneration of the color of his hair a short time before his death; and Sir John Sinclair, a Scotchman, dying at one hundred and ten, rejoiced in a youthful head of hair during the last years of his life. A New York physician reports the case of a man who had three changes of his hair from black to white during his life, the first taking place when he was about thirty-five years of age. "Variegated hair," which is alternately banded black and white, is noted among the hirsute curiosities of nature, and green and blue hair have been described by some authorities; but these colors owe their production to the influence of the surroundings in which their subjects live, the green hair belonging to those who work in copper mines and blue to those whose occupation is cobalt mining. Work ers in indigo also have blue hair.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO."

N. W., in London Catholic Progress.

THE echoes of the angels' song which broke the stillness night had thrown over the bleak downs of Bethlehem still linger upon the breeze, to be wafted to the four quarters of the globe, scattering, as they pass over Christian homes, the blissful gladness which alone peace with God can give. A sweet and blessed hymn is the *Gloria in excelsis*, composed by no earthly poet, — the refrain of the eternal song of mutual jubilation the Three Divine Persons have sung together through eternal years. How gladly would Christian ears have learned the rest the angels sang, as those bright messengers veiled their glory from the eyes of men and crowded round the lowly manger in deepest adoration! Can it be that what we sing is all of it what the angels sang? We know the beginning came from heaven, for it is written by the pen of the inspired evangelist, word for word, as they burst forth from angel lips; but for the rest we know not. One thing is certain: no one can say that this or that author composed the remainder of the *Gloria*. How it grew into its present form is hidden in obscurity. If we look to history, the *Gloria* is found in the very earliest ages of the Church. Strange to say, the faithful used it in the public and private prayers long before it was sung or said in the mass. As might be expected, it found great favor with the virgin spouses of our Lord, and St. Athanasius tells us that in his day — that is, 296–373 — the Christian virgins always sang the *Gloria* among the psalms at Lauds. Some Latin writers have attributed it to St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, contemporary with St. Athanasius, but from the way in which the latter speaks of it this is evidently a mistake: it is of a much earlier date. We find it whole and entire, just as we now have it, in the famous Alexandrian manuscript, one of the oldest manuscripts in the world.

It is a pleasure to record the devotion of the women of the West. In the third century they knew the whole *Gloria* by heart, and sang it every day. It may be that they learned it from those who before them had sung it in the Catacombs, since the learned in these questions say that it looks like one of the hymns sung by the first faithful "in honor of God and of Jesus Christ the true God." Pliny, in his letter to Trajan, is thought to mention it: *Carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum invicem*, — "They sing together a hymn to Christ as God." Perhaps the truth is, as a learned author suggests, that it lay calmly in the mind of the Church until the close of the second century, when an unknown defender of the faith encouraged the people to learn it and repeat it as a shield against the heresiarch Artemon, who denied the divinity of our Lord. This is the nearest we can get to the author of that portion of the *Gloria* which is not recorded in the Gospels.

When and by whom the *Gloria* was inserted in the Liturgy is equally uncertain. The earliest records, though of questionable authenticity, say that Pope Telesphorus, about the middle of the second century, ordered the *Gloria* to be sung at the beginning of the mass, on Christmas night. Another ancient document affirms that Pope Symmachus, about A. D. 500, fixed it to be said on Sundays and on the feasts of saints. But no records referring to the use of the *Gloria* in the mass are really trustworthy before the end of the sixth century. It is certain that from the time of Pope St. Gregory the Great the *Gloria* was recited by bishops, and not by priests, on Sundays and festivals. In the "Sacramentaries" written at the beginning of the eleventh century, we

find the *Gloria* recited on Sundays and festivals when the bishop officiated, and by priests on Easter Sunday. But this arrangement was not to last much longer. It is wonderful that it had lasted through so many centuries, and that the hearts of the priests, so long pent up, had not burst through all restraint. How could they for a thousand years have celebrated holy mass on Christmas night and not recite the angelic hymn? A deep reverence for authority alone can explain their long patience. The first move toward a change was taken by Bernon, abbot of Richenau, who called together a special chapter of his monks, and endeavored to show that if priests could say the *Gloria* on Easter day, they could say it on all Sundays and festivals, and especially on Christmas night, and that no prohibition against doing so could be found in any of St. Gregory's works. Bernon's sigh was not in vain. The "Customs of Cluny," written by St. Ulric in 1084, speaks of priests saying the *Gloria* on Sundays and feasts. A "Sacramentary," written about 1100, makes no distinction between bishop and priest. Another, in 1090, expressly lays down that priests as well as bishops shall say the *Gloria* on all festivals that have a full office; and this has been the rule to our own day. It is still omitted in some votive masses, on the Sundays in Lent and Advent. To omit it in Advent was a matter of choice in the ninth century. The Church seems to be divided in her feelings during the few weeks preceding Christmas; regarding it as a time of penance by her purple vestments, and as a time of joy, not having dropped the *Alleluia*. Now, however, the omission of the *Gloria* is obligatory on the Sundays in Advent, partly because, being a time of penitential preparation, it ought to be less solemn, and partly because Advent represents the Old Testament, the glory of which was so far inferior to that of the New. Thanks be to God that in the joyous Christmas time we are able to assist at holy mass so often, and to join with the angel hosts in proclaiming the glad tidings of great joy, and sing to our heart's content, *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.*

THE "LORDS" AND ST PATRICK'S DAY.

THAT most illustrious and "upper" portion of the English Parliament, the House of Lords, "celebrated" St. Patrick's day in truly English style, by passing, through its third and final reading, that collateral branch of the "Coercion" law, the "Arms Act," which makes it a penal offence, punishable with fine and imprisonment, for any *honest* Irishman to have or carry any kind of fire-arms or other military weapons, or any ammunition therefor, or parts thereof, whatever. It was a truly English way of commemorating the national holiday that every Irishman, everywhere, holds dear. But in strong contrast to it is the attitude of respectful negotiation that England occupies toward the Boers, who stand, with arms in their hands, defending their homes and liberties. Could England have *legislated* those rifles out of the hands of the South African farmers, she would have evinced as little regard for their liberties as she now shows to the people of Ireland, whom, since 1812, she has, on one pretext or another, kept permanently disarmed; and it goes without saying that if the warlike Boers were as unprovided as the Irish people, they would never have won the victories of the Drakenberg Pass and Majuba Mountain, which have compelled England to make overtures of peace to them. We trust the Irish people, at home, will not be so silly as to surrender their arms, such as they are, — "Arms Act" or no Act. While there is a bog-hole or a stream left in the land, the man who gives up his arms is a fool, — and that is being a little worse than a coward. — *Irish American.*

NON-OBSERVANCE OF RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS.

THE following discourse of the Holy Father was recently delivered in Rome: —

It is a great consolation to Our soul, dearly beloved children, to see you here to-day in such great number before Us; and of great comfort to Us are the noble sentiments and the holy proposals just now expressed in the name of all, by him who holds amongst you so worthily the office of president.

Your work, which is so directly zealous for the honor of God and his glory, justly occupies a distinguished position amongst pious and religious institutions; and, providing for a very great want of our days, has become highly meritorious and opportune.

None better than you, dearly beloved children, know how great the public profanation of feast-days is at present. In the shadow of a most extended liberty which is left to all and everything, all too true is it that the days consecrated to the Lord cannot any more be distinguished from those destined to traffic and labor. The shops and business houses in great part remain open, and manual labors are protracted through many hours, both hiddenly and openly, in public places and in private. In our days the designs of the impious, who had taken counsel together to abolish from the face of the earth the days sacred to the Lord, seem to have revived: *Quiescere faciamus omnes dies festos Dei a terra*, — Let us abolish all the festival days of God from the land. (Ps. lxxiii. 8.)

And yet the observance of feast-days, willed expressly by God from the first origin of man, is loudly called for by the absolute and essential dependence of the creature on the Creator. And this law, — note it well, beloved children, — which at one time so admirably provides for the honor of God, the spiritual wants and dignity of man, and likewise for the temporal well-being of human life, — this law, We say, touches not only individuals, but also peoples and nations, which are debtors to Divine Providence for all good and every advantage derived from civil society. And it is exactly to this most fatal tendency, which prevails to-day, of desiring to lead man far from God, and to order kingdoms and nations as if God did not exist, that it is owing that at present the Lord's day is despised and neglected.

It is said, indeed, that thereby it is intended to further industry, to procure for the people an increase of prosperity and riches. Foolish and false phrases! It is sought instead to take away from the people the comforts, the consolations, and the benefits of religion; it is sought to weaken in them the sentiment of faith and love of heavenly things; and to call down upon nations the most terrible scourges of God, the just vindicators of his outraged honor.

That which renders still more deplorable so great a disorder is, that it takes place in the midst of Catholic nations, upon which the benefits of the Lord have been poured abundantly and copiously. It is most deplorable, then, that such excess should be seen in Rome, the centre of Catholicity, the See of the Roman Pontiffs, at the very time that in anti-Catholic nations the need is felt of recalling in vigor the observance of the festival day.

Hence it is, that We behold with profound sadness and grief that the faithful of the whole world, who expect to find here in Rome the model of Catholic life, public and private, are saddened and offended instead by such profanation. And Our sorrow is rendered still more grave on reflecting that, Rome having been taken from Our legitimate dominion, We are placed in the impossibility of remedying the evil and of vindicating the honor of God.

n great part this task belongs to

you, dearly beloved children. Put all your care and effort in this holy work; let the number of zealous associates for the observance of feast-days be greatly increased; let your activity, zeal, and holy courage be redoubled; let not difficulties move you; let not human respect restrain you; let not even offences and injuries, which you will happen sometimes to meet with, cause you to abandon the holy undertaking. And in order that your efforts may turn out more fruitful, We make appeal to the piety and the religion of those who have at heart the honor of God and the well-being of Rome, to as many as are interested in the moral and material welfare of the working classes. And We earnestly exhort them to co-operate with you in this noble purpose, according to the rule of your statutes, and in the degree allowed by the condition of each person.

And as to Us, We will always assist you, dearly beloved children, with Our authority and word; and We will constantly pray the Lord that to you, and to all your associates, may be granted the grace to continue with perseverance, with zeal, and with good fruit so holy and salutary an undertaking.

Meanwhile, for your encouragement, and as a pledge of Our particular benevolence, to you here present, to your families, and to as many as take part in the pious work, We impart, with effusion of heart, the Apostolic Benediction.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN NEW YORK.

The very large number of those who are supposed to be Protestants that do not attend their churches has been noticed on every side. A writer in the *Evangelist* furnishes statistics of their churches and attendance in New York. He states that there are in the city of New York 278 Protestant churches and 118 missions, with a Protestant population of 600,000; that their average attendance is but 150,000, or in other words, twenty-five per cent; that is, one in every four of its supposed members attend their services. This proves that the majority of its members are not practical believers in the faith to which they are supposed to belong, and that they are Protestants merely in name. On the other hand, there are in the city of New York fifty-nine Catholic churches; the Catholic population is not less than 500,000. In each of those churches every Sunday at least five masses are celebrated, which are attended by a different congregation, who fill the church to its utmost capacity. On an average the Catholic churches in this city can hold 1,500 people, which would give the attendance as 442,500. This, with the attendance at the children's mass, shows that Catholics are not so merely in name, like Protestants. — *N. Y. Catholic Review.*

A VIGOROUS CENTENARIAN.

Mr. Mark O'Haire, of 129 Upper Rathmines, Dublin, father of the Rev. James O'Haire, the South African missionary, has just completed his 103d year, in the full enjoyment of health of mind and body. He was born in the early part of January, 1778, and took part in the "Rebellion of '98," being then twenty years old. It will be remembered that on the 12th of July it was usual for the Orangemen to assemble around the statue of King William in College Green, and many were the outrages to which Catholics were subjected on such occasions. Mr. Mark O'Haire, while a young man, happened to pass on one of these memorable occasions, and was nearly kicked to death because he would not cry out, "To hell with the pope," and still more because, while in the hands of the Orangemen, he exclaimed, "All hail, Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Christ!"

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.

For they can conquer who believe they can.
DRYDEN'S "VIRGIL."

In the course of the ensuing evening the statue of King William was decked out gayly with laurels and brilliant sashes of orange and blue. A number of Yeomen attended, to enforce on all passers-by the observance of uncovering the head and doing homage to their idol. A party of coal-quay porters, however, their hereditary enemies, going by with covered heads, and armed with formidable-looking wattles, the cowardly Yeomen considered it more prudent in their case to content themselves with muttered threats, and cheering for the Boyne after the porters were out of hearing.

Towards nightfall Winn stationed his guards, placing Tom the Devil at the statue.

"Mind," were his instructions, "the password is 'Death to the Papists.' I have told it to no one but Mr. Lunham and yourself. If any man come near you and does not give it, no matter who he be, shoot him or run him through. Now you know your duty."

"And trust me, Oi 'll act up to it," said Tom, with an accent which proclaimed his county. "Let any mon come, Oi don't care who, and Oi 'll run him through and make a dodge-ball on moi bayonet."

"I am sure you will be as good as your word, Tom, after what I have seen you do at Wexford. Your watch will be relieved at daybreak. Remember, no one is to be allowed approach, be he Yeoman or anybody else."

"Noo, noo, sir; Oi 've got my orders, and Oi don't want tellin' twoice. Oi 'm a Northern," and Tom started on his first round.

Winn was here joined by his lieutenant, Lunham, with two companies of Yeomen and militia, and he at once proceeded to place the watches on the several surrounding streets. Grafton, Suffolk, and Dame Streets he gave in charge to the Yeomen; while between Westmorland and Brunswick Street and the Exchange he divided the North Cork Militia. "Mind what your orders are," were his parting words to each picket. "The password is 'Long live the king'; no matter who gives it, let him pass unquestioned. Just note his appearance, that if necessary you can recognize him again."

"Really, Winn," said Lunham, as they were returning to the college alone, "I cannot understand what you mean by this strong guarding of every point but the important one. You have placed double files on all the streets around, but the Green itself you have given in charge to one man, whereas if you had posted one hundred there you would not require one anywhere else."

"Devil take that thick skull of yours, Lunham, but you are uncommon slow of perception. Do you not see that everything I have done has been for a purpose? I have laid the toils in which I hope to ensnare a Bengal tiger. That Harcourt I know will be attempting some trick again, and I hope this time to prove too much for him. To those who guard the street, you have observed, I have given a password which he will be sure to find out. You know I have made it no secret in college. I have also ordered them to let any one who gives it pass at once. So he will find it all fair sailing till he gets within the charmed circle. Having got so far, he will be encouraged on thinking he will have only one man more to encounter. He will suppose the same password will do him in both cases. He knows as little of the true one as he does of the man he will have to meet. Why, before he will have time to blink an eye, Tom will have him down. In three seconds more he 'll wake to find himself on a gridiron in hell, and Beelzebub broiling him for his supper."

"Capital, capital, Winn!" cried Lunham, clapping his hands in the excess of his delight. "That idea is worth millions to the cause. When he is out of the way we can easily manage the rest."

Meanwhile Harcourt had at dusk returned to his own house, where he was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Fitzgerald. When it was quite dark a low rap came to the street door, and presently after his servant brought him a sealed billet, which ran thus: "Proceed at once to Lord Edward; I will follow soon with a strong band." Having read the scrip, Harcourt applied it to the flame of a taper, and watched till it was consumed to ashes. He then rose, deliberately girded on his sword, put in his pockets a case of pistols and a black mask, threw round his shoulders a large cloak, drew a cap over his eyes, extinguished the lights, and left the room. In the hall he summoned his servant, whom he told not to expect him back till morning, and having given him a few necessary directions went out into the street. Fortunately for the success of the mission on which he was bound, the night was excessively dark. Dense black clouds which portended coming rain rolled overhead; and so poor and sickly was the light of the street-lamps (which at that time was of oil, and but badly supplied) that he found it unnecessary to assume his disguise until he arrived at Aungier Street. Here he rapped softly at a small dark door at one side of a shop. It was cautiously opened a few inches, and a voice from within inquired who was there. He spoke a few words in a whisper, and the opening immediately widened sufficiently large to let his body pass in, and when he had gone through it closed again. He ascended cautiously a dark, narrow staircase to the third flight, where in answer to a peculiar knock at a door he was directed to enter, and found himself in the presence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He was seated in a small and scantily furnished room at a small table, over which lay scattered several papers, with which he was at the time engaged. On the opening of the door he lifted his head, and the light fell upon his face. It seemed to his visitor that while long confinement, anxiety, and mental toil had rendered his countenance careworn and pale, they had at the same time heightened and refined the sweetness and benevolence of its expression; and the eyes that illumined it shone out beneath the broad, square forehead and finely arched brows with the same brightness and intelligence as of old. With a smile of pleasure he recognized Harcourt.

"Well, Robert," he said, rising and stretching out his hand, "what news do you bring?"

"Much the same as last time, Lord Edward; we must again change."

"So soon! and I was beginning to feel at home here. What has caused this new alarm?"

"It may possibly prove groundless. George Fitzgerald happened to call to-day on Lady Pamela, and found with her that man Reynolds, whom both he and I distrust. The fellow called on her by way of paying a visit of condolence, and while professing the most anxious solicitude for your safety, endeavored by every means to discover from her your present abode. George communicated with some of the Directory, and they all advise that you should instantly be removed to some other lodgings."

"Well, my good friend, I am entirely in your hands. In five minutes I shall be prepared to accompany you where you will."

"George will soon be at the door with a strong escort for your Lordship. God grant that before very long you can walk forth in the light of day."

"If I were to act as my own judgment prompts, Robert, I would not delay the rising a single hour. The people cannot be prevailed on patiently to endure the government cruelties much longer. We have at this moment 200,000 men, tolerably armed,

and all ardor to take the field. However, the majority of the Directory think it best to await the arrival of the French. I yield to their opinion, but I am unshaken in my own. Every day's delay gives strength to the enemy. What if this hope of French succor should again prove fallacious, and in the end we find we must rely on our own resources? May we not then be obliged to fight without the most distant chance of success? Castlereagh is determined not to give us our own time. Within two months, whether we will or not, he will drive us into rebellion. If partial risings be excited through the country, they can be easily suppressed. The masses will then become dispirited and demoralized, and after a few reverses will lay down their arms. With an army composed of an undisciplined multitude, everything depends on the first success. If we continue to wait until the hands of government are strengthened, and then at a critical moment our allies fail us, we are undone."

"My opinion entirely coincides with yours, Lord Edward, upon the advisability of immediate action. Now we are organized; our leaders are all in readiness to take their posts. Should you give the order to-night, in two days the whole island would be in insurrection. The Castle would never be able to oppose it. But suppose we delay for one month, and meanwhile the Directory are hunted down and cast into prison; the movement then becomes paralyzed and utterly hopeless, unless the French come to our assistance."

"I am glad your views so closely coincide with mine, Robert. How does your own party at present stand?"

"Tolerably well. I have a number of men in college who, I think, will make good captains. Several of them are at present in Carlow, the county in which George and I shall command, putting their respective companies in order. On receiving notice from the Directory, we can have them all together and be at their head within four hours."

"I wish all the leaders in the country had their followers in the same state of discipline. Be sure your officers train their men well in the use of the pike. It proves a most formidable weapon in a guerrilla war; even cavalry are often unable to withstand it. But is not that George's knock at the door? Come, I am prepared."

Lord Edward placed two pistols — presents he had received some time before from the informer Reynolds — in his breast, put a small dagger within his sword-belt, and wrapped himself in his cloak. Harcourt took up the small box that contained his papers and books. As they stood in readiness, Fitzgerald hurriedly entered the room.

"For God's sake come on at once," he cried. "My conjectures have proved too true. Swan and Sir with their myrmidons are surrounding us. Robert, you take Lord Edward with your party and proceed to Murphy's, by Ship Street. I will take mine by another way; when we fall in with the soldiers we 'll raise such a commotion as will draw all the attention upon us. In the midst of the confusion you can easily escape unobserved."

"My dear George," said his Lordship, who understood at once the nature of the risk his young relative intended to run, "I will never consent to this."

"My lord," cried Fitzgerald earnestly, "there is now no time for hesitation. The lives of all of us depend on yours being preserved. Take my word for it, I will be with you again before an hour has passed. Now, Robert, lead on."

They extinguished the lights and descended to the street-door, outside which they found their escort awaiting them. As prearranged, they divided the men into two parties; and, Harcourt taking the lead of one with Lord Edward in their centre, and

Fitzgerald assuming that of the other, they set out by different routes for Thomas Street.

Harcourt and his party had not proceeded far ere they perceived a body of men approaching, who presently formed a line across the street, and a voice in front of them cried, "Stand! Who go there?"

"On at once and break through," he whispered to those about him, and then called out in a loud voice, "Clear the way," and rushed on against the soldiers in front. Drawing his sword he forced aside that of the commander, who stood awaiting him, while at the same instant he struck the latter a violent blow in the chest, which sent him reeling back amongst his own followers, one or two of whom fell with himself to the ground. Harcourt, profiting by the momentary confusion, dashed into the gap, closely followed by Lord Edward and two or three more. Stepping over the prostrate body of his late opponent, whom he did not wish seriously or unnecessarily to injure with his sword, he cleared a way before him, whilst those following kept the soldiers on either side at bay. The scuffle was beginning to become general, when the attention of both parties was caught by loud shouts from a neighboring street. "The others have him," cried the soldiers, and immediately endeavored to force their way towards York Street. Harcourt's party at once closed on their rear, and in every way endeavored to add to their disorder; while he, hurrying off with his noble charge, without further molestation reached Murphy's house. The man who owed his life to Harcourt's noble reluctance to shed blood ere war had been regularly begun was the notorious individual by whose dastardly shot Lord Edward a few days afterward fell, and by whom Emmet five years later was hunted to the death, — Town Major Sir.

Half an hour later Fitzgerald joined his friends at Murphy's and relieved their intense anxiety for his safety. He briefly recounted to them his adventures. In York Street he had encountered the company of Swan. He then directed his men to fall in and strike right and left with their oaken cudgels. This they did, and with such effect as made the soldiers soon call loudly for assistance. This brought Sir's men to their aid; but Harcourt with Lord Edward having slipped away, his party were able to go to the succor of their companions, who, thus re-enforced, speedily drove their opponents toward the Castle, pursuing them as far as Cork Hill. Having seen the last soldier enter the Castle gate, and knowing their purpose to be fully accomplished, they had disbanded. The young men told Lord Edward of their intended exploit. He laughed heartily, but begged them to take the greatest precautions, as the whole business of decorating the statue was probably intended as a trap to ensnare them.

Just as the clock of St. Patrick's was chiming twelve they took leave of Lord Edward, — they little thought as they grasped his hand that it was for the last time, — and noiselessly left the house.

They proceeded together in silence till they reached Essex, now Grattan Bridge, then continued along by the river as far as the present metal boat-bridge, and here they paused. They knew that it was on Westmorland Street, College Street, and the Exchange that the militia guards, to whom they were unknown, were stationed. It was necessary to their purpose that they should separate, and pass through the files at different places, so they arranged that Fitzgerald would go by Westmorland Street, Harcourt by the Exchange. But here a great difficulty presented itself. It was vitally essential to the success of their plan that they should both arrive at the statue at one and the same moment, and after they had once parted, neither could by signal or otherwise give the other notice of

his approach; and if one reached the destined spot three seconds too soon, the consequences would probably be fatal to both. After some consideration they decided that Fitzgerald should be allowed five minutes to go around and pass through the Westmorland Street guard; if he arrived too soon he was to wait concealed until the time had expired, as at that moment Harcourt would give the pass at the Exchange; and then if no accident occurred, they calculated that, each passing on at once, both would come to the statue at the same time. How they were to act after that they had already arranged.

With far less difficulty than they had expected they had learned the password of the outer watch. Indeed, its simplicity, and the open manner in which it had been repeated through the college during the evening, half led them to Lord Edward's conclusion that some snare was intended; but they determined to proceed at all hazards.

With beating heart Harcourt stood within the deep recess of a projecting doorway until four minutes had elapsed. He then raised the collar of his cloak about his chin, drew his cap over his eyes, so that in the uncertain light of the oil lamp strangers might not see his features, and bracing his nerves for the venture, as the soldier who is determined to conquer or fall, walked boldly forward toward the watch. As he advanced up the narrow lane, sounds of voices singing, mingled with profane oaths and ribald jests, told him how the militia picket were passing their hours; and so lax was the sentry on guard that he was almost in their midst before his approach was challenged. At length a voice called out, as a bayonet was raised to his breast: —

"Halt! who goes there?"

Harcourt answered: —

"An officer of the round."

"Give the password."

"Long live the king!"

"And perish all rebels. Pass on, captain; all well."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the seeming captain in a severe tone. "The watch seems very disorderly."

"Oh, your Honor would n't be too hard on poor fellows stationed out in the cold all night. Sure, 't is 'the pope in the pillory and the devil peltin' him with priests' heads' we're singin'."

"Has any one passed your picket before to-night?"

"Sorra one, sir."

"Let no one else go through till I return. Mind that my orders be obeyed."

Harcourt's time was up to the second, so he walked on.

"Who the devil's he?" asked one, when the mysterious visitor was out of hearing.

"I don't know his face," said another; "perhaps it's the general himself."

"The general, good man, is snug in his bed. He has better sense than comin' round at this hour spyin' after boys out in the cold, without the diversion of a priest to flog or a rebel to hang."

"Or a fire to roast them at. But we had better be careful. Be jabers, may be it's the colonel that's going to see if Tom the Devil's asleep."

As Harcourt drew near the statue, he observed the sentry moving on his solitary round, pausing at each corner and looking about him so that no one might approach him unawares.

Not wholly prepared for such vigilance, even in a quarter where he doubted not orders had been given to maintain a strict watch, he at once stood still and remained gazing on the gigantic figure, from which rose as it moved along the words of the famous Orange ballad: —

> The Irish they ran first away,
> The French they soon did follow,
> And he that furthest was away,
> He was the happiest fellow.

Suddenly it came to a halt on the side that faces the college. As Harcourt strained his eyes in that direction, he saw, or fancied he saw, an

advancing figure looming through the darkness. In another instant he was certain of the form; so, creeping close to the statue, while the sentry's attention was still engaged, he stood concealed in the shadow at its base.

The man stirred not meanwhile, until the figure had approached within some seven or eight yards, when he called out, "Hallo! stand. friend, or it beèst worse for thee. Who draws neigh?"

Fitzgerald stood. At the same instant Harcourt left the concealment of the statue, and crept close to the sentry's back.

"A friend."

"Then thoo givest t' password, ere thoo comest near. Hast thoo it?"

"I have."

"What be it?"

"Down with King William."

For one instant, his senses completely staggered by the unexpected and audacious reply, Tom the Devil stood motionless and stupefied; but the next he recovered himself, and was lifting his gun, when with the agility of a panther Harcourt seized him by the throat. His hand left the trigger and sought his neck, where the small white knuckles that pressed the windpipe were rapidly producing strangulation; and Fitzgerald that instant closed in and wrenched the gun from his slackening grasp. Both arms of the furious giant being at liberty, he struggled and looked wildly right and left about him, but the tight hold upon his throat in no way relaxed Fitzgerald, his great source of anxiety being at an end when he had possessed himself of the musket, laid it carefully to one side, and produced from his pocket a piece of rope which he nimbly passed round the arms of the struggler, and lashed them to his side. With a second rope he next secured his legs, which at once brought him to the ground. With a handkerchief he next bound his mouth so that he could give no alarm, but left a breathing space for his nostrils. Then lifting his feet, while Harcourt releasing his neck took him by the shoulders, they carried him under the portico of the Parliament House, and laying him there at length the latter addressed him: —

"As you value your life, attempt not to stir or cry. Did we treat you as you deserve, we would leave you to the care of your foster-father, and before ten minutes he might be entertaining you in hell. Were we murderers like you and your master, we would let you remain where we found you, but we have removed you to a place of safety. Remember my parting words, — keep quiet."

Leaving the helpless sentry stretched on his back along the flags, the so-far successful adventurers returned to the statue. Harcourt drew from his pocket the powder-flask, and Fitzgerald climbed to the horse's back, and placed it on the saddle close to the rider, and having cautiously lighted the slow-match, leaped down. Both then hastened away by College Street, where they gave the militia guard the password, and cautioned them, as they had those at the other stations, to let no one else pass in during the night, for they wished that no one should be hurt by the explosion. These men also took them for persons in authority, and likewise promised to obey.

Fitzgerald with difficulty suppressed the feelings of exultation that rose within him until they were at the end of D'Olier Street and beyond the reach of pursuit.

"*Fortes fortuna adjuvat*, Robert," he cried, at last; "we have succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes. To tell the truth, now, I was a little nervous about the affair when we separated on the quays, and I was left to think for myself."

"The only thing I dreaded," replied his friend, "was that he might fire the gun when you gave the wrong password, which, if you had not been shot, would at all events have brought all the surrounding guards upon us. But fortunately, as I hoped, the boldness of the proceeding completely capsized his intellect. Had you

merely hesitated about the word he would have fired, but the rebel party cry took him altogether off his legs."

"When I saw you moving from the pedestal I felt right. Before that I knew not where you were, and had almost given myself up for lost."

"I remained back in the dark until I saw you had caught his attention, as had I been there before you it was all up with us. Now that I reflect what the risk was, I almost wonder we ran it at all. However, we have accomplished our object. There will be no procession to-morrow."

"You must come home with me to-night, Robert. Shall we tell the girls of our exploit?"

"As it is all over, I think we had better. They should be inured to startling news in time. They will have plenty of it before long."

"Oh, how they will laugh when they hear of your struggle with the Orange giant!"

"Confound him! he has strained my wrists so I shall have no power in my hands to morrow."

"Let us wait out here for a few moments," said Fitzgerald (they had by this reached Upper Sackville Street), "until we hear the report; then we shall go in."

At a card-table in a student's room within the college were seated Captain Winn, Lieutenant Lunham, and a few chosen brother Yeomen. Before them were various descriptions of drink; around them rose clouds of tobacco smoke, and the sounds of their joviality and merriment reached far out in the squares below. Their card-playing, drinking, and smoking were enlivened with alternate songs and stories. They had exhausted their store of loyal ballads, and each had recounted that night for about the fortieth time his own particular Wexford deeds. They had many times over drank "success to the next campaign, and plenty of rebels to spike and priests to hang"; and Winn, having under the various exciting influences arrived at the highest pitch of loyal ardor, could no longer restrain the exuberance of his feelings, but with a generous confidence that was fully appreciated all round, disclosed, what up to this only Lunham knew, the plot he had set for the leader of the Popish gang. He proceeded to give them a picture of the meeting he expected between Harcourt and Corporal Tom, and as well as his unsteady condition would allow he illustrated with the poker how his trusted and gallant follower would bring the rebel down. He was about promising them that next morning they might if they chose deck their procession pole with a foeman's head, when a report like the sudden discharge of a park of artillery shook the walls of the building to their foundation, making the windows rattle, and the glasses on the table dance with its reverberations.

All turned ashy pale; the most boisterous and intoxicated was on the instant sober as a judge. Deathlike silence for a while ensued, as though each feared to speak first. At last some one gasped out, "A gunpowder plot!"

Winn the first moment was white with fear, the next turned purple with passion. At the mention of a gunpowder plot, with a furious bound he rose from his seat.

"It is more of *his* work!" he cried as he burst through the door and dashed down the stairs. At the college gate he found all in confusion and alarm. Half-dressed collegians, porters, and some of the fellows were assembling from every direction. The Green without was filled with shouts and cries, while lamps and torches were moving all about.

"Oh, Mr. Winn, have you heard what has happened, sir?" asked the porter Morgan when he came up.

"Hell and fury, get out of my way!" was Winn's reply, as he rushed on toward where the great crowd of Yeomen and militia was congregated. In an instant he knew the truth. There before him stood the

vacant pedestal; the mounted statue had disappeared. Forcing his way into the centre of the dense circle, he beheld the body of the horse stretched along the pavement, and some distance farther on the headless and armless figure of the rider. With a roar that resembled the bellow of a wild beast, he demanded where was Tom the Devil. No one could tell. Search was at once instituted, and after some time he was discovered where Harcourt and Fitzgerald had left him.

When Winn perceived his condition, his fury knew no bounds. He tore from his mouth the bandage that bound it, and called on him to tell who they were who had so treated him, vowing eternal vengeance on their heads, and at the same time declaring his determination to have those flogged and pitched who had let them pass their pickets. Seeing Tom still helpless, he drew a knife and cut the cords that bound him; then, roughly seizing and shaking him, brought him to his feet. It was some time before the man could recover from his state of semi-stupefaction, but when his senses were sufficiently restored he spoke: —

"Bide a bit, and Oi'll tell you all. 'T was as Oi walked on moi round Oi saw a man draw nigh. Oi thought it moight be you or Mr. Lunham. 'Gie me the word, friend,' sed Oi. 'Down with King William!' sed he. Wud that Oi drew up and prepared to fire, but ere Oi could handle my piece Oi was caught by the throat, half strangled, tied up, and taken to where you have just found me. There war two of 'em in it, and they told me if Oi stirred Oi 'd be killed, and Oi see what they sed was thrue."

"Why did you not shoot down the first man you saw without letting him speak at all, you dastardly poltroon?" cried Winn.

"If Oi had done so, sir, Oi would have shot yourself when you came to me at ten o'clock, and sed you — "

"Cease your prating. Do you know who these scoundrels were?"

"One cam behind, and Oi could not see t' other's face, but Oi suspect Oi knew his voice."

"Who was he, d— him?" cried Winn in great excitement.

"It was he, Oi think, who cleared you of the pit the other noight. Oi 'm not quite sure of him, but Oi 'll swear to him."

"That's enough. He has spoiled the procession for to-morrow, but we 'll see if we can't be quits with him yet. Early in the morning, Tom, I will want you to accompany me to the Castle."

To be continued.

WHAT BECOMES OF AMERICAN MEAT.

WHAT becomes of the American and Australian meat that is being regularly shipped to this country in enormous quantities? American meat, when first brought into the English market, was sold at reduced prices, and it met with a great demand. It soon came to be known that American meat is as good as English meat; and by some means or other, it has disappeared from the market. How is this? Large quantities of meat come across the Atlantic every week. What becomes of it? The other day a vessel from Australia with fresh meat arrived in England. She had on board the carcasses of one thousand eight hundred sheep, some sides of beef, and eighty tons of butter. The whole cargo has been so well preserved, that it is reported to be as dry and fresh as when it was put on board. What has become of all this meat? Has it been bought up by our English butchers, and is it being passed off as English-raised beef and mutton, to the great advantage of a few speculators, and to the great injustice of poor people, to whom the price of butchers' meat is a seriously important matter? There should be some means of finding out how American and Australian meat is made to disappear as soon as it arrives in this country. — *London Universe.*

PRIZE ESSAY ON POLICEMEN.

POLICEMEN is a superior class of mortals who walk slow and look large. They generally comes from the country, and is chosen 'cos they is eddicated up to the knocker. When they comes from the country they is very poor, but in town they soon becomes rich, and gets gold watches and chains, and rings, and things; and when a policeman he walks out on a Sunday with his young ooman he is up to Dick, an' no mistake.

Policemen takes care of folks who is drunk, particklar they takes care of drunk folks' money and things, so as nobody carn't steal 'em, which the folks who was drunk has no more trouble about 'em, seein' as how they never sees their money nor things no more. Not likely; not if the policeman knows it.

Policemen is called bobbies, 'cos they bobs their heads when a 'arf brick it is thrown at 'em, and 'cos they never will receive bobs from anybody. No, never? Well, hardly ever. In course not. What do you think?

Policemen is also called peelers, 'cos they soon peels the skin off your face with their trunchings, more 'specially if you happens not to be a-doin' of nothin'; which that is a-actin' fair between man and man, and makes everybody alike. Quite so. "Et sketera."

Policemen comes into the police court in the mornin', fit and well, and looks as if they would win a race some day — not a human race, which some policemen is most inhuman monstrosities in human shape. And carn't they swear dreadful? "Your wusshup, the defendant he were a-blazin' drunk and intoxicated and speechless, and a-usin' o' obscene language; which he were also sound asleep and insensible, and knocked me down twice, and danced an Irish jig on my posturate and lifeless body."

Then his wusshup he says to the policeman, says he, "I does n't recognize any marks o' wiolence on your person." Which the policeman he answers and says, "Ah, your wusshupful Lordship's rivrence, I'm Oirish, and my skin heals like greased lightnin'. My brother Pat he had his leg knocked off at Donnybrook, and it grew on again in less nor a week." And then his wusshup he says, "You swear all you says is true?" And the bobby he says, "I'll swear any mortal thing." Then little Louis Lewis he comes forrard and he says, "You say you 'll swear as all you 'ave said are true; now will you bet that it are?" "No, bedad," says the peeler. Then he stands down and the defendant he are found 40 bob and costs; which it serves him right for bein' out of his wirtuous bed as late as nine o'clock at night. Father, dear father, come home, or you 'll a-ketch of it hot, I tell you. But which father he carnt come home, 'cos he 's been run in and locked up by a policeman.

A policeman, when he is very tired doin' nothink, which it is his duty to do so, he sees a child a-settin' at its mother's door; and he seizes the child, and he carries it to the police station, and he calls it a stray child. Then the mother she comes a-weepin' and a-sobbin', and she thanks that good, kind, tender-hearted, feelin', fatherly bobby for a-kidnappin' of her kid; which she says he will be rewarded hereafter. Let us hope so. Next day the child's father he steals half-a-crown, and he offers it to that kind Christian peeler, which he refuses to take it; and Sir Frederick Leighton he is sent for and ordered to paint a historical picter, entitled "Bobby refusin' the Half-crown," to be placed across the roadway in front of the "Sportin' Times" to regerlate the traffic. And the good Christian bobby he are made a commissioner, and lives 'appy all his days.

Policemen likes cooks, and cooks likes policemen, 'cos policemen protects cooks from burglars and noose-paper comps goin' home in the mornin' before daylight does appear; which it has n't appeared for several days. Cooks give policemen cold mutton, which they tell their missuses the cat stole it; which the missuses believe the cooks — I don't think.

Policemen likes strong drinks, but they never gets any, seein' as how it are, agen the regerlations to give a bobby anything when he are on dooty. Which the peeler would n't take if a publican offered it to him — over the left.

It is beautiful to see a policeman artistically a-scannin' of the graceful proportions of the Temple Bar griffin, while a boy is breakin' off the base reliefs on the griffin's pedestal. It were ever thus in childhood's days. Policemen 'as heyes like 'awks, and are n't they nuts on street 'awkers?

In conclusion, if you was to ask me, I would say, Allus keep sweet wi' the Press and the Perlice.

Why an Old Texan prepared to die. — One day last month when trade was dull, a grocery clerk procured a piece of sole-leather from a shoemaker, painted it black and laid it aside for future use. Within a few days an old chap from back in the country came and inquired for an end of chewing tobacco. The piece of sole-leather was tied up, paid for, and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store he inquired for the clerk. "'Member that terbacker I got here the other day?"—"Yes, sir." —"Well, was that a new brand?" —"Yes."—"Regular plug terbacker, was it?"—"Yes."—"Well, then, it 's me. It's right here in my jaws," sadly replied the old man. "I knowed I was gettin purty old, but I was allus handy on bitin' plug, and pulled and twisted like a dog at a root, and I never seed a plug afore this one that I couldn't tear to pieces at a chaw. I sot my teeth on this one and bit; I 've kept bitin' and pullin' for six days, and thar she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me." "Seems to be a good plug," remarked the clerk, as he smelt of the counterfeit. "She 's all right; it's me that 's failin'," exclaimed the old man. "Pass me out some fine-cut, and I 'll go home and deed the farm to the boys and get ready for the grave myself."

Father Burke on the Landing of St. Patrick in Ireland. — What joy was in heaven at that hour when the blessed feet of the Bishop, Patrick, touched the shores of Ireland, — the ancient "Isle of Destiny"! This was her destiny, surely, and it is about to be fulfilled, that she should be the home and the mother of saints, — of doctors and holy solitaries and pure virgins and martyrs robed in white, and of a people acceptable before the Lord; that the Cross of Christ should be the emblem of her faith forevermore, — of her faith and her trials, of her tears and sorrows, and of her victory, "which conquered the world." O golden hour among the hours, when the sands of the Irish shore first embraced, softly and lovingly, the beautiful footprints of him who preached peace and good tidings; when Moses struck the rock, and the glistening waters of salvation flowed in the desert land; when the "Name which is above all names" was first heard in the old Celtic tongue; and the Lord Jesus, entering upon his new inheritance, exclaimed, "This is my resting-place for ever and ever; here shall I dwell because I have chosen it." The conversion of Ireland, from the time of St. Patrick's landing to the day of his death, is in many respects the strangest fact in the history of the Church. The saint met with no opposition; his career resembles more the triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a missionary.

WONDERS OF CREATION.

Most Rev. Archbishop Croke.

It was an old and true and well-known saying that there is nothing new under the sun. Equally old and true was it, though perhaps not so well known, that there were no two things perfectly alike under the sun. The most gifted artist that ever had been, or that ever might have been, never cast or carved or otherwise produced any two articles whereof one would be an exact copy of the other. No two productions of the human head or hand, of pen or pencil, ever were exactly alike. Even the great artificers, whose works would perish but with time, built them with materials in endless and inconceivable variety. Where would they find two faces, two landscapes alike?

What could the world be if all men rivalled Solomon in wisdom, Crœsus in wealth, Alexander in strategy, or Locke in understanding? Let them look at some historic picture, representing, for instance, a group of statesmen in the council chamber, or a number of mailed warriors on the battle-field. The artist could not give an equal prominence to all the figures; some of them must be comparatively in the shade, others almost entirely so, and others literally surrounded by a flood of light. So in society: there must be happiness and misery, wisdom and folly, wealth and poverty; the master and the servant dependant upon and relieving each other. The Greek and the barbarian, the wise and foolish, are scattered promiscuously in every direction around. What a strange and startling variety of conditions one is sure to meet with in the world! Some are poor but contented; others are rich but wretched, because wearied of revelry. Some have too much, others too little. Some want for everything, and others, apparently, want for nothing. Some wear diamonds and rings of unknown value upon their fingers, are waited on by a numerous retinue, and have their persons adorned with the most costly ornaments; others, friendless and unknown, steal on through life, no one heeding them, and the wind and the weather assailing them on the way. Some drive in chariots gilded and gay, others travel on foot unheeded. Some have many friends, others are without them. Some are respected by their fellow-citizens, others dreaded or despised. For some every enterprise succeeds, for others there is nothing but disaster. In a word, there are some who seem to be the especial favorites of Providence, and there are others whose only inheritances are sufferings and tribulations, — wretched outcasts, born and destined to live in poverty, and to die, perhaps, without pity. He would ask them, had they ever seriously considered the condition of their fellow-men, and compared their own with that of those around them? Had they ever visited any of those great but dreary hospitals where lie thousands of sickly patients, or one of those prisons where crime crouches on the ground in dark and loathsome cells? Had they ever reason to mourn for the wreck of all their hopes, or the death of some one near and dear to them? Or had they ever thought of what they suffered who had to dwell in dark lanes and polluted atmospheres; of what the soldier suffered when dying on the battle-field, or the murderer while walking to the scaffold, or the emigrant when he looks for the last time upon the home in which he was born, and quits forever the companions of youth? Many and many were the phases of misfortune, and the lot of many now before him might be envied by thousands. If, then, those whom he had the high honor of addressing there, enjoying health as well as rank and wealth,

should think what their lot might have been if cast among beggars; let them have no feeling of pride, which was hateful both to God and man, and has been denominated as the vice of fools. True, there was a commendable pride that had its base in religion; the mother of the Maccabees felt a just pride when she saw her seven sons die rather than obey the persecuting tyrant. So also did Francis Xavier, when dying in the cause of God, far away from his native land. In such a case a pride might be felt, and yet not be sinful. As well might the lily in the field take pride in its loveliness, the statue in its symmetry, or the ocean fish because of the quantity of water by which he is surrounded, as man of his wide domains, his fame, his fortune, or his family. The Saviour's persecutors were all rich, yet he reckoned among his disciples some of the wealthiest men in Judea. Zacchaius was chief of the publicans, Thaddeus a ruler of the synagogue, and Joseph a centurion. If it were true that the Saviour's first persecutor was a king, it is also true that the three first men who adored him were also kings. God gave gifts and talents to every man; and from those to whom he had given wealth, he would demand a strict account. The rich should rather have a feeling of apprehension than of congratulation, and he instanced several parables in the Bible to show the dangers that accrue to a man from the possession of wealth. Was it not written there, "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven?" St. John the Baptist was poor; so was the reputed father of the Saviour; so was the Blessed Virgin; and it was with the poor Galilean that our Lord worked his first miracle.

THE English claim to be a highly civilized race, while they proclaim Ireland to be still in a condition of original barbarism. One of the proofs of English civilization is that reported in the English papers of a recent date. In the county of Shropshire, the Duke of Cleveland has landed property which is managed by a Mr. Ashdown. This gentleman received a saddle of mutton as a present from some unknown friend. When it was cooked, the meat was found to have a very peculiar flavor, and it was put aside, and afterwards sent to Mr. Bluntz, chemist of Shrewsbury, for analysis, who found that it had been thoroughly saturated with strychnine, to such a degree that it was sufficient to kill fifty people. This attempt to murder a land agent and his family shows the high civilization of the English, and by contrast the barbarism of the Irish, who only know how to use the clumsy "Boycott" weapon.

MARRYING FOR MONEY. — A case that has lately been before the courts shows with peculiar force the mistake that men and women make of going into courtship on business principles. The bridegroom thought his bride wealthy; the lady had similar fancies about her suitor; while a strong backing by families and friends was not lacking. Then all parties found themselves mistaken, and the expectant couple discovered they did not love each other; and the public, which is always ready to sympathize with the silliest pair of genuine lovers, laughed as they read the story, and declared that the disappointed couple were served exactly right. There are plenty of such cases that do not get into the papers, but they all end in the same way, and there is no known method of avoiding unpleasant results. After all sham sentiment is rubbed off of love and marriage, the truth remains that no man and woman can live happily together unless that mysterious attraction called love exists, and that in life contracts formed upon any other basis, the money that is gained by either partner from the other, cannot purchase exemption from lifelong misery.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

One of the most beautiful and beneficial insects of the summer season, and one whose services are least appreciated by the agriculturist, is the common dragon-fly. There are many varieties, comprising an extensive and beautiful group of large-sized insects, rivalling our butterflies in gracefulness of form and brilliancy of coloring, while they excel them in rapidity of flight. Various popular names have been given them in different countries. The French call them "demoiselles," the Germans "gauze-flies" and "virgins of the water," while among the English they are known as "dragon-flies," "horse-stingers," and "devil's darning-needles." The first of the English names is very appropriate to the character of the fly, for among other insects it fully earns its title of "dragon." It is not a "horse-stinger," however; can neither bite, sting, nor poison; and as a "devil's darning-needle" does not sew up the mouths of those children who are given to romancing. They are perfectly harmless to man, and can be handled without danger.

The dragon-fly belongs to the order "Neuroptera" and the family "Libellulidæ." They have six legs and four wings, and in average specimens the body attains the length of an inch and a half or two inches. They are almost universally dressed in the gayest colors. The body is variously branded with rich shades of blue, green, and yellow, and the wings give off the most beautiful iridescent and metallic reflections. The substance of the wings is a delicate network, covered by a thin, transparent membrane, combining great strength with lightness, which enables it to fly and dart upon its prey with the greatest rapidity. The long tail or "needle" undoubtedly acts as a rudder to steady its flight. The large head is provided with two enormous compound eyes, composed of many thousand facets, and their great power of vision is still further increased by three simple eyes or ocelli, on the upper portion of the head. The mouth is quite a formidable structure. The upper lip is broad and conceals powerful toothed mandibles, and there are other organs of the mouth armed with strong teeth, which enable it to rend and masticate its food.

The natural term of life of the dragon-fly is about one year. Most of its existence is passed in the water in the condition of larva or pupa, and it inhabits the air only three or four weeks. When about to complete its final transformation, the pupa climbs up some suitable place near the surface of the water, attaches itself firmly to some object, and in a short time the skin opens along the back, and from the rent there soon appears the perfect dragon-fly, who, after drying his moist wings, trusts his untried pinions with the fullest confidence to the new element, in which he lives but a few short summer days.

Tennyson beautifully describes these changes in the "Two Voices":

> "To-day I saw the dragon-fly
> Come from the wells where he did lie.
> An inner impulse rent the veil
> Of his old husk; from head to tail
> Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
> He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
> Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
> A living flash of light he flew."

During its existence of three or four weeks above the water its whole life is a continued good to man. It hawks over the pools and fields and through gardens, decimating swarms of mosquitoes, flies, gnats, and other baneful insects. Their rapid flight and enormous range of vision enable them to capture these insects with ease. They destroy multitudes of moths and millers whose larvæ are injurious to vegetation, while they do not injure any product of the agriculturist themselves. A few of them shut into a house would soon rid it of

flies, bugs, and mosquitoes. They are perfectly harmless, and can be handled with impunity, and are an interesting subject for study, as there still remains much to be learned of their natural history. The dragon-fly is widely distributed over all parts of the globe; but few, however, exceed in size and beauty those of our own country.

UNVEILING A BUST OF FATHER MATHEW.

His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster visited the Church of the English Martyrs, Liverpool, recently, visited the adjoining temperance hall, and unveiled a handsome bust of the great apostle of temperance, Father Theobald Mathew. His Eminence, on rising to unveil the bust, said before he said a word he had a duty to do which gave him the greatest pleasure, and that was to unveil a bust of Father Mathew. (The bust was then unveiled amidst great cheering.) His Eminence continued: Ireland has had many true patriots who loved her well, but there were two who were to him the greatest patriots Ireland ever had, — Daniel O'Connell and Theobald Mathew. Every man loved his own country who had the heart of a man in him, but he knew no men who had two such reasons for loving their country as those to whom he spoke. They loved Ireland because they were the children of Ireland and because they were Catholics, and Ireland is the most Catholic country next to Rome on the face of the earth. They loved it as their mother, and they loved it as the mother of martyrs, and therefore they had a double reason for loving Ireland with the love of patriots and the love of Catholics. It was a great joy to see the work of Father Mathew in their midst, vigorous, multiplying, and prosperous, and not only in Tower Hill, but over London. In the League of the Cross there were thirty branches, or even more, though it might be some of them had gone to sleep. But there are other branches that are always bringing forth good fruits, and he was told that they were not confined to London alone, but that all over England there were some thirty branches, in towns and cities, where the League of the Cross was already spreading; and wherever the League of the Cross was, there the memory of Father Mathew was cherished and his example imitated. He did not know that any two men did more for Ireland than Daniel O'Connell and Theobald Mathew. The one liberated and set free the Catholic faith in a Catholic land, and the other struck off the chains of a bondage the deadliest almost that can be known. Father Mathew struck off from tens of thousands — ay, from millions — the terrible chain of intoxication. He remembered reading a speech of Daniel O'Connell, when he was moving a vote of thanks to Theobald Mathew, and orator as Daniel O'Connell was, — a man who had the gift of eloquence greater than any living man in his time, an eloquence which was grand and tender and persuasive to a degree that hardly any other man possessed, — he said on that occasion that at other times he knew what words to speak, but when he came to speak of Father Mathew his tongue failed him, and he did not know what to say. It was most true, for the grandeur of that apostolic life and the tender charity of Father Mathew, even to the hour of his death, — for his last action was to make the sign of the cross upon the foreheads of those who knelt by his dying bed taking the pledge, and with his last breath giving the benediction of Heaven, — such a life as that we might well wonder at, and as far as we can in our humble way, imitate.

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into!" "Make yourself at home," she responded with sweet gravity.

THE JUBILEE OF 1881.

The Weekly Register, London.

THE Apostolic Letters of Leo XIII., proclaiming an extraordinary Jubilee to the Catholic Unity, assign for this pontifical act the same motive, with one great additional reason, as was assigned by Pius IX. of blessed memory for the convocation of the Vatican Council; namely, the calamitous and disastrous state of the Christian world. What Pius IX. foresaw approaching, Leo XIII. has added to the catalogue of sins and perils which are now upon us. The last use of sovereign liberty in the pontificate of Pius IX. was to call around him from all the world the Episcopate of the Catholic Church. The liberty of the Holy See, so far as the fraud and force of man can bind it, was soon after suspended by the usurpation of Rome. Leo XIII., in publishing the Jubilee, tells us that those "who are at enmity with the Catholic name are now becoming insolent beyond measure, in number, power, and audacity of design: not satisfied with openly casting off the heavenly doctrines, they are striving with supreme effort and assault either to exclude the Church altogether from the civil society of men, or at least to render it powerless in the public life of nations. . . . The bitterest results of this conspiracy of wickedness fall chiefly on the Roman Pontiff; to whom, spoiled of his legitimate rights, and hindered in the exercise of his supreme and manifold prerogatives, there is left a semblance of royal majesty, as if in mockery." After describing the outrages committed in Rome on churches, sanctuaries, religion, and Christian education, and his own state, powerless to protect himself, the Pontiff says: "We are more truly in the power of Our enemies than in Our own: and that very use of liberty which is conceded to us, forasmuch as it may be taken away or lessened at the will of another, has no sure foundation of stability and constancy. In the mean while, by daily experience, it is manifest that the contagion of evil is spreading more and more through the whole body of the Christian commonwealth, and is being extended to greater numbers. For the nations which are turned away from the Church fall daily into greater miseries; and when the Catholic faith is once extinguished or weakened, the high road to extravagance of opinion, and to desire of innovation, is close at hand. For when the supreme and exalted power of him who is Vicar of God on earth is despised, it is manifest that human authority has left to it no curb strong enough to hold in the unsubdued spirits of revolt, or to control, in the multitude, the heat of license, which is beside itself. For these causes, the civil society of men, though it has already encountered great calamities, is terrified by the anticipation of greater dangers."

As the only true remedy for these present evils and impending disasters, the Holy Father calls on the Catholic world to turn to God with a renewed fervor and fidelity in penance and prayer, granting the fullest and largest spiritual absolutions and indulgences in the form of Jubilee. We need not remind our readers that the Jubilee, or fiftieth year in the Hebrew commonwealth, when all prisons were opened, and all debts were forgiven, and all lands returned to the inheritance of those who had been compelled by straits and poverty to sell or to pledge them, — that this great year of civil remission and temporal restitution began on the eve of the Day of Atonement, when the Jewish people sought by penance and prayer the remission of their sins from God. When their peace was made with God, their liberty was proclaimed throughout the land.

The Christian Church is at this time assailed by what was once the Christian world; and in its enmity against the Church, it is destroying itself. The governments and dynasties of Europe have cast off their obedience to the Vicar of Christ, and their people have risen against them. Human authority — that is kings and parliaments — has, as Leo XIII. has said, no curb strong enough to hold in the international revolution, which is not partial or local, but everywhere, in every European country and in every European capital. What we see at this day is what we saw in 1848, with this only difference: what was then weak and beaten down is now powerful and in high place. It was then in the streets; it is now in senates and cabinets and presidencies. The year 1848 has gained the heights which command the Christian world. It is deliberately destroying Christianity by Falk Laws and Ferry Decrees, and cutting its roots by expelling Christianity from the education of the next generation of men.

Catholics have been derided for saying that the sole adequate, because providential, breakwater against the flood of antichristian lawlessness has been, until now, the twofold order of spiritual and civil authority, which culminated in the temporal sovereignty of the head of the Christian world. The two powers were united in him that they might be divided and kept distinct in all Christian nations. It was the distinct independence of the spiritual power in every state of Christendom that circumscribed the sphere of civil powers by the limits of the divine law, and taught to subjects the duty of civil obedience. The usurpation of the civil powers upon the spiritual authority of the Church and of the Pontiff has wounded all civil authority unto death. The governments of Europe are either weak indicators of the popular will, or intolerable military despotisms. The average life of an English ministry is from four to five years; of Spanish or French, hardly calculable; of Italian, less than twelve months. Germany, Russia, and Austria are rather camps than governments. And under them all is the great deep, the fountains of which are broken up. Against their will men have changed their language, and are beginning to talk as we have written and spoken for these twenty years. But it is, for them at least, too late.

Since the European revolution was crowned by the usurpation of Rome, a rapid change has passed upon the public opinion of Europe. The intellectual convictions of men are growing feebler; the Christian and Catholic civilization is giving way before the material civilization, which finds the supreme end of men and of nations in material prosperity. If there be, as we hope, a return of many to a life of faith, nevertheless, among the masses, the practice of religion is becoming fainter. Society has thrown off the Church; and Socialism is preparing the overthrow of society. De Tocqueville had no intention of confirming what we say, but his book on "Democracy in America" is a profuse confirmation of the words of Pius IX. and of Leo XIII. He says that the powers of government are diminishing everywhere, and the license of the popular will is everywhere unfolding itself. He points out that in France, in every successive half-century, a double revolution has carried society farther towards democracy; and that the same phenomena are to be seen in the whole Christian world. "Everywhere," he writes, "we have seen the events of the life of nations turn to the advancement of democracy. All men have helped it onward by their efforts: they who designedly assisted its successes, and they who never thought of serving it; they who have fought for it, and they who are its declared enemies, — all have been carried pell-mell in the same path, and all have labored together: the one sort in spite of them-

selves, the other without knowing it. . . . This whole book has been written under the impression of a kind of religious fear produced in the mind of the author by the sight of this irresistible revolution, which for so many centuries has marched onward over all obstacles, and which we see still at this day going forward through all the ruins it has made." The most advanced form of this revolution is to be found at this moment in France, where in 1789 it began. It is no question of monarchy or of republic, king or president, but of Christian or antichristian civilization. The crisis of this conflict will, in all human likelihood, take place in France: and the catastrophe will first spread at least through the Latin races of the West. What will come after, and how soon, we will not prophesy.

The Head of the Christian Church has, therefore, as he says, according to the custom and practice of his predecessors, called upon all the Catholic Unity to turn to God in prayer and penance, both for themselves and for the Church, that thereby their prayers may be heard also for the Christian world. To stay its downward course is impossible. It is launched on the path of what it calls progress, which is a departure from its past, and a deviation from the laws and truths and principles to which it owes not only all its maturity, but its very existence. St. Leo III. consecrated the germ of the Christendom for which in its dissolution Leo XIII. calls on us to pray. There is something ominous in this call. It inspires an awe like the words, "Let them that are in Judæa flee to the mountains."

THE POET-PRIEST IN MEMPHIS.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, has recently visited Memphis, Tenn., where he delivered a lecture for the benefit of Rev. William Walsh's free schools, and one for the benefit of the Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic orphans of Memphis. The *Daily Appeal* (March 8) gives the highest praise to these lectures. Father Ryan presented the little ones of Father Walsh's school (St. Bridget's) with the following verses, which the children subsequently sung for him:

ST. BRIDGET.

Sweet Heaven's smile
Gleamed o'er the Isle
That gems the dreamy sea,
One far-gone day,
And flash'd its ray —
More than a thousand years away —
Pure Bridget, over thee.

White as the snow
That falls below
To earth on Christmas night,
Thy pure face shone
On every one;
For Christ's sweet grace thy heart had won
To make thy birth-land bright.

A cloud hangs o'er
Thy Erin's shore;
Ah, God, 't was always so!
Ah, Virgin fair!
Thy Heaven pray'r
Will help thy people in their care,
And save them from their woe.

Thou art in light —
They are in night;
Thou hast a crown — they a chain;
The very sod,
Made theirs by God,
Is still by tyrants' footsteps trod;
They pray — but all in vain.

Thou, near Christ's throne,
Dost hear the moan
Of all their hearts that grieve:
Ah, Virgin sweet!
Kneel at his feet,
Where angels' hymns thy prayer shall greet,
And pray for them this eve!

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P. for Galway, in a speech at Manchester, made a retort that should silence Dilke and Forster, and other Liberals of their kind who are ready to take away all safeguards of freedom from the people of Ireland, because within the last ten months forty-seven cases of houghing and mutilating cattle have been reported by the police of that island. Mr. O'Connor, taking the reports of the "English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" showed that the *convictions* (not charges) in England and Wales last year for outrages on animals were, not 47, but 3,725.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

A. M. Sullivan, M. P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
LONDON, March 17, 1881.

LATE in the sitting of Friday, the 11th of this month, the supplementary Coercion Bill of Mr. Gladstone passed its final stage in the House of Commons. The great bell of Westminster Palace clock-tower was chiming midnight as the Irish members, now reduced to a handful, stood grouped together in the division lobby, recording their last vote in a struggle that will be remembered as long as the British Parliament endures.

Have we done well? Have we done ill? Have we done the best for Ireland?

I ask myself these questions in solemn and conscientious anxiety. I grieve for the loss of some — some — of the men who have left us, ostensibly on these issues. It was ever my theory and ever my exhortation that a party like ours, a truly national party, should be comprehensive and tolerant, short of absolute weakness and inefficiency; should be broad enough for "moderate" men and for "extreme" men; and that any attempt to dragoon us all up or down to a dead level of uniformity in "moderation" or "activity" would be fatal. It was with this view in 1878 I vehemently resisted the attempts then made to expel or drive from the party the minority then led by Mr. Parnell. Any similar high-handed attempt to exclude the ultra "moderate" minority in 1880 would have had from me like opposition. I never concealed the fact that had I been at the meeting of the party in May of last year, I should have voted against the displacement of Mr. Shaw. But Mr. Parnell and that minority of 1878, despite all provocations, held by the unity and discipline of the Irish party; always offered to abide by its decisions; and even when they thought its "donothingism," as they called it, most ruinous in result, they never overthrew its authority.

The moment the verdict of the Irish constituencies reversed the balance of strength, the man *par excellence* of moderation and wisdom and prudence — bolted.

William Shaw and John George MacCarthy — two friends whom I sincerely respect and honor for their integrity and ability — tell us of the "progress" things were making in the mild and gentle way. Everything was going beautifully but for the violence of the demagogues; and now Mr. Parnell has "thrown back the country" — see what *he* has "brought upon us" — and so forth. At every stage of Irish history the men whose desperate energy saved the people, where nothing else under God could have saved them, have had to endure taunts like these. I could quote for you a score of illustrations. Take one. Listen to what Sydney Smith said of the profound and sagacious critics of *his* day in their accusations of O'Connell's "violence":—

"The most common excuse of the Great Shabby is that the Catholics are their own enemies; that the violence of Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel has ruined their cause; that but for these boisterous courses the question would have been carried before this time. The answer to this nonsense is that the very reverse is the fact. The mild and the long-suffering may suffer forever in this world. If the Catholics had stood with their hands before them, simpering at the Earls of Liverpool and the Lords Bathurst of the time, they would not have been emancipated until the year of our Lord 4,000. As long as the patient will suffer, the cruel will kick. . . . If the Irish go on withholding and forbearing, and hesitating whether this is the time for discussion or that is the time, they will be laughed at for another century as fools, and kicked for another century as slaves."

Mark you, on the morrow of Catholic emancipation, and again three or four years later in the Tithe war, a

swingeing Coercion Act was laid upon Ireland — "*brought upon* her," forsooth, by O'Connell, as his weak-kneed coreligionists used to say. We had the worst Coercion Act of all in the time of the milk-and-water "National Association" of 1869–70. In fact, the story that the Land League and Parnell have "brought upon us" coercion is simply an insult to our intelligence.

Well, then, face to face with coercion legislation, what were the Irish party to do? What could we do, what durst we do without dishonor, save what we have done? Make an amiable protest? Try reason and argument with the coercionists? Ah! it is just because nothing more than protests and reasons and arguments (with regulation deference to "the tone of the House") encountered Irish Coercion Acts in the past, that English ministers acquired the evil habit of resorting to them so frequently and on pretexts so trivial. It was a fatally facile operation. If in 1870 or 1875 there had been an Irish party to make the suspension of constitutional liberty in Ireland a thing to be bitterly remembered to all time by the British Parliament; if there had been an Irish party then to do what we have done on this occasion, — to make the work of coercion as troublesome, as difficult, as odious, as hateful, and as harmful as possible to its authors, — British ministers would "think thrice" before they resorted to such a course again: there would soon be an end of this depraving habit of coercion for Ireland. I can only smile at the sapient individuals who point out that we have not prevented the bill from passing, — as if *that* could have been our hope or object. No, we were not such simpletons as to dream we could do that; but we have accomplished all we proposed to ourselves. We were fighting for the future; and time will show that we have won. Apart from all this, there were special reasons which made it of the utmost importance, in the interests of peace as well as in the interests of liberty, to prevent the too precipitate passing of the bill. If, as was intended, it had been rushed through in a week or ten days, we believe — *and the government believed*, as their naval and military preparations showed — that the sudden pounce upon the people would be followed by deplorable scenes of resistance and reprisal. In the next place, such a sudden spring would enable the government to destroy the Land League organization, to capture its staff and funds, — a proceeding which would infallibly have let loose anarchy and havoc in some of the Western counties. *Time — time* — therefore became for us the all-dominant object. If we could secure for the country an interval of six or seven weeks: —

1. The people would be enabled to see what was coming; the blow would be no shock of surprise, and preparations would be made to mitigate its severity.

2. The vital machinery of the Land League, and its funds, could be removed beyond the reach of the government.

3. We knew that with the opening of the new year, every week's statistics would show that the disorders and excesses, such as they were, were subsiding, and we firmly believe that by April it will be seen that the case for the bill was gone.

In every single particular of this wise programme we have triumphantly succeeded. Indeed, it would argue little judgment on our part to say just at present all we might truly say as to the directions in which and the extent to which our success will be operative.

And the Land Bill? The powerful class that strangled even the Disturbance Bill of last year are straining their utmost energies for what they believe to be a life-and-death struggle. How far their representatives may succeed in the secret of the Cabinet or the publicity of the

House of Lords I cannot prophecy; but this I know, that if while they were intriguing and storming, resisting and boycotting the ministry, we were, as Sydney Smith said, to "go on forbearing and withholding," we should be "laughed at for another session as fools, and kicked for another session as slaves." If the forthcoming Land Bill be not an abortion, — if it be found to have any merit, great or little, — the people of Ireland will have to thank the course of action that has forced England and the world to realize the desperate necessities of the case.

The English government must retrace its every step in the path of coercing the Irish representation. I say *must.* The despotism which in their blind passion they decreed, as they thought for *our* hurt, has placed the House of Commons at our mercy. It was a rare sight to see Charles Stewart Parnell reading the sapient leading articles of the London papers proclaiming the "glorious victory" of the "new rules" over the Irish members! To us these lucubrations were much more mirth-provoking than the melancholy jokes of what they are pleased to call "comic" papers here in London. Indeed, some of those rejoicings over the glorious victory had scarcely died away ere we heard a mournful wail that "notwithstanding the new rules, things were as bad as ever." These people little knew what was before them. The English members, Whig and Tory, were plainly under the fond delusion that "urgency" was never to be for *them;* that Irishmen were to discuss measures of the first importance to *their* country with a gag in their mouths, but inasmuch as a Conservative or Liberal Opposition would always be strong enough in a "three to one" vote, *English* business would always be free! Although we meant to keep our minds to ourselves on the subject just yet, the House of Commons has already scented the real state of affairs. The Tory party — the men who are the most responsible for the gagging rules — are this moment absolutely dependent on our forbearance, for being allowed to discuss their army and navy estimates otherwise than under a gag. There are, as a matter of fact, a hundred ways in which the Irish members can *compel* the application of "urgency." We have looked closely into the whole matter, and we know what we can do. A well-merited retribution awaits the men who thought to crush us by their despotic rules; or else they will atone to us by wisely exchanging the ways of coercion for those of conciliation and justice.

So stands the field to-day "after the battle." The roll-call shows some gaps in our ranks; but well we know that these are gaps Ireland can and will repair. As for us who remain with the colors, if for the moment faint and exhausted with the heat and dust of the fray, we are nevertheless strong in the enthusiasm of success. Our hearts are cheered by the generous acclaim of the people whom we serve. Across the sea, from thousands and thousands of miles away, come the shouts of distant millions bidding us to go forward and fear not. It can be no false or ignoble "policy" that has thus aroused and combined the Irish race all over the globe, and concentrated upon our country and our cause the attention and sympathy of Christendom.

So here we stand, neither defeated nor dispirited, neither cast down nor destroyed: conscious that a solemn responsibility rests upon us; that the misery or the happiness of Irish homes, the peace and the welfare of a whole people, rest largely on our prudence, our courage, our perseverance, on our unity, our discipline, our fidelity. As for the odds against us, — God is over us all, and Ireland is looking on.

WHEN does a son not take after his father? When his father leaves him nothing to take.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

Justin McCarthy in North American Review.

THE German poet, Freiligrath, writing many years ago a pathetic poem on Irish misery and disturbance, summed up their causes in the refrain to each verse, "Ireland's land is landlords' land." The Irish question now has resolved itself simply into a question of the tenure of land. As I am writing, people think of hardly any political topic here but that which concerns Irish legislation in the coming session; and that Irish legislation is understood to have reference exclusively to the subject of land tenure. Home Rule is not, indeed, deliberately put aside, even for the present, by the Irish party or the Irish people: but it is recognized by every one that the land question is uppermost; that it must have the first turn in discussion; and that until it is disposed of in some way Ireland cannot be expected to give much attention to any other subject. Many circumstances have conspired to force the Irish land question to the front, and make it impossible any longer to postpone its discussion. I am therefore particularly anxious, at such a time, that the American public should thoroughly understand the nature of this great controversy.

The land is the life of the Irish peasant. Unless one gets this fact well into his mind, it is impossible that he can understand the controversy at all. If he does not get this fact into his mind, he is sure to be led away into the mistake of regarding the question as one to be settled off-hand, by a reference to certain preconceived notions of the rules of political economy. He will be as far away from any real appreciation of the difficulty as one who set to work to consider the wisdom of a man's jumping into mid-ocean on a stormy night, and perplexed himself by thinking of all the various reasons drawn from the laws of health and morals which condemn so perilous a plunge, — being all the time unacquainted with the fact that the poor fellow who leaped had a choice only between leaping into the sea and perishing in a blazing vessel. The land is the only thing by which the vast majority of the agricultural population in Ireland, who are themselves the great majority of the whole population, can hope to make a living. The revenue from land is but one seventh part of the revenue of England; it is two thirds of the revenue of Ireland. What the sea is to the fisherman on a coast, the land is to the Irish peasant. There are few manufactures in Ireland, and so far as we can see, few possibilities of greatly multiplying and increasing these manufactures. Something, no doubt, may be done in that way; but even that can be done only by improving the condition and prosperity of the rural population, and so making them consumers to an extent of which they have no notion at present. For the time we may fairly say that Ireland, as a country, has very little manufacturing capability. Then there are but few great towns: Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, — these exhaust the list of what anybody in England or in the United States would call large towns. When we have completed that list, we then come to what would be styled in England mere villages, and some of these of the poorest kind. Therefore there is not the same possibility which operates so strongly in Scotland to mitigate the evils of an ungenial soil, a harsh climate, and exceptional conditions of land tenure, — the existence of great manufacturing towns, into which a people who would otherwise starve on the barren hillsides gradually find their way, and where they are converted from a peasant into an artisan population. There is no possibility of this kind now in Ireland. The Irish people have the land to live by, and that is all they have. There-

fore the question of what is to be done with the Irish peasant is really not unlike that which I have before suggested with regard to the fishermen on a sea-coast. If there were any principle of ownership which divided the sea for long stretches among a small body of proprietors, and if those proprietors chose so to restrict and rack-rent the right of fishing as to produce utter misery and starvation among the population, it is perfectly certain that any civilized and rational government would put aside all supposed laws of property, fancied seigneurial rights, and *doctrinaire* theories of political economy, and would consult for the lives of the vast majority of their coast people.

That is the question which has to be faced in Ireland. The right, real or supposed, of the landlord to do as he pleases with his land has come at last into actual and irreconcilable collision with the rights of the vast majority of the population to live; and it is for the government to choose whether they will sacrifice the privileges of the proprietors or the prosperity of the people. The competition for land in Ireland is naturally so keen, that if the transaction be left to the ordinary laws of buying and selling, the landlord can ask almost any rent he thinks fit, and is sure to have many competitors who will offer to pay it. Men driven by the needs of living and maintaining a family, and despairing of getting hold of a patch of land otherwise, will offer in their desperation almost any terms, even those which they know they cannot pay, in order to get possession of a farm, and take the chance of being able to hold it somehow when once they have got it. There is in England a custom, hardly ever departed from, by virtue of which the landlord makes all the improvements on the land, drains it, fences it, puts up farm buildings, and so on, and then lets the land to the tenant. In Ireland the tenant must do all this for himself. What he gets is simply the naked soil. All the improvements he must make by his own labor, or by his own capital if he has any; and until very lately, he had no legal claim whatever to recover compensation for those improvements if he should be turned out of the land. The competition for land and the power of the proprietors created that vast class of tenants-at-will whose struggles and miseries have given the world so much to think of for so many generations. A large portion of the soil of Ireland is owned by absentee landlords, — great peers and nobles who live in England, draw the rent from their Irish estates, and leave them to be managed by agents. The agent is naturally anxious to make the most he can of the property for his employer; and often he is driven by what I freely admit to be a sense of duty, however perverse or overstrained, to deal much more rigorously with the tenants than the landlord would do if he were dealing with them in person. These tenants hold at the will of the landlord or the agent; and the rent of their land is liable to be increased whenever the landlord or his agent thinks fit. Therefore as soon as a tenant begins, by patient labor, to improve his holding, the agent comes down upon him and insists that he must pay more rent. Mr. John Stuart Mill pointed out, long ago, that this was the condition of things which made the Irish occupier the only man in all the world who could neither benefit by his industry nor suffer by his improvidence. He cannot be much worse off than he is, no matter how lazy or indifferent he may be. He is now down almost to the verge of starvation; and if he gets a little lower, either the workhouse will have to support him or he must perish. In neither case would he be much worse off than he often is at present. On the other hand, if he is industrious, and works night and day and improves his land, then he is rewarded for the improvement by having his rent raised. The agent comes around and says that he seems to be doing well, and that as the land

is improving he can afford to pay the landlord more. The most trifling marks of improvement are sometimes enough to draw down upon him this exaction from the landlord. I have heard of cases, and cases certainly true, in which a man's putting a few flowers in his window — a rare adornment among the Irish peasant class — has brought the agent round to tell him that as he can afford to grow ornamental flowers he can afford to pay his landlord a higher rent. I have heard of a case in which the fact that a man's daughter went to chapel on the Sunday with a string of glass beads — value perhaps a few cents — round her neck, brought him a visit from the agent, and the assurance that as his daughter could put on ornaments, he could well afford to pay more rent to his landlord.

It is not as a rule, I should say, on the estates of the great English peers, that things are managed after this fashion. It is more commonly on that smaller kind of estate in which the owner thinks himself compelled, for his own sake, to squeeze all that he possibly can out of the land and out of the tenantry. But I am now speaking of the general conditions out of which the misery of Ireland springs; and I need hardly say that it does not require that this reckless system of raising rent should prevail on every property in order to make the condition of the tenantry miserable. It is enough that there should be so many cases of the kind as to put into the mind of every occupier the fear that he may be made the victim of such an extortion, and so to act as a permanent and paramount discouragement to any efforts in the way of industry and self-improvement. I have just now under my eyes an incident narrated in a pamphlet published by one who is, I believe, authorized to speak on the subject. He mentions a fact which occurred in one of the Irish counties. Up in the hills a man, many years ago, had a farm at a very low rent. The land was worth little or nothing of itself. He set to work with a will, and it took him years of toil to clear the land completely of stones. Being a sensible man, as well as industrious, he made use of the stones to build a wall to enclose his land. His landlord happened to die, and the heir, seeing the improvements which the poor man had made, raised the rent in the proportion of five hundred per cent. This day his neighbors outside the wall pay just the small amount which he paid before he set to work and reclaimed and enclosed his land. "Such," says the writer from whom I quote, "are the rewards of industry too often reaped by the Irish farmer." He also says, "It is well known that in some parts of the country the farmer is afraid to wear a good coat, lest the agent or some of his minions should see him comfortable, and consequently able to pay more rent."

There is in Ireland a law of eviction which does not exist in England. So little is known in England, even by those whom one might suppose well acquainted with all the subject, about the actual condition of things in Ireland, that there was a general feeling of astonishment among English members of Parliament when this statement was made last session in the House of Commons by my friend Mr. Charles Russell, M. P. No man could be a better authority upon such a question than Mr. Russell, who is an eminent lawyer, among the leaders of his profession, as well as a political economist, an Irishman by birth, thoroughly acquainted with Irish affairs, although long resident in England, where he has made a success and a name. Mr. Russell stated that "no such thing as ejectment for non-payment of rent merely is known to the common law or to the statute law of England." Under various conditions, "by the law of Ireland, which is not the law of England, the tenant would be turned out

of his holding by the landlord without any notice whatever to quit; and the only means by which he could live would be taken from him without any compensation." In England this could be done only by a regular, formal, and legal process. As Mr. Russell says, "in similar cases in England the landlord must give a year's notice to quit, ending with the year of the tenancy"; and even then if the tenant does not go out of the land, the landlord must seek his remedy as any other creditor would do, by applying to a court of law for the restoration of his property. I cannot better describe what the system of tenancy-at-will is than in the words of Lord Dufferin, who was lately Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Said Lord Dufferin: —

"What is the spectacle presented to us by Ireland? It is that of millions of persons, whose only dependence and whose chief occupation is agriculture, for the most part cultivating their lands; that is, sinking their past, their present, and their future upon yearly tenancies. What is a yearly tenancy? Why, it is an impossible tenure: a tenure which, if its terms were to be literally interpreted (and its terms *are* literally interpreted in Ireland), no Christian man would offer, and none but a madman would accept."

This tenancy, however, is offered in Ireland, and men otherwise not apparently insane are found to accept it. They must eat to live; and only by the cultivation of the soil can they eat. I could bring scores and scores of testimonies to the general accuracy of my statement of the case so far. I shall not, however, weary and perplex my American readers by quoting chapter and verse for every assertion I make. I only ask them to believe that I am making none of these assertions on my own authority, or without the clearest and most substantial evidence to sustain them. Here, then, we have the obvious source of national discontent and misery: "Ireland's land is landlords' land." The landlords have the land, and they have had hitherto almost unlimited power as to its disposal. The tenantry have no means of living but by the land. No human power can add one single acre to the surface of Ireland. There is, indeed, a way of making much of its surface valuable for cultivation which is now waste and idle, and of that I shall have to speak presently; but the land actually in cultivation is a limited quantity, and the needs of the people are great. The landlord, therefore, has it in his power to ask whatever he pleases for the land, and to deal with the tenant when he is in occupation exactly as he may think fit. It is the case above all others to which the principle of unrestricted competition cannot possibly in justice be applied. The parties are not on equal terms. Lord Sherbrooke, who is one of the bitterest opponents of any liberal change in the land laws of Ireland, has himself observed in the Nineteenth Century that the very idea of equality is banished from such a proceeding. He says, "There is no real bargain when one side cannot afford to refuse whatever terms the other sees fit to impose." One might as well leave the captain of one of the Atlantic steamers in mid-ocean to put any increase he pleased on the price of the provisions he had to sell. The passengers would have to buy provisions at any price or to starve; and they would therefore he wholly at his mercy.

But there is another fact which intensifies the bitterness of the Irish peasants' condition. The whole system of land tenure which England introduced into Ireland was new to Ireland. Ireland grew up under a system not feudal, and by virtue of which the land was supposed to be the property of the whole people, — very much as it is, or was, in Russia, — and the divisions and subdivisions were made by the chiefs with some reference to the growth and the wants of the population. This was no doubt a simple and elementary condition of land tenure, out of which it

is evident that the people would have in some way grown in the process of development; but while that development was going on in the natural way there came the invasion of Ireland by England, and a sudden and unnatural twist was given to the whole condition of things. England imposed by a stroke — actually by the decision of one of her courts of law — her whole feudal system on the Irish people. Then there came confiscation after confiscation; there were three or four great confiscations, or "settlements" as they were called, in Ireland by successive sovereigns of England. Each sovereign (or conqueror, as in the case of Cromwell) cleared certain vast tracts of Ireland of its natural possessors, killed off some of the occupants in war, massacred others, drove the rest out of the country, and planted his own soldiers, his own favorites, or the London mercantile companies whom he was anxious to oblige, on the land thus wrested from its original inhabitants. Therefore, to add to all the other causes which make the Irish people discontented, to add to the pressure of a false and fatal system, a mistaken political economy, and all the evils that can arise from an unrestricted power over a poor population in the hands of a very small class of men, there comes in the sense that those who now own the land of Ireland are not strictly Irishmen, but are foreigners imposed by the foreign power in the place of the native possessors whom force had exterminated. Again, there is the difference of religion. The Irish population — especially the agricultural population in the middle, the south, and the west — may be roughly described as all Catholic. The landlord and agent class may with equal correctness be roughly described as all Protestant. Here, then, we have complicated nationality and opposed religious views to intensify the bitterness of the great struggle between landlord and tenant. Naturally Ireland has had a succession of famines. As the people are living wholly on the land, a single bad harvest stops any little rise in the national prosperity, and changes the agricultural population into paupers at once. There was a great famine in 1822. There was a famine in 1831. There was a famine of ghastly proportions in 1846–47, caused by the failure of the potato crop, — a famine as horrible as any described by a Thucydides or a Procopius. In 1879–80 there was a period of such keen distress that at one time it seemed likely to turn into positive famine.

Meanwhile, what was legislation doing to remedy these evils of the land-tenure system? For long generations, legislation did nothing. One or two Irish members of Parliament, and a well-known public man who represented an English borough, — the late Mr. Sharman Crawford, — were year after year bringing in bills to deal with the question; but the House of Commons or the House of Lords invariably rejected them. So long ago as 1845 the Devon Commission — a commission appointed by Sir Robert Peel to inquire into the condition of Ireland and its land tenure, and which was composed exclusively of landlords, with Lord Devon as its chairman — reported in favor of large and liberal changes in the legalized system, so as to give the occupier something like security for his holding. Nothing was done, however. The dispute at that time seemed irreconcilable; the landlord held out for his right to absolute, unrestricted freedom of contract. The advocates of the tenant had to fight not only against the class interests and class prejudices of the landlords, but also against the narrow views of the political economists, who were just then rising into great strength, with all the fresh zeal of their newly discovered science. The one political economist of authority who always and from the beginning saw into the heart of the question was Mr. John

Stuart Mill. He always pointed out that the essential conditions of land rendered property in it different from property in any commodity which can be increased and multiplied; and that therefore there could not be in land the same unrestricted freedom of contract which we are all glad to see in the case of property of a different kind. But the House of Commons, which is about the last public body to acknowledge the influence of any great and just idea, always resisted any real improvement of the land-tenure system. The trifling attempts made now and then by this or that government were so worthless that even a close observer of parliamentary affairs hardly knew what became of them, how far they were pressed forward, when they were let drop, or what discussion they created. It was only after Mr. Gladstone had come to power in 1868 that an attempt was first made to deal on a liberal scale with this perplexing question.

Before I come to Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, however, it is necessary to point out that there was one part of Ireland which had better conditions and had prospered. This was the province of Ulster. In that province, owing to the fact that nearly all its original inhabitants had been swept away and a race of English and Scotch settlers substituted, there was not the same conflict between landlord and tenant. The landlords were for the most part Englishmen or great English companies, and in this province a system well known as the Ulster Tenant-Right grew up and became established. The principle of that system was that an Ulster occupier could claim compensation from his landlord for any improvements he had made in the land, if he were being turned out of it; and that moreover, he was free to sell what was called the good-will of his land in the market to any purchaser. That is to say, the Ulster occupier of a farm, if he had to leave it, might go into the open market and ask, "Who will give most for the right to become occupier of my farm?" It is in fact the system perfectly well known in towns, — the purchase of the good-will of certain premises. This principle enabled the Ulster men to feel that they were secure of the tenure of their land; that they might fearlessly work hard to make improvements in it, because they were to receive the full compensation for all improvements if they had to leave the land; and they were always able to go into the market, offer the good-will for sale, and obtain as much as competition was willing to give them. Naturally enough a system of this kind made the landlord also more careful that he let the land only to an honest, industrious, and improving tenant. This Ulster custom became so dear to the people, that in the evidence given by landlords and land agents of Ulster before the Devon Commission it was declared that if any attempt were made to interfere with it, all the military force at the command of England could not keep the province of Ulster from rebellion. One great landlord declared that the existence of the tenant-right custom would convert Tipperary, a poor, turbulent southern county, into another county Down, — that is, a prosperous, peaceful county of the northern province, — and that any interference with the tenant-right system would convert the county Down into another Tipperary.

Mr. Gladstone came into power in 1868 with a strong majority at his back, and he determined to deal with the land-tenure system of Ireland. His attempt was then considered bold and even daring. He was denounced as a revolutionist and a communist. He aroused a feeling of hatred against him among all the landlord class and their dependants in England and Ireland, which never ceased to burn in full intensity. Yet what he did, and what he risked his power and his place to accomplish, fell after all miserably short of the real need of the occasion. Even Mr. Gladstone had not then

grasped the reality of that terrible life-and-death struggle which was going on in Ireland. He had not then come to understand how it was a question, not of the mere advantage of one class and the disadvantage of another, but of the very existence of one class dependent on the other. What Mr. Gladstone did, however, was a great step in advance. By his Act of 1870 he recognized for the first time the principle that the occupier as well as the landlord has some kind of property in the land. The Irish occupier, as I have said before, gets the naked, uncultivated patch of land. He works at it, reclaims it, clears it, makes it of permanent and regular value. Mr. Gladstone then held, as every rational human being must hold, that the man who made the land of value has some right of property in it, as well as the man who owned the land when it was of no value. He did not think of equalizing or dividing these rights of property, but only established the principle that the tenant has some property. One man, let us say for the sake of illustration, has a marble quarry; another man has a gift of making statues: the man who has the sculptor's art converts the other man's raw marble into statues and groups. Is he not clearly entitled to some actual property in the marble which he has converted? He could not have made the statues if the other man had not supplied him with the marble, but the other man's marble was of no use at all until the sculptor converted it into shape. In a much homelier way the Irish tenant is entitled to some interest, some right of property, in the land which he brings to cultivation. Mr. Gladstone recognized that right to a certain extent. In the first instance, where he found the Ulster tenant-right system existing he made it legal. In the second instance, he laid down a scale of compensation, according to which a man evicted in any capricious way must receive some return for the improvements his labor has made. The measure at its very best would have fallen far short of the needs of the time; but the landlord party and the House of Lords so mutilated and maimed it that it really came out of Parliament of little practical value. Mr. Bright had introduced certain clauses, since generally spoken of as "the Bright clauses," by virtue of which tenants anxious to become possessors of their land were to be assisted by government with the purchase money. These clauses, had they been satisfactorily worked, would have begun the establishment and the development of that peasant proprietary in Ireland for which the heart of the Irish people yearns at the present moment. But the Commons and the Lords tinkered at the clauses until they reduced them so much as to be of hardly any practical value.

Mr. Gladstone's bill not only failed to do great good, but in some cases it did distinct harm. It made the Ulster custom legal, but did not define it. It did not prevent landlords from evicting, but only compelled them to give a variable compensation for improvements, without explaining what improvements really were. It allowed the landlord to evict for non-payment of rent without giving any compensation to the evicted tenant. Mr. Gladstone himself would have given compensation in cases where the non-payment of rent was due to bad seasons, or sudden misfortune, or something which did not argue neglect and dishonesty on the part of the tenant. In that case, if a landlord chose to turn out on the world a poor man who, after working hard and doing his best, was stricken down by Providence in a bad harvest, Mr. Gladstone would have compelled the landlord to give him some compensation for what would have been called in Ulster the tenant-right of his farm. The House of Lords, however, struck out this provision, and allowed the landlord to evict in cases of non-payment of rent, no matter from what cause the non-payment came, without giving

the tenant a farthing of compensation. Moreover, it encouraged the consolidation of farms and the extinction of small tenancies, by leaving the landlord and the tenant to the unrestricted operation of what is called "free contract" in all cases where the farm was above a certain extent of acreage. Thus, therefore, it became the natural desire of every landlord to get rid of as many tenants as possible, and to make his farms as large as he could, in order to be free from and above the operation of Mr. Gladstone's Act. Then, again, the Act referred all disputed questions to the county courts in Ireland, and therefore multiplied immensely the temptations to litigation. The county court judges are, for the most part, men who naturally wish to stand well with the landlord and agent class; and in any case, where litigation begins, the advantage is obviously altogether on the side of the man who has the money. A cruel temptation was put in the way of landlords and of agents to get rid of every dispute by inviting the tenant into one of these courts of law. In many, indeed in numberless cases, the tenant found it better to suffer any hardship than to endeavor to compete with his landlord on that arena where the landlord had all the advantage and he had none, where money and the power of enduring delay were in his landlord's hands and not in his. In the mean time, even in Ulster itself, the tenant-right system began to fail of its happy effects. New landlords had come in who were willing to evade it. The population in prosperous places had naturally increased. There was more competition for land, and the landlord's power of increasing his rent was unrestricted. This power of unrestrictedly increasing the rent went far to neutralize all the benefits of the Ulster custom, and threatened to bring Ulster down to the same condition as the other provinces of Ireland. The landlords began to raise their rent; and in many cases, no matter how capricious, how sudden, and how unreasonable might be the demand for the payment of increased rent, the unfortunate tenant could not venture to resist it. Suppose he owned a little capital, had just bought the goodwill of the farm on which he had entered, paid a substantial sum for it, and laid out the rest of his money on increased improvements: the landlord suddenly calls on him to pay a much larger rent. What is he to do? If he goes out of the farm he loses a large portion of the capital he has invested. "How so?" it will be asked; "could he not sell his goodwill and get back all that he paid for it?" Not so. Let the reader but think for a moment. The man paid a certain sum for the good-will of a farm which was then paying but a small rent. What possibility is there of his getting the same sum for the farm when it has to pay a much higher rent? Obviously he must lose on this transaction, and is therefore in most cases tied to the stake. To remain he must pay the higher rent, and he knows that the more his industry increases the value of the land the higher and higher will the rent become. "Landlordism," to use the word now so commonly heard in Irish controversy, was beginning to be in a fair way to accomplish that process which, as I have already said, a certain landlord spoke of before the Devon Commission, and to convert the counties of prosperous Ulster into the condition of the most distressed and discontented counties of unprosperous Munster or Connaught.

After Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, therefore, the condition of things in Ireland did not mend, but rather grew worse. Several years of bad harvests immensely aggravated the difficulties and the distress. Fenianism and Nationalism had long taken a deep hold of the minds of many of the people. They settled down into what Mr. Butt once eloquently called "the sullen heart of Irish discontent." Then the Home Rule agitation sprang

up. A demand was made for Irish local self-government, — such government as one of the States of the American Union possesses, — with the Imperial Parliament at Westminster still to manage the imperial affairs of the commonwealth, just as the Congress at Washington manages the federal affairs of all the States. The demand was not merely refused, but the representatives of the Irish people were constantly told in Parliament, and by the English press, that their arguments would not be listened to; that their demands never could be conceded; that no English statesman would be tolerated in power who condescended even to debate the question; and that Ireland must be taught, once for all, that England had put her foot down, and that not merely the concession of Home Rule, but even a mere discussion of the subject, would be impossible. In the mood thus created among the Irish people the Land League agitation began. It has taken a deep hold of the sentiments and the interests of the whole rural population. No association in Ireland, even if we go back to the days of O'Connell's Repeal movement, ever had anything like the same strength among the people. It is all but dictatorial; and I am bound to say that, considering the difficult and complicated interests it has to deal with, it has proved of immense service to the country. Many agrarian excesses and crimes have no doubt been committed; but they have not been committed either at the instigation or by the connivance of the Land League. Simple arithmetical facts show that agrarian outrage of every kind has been decreasing of late years, and is almost out of all proportion less now than it used to be twenty or thirty years ago. What the Land League has done is to force the whole question of land tenure on the consideration of Parliament. Unfortunately, nothing ever is done by Parliament with any subject until it is thus forced on, and until there is no longer a possibility of evading or postponing the discussion and settlement of it. I could quote, if it were necessary, sentence after sentence from the speeches or writings of English statesmen recognizing this fact, that nothing can be done in England until some agitation compels Parliament to put every other business aside and take that particular matter into its consideration. Only by some such process was Parliament compelled to do justice to the great and grievous wrongs of the English artisan. The English artisan was always placed under a different law from that which affected his employer. If there was a breach of contract the offence was civil on the part of the employer, criminal on the part of the workman. The English workingman was not protected by the law in his trade societies, even in his charitable benefit associations. His trades-unions were declared illegal, and were persecuted. As a consequence he was driven into secret conspiracy, sometimes into crime and outrage, — crime and outrage, let it be added, of a far more terrible kind than any with which the worst enemies of the Irish Land League can possibly charge those who are supposed to be its followers. At last the condition of things became intolerable, and then Parliament had to deal with the difficulty. It abolished the unjust laws and put the workingman on a level with his employer. It allowed him to carry on openly, and in the face of day, those associations which every one recognizes as not only legitimate but beneficial; and the natural consequence was that trade outrages ceased to be heard of, and that the workmen and their employers lived on terms of accommodation and reciprocal advantage.

The Land League, with Mr. Parnell at its head, have at all events done this great service, that they have forced the whole Irish question, once for all, on the attention of Parliament. What Ireland wants is legislation

which shall give security of tenure to every occupant who pays his rent; which shall in some way provide that the rent shall not be a rack-rent; and which shall also secure him compensation for his improvements, and at the same time shall begin the foundation of a peasant proprietary, in the hope that in its natural growth and development it may overspread the land. To do all this is a simple question of outlay and energy on the part of the government. There is a large extent of waste land in Ireland which is perfectly capable of being reclaimed and put into profitable culture. It is now nobody's business in particular to attempt this task. Men of the occupier class have done it in little bits here and there, with such success as to show that it could be done on a large scale if any powerful body would attempt it. That is the duty of the state. Let the state reclaim such land as is really capable of reclamation, and found on that land a colony of peasant proprietors. Further, they will have to provide some machinery by which the famous "Bright clauses" may be made operative and broad, bold and comprehensive, in their working. They must provide machinery by which the state can buy out all landlords who are willing to sell, compel notoriously bad landlords to sell, take by purchase the land from the great English commercial companies who now hold so much of it, and transfer all this land on proper terms of purchase to the Irish tenants. The state must step in, advance a portion of the purchase-money, and agree to receive from the tenant repayment by instalments on easy terms, and in such a way that after the lapse of a certain number of years the land will become his own. Such legislation as this would show the Irish peasantry that their feet at last were set on the road to personal independence and prosperity. They would feel that that peasant proprietary, for which they naturally long, was quietly, rapidly, successfully growing up all around them. We have heard a great deal about the enormous outlay this would involve. Mr. Bright, in a recent speech at Birmingham, talked of the impossibility of the government undertaking any enterprise which might require the expenditure of a couple of hundred millions sterling. Madame de Novikoff, the famous Russian lady so well known in English political circles, lately published an article in Fraser's Magazine, in which she described the steps taken by the Russian government to establish a peasant proprietary in Russia. The Russian government expended one hundred millions sterling for this purpose. Russia is a very poor country, strained terribly by the expenses of her huge military system, of petty wars, and one recent great war. England is by far the richest country in Europe; one might almost say as rich as all the rest of Europe put together. Why she could not afford to pay double as much as Russia for such a work as the foundation of a peasant proprietary, I am not able to say. She has spent much more money than that in great wars which bequeathed her nothing but debt and discredit. Never in her history did she devote so much money to so good an end as would be attained if the money were laid out in the foundation of Irish prosperity and tranquillity. But I need hardly say that no such vast sum of money, nor the half of it, nor the quarter, nor anything remotely approaching it, would be required to plant in Ireland a system which would quickly develop itself into a peasant proprietary.

I have drawn this picture of the Irish struggle in rapid and general outlines, but I think I have made its proportions and its realities clear to the mind of an American reader. The one great point which he must keep steadily in view is that it is now in a certain sense a direct struggle of class against class; that is to say, the existence of some two and a half or three millions of people has come at last

into irreconcilable antagonism with the proprietary privileges of some five or six thousand persons. I need hardly ask any American what is the direction which in his opinion legislation should take to bring such a struggle to a close.

ON GETTING UP.

K. L., in London Catholic Progress.

By getting up the writer does not mean early rising. Perhaps there are two sides to that question. When a certain little boy was told, "The early bird picks up the first worm," he replied, "The worm was a fool to be up so early!" No doubt those whom it suits to rise early can steal a march on their fellows by getting a great deal done in the quiet morning hours. Father Faber wrote most of his works before the world in general had breakfasted. On the other hand, the morning air is not good for the lungs, and in these days people cannot do much before they breakfast, and the milkman comes so late. For what a waste of time will milkmen have to account! All that the writer would demand in the way of early rising would be rising in time to secure quiet leisure for morning meditation.

The object of these few remarks is to inculcate another precept, that of rising *promptly* when called. This is rightly considered a most important act of obedience in every religious house, and it should be the self-imposed and strictly kept rule of every one desiring to lead a good life. There is no better means of escaping temptation and sorrow. At our first waking the memory alone is active, the will and the intellect are feeble and out of gear. The enemy of man, who has not slept, craftily seizes on the chance given him; nothing pleases him so much as to rob the Almighty of the first-fruits of man's day, and if possiole defile it in its beginning. He accordingly either insinuates evil thoughts, or if he sees we are instinctively too pure to entertain them, he plucks another arrow from his quiver: he presents to us in an exaggerated form all the disasters and troubles the day may possibly bring; all our "blots" are to be hit (as we say in backgammon), no one is to help us, no good luck is to befall us, everything is to turn out for the worst. If we lie in bed and listen to what he has to say, his poisoned arrow will have full effect. Bahnsen or Schopenhauer will not be more pessimist than we; we shall forsake our usual faith that "to them that love God all things work together to good"; we shall be upset and unfitted for anything, and it will be well if we are not discouraging and cross to those whom we first meet, spoiling their day as well as ours. The writer, who has reached middle age, declares that, out of a hundred occasions in which cares have overcome him, probably ninety-nine dated from his waking hours; and he can conscientiously add that the troubles and anxieties which so overcame him have generally been chimerical and unnecessary, and that when he has rebelled against them by promptly rising they have vanished like morning dew. *Solvitur ambulando* is the best maxim concerning these morning worries; they are dispelled by a few moments of healthy action. The celebrated Montesquieu said he never had a care so heavy that after an hour of study he did not forget it; and though we may not be all such students as he, yet our ordinary routine work will serve us equally well.

If, instead of lying in bed and thinking, we rise directly we are called, we shall soon forget what care and anxiety mean. This may seem a strong saying to some sorrowful people, but let them try and see if it be not true. As for those not now a prey to care (that is, young people), let them be sure that their day for it will come, and let them form in the time of their youth a habit which will prove a blessing to them hereafter.

JOHN MITCHEL: A SKETCH.

William J. Onahan.

PART III.

THE facts and circumstances of John Mitchel's escape are given in the "Jail Journal" narrative (quoted) with sufficient fulness to enable the reader to form a judgment as to whether the "point of honor" was in all respects fully satisfied.

The method and manner of Mitchel's escape, and especially the conditions under which he gave up his parole, have not escaped criticism; and quite a volume of controversy was indulged in at the time regarding it. A sharp allusion to the manner of escape appears in Justin McCarthy's "History of our Own Times," and effected to bring out a vigorous protest from P. J. Smyth, M. P. for Tipperary, — the same who planned and procured Mitchel's escape.

The notes exchanged between Mr. Smyth and the historian serve to throw considerable additional light and information on the question, and I would wish to embody them in my sketch.

A REPETITION OF A HISTORIAN'S BLUNDER.

Mr. J. P. Smyth, M. P., having recently refused to vote for Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., as vice-chairman of the Irish parliamentary party, explains his vote by a publication of a correspondence concerning some errors of Mr. McCarthy, in reference to the escape of John Mitchel from Van Diemen's Land. In an introductory note Mr. Smyth says: —

"Although, subsequent to this correspondence, the work went through several editions, no correction appeared in any of them. But in the preface to the fourth and concluding volume, Mr. McCarthy states, on my authority, the fact with reference to Mr. S. O'Brien, adding that the intelligence would be new to people in England, and even to many in Ireland. A strange remark, truly, seeing that the fact had been proclaimed over and over again, and notably by Mr. John Martin in that very debate of 1875 which Mr. McCarthy professes to have heard."

Dear Sir, — I have read with pain and surprise, in the pages of an historical work of yours, recently published, some remarks on the escape of J. Mitchel from Van Diemen's Land. It is evident that you did not take pains to ascertain the true facts of the case on which you commented. Considering that John Mitchel has passed away, it seems hard that you, an Irish national representative, should cast aspersions on the character of one of the best and greatest of Irish patriots. That is a species of work which might well be left to English writers. I say that your statements are inaccurate, and that your comments are unwarranted and unjustifiable. The Hobart Town Advertiser, the organ of the then governor, Sir W. Denison, published at the time an account of the scene at the Bothwell police office, adding, "We are forced to admit that Mr. Mitchel's escape was chivalrous in the mode of its execution." That was the testimony of an enemy; it ought, I think, to be sufficient for an Irishman in your position. It is absolutely untrue that Mr. Smith O'Brien disapproved of the manner of Mr. Mitchel's escape. Quite the contrary: it had his full sanction and concurrence. He declined my services for reasons purely private and personal; but he stated in a public speech in Melbourne that if he had been prepared himself to escape, the plan adopted in Mitchel's case is that which he would have followed. I make no apology for addressing you, for this matter concerns me also.

Yours truly,

P. J. SMYTH.

15 BELGRAVE SQUARE, Oct. 10, 1879.

48 Gower Street, Bedford Square,
London, Oct. 11, 1879.

Dear Sir, — I am sorry to say that I cannot alter my opinion with regard to Mitchel's escape. That he conscientiously believed himself entitled to act on the plan suggested, and that you conscientiously believed the same, no one could possibly doubt. But I thought the plan of escape a mistake then, and I think it a mistake now. No man would have any right to set up for a writer of history who could suppress his opinion on such a point. I was an enthusiast for Mitchel. I greatly admire him still; but I think he was wrong on the question of American slavery, and I think he made a mistake in adopting the plan of escape. Your own speech in the House of Commons on the subject, which I heard in 1875, did not change my conviction on the latter point. No doubt the "mode of its execution" was courageous. What I find myself unable to approve of was the plan of escape and the principle on which it was justified. With regard to Smith O'Brien, you will remember that it was stated by Lord Palmerston, twice at least, in the House of Commons, that the government set him free because he had not availed himself of the opportunity of escape offered to him. This was stated in 1854, and again in 1856. Each time Lord Palmerston, after his fashion, drew an invidious distinction between the conduct of O'Brien and that of Mitchel. Yet the release thus offered and qualified was accepted. Can you wonder if it was believed that O'Brien had held back from approval of the plan of escape? Of course if you know that he did not do so, I shall be glad to direct public attention to the fact in a future edition of my book; but my own opinion as to the principle of the escape would remain unaltered. There is no one whose view on such a point I would rather accept than your own, if it were possible; but I am sorry to say I cannot do so.

Faithfully yours,

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

P. J. Smyth, Esq., M. P.

Dublin, Oct. 13.

Dear Sir, — What I complain of is not the expression of your opinion, but that you so put the case before your readers as to sustain the dictum of Lord Palmerston. The whole passage, as a statement of fact, is inaccurate. Meagher's escape, you say, was effected subsequent to Mitchel's. As matter of fact, it was effected a year before. Again, you say that Smith O'Brien accepted his release, accompanied though it was by an imputation on the honor of Mitchel. Ah, sir, I must tell you plainly you know nothing of the men about whom you presume to offer your opinion. Smith O'Brien did nothing of the kind. The prison door was opened, — opened by Mitchel's escape, — and O'Brien, Martin, and Doherty walked out; but they did so, repudiating the cowardly insult offered to their friend and comrade. At a public banquet given in his honor in Melbourne in 1854, at which I also was a guest, Sir John O'Shaughnessy presiding, Mr. Smith O'Brien said: "I refuse to accept a compliment of my Lord Palmerston, accompanied by an insult to my friend, Mr. Mitchel. If he has violated parole, so have I, for the mode of his escape had my entire sanction and approval. I was not prepared myself to take a step which would have rendered it impossible for me to return to Ireland, and therefore I felt compelled to decline the services of my friend Mr. Smyth. But the plan adopted in Mr. Mitchel's case is that which I would have approved of in my own." This letter closes all I deem it necessary to say to you on the subject.

Yours truly, P. J. SMYTH.

48 Gower Street, Bedford Square,
London, Oct. 14.

Dear Sir, — You have made it quite clear that I was mistaken about Smith O'Brien. Of course I shall take care to make the fact known in a future edition of my history. I am only sorry that when Lord Palmerston repeated his statement, two years after O'Brien's speech in Melbourne, it was not challenged by some friend of O'Brien's in the House of Commons. Certainly, I knew more than one friend of O'Brien's who always remained under the impression that O'Brien disapproved of the escape. The mistake of putting Mitchel before Meagher is simply a blunder, the confusion of one name with another. The text will show that I was speaking of Meagher when I wrote Mitchel. Nevertheless, it is a mistake, and I thank you much for pointing it out. Let me add that I have not merely "read up" 1848 out of English books. I was, though somewhat young at the time, a rebel of 1848.

Faithfully yours,

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

P. J. Smyth, Esq.

Mitchel's arrival in the United States, like Meagher's the year previous, was made the occasion of great public ovations and demonstrations of welcome; and whenever he appeared, he was, for a time at least, the "lion of the hour."

Though the "Know-Nothing" movement was then at its height, and had attained almost undisputed ascendancy in the Northern States, his reception by the American community was cordial, and the public journals of the principal cities teemed with laudatory notices and flattering compliments to the *Irish Rebel*.

Shortly after his advent in New York, Mitchel, in conjunction with Thomas Francis Meagher, founded the Citizen, and the paper at the very outset obtained an extensive, and, for an Irish journal, a profitable circulation and patronage. There seemed to be every prospect and assurance that the joint undertaking would prove a success, and during the first few weeks it *was* a most unequivocal success. But its fortune and prospects were suddenly wrecked in a most unexpected manner. The "Slavery Question" was, at the time, the ruling and absorbing issue throughout the country. Every consideration of wisdom and prudence ought to have effected to restrain Mitchel's pen from meddling with it; at all events he certainly should have abstained from any pronounced utterance on the subject, until he had more fully canvassed the situation: but no! With a rashness and a degree of imprudence for which no sufficient justification appeared, he pitched headlong into the exciting question, and by a reckless utterance in an early issue of the Citizen, precipitated on himself and on the paper the wrath of the Northern press and public.

He was denounced fiercely on every side, and even his political friends were constrained to admit that he had been guilty of a great imprudence, and shown a lamentable want of judgment.

The Citizen and its chief editor lost *caste* from that hour. The storm which he had — perhaps unwittingly — raised, only served to rouse Mitchel to greater efforts in championing his political heresy, and the Citizen soon out-Heroded Herod in its defence of slavery, as a cause to be defended *per se*. I can conceive of no sufficient motive or explanation for Mitchel's course at this juncture other than that he hated intensely the English press, and what is called "English public opinion." The *Anglophobia* plainly appears in the pages of the "Jail Journal," and is still more marked in the columns of the New York Citizen.

Next to his hatred for the English government, he despised the tone and teachings of the English press, which he characterized as "English cant." Given an opinion of a British journal on almost any subject or topic, sacred or profane, and Mitchel would almost assuredly adopt and put forward the precisely opposite view.

He professed a great contempt on all occasions for shams, and he did not scruple to give expression to this sentiment whenever and wherever a sham was to be exposed, especially an English sham.

England and the English press hated, or professed to hate, slavery; *ergo*, it was *his* mission and duty to champion and defend it. He believed the antislavery movement to be a "sham" and a stupendous hypocrisy; and he did not hesitate to say so, and to say so in bitter, scorching language, such as no proslavery journal or orator had hitherto the boldness or temerity to employ. But in doing this, Mitchel roused a storm around his head which few men would have had the courage to face, and none could successfully brave or defy. To pass over the moral aspect and the political issues and considerations involved, his writings on the slavery question constitute at

once a monument and a testimony to his boldness and his folly. The tide, however, was too strong for the defiant and saucy editor.

He maintained the fight single-handed upwards of a year, and finally succumbed only when failing eyesight constrained him to abandon the field. He sold out his interest in the Citizen to John McClenahan, and retired to a farm which he had purchased in Northern Tennessee. Even here his active mind could not long remain at rest. His pen must be kept moving, and journalism was his congenial pursuit. Again venturing into the newspaper field, he launched the Southern Citizen at Knoxville, from whence it was ultimately transferred to Washington.

During Mitchel's farm life and retreat in the mountains he was visited by James Stephens, the *soi-disant* Fenian leader, who sought to enlist him in the movement. Mitchel received the overture with coldness, but was finally persuaded to visit Washington, where a conference was arranged with Meagher, at which the "plans" of the new leader were to be mapped out. At this meeting the only "plan" brought forward was that of a *raid* on the purses of Irish-American sympathizers, who were to be moved to liberal subsidies by the power and influence of Mitchel's name and Meagher's eloquence; but neither of these gentlemen would lend their names or their countenance to the scheme. Persuasion, entreaty, and finally threats were employed by the Fenian "leader," of course without effect, and the conference broke up, much to the discomfiture of Stephens.

The Southern Citizen was still more erratic, visionary, and violent on the slavery question. We now read with amazement and incredulity the bold and audacious advocacy of the reopening of the African slave-trade! Even the most ultra of the proslavery champions in the South were amazed at the temerity of the new organ. During the publication of the Southern Citizen at Knoxville, Mitchel made a tour through the Southwest, lecturing in the principal cities of the Mississippi Valley, and enjoying the hospitality of his countrymen in the South. He wrote at the same time a series of graphic letters to his paper, descriptive of this beautiful region; letters which were strikingly characteristic, and curiously illustrate the moods and grim humor of the writer. I shall quote a few extracts from this interesting itinerary.

From New Orleans, where he heard much of poor, bright, genial Joseph Brennan, he wrote: —

"He has much to tell me about poor Brennan, your old coadjutor in our excellent Irish treason. Brennan had been some years connected with the New Orleans press, and was one of the best writers (for a newspaper) of the ultra-Southern school; but was reckless and desperate in his conduct, as if driven by the Furies. He died young; but it were better that he had died ten years younger. You know he was in my office for a while in New York, and wrote for the Citizen. But his eyesight and health were failing, and he returned to New Orleans, where he died. Brennan was too extreme a Southerner for me — too much of a fire-eater. I am a moderate man, and confine my views for the present to dissolution of the Union, revival of the African trade, Americanization of Cuba, Central America, Mexico, and the West India Islands, and establishment of a potent Southern Confederation, based on slavery: that's all. As for the conquest of the Northern States, I would defer that; though, indeed, Mr. Spratt, of Charleston, whom I acknowledge as my pastor and master [boss] in American politics, has no doubt that slavery will ultimately prevail in those at present too-benighted communities, and save them from anarchy, otherwise coming upon them like an armed man."

Again, writing from Mobile, after delivering a lecture there and attending the theatre, he thus soliloquizes: —

"I could not bring myself to go home to the hotel. To walk ten miles, or ride twenty, was needful before I could sleep; and not having a horse at hand, I walked rapidly through the streets, out into the dark country, and over sandy roads which

brought me into the black woods. The night was moonless, but warm as a June night in Ireland; and the pines and roses breathed heavy balm on the air — the ambrosial night of this passionate Southern land. It is one incident of such banishment as ours — you too have experienced it — that where we meet with most cordial kindness, where we suffer ourselves for a little to feel most perfectly at home and among friends, there a dreary reaction is sure to follow; and we have a mood of solitary savagery, wherein we give ourselves up to the consciousness of being strang ers and sojourners, — objects of polite attention, of sympathy, of curiosity or even (*infanaum!*) of pity. We are outside of everybody's world, and hang on to the bare periphery of the globe as it wheels round the sun, by dint of gravitation only. Here have I been enjoying the society of these courteous and generous men and women of Mobile city, until I almost thought myself one of them; but *they* are at home: where they stand, there they grew, like the magnolias. I am a tree uprooted; and because I have no root I wither away. They are all asleep now; and I grimly walk the woods at midnight. I have lectured to them, to be sure, and they came to hear politely, because I am a stranger, and also because they know me to be (for some reason or other) a friend to the *South*. The South! And what is the South to me, or I to the South? Why not take an interest in Egypt? things are far from going right in Egypt; — or in Denmark? there 's something rotten there still; — or in Crim Tartary? Crim Tartary will go to the devil, unless there is somebody to look after it. When I am with these good people of Mobile, it is all well; men give me a cordial and manly grasp of the hand, and dark eyes of women are soft and kind; — it is very well: but how would they like to be each packed in a hamper and exported to some far-off country, labelled 'Wrong side up with care?'"

What grim, savage humor there is in this lonely monologue in the cypress woods of Alabama! How perfect an insight it gives us to the inner consciousness of the writer!

Anywhere and everywhere, he could be only an exile and a sojourner in a strange country. For him there was no other, there could be no other *home*, but Ireland.

Under the form of public letters addressed to the well-known Southern statesman, Alexander H. Stephens, Mitchel published in the same paper a historical résumé of the Repeal agitation and the circumstances and events which supplemented that movement. This series of papers was entitled and appeared under the caption "The Last Conquest of Ireland — Perhaps!"

Of course the view taken is unequivocally radical and extreme, and the letters exhibit all the qualities and characteristics of Mitchel's writings: they are terse, forcible, and bitter.

PART IV. NEXT MONTH.

EASTER EGGS.

THE custom of eating eggs at Easter has been traced up, not only to the theology of Egypt, but to the philosophy of the Persians, the Greeks, the Gauls, and the Romans, all of whom regarded the egg as an emblem of the universe, and the work of the Deity. "Easter," says Gebelin, "and New-Year's have been marked by similar distinctions. Among the Romans the New Year is looked upon as the beginning of all things, and is noted for the triumph of the sun of nature, as Easter is with the Christians for the Sun of Justice, the Saviour of the world, over death, by his resurrection." The early Christians of Mesopotamia had the custom of dyeing and decorating eggs at Easter. They were stained red, in memory of the blood of Christ, shed at his crucifixion. The Church adopted the custom, and regarded the eggs as the emblem of the resurrection, as is evinced by the benediction of Pope Paul V., about 1610, which reads thus: "Bless, O Lord! we beseech thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee on account of the resurrection of the Lord." Thus the custom has come down from ages lost in antiquity.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLUNKET AND BUSHE.

Both sons of clergymen. — Plunket's father, the Rev. Thomas Plunket, Presbyterian minister of Enniskillen. — William Conyngham Plunket, born in 1764. — Anecdotes of his boyhood. — Enters Trinity College in 1779. — The College Historical Society: chairman's taunting speech. — Distinguished members. — Called to the bar in 1787. — Contrast between the barristers of England and Ireland. — Selects the Northwest Circuit. — Anecdotes. — Dolrum defined. — Defends a horse-stealer. — His powers of speaking. — Considered a safer opponent against Lord Castlereagh than Grattan. — Enters Parliament in 1798. — State of Irish politics. — Contributes to the *Anti-Unionist*. — Letter from Sheelagh. — Anti-Union poetry. — Attacks Lord Castlereagh and the Irish Government. — The Viceroy's efforts to carry the Union.

CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE.

His father a clergyman of the Established Church. — Charles, born in 1767. — Sent to school at Ballytore. — Enters Trinity College in 1782. — Society in Dublin. — Character of Bushe. — His powers of oratory described by Lord Brougham. — Compliment to him by John Kemble. — Anecdote of private theatricals. — Called to the bar in 1790. — Marries. — Great legal abilities. — Careful study. — Difficulty in mastering old reports. — Enters House of Commons in 1797. — Government offers him place; declines. — Shiel's tribute to Bushe's honesty. — Bushe wrote as well as spoke against the Union. — "Cease your funning." — Plunket and Bushe contrasted. — Poetic description of Bushe's oratory. — Saurin, Attorney-General, and Bushe, Solicitor-General, meet George IV. at Slane Castle. — Bushe's narrative of the visit. — *Bon-mots* of Bushe and Plunket.

AMONGST those leaders of the Irish bar who were members of the Irish House of Commons, and by their talents and legal acquirements gained high rank at the bar, and afterwards seats on the bench, were Plunket, at first Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and Bushe, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

Both were sons of clergymen. The Rev. Thomas Plunket, father of the honorable member for Charlemont, was Presbyterian minister of Enniskillen, where William Conyngham Plunket was born on the 1st of July, 1764. A friend of mine told me two anecdotes of young Plunket which are indications of no common character.

While yet very young Master Willie was taken for a walk to Castlecool, the beautiful demesne of the Earle of Belmore, close to Enniskillen. The child grew tired; so his aunt, Miss Conyngham, took him in her arms in order to bear him home. Long before they reached Enniskillen, and when the lady was tired of her load, they met a gentleman with whom the lady was acquainted, who politely begged to be allowed to carry the tired child.

Miss Conyngham joyfully transferred her nephew to the friendly arms extended to receive him; and when they reached the dwelling of the Rev. Thomas Plunket, and Master Willie was placed on the paternal door-step, his aunt bade him "thank the kind gentleman."

"Thank him for what?" inquired the juvenile.

"For his trouble in carrying you home."

"Not I," argued the youth. "'T is for you to do that." Pointing to a coal-porter with a bag of coals, "Suppose the gentleman carried home the coals: who should thank him but the porter he relieved of the bag?"

There was no denying the force of this reasoning. The other anecdote, which speaks well for young Plunket's disposition, was thus communicated by my friend, the late Master O'Dwyer: Plunket's first school was kept by a peace-loving master, who determined to prevent boxing between the boys. In order to encourage emulation, there were certain good marks which entitled the most deserving pupil to a certificate which exempted the holder from punishment for any offence whatever. Plunket's diligence and ability gained him this much-prized certificate. While holding it, he had a quarrel with a classfellow, and despite the prohibition they fought. Black eyes and swollen lips and flattened noses told their sad tale, and the decree went forth. Both delinquents were to be whipped. Plunket took his punishment without flinching; and when his opponent's turn came, when the lash was to be applied, Plunket handed his late foe the certificate which exempted the

holder from all punishment. "Take this," he said; "I kept it to save you, and now the master can't touch you."

"You are a brave, generous boy, Willie," was the expressed opinion of students and master; and the master added, in a spirit of prophecy, "I plainly see you will do us credit if you only keep your temper and mind your lessons."

Well and fully did the Lord High Chancellor redeem this prediction. In 1779 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and obtained a scholarship. In 1782 he joined the famous Dublin College Historical Society, which had been founded in May, 1770. Barry Yelverton, Grattan, and Curran were among the early founders of this society, which has had a vigorous existence, having reached over a century. Like most societies, its infancy was weak. The following speech from the chairman (Mr. Ball), in 1774, may be taken as a fair sample of how its meetings were conducted:

"One gentleman arises, and opens the debate by modestly informing the society 'he has nothing to say, for indeed he has not studied the question.' Another, on the opposite side, with equal modesty, assures us 'that the arguments of his learned and respectable friend who opened the debate carry with them such weight and authority it would be presumption in him to attempt to answer.' Well may Cambridge, well may Oxford boast, and call us their *silent sister*. Shamefully indolent as we are, the reproaches of these might rouse us. Shall they produce wits and poets and orators, while the only seminary in Europe for the education of gentlemen is barren of these fruits? Forbid it, patriotism! that the soil which reared a Burke, the soil which produced a Hussey Burgh, should cease on a sudden that fertility from which fame had fondly promised herself to gather for futurity the richest present she ever made it!"

The taunt thus bravely launched against the indolent members of the College Historical Society had due effect. Soon a corps of orators were trained whose voices "echo through the corridors of time." Thomas Addis Emmet, Temple, and Robert Emmet, Theobald, Wolfe Tone, Charles Kendal Bushe, Miller, Magee, Peter Burrowes, Plunket, attest the fame of the old days; while the names of Napier, Whiteside, Keogh, Fitzgerald, Harrison, Chatterton, Butt, Heron, Morris, Gibson, and scores of others eminent on the bench, at the bar, and in the pulpit, sustain the modern prestige of the College Historical Society. Having taken his degree in college, Mr. Plunket studied for the bar, and was called in Hilary term, 1787. He remarked a very singular contrast between the staid and formal society of the English inns of court and their practitioners, and the less technical and more social habits of the Irish bar. Nearly all the leaders, when Plunket was called, were Monks of the Screw, — not mere honorary, but *active* members of that spiritual fraternity.

Plunket selected the Northwest Circuit as the scene of his professional excursions, and some anecdotes of his mode of dealing with his cases yet linger. A witness who, though very ready to reply to the questions on the direct examination, was by no means so when cross-examined, was taunted by Plunket with this. The excuse made by the witness was, "The counsellor's questions put him in a *doldrum*." The Judge, Chief Baron Lord Avonmore, repeated the word: "A doldrum! what is that?" "I can tell your lordship," said Plunket; "a doldrum is a *confusion of the head* arising from a *corruption of the heart*." Having obtained the triumphant acquittal of a horse-stealer, another of the band said, "I tell ye what, boys, if I 'm paraded before judge and jury for the next horse I steal, by jabers I 'll have Plunket."

The thief's tribute was echoed by more honorable men. The Opposition, aware of his eloquence and power of

argument, deemed him a safer man to grapple with Lord Castlereagh than even Grattan. While the latter was fiery, rapid, and impulsive, the former was cool, wary, and argumentative. As the selected champion of the Opposition against the minister, Plunket entered the House of Commons, member for Charlemont. He took his seat on Feb. 6, 1798. There was much in the state of the Irish House of Commons at that time to daunt and frighten a timid man. He beheld the ministry strong in the venal support of a majority dependent upon the treasury for the means of living, and paid to carry the bill for the Union. Parliamentary reform and the emancipation of Roman Catholics were measures either abandoned or placed in abeyance. The hitherto chosen leaders of the Opposition, unable to stem the tide overflowing all their landmarks, had abandoned the field. There remained not above thirty to contend against thrice that number; but among those thirty Plunket found able allies, — George Ponsonby, Charles Kendal Bushe, Knox, and Parsons. Not merely by his voice did Plunket resist the Union. In conjunction with Bushe, Grattan, Smily, Goold, and Wallace, he contributed to a weekly periodical called *Anti-Union*. Grave argument and droll illustrations, keen sarcasm and stern prophecy, issued in prose and verse every week. The following extract, from the number published on Jan. 1, 1799, may serve as a specimen of Plunket's irony: Sheelagh (Ireland) is sued in marriage (Union) by John Bull (England), who had already been married to another (Scotland). Sheelagh thus details the inducements held out to her, and her dislike to the match: "But conceive, I beg of you, the ridiculousness of the overtures. I to marry Mr. Bull! Mr. Bull, whom, in the year 1783, when he was tolerably vigorous and reasonably wealthy, and well reported, I would have rejected with contempt! Mr. Bull, now that he has repeated fits of the falling sickness, and that a commission of bankruptcy is ready to issue against him! I could not have believed the proposal serious if the old gentleman himself had not gravely avowed it. Hear, I beg of you, the inducements which he holds out to me. There is to be no cohabitation, for we are still to continue to live on different sides of the water; no reduction of expense, for our separate establishments are still to be kept up, all my servants are to be paid by me, but to take their orders from him, the entire profits of my trade to be subject to his management and applied in the discharge of his debts; my family estate to be assigned to him, without any settlement being made on me or my issue, or any provision for the event of a separation. He tells me at the same time that I am to reap great advantages, the particulars of which he does not think proper to disclose, and that in the mean time I must agree to the match, and that a settlement will be hereafter drawn up agreeable to his directions, and by his lawyers. This, you will say, is rather an extraordinary *carte blanche* from an insolvent gentleman, past his grand climacteric, to a handsome young woman of good character and easy circumstances. But this is not all: the pride of the negotiation equals its dishonesty; for though I am beset and assailed in private, and threatened with actual force if I do not consent to this unnatural alliance, yet, in order to save the feelings of the Bull family, and to afford grounds for an inadequate settlement, I am desired, in despite of all maiden precedent, to make the first public advances, and to supplicate, as a boon, that he will gratify my amorous desires, and condescend to receive me and my appurtenances under his protection. Still, one of the principal features of the odious transaction remains to be detailed. Would you believe it, that this old sinner, several years ago, married a lady who, though of harsh

visage and slender fortune, was of honorable parentage and good character, and who is at this hour alone, and treated by him with every mark of contumely,* and it is worthy of observation that many of the clauses in the articles, which were very carefully drawn up previous to his marriage with this lady, have been scandalously violated by him. The truth is, I am determined to live and die a maiden, and I now apply to you merely for advice as to what is the most effectual method of protecting myself in that resolution. If the Bulls will not suffer me to live on friendly terms with them, and will still persist in their dishonest practices in my family, I will turn out their adherents (whom I well know), and in all events, I will restore my shop-boy to his original rags, and send him to the place whence he came. I will re-establish harmony amongst all those who should naturally be my friends, and if the Bulls attempt to offer me any insolence, I trust I shall be able to repel force by force.

"I am, sir, your affectionate, but determined, humble servant,

"SHEELAGH."

Not merely in prose was the war against the Union carried on. The poet strung his rhymes, and the satirist lashed the measure thus: —

"How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit,
That 'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir,
By the magical touch of that conjurer, Pitt!
All the country is coming to town, sir.
Give Pitt and Dundas and Jenkins a glass.
They will ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an ass.
Through Capel Street you may rurally range,
You will scarcely 'cognize it the same street, sir;
Fine turnips will grow at the Royal Exchange,
And choice cabbages all along Dame Street, sir.
Wild oats, in your College, will want to be tilled;
Fine hemp in the Four Courts shall thrive, sir;
While mutton your markets will fill as of old;
By St. Patrick! they 'll graze there alive, sir.
Says an alderman, 'Corn will grow in your shops;
This Union will work our enslavement.'
'That 's true; says the sheriff, 'for plenty of crops †
Already I 've seen on the pavement.'
Ye brave loyal yeomen, dressed gayly in red,
This minister's plan must elate us,
And well may John Bull, when he robbed us of bread,
Call poor Ireland the land of potatoes."

* The Queen has changed all this.

† Rebels were called croppies, having their hair cut short.

Plunket was not very long in the House of Commons before he justified the opinion that he was fully able to encounter Lord Castlereagh. That minister having addressed the House on the question of the Union, in January, 1799, Mr. Plunket attacked him in these words: "The example of the Prime Minister of England, inimitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The minister of England has his faults: he abandoned, in his later years, the principles of reform, by professing which he obtained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he has shown himself by nature endowed with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his moral resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the Constitution, which has been formed in the wisdom of ages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such *a green and sapless twig* as this. Sir, I confess I did, at one time, rejoice in the appointment of the noble lord to the administration of this country. When I perceived that wicked and dangerous measures were in agitation, I rejoiced that an *impotent* and *incapable* instrument was selected for their execution * Sir, I thank the administration for this measure; they, without intending it, are putting an end to our dissensions Through the black cloud which they have collected over us I see the light breaking in upon this

* These allusions are believed to have been hits at the fact that Lord Castlereagh had no children. It was said, when Teeling's mother was refused pardon for her son, accused of treason in 1798, she cried to Lord Castlereagh: "You cannot comprehend my feelings; I remember, my lord, you have no child."

unfortunate country. I tell them they will see every honorable and independent man in Ireland rally round the Constitution, and merge every consideration in opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invader of their country's freedom. Sir, I shall not detain you by pursuing this question through the topics which it so abundantly offers. I should be proud to think my name should be handed down to posterity in the same roll with those disinterested patriots who have so successfully resisted the enemies of their country, — successfully I trust it will be. At all events, I have my exceeding great reward. I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold or meanly abandoned the liberties of my native land. Can any man who gives his vote this night on the other side lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? I hope so: it will be well for his own peace. The indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curse of his children will not follow him to the grave. I in the most express terms deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare lay your hands on the Constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this Act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it."

On the division, the government had the narrow majority of *one*.

But the pen of the patriot and the tongue of the orator were equally powerless to save the Irish Parliament. On Jan. 15, 1800, the Viceroy, Marquis Cornwallis, delivered the opening speech from the throne, in which no allusion was made to the impending Union. But the discussion was quickly raised by Sir Laurence Parsons, and in most withering tones Plunket denounced the means taken by the government (the progress of the Viceroy from town to town) in order to get the semblance of popular support for the measure. "It is painful," he said, "to dwell upon that disgraceful expedition. No place too obscure to be visited; no rank too low to be courted; no threat too vile to be refrained from; the counties not sought to be legally convened by the sheriffs; no attempt to collect the unbiassed suffrages of the independent and intelligent part of the community; public addresses sought for from petty villages, and private signatures smuggled from public counties, and how procured? By the influence of absentee landlords, not over the affections, but over the terrors of their tenantry, by grasping agents and revenue officers." It was during this debate that the House witnessed a very affecting scene. The debate had been kept up with unflagging interest during the lengthening night, and the gray dawn was breaking, when, pale and ghastly with recent illness (from which, indeed, he had not quite recovered), Henry Grattan entered the House. Loud cheers from his friends welcomed him, and when he sought to speak, the Speaker (Right Hon. John Foster) gave permission for Mr. Grattan to address the House sitting.

To be continued.

How to Obey.— Do it at once. Never wait to be told a second time. Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part. Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Don't fret and grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasing to God and man.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FLOREEN'S GOLDEN HAIR.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Rosa Mulholland, in Irish Monthly.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl called Floreen, who lived with her mother in a pretty valley far away from the big world. All the people in this valley lived by growing flax, and sending it to the mills at a great distance to be turned into yarn and woven into many fabrics. Round and round the white cottages in the hollow between two hills were seen the fields of flax, long waves of delicate green, with drifts of blue blossoms upon the surface. On the top of one of the sloping hills that guarded the valley stood a forlorn old windmill. The ground round about it was barren and rocky, and one or two stunted, blighted trees stood near it, with a look as if they would like to run away, but could not. People said the old brown mill was haunted; and the valley children would cling to one another when, sometimes in the twilight on windy evenings, they saw the crazy old sails of the mill beginning to turn on the height, like four gray ghosts, circling through the darkening air.

It happened that one year something went wrong with the growth of the flax, and very little of it was good for use. Poverty, in consequence, fell upon the valley, and Floreen's mother, being a widow, was one of those who suffered from the failure most severely.

One day, Floreen, on her way from school, was spoken to by a stranger travelling through the country, who stroked her long hair, and said, "You are a real little child of the valley, with all this flaxen hair." And then he gave her some sugar-plums and went on his way. Floreen went home to her mother with the sugar-plums. They were not much in the way of food, but still they were something to eat. The stranger's words kept ringing in her ears, and she cried out at last, "O mother, how I wish my head would grow real flax, and then you might not be so hungry!" Her mother smiled, and called her a little goose, and then went on trying to make soup out of an onion and a little salt.

That evening Floreen was wandering about alone, as she was fond of doing, for she had a very inquiring mind, and often wished to ramble farther away than the other children would venture. She was not much afraid of anything, and often laughed at her little friends for being afraid of the windmill. How it happened she never knew; but before she had begun to think she was near the top of the hill, she suddenly found herself quite close to the mill.

"I shall just have time to go in and see what sort of a place it is inside," she said to herself, "and then I shall go home." And in she walked just as a breeze began to blow, setting the old sails creaking and groaning and going round in the air above her head.

She was now in a strange brown chamber, where it was almost quite dark, and where stood some queer-looking machinery.

"Oh, dear," said Floreen to herself, "I wonder if this is the sort of mill where the flax is spun. How I wish all this useless yellow hair could be spun into flax to make money for mother!"

Hardly had she spoken the words when she felt her hair seized from behind and caught into the machinery.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Floreen, as the machinery tugged at her hair and worked away with many a wheezy groan. But her hair did not come out by the roots, as she quite expected it was going to do. It only grew longer

and longer, and thicker and thicker as it was pulled; and now the machinery went so fast that Floreen was quite bewildered, and scarcely knew what was happening, till suddenly the wheels stopped with a prodigious groan, and the little girl found herself standing beside a huge heap of the most lovely silky flax, glittering as no flax ever did before, quivering with yellow light on the earthen floor of the old mill.

You may imagine how astonished Floreen was at such a sight, and she was even more delighted than surprised. She gathered up as much of the flax as she could carry in her skirts, and hastened down the hill to her home. Her mother was sitting crying at the fire when Floreen went in, and started up, uttering cries of wonder when the little girl emptied her lapful of flax upon the floor. When Floreen told her story, the poor woman thought her child had gone mad, and gave her a dose of bitter medicine and put her to bed.

In the morning, however, Floreen still persisted that she was not ill, and had told the truth; but not till they had gone to the mill and fetched the rest of the flax would the mother believe that the beautiful glittering flax was all spun out of her little girl's hair. And no wonder, seeing that Floreen's hair was not one inch shorter for all that had been taken off it.

Well, the next day the mother said, "I must go away and sell this flax, and you, Floreen, must take care of the house till I come back." And away she went with a basket full of the flax on her arm, and travelled night and day into a very distant country. On her way she met a horseman galloping along with a very anxious countenance. He was thinking so deeply that he nearly rode over Floreen's mother, who was walking along also lost in thought, wondering if she should get a good price for her flax.

"Hallo!" cried the horseman. "Excuse me; but I am on a difficult errand for my master, Prince Featherpate. I am searching for the most beautiful flax in the world, for of this his wedding clothes must be made. I am tired searching, and nothing I can get will please him."

"I have flax for sale," said Floreen's mother, opening her basket.

The rays of brightness that shot out of the basket made the horseman blink.

"This is right good," he said joyfully. "If it does not please him, I will try no more!"

He took a large parcel of the flax, placed it behind him on the saddle, and then he put spurs to his horse and clattered away; and Floreen's mother continued her journey.

About noon that day she arrived at a beautiful city, where the houses were built of white marble, and orange-trees were growing all down the streets. Floreen's mother went into the market-place, and taking her stand among the stalls, opened her basket.

"Fine flax," cried she, with all her might. "Who will come and buy my fine flax?"

Several people stopped and looked into the basket, and each one as he did so started, and taking the flax in his fingers, felt it, stared at it, and then looked strangely at the woman who had it for sale. When they went on, others came up, and stood shaking their heads together, and looking askance at Floreen's mother.

Just then a bellman went through the town, crying out, "A hundred pounds reward to any one who will find the thief who has stolen the Princess Clarindabella's hair!"

"How very strange!" thought Floreen's mother. "How could any one steal a princess's hair?"

She had hardly made this reflection to herself when twelve tall policemen came up to her, six of whom seized her basket of flax, while the other six took possession of the poor creature herself and marched her off between them to jail.

While she sat crying in her prison, and thinking about her poor little girl at home, the basket of flax was carried in triumph to the king's palace, a herald riding before it, and proclaiming that the Princess Clarindabella's hair had been found.

Now, some time before, the Princess Clarindabella had had the most beautiful head of golden hair ever seen, and the prince of a neighboring country had asked her in marriage. All preparations were being made for the wedding, when, lo and behold, the princess's hair began to fall off, and after a few weeks she was left without a single hair on her head. She was in a dreadful state of annoyance about this, and all the old women about the court declared that some wicked, envious person had bewitched the princess's hair off her head. Clarindabella vowed she would not be married without her hair; everything was at a standstill, and people were sent out all over the world to discover the sacrilegious wretch who had dared to make away with the royal ringlets.

When, therefore, the basket of golden flax, or hair, whichever you please to call it, was taken from Floreen's mother and brought to the palace, all the ladies of the court jumped for joy, and had no doubt that the princess's runaway tresses had been found. The question now was, however, how to make the hair resume its place on her Royal Highness's head. The court ladies tried gum, and paste, and even glue, but all was no use. The hairs would not stick on. The court physician was sent for, and even he could devise no better plan than to get a wig made of the hair, with which the princess could cover her little bare poll.

The wig was made, and the princess put it on. It was voted very pretty and very becoming, and the only drawback was in the enormous length of the glittering locks, which measured seven or eight yards upon the floor. Clarindabella did not know whether to be most pleased at the length of her curls, or annoyed at the inconvenience they caused her; for after she had ascended the royal staircase they were sometimes found entangled in the lowest balustrade of the stairs, or some one was treading on them down in the hall. This was an undignified as well as an inconvenient position for a princess to be placed in; and at last, after several state councils had been held on the subject, it was resolved that six small pages, in costumes of cloth of gold, should at once be provided to carry the princess's hair after her wherever she went.

No sooner said than done; and at last by night-time the princess was found to be quite satisfied with her head-gear When she went to bed, the wig was taken off and hung on a peg in her room, opposite her bed, and looking at it complacently, she fell asleep. In the middle of the night, however, she wakened with a great shock, and a brilliant light on her eyes, and there she saw the wig all in a blaze of fire, as she thought at first; but by and by she perceived that it was not on fire, only shining with a most astonishing radiance that poured out of it in a stream all over the wall and floor. And strangest of all, about twenty little green and red goblins were dancing in the light with all their might, capering on the floor, and sliding up and down the shining hairs, with peals of elfish laughter. And they were singing songs like this: —

"The greatest fun
Under the sun,
Is to see the flax that the old mill spun
Out of the hair on Floreen's head,
Made in a wig,
Hung on a peg,
While Clarindabella lies snug in bed!"

Clarindabella sat up in bed and stared wildly, and then, getting too much frightened to look any longer, she buried herself under the clothes, and saw nothing more till the morning dawned. The next day she told her mother, the queen, that she would not wear the wig any longer, and

described the bright light and the goblins, and the terror she had endured in the night-time. The queen thought she was getting ill of a fever, locked up the wig out of her sight, put her to bed, and sent for the court physician. She also sent word to Prince Featherpate that the wedding must be put off, as the Princess Clarindabella had taken suddenly ill.

The news reached Prince Featherpate just as he was about to try on his wedding clothes, which (as we know who are in the secret) were made, like the princess's wig, all out of the flax spun by the old fairy windmill, and which was, in reality, Floreen's golden hair. His army of waiting-men had to stand back while he read the message from the queen. It affected him very deeply; but as soon as he had shed a few tears over the illness of his dear Clarindabella, he allowed himself to be persuaded that she would soon be quite well again, and proceeded with the trying-on of his clothes. They were made of what appeared to be certainly the most beautiful fabric in the whole world. Every hair of Floreen's was a golden thread, and woven up together they formed a heavy cloth of gold, which was exactly suitable for the wedding robes of a prince. The robes were a loose gown, and a long mantle which swept the floor, and was to be upheld by pages, like the hair of the princess's wig. Underneath these stiff and splendid robes the prince wore tight garments of the most delicate azure velvet. His cap was crusted with pearls and crowned with long white feathers. The rings which he wore on his fingers alone might have bought dinner for a thousand starving families.

When the robes had been pronounced perfect, and the poor weavers who had woven the wonderful cloth had been paid twopence-halfpenny each for their labor, the royal wedding garments were hung up on the wall, and the prince went to bed.

What was his horror, however, when he wakened in the night, to see the room filled with an extraordinary light, and his golden robes walking about the place with no one at all inside them, but with six goblin pages in royal livery holding up the train of the mantle. And as the clothes strutted along, and the goblins marched after them, peals of uncanny laughter were heard, and the following words were sung: —

"March up and down,
O golden gown,
As puffed with pride
As though Prince Featherpate walked inside!"

"Heavens and earth!" muttered the prince, "what audacious little imps!" But he had to hold his tongue and listen to another song: —

"His Highness fattens and thrives
On the ebbing blood of poor men's lives,
And the scalding tears of their daughters and wives,
And we goblins think it is hardly fair
That a prince should have such costly wear,
As robes woven out of a poor maid's golden hair!"

The prince snatched his sword and leaped out of bed, and the next moment was standing in the middle of his chamber in the moonshine, with his wedding clothes hanging innocently on the wall before him, and nothing left of the strange scene he had witnessed but some elfin laughter gurgling in a corner. He poked at this laughter with his sword as if it had been a rat, and tried to stab it, but it escaped him and pealed about his ears like a chime of fairy bells. Choking with rage, he went back to bed, and the next day declared that his wedding clothes were bewitched, and that nothing would ever induce him to put them on again. His ministers shook their heads, said it was well the wedding had been already deferred, and hoped his Highness's little fit of delirium would have time to work off before he was called upon to fulfil his engagement.

As day followed day, and both Clarindabella and Featherpate remained obstinate, their several ministers agreed to meet in secret and hold a council as to the best means of bringing

this unruly though royal young couple to their senses. It was resolved that they should be permitted to get married without either golden robes or golden wig, if to this they would only consent. As they were tired of so long a separation as they had now endured, they agreed to the plan; for Featherpate hated the very sight of a long train, and Clarindabella declared she was satisfied now to be bald to the end of her days.

A day for the royal marriage was announced; and on the eventful morning, the court and all the company of wedding guests assembled in the state chambers of the palace. There was great tittering and laughing among the less well-bred of the crowd at the expectation of seeing a royal bride married without a single hair on her head, and a royal bridegroom in tight garments like an acrobat. The queen, Clarindabella's mother, could not bear to hear of it; and at the last moment, when they were just descending the stairs to join the company, she led the youthful pair into a dressing-room, and implored them to attire themselves in a fitting and desirable manner. She had robes and wig at hand, and before they could remonstrate had popped each on the wearer for whom it had been intended. Taken quite by surprise, and looking in the glass, the resolution of the young pair gave way, and they acknowledged that they looked better than they had done without their respective coverings. Clarindabella had been feeling a little annoyed at the thought of marrying such a knitting-needle of a prince, and Featherpate had been musing involuntarily on the absurdity of his standing at the altar with a princess who had a head like a billiard ball. Now, therefore, they smiled at each other and agreed to obey the queen, who, greatly delighted, took a hand of each, and introduced them to the astonished company.

All now went well. The chapel was filled with the whole court; the royal pair stood at the altar, when suddenly, just as the last word had been said, and the ring had been put on Clarindabella's finger, twelve little red and green goblins were seen walking up the church aisle, and ascending the steps. They pushed aside the pages that upheld the prince's train and the princess's hair, and took their places. A few moments afterward they gave train and hair a gentle shake, whereupon the golden robes at once left Featherpate's back, and the golden wig instantly quitted Clarindabella's head, leaving the pair exposed to the laughter of the crowd, while robes and wig marched solemnly down the church aisle, followed by the goblins, and disappeared suddenly through the door.

When Clarindabella and Featherpate had both fainted, and both been restored, when all the confusion had been calmed down, and the people who had laughed had been banished from the court, a council was held as to what was the best means of penetrating so strange a mystery. It was suggested that an investigation should be made into the circumstances of the purchase of materials for the robes and wig; and the police who had arrested Floreen's mother, and the horseman who had bought her flax upon the road, were both summoned before the commission. When they had told their stories, an order was instantly given for the release of Floreen's mother, and she was marched to the palace by a regiment of soldiers.

Then it was that, in the presence of the queen, the prince and princess, and the whole court, she told her little story of poverty and hunger, and of her little girl's devotion, and her extraordinary adventure at the mill. She wept bitterly as she declared that the beautiful flax was all spun out of her little Floreen's hair, and had never belonged to the Princess Clarindabella at all.

"My poor little daughter!" she said; "God knows whether I shall

find her alive when I go back after my long imprisonment."

When the poor woman ceased, it was seen that the queen was using her pocket-handkerchief, and of course, immediately the whole court began to use its pocket-handkerchiefs.

"We have too long neglected the poor people of this distant valley," said the queen, royally. "I will sell one of my best pairs of slippers instantly, and go and visit them, and make them comfortable until good times return to them."

The court cheered loudly.

"And you and your little Floreen shall be my especial care," she said to the poor woman. "You shall stay with me and be one of my women, if you please; and your daughter Floreen shall be the princess's confidential maid."

The poor woman fell on her face and kissed the queen's hands; and, lo and behold, while they were speaking, the Princess Clarindabella's hair began to grow. It grew, after that, at the rate of an inch in a quarter of an hour; and before the day was over, it was as long as even a princess could wish it.

WHAT WAS THE MATTER. — J. J. Andrews, a Philadelphia merchant, lost the sight of his left eye twenty years ago, and the physicians told him there was no cure. The useless member gave him no trouble until 1877, but thereafter it was occasionally so painful that he writhed on the floor until the attack was over. Many of the best oculists made careful examinations and were unable to ascertain the nature of the disease. Lately he put himself into the hands of a Philadelphia physician, of whose investigation he says: He blistered me round the eye to draw out the inflammation, and at last he said, "I know what it is not; it is not inflammation, and that is one point gained." He drew out a diseased tooth and cut out a piece of the jawbone and did some probing; finally he said, "It does not come from a tooth nerve, and that is another point gained." He dosed me with quinine until he was satisfied, and then he said, "It is not miasma, and that is another point gained" Last Thursday he put me into a darkened room, and throwing an indescribably bright light into my eye, looked into my eye for two mortal hours. At last he exclaimed, "I have the secret!" Looking in through the pupil of the eye he could see a live cysticercus, or embryo tape-worm. This was the first case in America, and was exhibited to most of the physicians of Philadelphia. An operation with a knife removed the creature.

ARCHBISHOP BLANCHET, of Oregon, has resigned the cares of his office into the hands of his younger coadjutor, Archbishop Seghers, and his resignation has been accepted by the Pope. In the Oregon Catholic Sentinel of March 3 is the Archbishop's farewell pastoral. It is replete with touching tenderness. The following is but a brief extract: "After sixty-two years of priesthood; after forty-three years of toilsome labor on this coast; after an episcopate of thirty-six years; after thirty-five years spent at the head of this ecclesiastical province, — we may say with the Apostle St. Paul, 'The time of my dissolution is at hand. I have finished my course.' (2 Tim. iv. 6, 7.) 'Let, therefore, the Lord dismiss his servant in peace, for truly my eyes have seen the wonderful works of his salvation.' (Luke ii. 29, 30, 31.) We came to this country, accompanied by the late Modeste Demers, the first bishop of Vancouver Island, in 1838, to preach the true gospel for the first time; and where then we saw nothing but 'darkness and the shadow of death,' we have now flourishing dioceses and vicariates, prosperous missions, a zealous clergy, fervent communities, and a Catholic people of whom we expect great works and noble deeds."

Useful Knowledge.

Sunflower. — Sow sunflower seeds in the spring around tumble-down sheds, or any unseemly spots that you wish to hide. After they are well up and have received one hoeing, they will need absolutely no attention. The seeds are excellent for poultry, both for increasing the production of eggs and the brilliancy of their plumage.

House Insects.—No insect which usually infests the house and crawls over the floor or woodwork can live under the application of hot alum-water. It will destroy black ants, cockroaches, and chintz-bugs. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire till the alum is all melted, then apply it with a brush (while nearly hot) to every point and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, etc. If mixed in whitewash it will keep off insects.

Brown Paper and the Cold. — The "old woman's" remedy for a "cold on the chest," a sore throat, or a bruise, which consisted in an application of brown paper steeped in beer or vinegar, owed its efficacy, says the Lancet, to the heat-retaining properties of the paper. A wet pad of this material, so far as the surface next the skin was concerned, acted almost as well as a layer of wet linen rag protected with a thick covering of flannel. In short, stout paper of the commonest sort is a non-conductor, and may be most advantageously employed as covering for beds or to eke out scanty clothing. If this were generally known among the poor, strong sheets of thick paper would be stitched to the back of ragged quilts, with the result of rendering many a poor family comfortable, because better protected from the cold weather. A piece of thick paper inserted between the lining and the cloth of a waistcoat, or in the back of a thin coat, will render it warm as well as light. The suggestion is a small one, but it is simple to carry into effect, and will be found effective.

Water for Live Stock.—All who have charge of cattle and other farm stock, and especially of milch cows, should provide for a liberal supply of good, pure water for them to drink when thirsty. In the West it is true of many farms that the stock must be watered at the family well, and that only twice a day, — morning and evening. Stock does not thrive well under such treatment. Those who keep milch cows are aware not only of the necessity of water therefor, but that it shall be pure. In selecting a farm for dairy purposes, attention should be paid to the supply of an abundance of pure water at all seasons of the year, as both the quality and quantity of milk depend upon this. The growth of young stock, as well as that intended for beef, is often poor, owing to the want of pure water to drink, their supply often being from a nasty mud-hole. Good water, easy of access, should be had in all pastures. Cattle are kept for three purposes, — growth, milk, and beef. Any person can put down a "drive-well," as it is called, and by the use of lead, iron, or wooden conductors, a supply of water may thus be furnished. Will graziers and dairymen see to it that their live stock be amply furnished with water suitable and convenient for the use of their mute animals? "The merciful man regardeth the life of his beast."

Cheese made from Potatoes. — A foreign paper says that cheese is made from potatoes in Thuringia and Saxony. After having collected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to a large white kind, they are boiled in a caldron; and after becoming cool, they are reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added one pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew, and the cheeses are placed in little baskets, when the superfluous moisture escapes. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are the more their quality improves. Three kinds are made: the first and most common is made as detailed above; the second, with four parts of potatoes and two parts of curdled milk; the third, with two parts of potatoes and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over other kinds, — they do not engender worms; and they keep fresh for a number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation and in well-closed vessels.

The Humorist.

A WESTERN writer thinks that if the proper way to spell *tho* is "though," *ate* is "eight," and *boes* is "beaux," the proper way to spell *potatoes* is "poughteighteaux."

"PAPA, what are you going to do with all that money?" Father: "It is to take us on our journey." Willie: "Then I suppose we will be there soon, as I have often heard you say that money goes fast."

IN a Nashville court, recently, a juror asked to be excused because he was deaf, although there were reasons for supposing that his hearing was not affected. "He is excused," said the judge: "for if he is deaf, we don't want him; and if he is a liar, we don't want him either."

A FAMOUS surgeon advises one of his patients to undergo an operation. "Is it very severe?" asks the patient. "Not for the patient," says the doctor: "we put him to sleep; but very hard on the operator."—"How so?"—"We suffer terribly from anxiety. Just think, it only succeeds once in a hundred times!"

A NEWARK lady, on entering the ladies' cabin of a ferry-boat, and finding the seats occupied by men, remarked to a friend that she had often noticed in the papers quotations of prices of dressed hogs, and it had never dawned on her mind what the article was until then.

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a Hammersmith young man of his adored one's little sister.—"Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

A LADY returning from an unprofitable visit to church declared that "when she saw the shawls of those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it was n't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do."

"WHY do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the dead past, brooding over the days that are forever gone?" asks a young lady in a communication entitled "Life's Aims." They don't. On the contrary, they wander around the dry-goods stores of the present, pricing things they have no idea of buying.

MRS. BOMBAZINE, who engineers a Galveston hashery, can be very sarcastic. One of her boarders always comes late and eats like he had a power of attorney to eat for several of his friends. Yesterday she said to him: "Young man, you come at one and eat for twelve. Now, could n't you arrange it to come at twelve and eat for one?"

THERE is a man at Waupun who, if he is not a liar, tells some of the most remarkable truths on record. He tells about the changeable weather in Dakota, and illustrates by saying that he knew a man to go out in the back yard to thaw out a pump, and the man was sunstruck before he could get his overcoat off, and before he could be carried into the house he froze stiff.

LORD ERSKINE was a wit, and the most eloquent advocate of his day. His wit, however, was never venomous, but uttered with such good-natured courtesy as to disarm those whom it pierced. An old lawyer, by the name of Lamb, was constitutionally timid, and on one occasion remarked that he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older. "No wonder," replied Erskine, good-naturedly; "every one knows that the older a lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes."

IT was in the smoking-room of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was recently talking about weather forecasts, "Look here," said he, "I dell you vat it is. You petter dake no shtock in them weather bredictions. Dose beoble don't know noding. Dey can't dell no petter as I can."—"But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."—"Vell, dat ish zo," said the Teuton, contemplatively; "but I dell you vat it is. Dat shtorm would have come just de same if it had not been bredicted."

JUDGE CALDWELL, of North Carolina, at one time was obliged to call upon an old darky to open his court. It was evidently the first time he had acted in the capacity of bailiff. He began: "O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! De hono'ble, de co't is now on de bench." Then, after hesitating a moment, as if not knowing what to say, he seemed to hit it, and ended by exclaiming: "An' may de Lawd have mercy on his soul!" Caldwell retorted immediately, "That 's right, man; that 's right; if there ever was a court that needed the mercy of God, it 's this one."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE death of Lord Beaconsfield recalls some of the greatest oratorical efforts of Daniel O'Connell. It would be only a poor compliment to the illustrious Irishman to say that he controlled the House of Commons; but that he was the intellectual superior of Benjamin Disraeli is glory enough for one nation. With possibly the exception of Talleyrand, whom he resembled in his diplomacy, Beaconsfield was the shrewdest statesman of modern Europe. He had a fertility of resource, a biting sarcasm, and a brilliant and effective style of writing, that put Gladstone in the shade. Besides, Disraeli, unlike Mr. Gladstone, was not troubled with that very inconvenient possession, popularly known as a conscience, — at least, a public or diplomatic conscience. Very early in his career, he made up his mind to become Premier of England, — a very noble and worthy ambition, — and he knew the only way to effect this was to approve himself as a brilliant writer of fiction. He thought that society, in its more fashionable aspects, was the greatest power in England, and certainly his marvellous success would seem to prove the truth of his impression. He had very broad and lax religious views, and preferred the company of Cardinals Manning and Newman to that of the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury; and, as the Prime Minister of Great Britain has all episcopal appointments in the Church of England, although the Queen is nominally the head of that church, he gave the preference to those clergymen that displayed a tolerant and unbigoted spirit in their sermons and books. He was very fond of learning himself, and though his stories cannot rank as English classics, there are some admirable descriptions in Vivian Grey, and in Tancred. His latest novel, Endymion, will be chiefly memorable for the powerful delineation of Nigel Penruddocke, which all England at once recognized as intended for Cardinal Manning. Lothair, although severely criticised, is generally accepted as a faithful picture of high English Catholic society. Lord Beaconsfield regretted his challenge to O'Connell, and said in his later years that the Liberator had far more courage in declining the duel than he had in sending the challenge. As O'Connell could hit the "bull's-eye" every time, at a thousand yards, it showed the great patience of the sorely tried "Agitator" not to go out to the duelling field.

THE emigration clause in the Irish Land Bill is objected to by Mr. Parnell as a covert insult to the nation, and a contemptible trick of the Gladstone ministry to evade the responsibility incumbent upon England, to revise her whole system of rental and agrarian law, as operative in Ireland. The "law's delay" is proverbial in England, and the only explanation of it is the stupidity of John Bull. If England loses Ireland, she might as well shut up shop. The Irish people are easily satisfied with justice, and they submit to inflictions which no other nation in the world would tolerate. But there is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue; and as Matthew Arnold says in a recent essay, there is no wonder that the people of Ireland are "the incompatibles." Driven out of their own land, they give to other nations their talents and their labor; and it is very hard for any

man to say that his own native spot, his, by inheritance and by hard work, is practically not his by a title. A great Irishman once said, "I am a man without a country. The American, the Frenchman, the German, even the Turk can claim his own country, and enjoy the protection of its laws. Only the Irishman is a stranger and pilgrim on this earth, nor can he enjoy the fruits of his labor in his native land." As war is out of the question, emigration is the only hope for Ireland. It is admitted by all nations that the United States is the only refuge for liberty in the world. This great country welcomes the stranger, and is glad to pay the laborer his fair wages. The valley of the Mississippi feeds the world, and our vast Western prairies only await the hand of the farmer. It is a crying injustice to Ireland that her own people cannot make a livelihood without great difficulty. When Mr. Parnell was in Kentucky, a State of great fertility, he was reminded of Ireland, and said to a gentleman of the party: "I do not wonder that the Irish people flock to America. As the Latin historian says, in his comment upon the *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, referring to Cæsar's great confidence in his future eminence, the Irish carry the day wherever they go, and were I not an American I should wish to be an Irishman."

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has succeeded admirably in the important and difficult complications of the Church in Germany. The dissensions that ruled in that country, owing to the heresy that afflicted the Church, subsequent to Döllinger's withdrawal, have been happily healed. The pope fulfils St. Malachi's prediction of being indeed a "Light from Heaven." By the way, scholars will be interested to know that the authenticity of St. Malachi's predictions, regarding the line of the Roman Pontiffs, has been fully verified. The present pope is chiefly distinguished for his great abilities, and in a learned age ranks with the most learned. He is also a liberal patron of art and literature; and while not so great an orator as Pius IX., rivals him as an author. Pope Leo declares that he will revive in the Church the glories of the Medicean age, and inaugurate a new splendor of learning, art, poetry, and scholarship. He is thoroughly familiar with the English language, although not versed in its speaking, and it may please Boston to hear that he believes it to be the centre of American intellect, and that Bancroft is a great historian.

The Atlantic Monthly for May contains a very severe estimate of the late Thomas Carlyle, by Henry James, Sr. It appears that Mr. Carlyle was in the habit of insulting every visitor that called upon him. Of course we all know what a "bore" is, and people should not call upon writers during their hours of composition. Editors must not be disturbed in their writing. Very probably, Carlyle was engaged in preparing his works for the press, in many of those instances of ill-breeding which Mr. James instances. But we agree with James in thinking that Carlyle's writings will not last.

Catholics must not forget the jubilee proclaimed by the Sovereign Pontiff, which we published in the last number of our Magazine. The bishops of the different dioceses will fix the conditions. In distant countries, by the exceeding charity of the Pope, a year is granted for the fulfilment of the jubilee. But here, where we get the news from Rome in ten minutes, or in any land where there are telegraphic communications and printing, Catholics cannot plead delay.

The month of May, consecrated to the Immaculate Mother of God, calls the attention of all the scholars to the many great books which treat of her dignity and privilege. Of course, all Catholics have a life of the Virgin of virgins. There are many admirable books in the English language upon this entrancing subject, which you can find at any good Catholic book-store. There are many noble chapters in Orsini's Life, and it is regarded as a high authority; but we try to consult the tastes of all purchasers.

The Hebrew scholar will not be altogether satisfied with a treatise which would delight the humble student. It is believed that the Board on the revision of the Protestant Scriptures have followed the Vulgate in those translations which in King James's version reflect on the dignity of the Mother of God. Every scholar knows that the Protestant Bible abounds in errata and mistakes, the lowest estimate being placed at 30,000.

CATHOLICS should be careful in purchasing rosaries and sacred images, and invariably give the preference to a Catholic dealer. The Ritualists have carried their imitation of old Mother Church so far, that the rosary is a regular devotion among them. If you purchase a rosary as an ornament of pearl or silver, always ask the dealer if it is constructed on the Roman Catholic type. It is a graceful act of courtesy on the part of Protestants visiting Rome, and admitted to an interview with the Holy Father, to request him to bless articles for their Catholic friends at home; and as there will be an unprecedented travel to Europe this summer, we should make a note of it. The people of Boston will find at T. B. Noonan & Co.'s place of business all the books to which we have referred. It is time, too, for us to liberally encourage our Catholic literature, this being an object very dear to the heart of Leo XIII.

THE Boston Daily Globe states that "the Carney Hospital has received the munificent donation of $1000 from R. M. Pulsifer & Co., of the Boston Herald." What other newspaper establishment will follow suit? "We pause for a reply."

EASTER EGGS. — On Easter day, revolutionary proclamations from the "Land and Liberty" party were found enclosed in Easter eggs distributed in the streets of Moscow. The proclamation urges the peasantry to seize lands and refuse to pay taxes or serve in the army. Count Walujeff has resigned the presidency of the committee of ministers. His resignation is connected with the distribution of government lands during his administration of the ministry of domains. No successor will be appointed, as the committee of ministers will be abolished.

PLEASING NUPTIAL CEREMONY. — A large and respectable assemblage filled the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Me., morning of the 21st of April, being drawn thither to witness the pleasant event of the marriage of Mr. Edmund J. Young, of Acton, Me., to Miss Sarah McGowan, daughter of Patrick McGowan, Sr., of Portland, Me. Miss Lizzie O'Connor acted as bridesmaid and Mr. T. P. McGowan as groomsman. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. T. P. Linehan. The bride and groom were neatly attired and looked charming, as did also the bridesmaid and groomsman. After the marriage services the bride and groom proceeded to the residence of the former, where an excellent wedding breakfast was served to the friends and invited guests. During the day the happy couple received the congratulations of their numerous friends. The presents were numerous and valuable, consisting of gold, silver, and china ware, etc.

THE investiture of Most Rev. Dr. FEEHAN with the pallium took place in the cathedral, Chicago, on the 14th of April. There were present Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Right Rev. Bishop Hogan, Kansas City, Mo.; Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis; Right Rev. Bishop Baltes, of Alton, Ill.; and a large number of clergymen. Bishop Hogan delivered the sermon on the occasion.

The Most Rev. P. A. Feehan is comparatively a young man, being but in his fifty-second year. He was born in 1829, at Graystown, county Tipperary, Ireland. Both on the side of his father and mother he is descended from ancient and respectable families, who were of the class known as "gentlemen farmers"; that is, though not landlords, they held large tracts of land. The Feehan family was extensively connected, having for generations intermarried with the superior class of farmers in their native county. His mother's name was Cooney, whose family in respectability and culture had no superior in the province of Munster.

WE would invite the attention of our readers to the card of Edward Harkins & Co., oils and candles, 27 India Street, Boston, Mass.

THE Irish Land Bill is under discussion in the British Parliament.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is mentioned as the probable leader of the British Conservatives in place of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

THE Catholic Union, of Buffalo, has entered upon its tenth year. The Union, under the able editorship of Father Cronin, is now acknowledged one of the ablest exponents of our faith, and the ever-faithful friend of the Irish people. May success continue to perch on its banner.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston and the reverend clergy of the archdiocese sent to Rev. Lawrence Walsh, general treasurer of the Irish National Land League of America, $1,329. This amount does infinite credit to the patriotic prelate and his worthy clergy, and is the best indorsement of the cause we have yet seen from any one of the heads of the Church.

OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL is the name of a monthly publication of sixteen pages (thirteen of reading matter and three of advertisements), which comes to us from Keokuk, Ia. In the introductory remarks the editor says: "We enter upon this new work with the assistance of the most eminent Catholic writers, whose articles have been honored by the best Catholic readers of the universe." That will do.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BROOKLINE, MASS. — Rev. L. J. Morris, pastor of Brookline, has had plans prepared for a beautiful new church to be erected on Linden Place, corner of Harvard Street, Brookline. The total length of the structure will be 160 feet; width, between 90 and 100 feet. The walls will be constructed of Eastern brick, with trimmings of brown-stone from Longmeadow, near Springfield, Mass. On the Harvard Street side, near the crossing of nave and transept, will be a tower, with slated roof and pinnacles, the whole rising to a height, including cross, of 146 feet. The main entrance will be from Linden Place. There will be no gallery in the church except an organ and choir gallery over the Linden Place entrance, which will accommodate a choir of 72 members. The body of the church will comfortably seat 1,12 persons. The corner-stone will be laid June 19, and it is expected that the basement will be ready for occupancy during the coming autumn.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of lifetime is unrolled.

THE FLORENCE KNITTING SILK. — This is the best article in the market, and we advise all our friends to give it a trial. See advertisement.

T. H. MANLEY, M. D., formerly of Lawrence, Mass., is now located at 302 West Fifty-third Street, New York. The doctor was assistant surgeon of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment for some time. He now occupies a lucrative position in New York under his brother-in-law, Commissioner Brennan. We wish the doctor every success in his new home.

THE CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN, published at Columbus, O., has been enlarged and otherwise improved, and looks as bright as a mayflower. We club our Magazine with the Columbian, both for $3.00. That is, any of our present subscribers obtaining a new one will be entitled to both for $3.00 a year.

THE INTERNATIONAL TRUST COMPANY of Boston is an institution that we can recommend to our readers. Money is received in small sums as well as large amounts, and pays interest to the depositor for the full time it remains. This institution has no quarter-days for depositing or withdrawing funds, has a capital stock of $300,000 which is kept as a guaranty fund, making it perfectly safe for depositors, and does away with the necessity of waiting in the banking-rooms to withdraw money, as they can withdraw their funds by check the same as from a national bank.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. — This distinguished man died in London on the morning of the 19th of April, after a few weeks' illness. Few men have played so prominent a part in the world's affairs as the Earl of Beaconsfield. His loss to England is a serious one. There is scarcely a man in the Empire able to take his place. Those of our readers who desire to read a very impartial history of the late Earl are referred to our Magazine of October and November, 1880.

THE Land Bill embodies a concession of principles which surpasses what the tenant-righters of former years asked, or even hoped for. — *Dublin Irishman.*

THE police who go on duty about the royal household or family of England dare not wear great-coats, no matter how severe the weather, and the result is a prevalence of rheumatism in some of the finest constitutions.

THE consecration of Right Rev. Dr. Janssens, as Bishop of Natchez, Miss., took place in Richmond, Va., the 1st of May. The Archbishop of Baltimore was the consecrating prelate, assisted by Bishops Becker and Keane. There were some seventy bishops and priests present, and a large attendance of the laity.

THIS world is to a man just what he makes it. Some are happy, living apparently in an endless sunshine. They meet you with a smile and an honest, open-hearted salutation. Such men are real philosophers. They go on the principle that a long, sour face, or breaking heart, will not make a mistake correct, nor a wrong right. It is time to take trouble when it comes in earnest, but to borrow trouble is unquestionably foolish.

HOPEFUL.—Mr. Gladstone, in the closing peroration of his speech on the Irish Land Bill, made use of the following significant words: "Justice is to be our guide. It has been said that love is stronger than death; and so justice is stronger than popular excitement, than the passion of the moment, even than the grudges, the resentments, and the sad traditions of the past. Walking in that path, we cannot err; guided by that light, that divine light, we are safe. Every obstacle, even although it seems for the moment to be insurmountable, can only for a little while retard, and never can defeat the final triumph."

VERY REV. WM. BYRNE, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Boston, has been elected to the presidency of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md. Father Byrne is a most distinguished scholar and a gentleman of great financial ability. It is confidently believed that all the difficulties of the college will be settled by the 1st of September.

Father Byrne is a native of county Mayo, Ireland, where he was born in 1834. He came to this country in 1853, and in 1856 he entered as a seminarian in Mt. St. Mary's College. While occupying the chair of a professor he had in his class young Mr. Watterson, who afterwards became president of Mt. St. Mary's College, and is now the Bishop of Columbus, O. He was ordained priest in 1870 and went at once to the Cathedral, where he was soon appointed chancellor and secretary, and subsequently vicar-general. He is at present pastor of St. Mary's Church, Charlestown District. We believe Father Byrne has not yet finally decided to accept the presidency of the Old Mountain.

CHURCH ORGANS. — All of our readers, and especially the clergy, are interested in church organs, by which we mean the legitimate *pipe organ.* These noble instruments are the only ones fully adequate to the requirements of the Catholic service. The cabinet or reed organs are very good in their proper place, but this place is universally conceded to be not the church. Heretofore, these instruments have been considered beyond the means of many of our smaller churches. This time has now passed. The great decline in prices of lumber and metals, and in the rate of wages for first-class or skilled labor in the church-organ trade, has reduced the cost of pipe organs to a minimum of their former prices, and a good pipe organ is now within the reach of all, — even our smallest mission churches. We were much pleased with our recent visit to the organ manufactory of Mr. S. S. Hamill, whose advertisement may be found in our columns. He manufactures pipe organs of every size and description, at prices lower than ever before known. A really good pipe organ can be bought for $350; a much larger and more powerful instrument, with 12 stops and pedal bass of 16 ft. tone, and 350 pipes, for $600; and all the larger sizes at correspondingly low prices. Mr. Hamill has been thirty years in the business, has an extensive factory, and has built some of the finest toned organs we have ever listened to.

THE "PARISIAN." — While the steamer "Parisian" was in Boston Harbor, a small admission fee was exacted, in order to prevent in some measure, the crowds that flocked to see her. Messrs. Allan Bros. devoted the sum received ($2,140.10) to charitable purposes, and sent the amount to Mayor Prince for distribution among various charitable associations. The money was distributed as follows: To the Associated Charities of Boston, the British Charitable Society, the German Aid Society, the Sailors' Snug Harbor, the Industrial Aid Society, the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, and the South End Diet Kitchen, $200 each; to the Children's Home, Charlestown, $100; to the North End Mission, $150; to the Carney Hospital, $490.10.

Events of the Month.

THE Catholics of Hong Kong contributed $40,000 to the relief of Ireland last year. Of this sum the native Chinese subscribed $20,000. Such Catholic governors of provinces as Pope Hennessy and Lord Ripon inspire foreign nations with better impressions of Catholics than the Anglo-Saxon inherits.

WE are informed that in reply to the telegram of condolence from the Holy Father, the Czar has expressed a wish to see an early resumption of diplomatic relations between St. Petersburg and the Vatican Curia. We are glad he is animated by such a wish, which he can realize whenever he pleases.

THE citizens of Cork have enriched the shrine of Knock with a beautiful altar. It has been erected beneath the southern window in the eastern transept. A deputation from Cork, consisting of Messrs. Barry, Brindley, O'Connell, and O'Donnell, visited Knock on the feast of St. Joseph. Several additional cures are announced.

A. D. 81, Titus, the best and most noble of the Roman Emperors, died. In 381 the Second Plenary Council of Constantinople was held. Chlodwig, King of the Franks, ascended the throne in 481. In 781 Charlemagne paid his first visit to Rome. Alexander III., one of the greatest popes of the Middle Ages, died in 1181. Louis XIV. took possession of Strassburg in 1681.

ONE of the oldest churches on the American continent is the Tumacaco Church, near Tubac, Arizona. It was built by the Franciscans in 1554, and has consequently reached the age of three hundred and twenty-seven years. Fifty-seven years ago Indians murdered seven priests within its walls, and twenty-seven years ago several priests came from Rome and dug from a sepulchre on the side of the altar $80,000 in coin and jewels.

KNOCK.— Rev. Father Kavanagh, parish priest of Knock, has recently received one letter from Scotland and two from America, relating to miraculous cures through the cement from Knock A lady of Scotland, who had no sight in her right eye for five months, remained five days at Knock, at the end of which time her eyesight was restored. A Mrs. Reilly, of Troy, N. Y., was cured, by the application of the clay from Knock, of a running sore which she had for thirteen years. A Canadian lady who was rendered incapable of working by an inward disease, her two sisters afflicted with the toothache, and a young man with a running sore on his leg, were speedily cured by the application of the cement.

"CAPTAIN" BOYCOTT, who gained a world-wide reputation through his connection with the troubles at Lough Mask, county Mayo, Ireland, from which he and his family were driven by the Land Leaguers on the 26th of November last, lately arrived in New York, on the National Line steamship "Italy." He was accompanied by his wife, his brother, the Rev. Edmund Boycott, his nephew, Mr. A. St. John Boycott, and a friend, Mr. A. Weeks. On the steamer's passenger list only Mr. Weeks's name was registered in full. Mr. Boycott, whose full name is Charles Cunningham Boycott, appeared as C. Cunningham, his wife as Mrs. Cunningham, and the others as Mr. Edmunds and A. St. John. They were so registered to avoid the unpleasant curiosity which the presence of the Boycotts, if known, would have aroused among the passengers. It seems that their secret was well kept on the steamer. The party travel incognito. Mr. Boycott is a man of a little more than middle age, is above the average height, and has a military aspect. He wears a gray beard His object in coming to America is merely to see the country and to visit some friends. He hopes to be able to return to Ireland. His stay in New York was very short, as he started for the West.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE and ARCHBISHOP M'CABE, of Dublin, are just now claiming considerable attention from the papers interested in the cause of Ireland. As might be expected, the Archbishop of Dublin is getting a rough handling simply because he did not give to his letter on the Ladies' Land League the right kind of a ring to suit the enthusiastic and bellicose liberators of Ireland. Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, on the contrary, is lauded to the skies, and is looked upon as an antagonist to the Dublin prelate. Every man is entitled to his opinion, and if the Archbishop of Dublin sees fit to condemn the Ladies' Land League in his archdiocese it is nobody's business but his own; and all outsiders, who do nothing but make chin music, are simply going out of their way in order to find something to talk about. — *Lake Shore Visitor.*

DUBLIN PROCLAIMED. — Dublin has been placed under the provisions of the Coercion Act. The affairs of Ireland are serious in the extreme.

THE Rev. R. B. Sankey, B. A., until recently curate of St. Paul's, Leicester, England, has been received into the Church by his Eminence Cardinal Manning.

IT is stated that owing to the late distress 15,000 acres of land have been put out of cultivation in Bedfordshire. England will want a Land Bill as soon as there is time to give the matter attention.

CATHOLIC parents should never for a moment force themselves into the belief that they are not required to teach their children the catechism. Many neglect this duty, but they will regret it some time. — *Catholic Columbian.*

THE thirty Trappists at Dunbrody, Cape of Good Hope, Africa, are making rapid progress toward bringing into cultivation the 7,000 acres procured for them by Bishop Ricards. They will train the natives by example into habits of industry, and civilize them while evangelizing them.

"LIEUT. MANNIX, of the United States Marine Corps, has accepted a position as instructor in the Imperial Military Academy of China, and will sail for that country in April" Lieut. Daniel Mannix is of Irish parentage, and was reared in Delaware from his youth to early manhood.

A REPORT from Tipperary states that the Empress of Austria has taken Thomastown Castle, between Cashel and Tipperary, the residence of the late Comte de Jarnac, as a hunting lodge for next year, and that a sum of £5,000 is to be expended shortly on the house and grounds. The situation is picturesque, and is in the centre of a fine sporting district.

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, when charged by somebody in the crowd with "O'Connellism," called the great Irish agitator a "bloody traitor," to which Mr. O'Connell made the retort, "For aught I know the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross." Disraeli challenged O'Connell's son, Morgan O'Connell, who had taken up his father's quarrel, but the challenge was not accepted.

SOME years ago the papers of the world were full of the so-called Antonelli scandal. Few papers were without offensive and glaring head-lines, demonstrating the wickedness of the Cardinal, and the corruption of Rome. Now, when the disgraceful claimant is finally hooted out of court, we can only find this three-line item, in an obscure corner and in invisible type: "The lawsuit brought by the self-styled daughter of the late Cardinal Antonelli to get possession of his property has been finally dismissed by the courts."

THE IRISH SPRING ASSIZES are over, and the judges, having congratulated the grand juries on the peace of the various counties, have quietly returned to Dublin. It is worth noting that not a single case meriting capital punishment has been tried this year over all Ireland. If the bogus threatening letters, which hurt nobody, and the species of intimidation practised under the various forms of "boycotting," be omitted from the returns, they would probably exhibit the smallest amount of crime returned in Ireland at any assizes during the present generation.

THE largest refracting telescope in the world has just been constructed for the Vienna Observatory by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin. The length of the tube, which is entirely of steel, is thirty-three feet six inches, and the aperture is twenty-seven inches, surpassing by one inch that of the great refractor of the Washington Naval Observatory. The reading of the circles, hitherto a clumsy and troublesome operation, is effected with the utmost ease by means of an ingenious system of reflectors. The completion of the undertaking, which was retarded for several years by the difficulty of procuring flawless glass disks of the required size, is a source of just pride to Mr. Grubb's fellow-countrymen.

THE laxity of the laws of the State of New York regarding marriage were clearly shown by Chief Justice Folger, who lately had occasion to define them. To show how lightly this sacrament is treated by the laws of the State, we append the following summary of them taken from the Tribune: "To be married in New York State, then, does not require a license; nor a witness; nor a record of the fact; nor a consent of parents or guardians; nor a ministry to perform the ceremony; nor, in fact, a ceremony at all. No special form is required, and the contract need not be in writing. It hardly demands any spoken words; the most trivial and flippant declaration which ignorance and vulgarity could suggest is sufficient. Certainly this state of the laws of a great Commonwealth like New York ought to be corrected. As the statutes now stand they would seem to encourage immorality, or at least to bring into contempt a most sacred institution. A thorough revision of the laws of marriage and divorce of this State would be a great service to society."

"IRELAND does not say to England, 'Help me up'; she only says, 'Take your foot from off my neck and I'll get up myself.'" — *Wendell Phillips.*

MISS ROSINA EMMET, a grand-niece of the patriot, has won the fourth prize of $200 in the Prang Christmas card competition. Last year the design furnished by Miss Emmet was also awarded a prize.

Two new grammars of the Irish language are now engaging the attention of German savants. One has been produced by Dr. Ernst Windisch, of Leipzig University; and the other, by Dr. Zimmer, of Berlin, who has an Irish class in that institution, is shortly to be published.

ARREST OF JOHN DILLON. — Mr. Dillon, member of Parliament for Tipperary, was arrested in the railway train upon a warrant dated April 30, charging him with inciting persons to forcibly oppose and resist the execution of process of law for giving possession of land, and to riot and assault. On his arrival at Dublin he was taken to Kilmainham jail in a cab. There was not the slightest attempt at a popular demonstration on the arrival of Dillon at Dublin. But few persons were present. It is reported that Dillon will resign his seat in the House, for the reason that during his imprisonment, the length and result of which are indefinite, he cannot represent his constituents. It is understood that Mr. Eagan, treasurer of the Land League, will contest Tipperary in the Home Rule interest.

RESISTING AN ATTEMPT AT EVICTION. — An attempt to evict some tenants at New Pallas was frustrated. Five hundred military and police were present, but a mob of 5,000 persons assembled and hooted and groaned, and stoned the sheriff and his assistants. The police charged the mob several times, but the bailiff's life being threatened, he refused to point out the houses of the defaulting tenants. It is stated that two hundred persons in the mob were armed with revolvers. Another attempt to evict the tenants will be made shortly.

A NUMBER of coal mines are being worked under the ocean, in England. In Northumberland the net available quantity of coal under the sea is estimated at 403,000,000 tons, and on the Durham coast under the sea, including a breadth of three and a half miles with an area of seventy-one square miles, 734,500,000 tons. The latter mine is in a vein of an aggregate thickness of thirty feet, distributed in six seams. Engineers are considering how it can be worked successfully in the future.

WITH the approbation of the Holy Father, a *Scuola Gregoriana* has been lately founded in Rome. The purpose of this school is to introduce reform in the church music of the Catholic world.

A PARISIAN "Red" paper has justified its political reputation. In memory of the squelched Commune it appeared on *red* paper, weeping over the innocent blood that had been wantonly shed by the soldiers of the Republic in 1871.

IN a recently published work, entitled "Trials of the Church," by the Rev. W. Gleeson, of California, we read that in one century, from 1234 to 1334, as many as 13,370 members of the Order of St. Dominic died for the faith, and from 1500 to 1600 no less than 26,000 of the same Order were martyred. Within the last forty-two years fifty-five Dominicans were put to death in China. In the year 1590, 20,570 of the Jewish converts in Japan were martyred.

THE LAND BILL. — The London Spectator says: "Certainly, our own estimate of this great, difficult, and most comprehensive feat of statesmanship grows steadily the longer we consider it. We believe that it will prove that, in preparing this bill, Mr. Gladstone has far surpassed, both in its boldness and in the carefulness of its equities, all the statesmanship of our generation with which it can fairly be compared."

ROASTING A BAILIFF. — A party of peasants disguised seized Bailiff King at Clifden, near Galway, and roasted him over a fire which was kindled in a field. King was badly burned and blistered, and his condition is dangerous. His offence was serving notices of ejectment upon certain tenants, and threatening to evict others' *unless they yielded to certain disgraceful and criminal proposals which he made to them respecting their daughters.* King was only released from his fiery torture on swearing to resign his office.

THE JUBILEE was proclaimed at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on Sunday, May 1. The Sovereign Pontiff prescribes that the Fast of the Jubilee be observed with the food of the Third Fast, commonly called black fast. This means abstinence from milk, eggs, cheese, lard, etc., and as the indulgence is not granted if the conditions are not observed, — even though the mistake be innocent, — it will be safe for every one to observe this abstinence rigorously. To lessen the inconvenience, it is well that each family fix one day on which all will observe the fast together, though they may take different times for fulfilling the other conditions. The fast applies to young and old alike.

FIRE "[LOCKS] LOGIC."

GENERAL JOHN BULLY.—My dear Mr. Boer, your arguments have entirely convinced me. I find that I have been quite wrong, and you have been quite right. Let us, therefore, cease fighting, and become fast friends on the terms contained in this document.

BOER.—All right! That is all that I was demanding, and less than which I would not accept.

ERIN.—O! What an eloquent man that Mr. Boer must be, to have got all he wanted in a few months; whilst I have been pleading and entreating these centuries, and all I ever get is this (COERCION.)

A TRAVELLER, lost in the wilds of Africa, and all alone, began to feel in despair, when his eye was caught by the most exquisite beauty of a leaf of fern. The thought at once struck him, Can God ever abandon me here, who even in that leaf so manifestly exerts his power? So he took courage, and God was not wanting to his confidence in him.

THE HEART.—One of the ways by which we may learn the character of our heart is to watch our words. Our Lord says, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The tongue is a useful member in this way, because it betrays the secrets of the heart. Unbidden words of love tell of a heart filled to overflowing with tenderness or charity. They are sparks leaping forth from its huge fire. But curses and blasphemies are sparks from the fire of hell that burns in the soul. They are words fit only for devils to utter.

AN EGG BATH.—A Paris plumber was repairing the tiles of a house, when, his foot having slipped, he fell off the roof into the street below. Just then, a market-gardener's cart happened to pass by the house, laden with baskets full of eggs, and osier-cages containing live poultry; and the man, falling into the midst of this load, crushed two cages, killed about a dozen fowls, and finally was engulfed in an enormous basket of eggs. When withdrawn from his liquid tomb, the plumber looked like an omelet; but excepting a few slight bruises, he was safe and sound.

A PROTESTANT PANTOMIME.—At a vestry meeting at St. Peter's Church, Bourne mouth, England, Rev. James Neil brought forward a resolution expressing regret that graven images of Christ and the saints had been put up in the reredos of the church, that crosses and candlesticks had been placed upon the reredos, and asking the vicar and churchwardens immediately to apply for a faculty to remove them. It was not seconded, and was received with groans and hisses. Bishop Ryan, who presided, declined to put it, and said to Mr. Neil, "You are charging me, after forty years of laborious ministry for Christ, with having graven images in the church. What do you mean, sir? You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself." The bishop further announced his intention of conducting the services of St. Peter's in the same manner as he did at Bradford, where he was formerly vicar.

Notices of Recent Publications.

We are not aware of any new books issued by our Catholic publishers the past month.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

The Present Case of Ireland plainly Stated: A Plea for my People and my Race. By Sister Mary Francis Clare, the Nun of Kenmare. 1 vol., large 12mo, nearly 500 pages, fancy cloth, gold and ink designs, with 12 full-page portraits of the authoress and principal members of the Land League. Price, $1.50.

Messrs. Noonan & Co. have it on sale in Boston.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

Instructions and Prayers for the Jubilee of 1881.

This is a valuable litte book at the present time. It contains a letter from the Cardinal Archbishop, the Apostolic Letter of the Holy Father, Instructions on the Jubilee, prayers recommended to be read in the station, churches, etc. Price, five cents. By the hundred, $2.00.

Messrs Noonan & Co. can furnish it in quantities.

We have received the first number of the Catholic Literary Circular, published in London by Messrs. Burns & Oates, who state the object in starting it as follows: 1st. To provide the Catholic reading public with trustworthy reviews of Catholic books. 2d. To bring under the notice of Catholics, books of every kind and class, of interest and of use to Catholic readers. 3d. To give a classified list of books, Catholic and other, published from month to month in Great Britain, Ireland, the Continent, and America. The review of foreign literature forms one of the principal features of the journal, and will be contributed by Catholic writers of eminence. Correspondence upon subjects purely literary will be admitted, and authentic literary intelligence will be furnished. The subscription price is 4*s.* a year, post free.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Father Cooke, O. M. I., has the second volume of his work, "The Life of Mgr. Mazenod," almost ready for the press. The author has lately come into possession of much of Mgr. Mazenod's private correspondence, which will enable him to show the holiness of the missioner's inner life. The volume will also treat of the Oblate missions in Texas, Ceylon, and South Africa, — the latter including the theatre of the Zulu, Basuto, and Boer wars, as well as embracing the Orange Free State.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "The Reapers," trio for female voices, by Clapisson. "Tell Me, Roses," quartet, by Barnby. "Song of the Lark," by Mendelssohn. "Daughter of Error," by Bishop. "Oh, She Is," comic song, by Dan Lewis. "I've got a Letter," ballad, by Adahm "The Rag-Picker's Child," words by F. Dumont, music by L. E. Hicks. "Thoughts of Thee," by Tosti, sung by Marie Rôze. "Longing to be at Rest," sacred quartet, by L. Marshall. "Fly Away, Birdling," song, by Franz Abt. "With Love," Spanish serenade, by R. Newcomb. "The Convent Slept," arranged for mixed quartet, by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "In the Merry Mazes," waltzes, by Jas. B. Adams. "Billee Taylor," grand potpourri de concert, by C. D. Blake. "Pride of the Alps," by E. H. Bailey. "Friends Forever," gavotte for four hands, by W. F. Sudds. "Pleasant Memories," by J. La Fleur. "La Mascotte," potpourri, by Chas. D. Blake. "La Mascotte," quadrille, by E. H. Bailey, and galop from same opera, arranged by Bailey. "The Phonograph," march brillante, for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "The Village by Moonlight," by Chas. D. Blake. "Home, Sweet Home," for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "Fifty Piano Lessons without Octaves," by H. Berens. "La Source," caprice, by J. Blumenthal. "Olivette," potpourri de concert, for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "Marche des Mousquetaires," by Michael Watson.

Music Book: "Hodges's Anthems: A Collection of New Anthems, etc., by D. F. Hodges." A work containing a fine selection of compositions, for church use principally, for the most part of but moderate difficulty, and very neatly issued.

Spear & Dehnhoff, 717 Broadway, N. Y.

Vocal: "My Bright Heather Flower, Bonnie Jean," words by George Cooper, music by J. P. Skelly. "Save a Sunny Smile for me," words and music by the same.

Instrumental: Angels' Welcome," reverie for piano, by H. A. Coard. "Ma Belle Waltz," by A. F. de Navarro. "Sweet Kiss Schottische," by F. de Bueris.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

FATHER THOMAS D. KEATY, of Manchester, N. H., died at his mother's residence in Fall River, Mass., on the 2d of May, aged about twenty-five years.

THE funeral of the late DEAN DURCAN, P. P., V. G., Swinford, brother of the late Bishop of Achonry, was attended by the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, some thirty priests, and a large concourse of laymen.

WITH unfeigned regret we record the death of Very Rev. Canon Doyle, P. P., Donnybrook, Tuesday morning, April 5. Canon Doyle was born in October, 1824, and was therefore only in his fifty-seventh year when he was snatched away.

WE regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. John F. O'Brien, C. C., a pious and highly gifted young priest. The sad event occurred at Luggacurren, Stradbally, on Thursday week, after a few days' illness, the deceased being in excellent health up to to the previous Sunday.

REV. D. F. DEMPSEY, of San Mateo, Cal., died at his pastoral residence the 5th of March. A good priest, a whole-souled patriot, a generous host, an accomplished scholar, his voice and his example everywhere promoted the glory of God and good-will towards men.

REV. FATHER FRANCIS W. MCLAUGHLIN, S. J., has departed this life in Guadalupe College, Seguin, Texas. He was born in Boston, Feb. 27, 1844, and his family were of the stanch old Catholic pioneers, whose faith, loyalty, and generosity built up St. Mary's parish at the North End.

REV. THOMAS CORRIGAN, P.P., Kilsaran, died at his residence, Kilsaran, in the seventy-seventh year of his age and the fifty-first of his sacred office. He was for the last four or five years in failing health, which almost prevented him from discharging his duties. He had the pastoral charge of Kilsaran for twenty-five years.

REV. JAS. SHEERAN, pastor of Morristown, N. J., died April 3, and was buried on Thursday, April 7. The funeral was the largest held in Morristown for many years. Archbishop Corrigan and about thirty priests from the neighboring towns were present. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Geo. B. Doane, of Newark. The interment was in the church cemetery, which the dead priest had himself laid out. Father Sheeran was a chaplain in the Confederate army. He was pastor of a church in New Orleans at the time of the terrible yellow-fever scourge, and was one of the priests who remained in the city. He came to Morristown in 1871.

REV. WILLIAM KEAN, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Jenkintown, Montgomery County, Pa., died in St Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, on Friday, April 22. He was born in the northern part of the county Cork, Ireland, not long after the opening of the present century. After having a liberal education in several of the best schools of his native county, he came to this country at an early age and entered Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md., from which he graduated. Soon after this he was received into the theological Seminary of St Charles Borromeo, where he completed his studies in 1851, and was ordained on the 11th of June of that year, in St. John's Church.

REV. WILLIAM I. DWYER, well known for many years as one of the Paulist Missionary Fathers, died in Newark, N. J., April 5, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was born in Philadelphia, and when a young man entered St. Stephen's College, Annandale, where he studied for the ministry. While pursuing his studies there he became a convert to the Catholic faith. He left the college and joined the order of the Paulist Fathers, where he began his studies for the priesthood. He was ordained in 1872, in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, in West Fifty-ninth Street. Immediately after his ordination he joined the band of Western missionaries, and travelled through California, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and other Western States, where he became popular as an eloquent and logical preacher. He was an earnest and devoted priest, and closed his career while working zealously in behalf of the Church.

REV. GEORGE AUGUSTUS MEAGHER, O. S. A., of the Augustinian Convent of St. Patrick, Cambridge, N. Y., died at that place on the 7th of April.

The reverend gentleman was born of highly respectable Irish parentage, on Jan.

23, 1821, at Lisbon, Portugal, where his father was acting British Consul. His mother was Leocadia Matilda Hewson, born in the island of San Miguel of the Azores. Father Meagher joined the Augustinian Order at an early age. In 1839 he received the white habit at the novice-house at Tolentino, Italy, the shrine of the great St. Nicholas; and he afterwards pursued his studies at Lucca, Perugia (where he was ordained in 1843), and at the Irish Hospice of Sta. Maria in Posterula, Rome. In 1846 he was sent to this country and was stationed at St Augustine's, Fourth Street, Philadelphia. He was Vice-President of Villanova College from 1848 to 1855. In 1858 he was sent to the New York Missions of Lansingburg and Waterford, and subsequently to Lawrence, Mass. He was also pastor at Atlantic City for four years. While in New York he built churches at White Creek, Buskirk's Bridge, and Pittstown Corners, in the Diocese of Albany, besides improving greatly other churches and mission property. In all he was warmly attached to his Order, of which he had been a faithful member for forty-two years; he was a most untiring and zealous worker in the Vineyard, and of courteous, kindly ways to all. May his soul rest in peace.

SISTERS.

Sister Elizabeth (in the world Miss Elizabeth Sinnot), Superior of the Sisters of Charity at the Infant Asylum, Buffalo, N. Y., died on the morning of April 15, Good Friday. She had been ill but a day or two; and as she was subject to sudden attacks of bilious fever, at first no apprehensions were entertained. Sister Elizabeth herself was the first to realize her danger. She was happy in the prospect of dying on the day which is sacred to the death of our Redeemer. Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan gave her the last blessing and absolution about an hour before her death. Sister Elizabeth completed her forty-sixth year on the day of her death. She joined the community of the Sisters of Charity in her early youth. About twelve years since, she was appointed Superior of the Infant Asylum. Kind, zealous, vigilant, she was loved and respected by all under her charge.

Sister Mary Ursula (Miss Mary Bradley), formerly Superior of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy of Portland, Me., died at the convent, April 18. Sister Mary Ursula was born in Ireland, Feb. 22, 1851, and came to this country with her parents while still a young girl. For thirteen years she has been a professed Sister, having entered the novitiate in Manchester, N. H., at the early age of seventeen years. After remaining in Manchester for three years she was transferred to a convent at Whitefield, Me., where she remained for two years, and was transferred thence to Portland to take charge of the convent in that city. This latter position she held until about two years ago, when declining health compelled her to resign that office to Sister Mary Eulalia, another Sister from Manchester. Deceased lady was sister to Rev. Denis Bradley, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, of Manchester, N. H. Her mother and two other brothers remain, one of the latter being a medical student at Brunswick, Me. The interment took place on Tuesday in the Sisters' burying-ground, Portland. Thus passed away, at the early age of thirty years, one dear to all who knew her, ever faithful in the discharge of all her duties, leading a life of noble sacrifices and self-abnegation in the cause of her divine Spouse, and thus fitting herself for the eternal reward she has been called upon to enjoy. Pray for the repose of her soul.

LAY PEOPLE.

The sister of Richard O'Gorman, Esq., of New York, lately died in Ireland.

Dr. Thomas Willis, Sr., a prominent physician of Dublin, died recently at Bray, aged ninety-one years. He remembered the troublous times of '98, and was always a willing and unfailing reference for those who wished to have living evidence of the momentous events of the beginning of the century.

Denis Caulfield Heron, Q. C., her Majesty's third sergeant-at-law in Ireland, died suddenly on the 15th of April. The sad event was singularly sudden. Fishing on the river he met a peaceful end. He dined with the Recorder of Galway and several other gentlemen on Thursday evening at the County Club, and, a devoted Waltonite, was out on the river at six o'clock on Friday morning. He had landed two salmon, and was playing a third, when suddenly and helplessly he fell back, and would have gone with the river, which is very rapid at the place, had he not been caught by a man named Lynden, who was attending him. Rev. Father Greaven, P. P., who was promptly in attendance, administered the last sacraments. He was fifty-six years of age, and was buried at Glasnevin.

O'Connor. — The Hon. M P. O'Connor died at Charleston, S. C., on April 26, of tumor in the stomach. Mr. O'Connor was born at Beaufort, S. C., Sept. 29,

1831, and was graduated at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., in 1849. In 1854 he was admitted to the bar, and from 1858 to 1865 he was a member of the South Carolina Legislature. During his first term in the Legislature he made a strong speech against certain resolutions declaring the reopening of the slave-trade to be the true policy of the State. In the following year (1850) he made a stirring appeal for the Union. In 1872 he was sent as a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, and was made a member of the Committee on Resolutions. In the campaign which followed he canvassed Massachusetts with Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, speaking in nearly every important part in the State. In 1876 Mr. O'Connor was a delegate to the St. Louis Convention, and a member of the committee sent to inform Mr. Tilden of his nomination. In the same year he received the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Charleston District, but was defeated by Richard H. Cain (Rep.). In 1878 he was returned as elected, and took his seat in the Forty-sixth Congress. Last fall he was re-elected. Mr. O'Connor was a member of Mr. Wright's Labor Committee in 1879, and took an active part in legislation relating to the Freedmen's Bank. He took part in the House debates frequently, and was very active in matters affecting the interests of the South.

THE CATHOLIC SENTINEL, published at Portland, Oregon, is a first-rate paper. We refer to the advertisement on another page.

THE annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of the State of Connecticut, will be held in Bridgeport, Monday, May 30.

THE IRISH LAND BILL. — The Nation says: "The business of the country will be, not to reject the measure, but to amend it." The Irishman goes farther, and admits that "the bill is a reality in itself, and in its operation will be of vast advantage to the people."

SINCE Jan. 1, 1881, there have been one hundred and thirty-seven deaths among immigrants landing in New York. Thirty-nine of these took place at Castle Garden; ninety-eight on Ward's Island. The mortality has been mostly among the aged.

THE CATHOLIC HERALD. —We regret to announce that the publication of this excellent Catholic paper has been suspended. It was one of the best papers in the country. It is a shame that this paper should be obliged to suspend, while several blatherskite journals live in New York.

A BOY named Farrell was shot and dangerously wounded at Dublin, 5th of April, for giving information which led to the discovery of arms in a house where he was employed. The man who did the shooting has been arrested.

MR GLADSTONE has addressed an important letter to the Archbishop of Armagh in reply to the memorial of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland concerning the Land Bill. The Premier says that while the government will welcome any amendment from whatever quarter tending to improve the Land Bill, they cannot hold out the expectation of acceding to changes which would give to it an entirely new character.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for May, 1881.— The prominent articles are the opening one by the Rev. J. V. O'Conor, wherein he answers Dr. Hammond's incredulous questioning of the miraculous nature of the cures wrought at Lourdes and Knock; and the continuation of W. J. Onahan's brilliant sketch of the Irish patriot, John Mitchel. The children's department is particularly good. — *Buffalo C. Union.*

THE London Economist estimates that the immigrants to this country in 1880 brought with them $35,000,000 in specie, while the average value to the United States of each person, in adding to the productive resources of the country, is $940; so that the number landing in 1880 constitutes an actual and potential addition to the wealth of the country of $100,000,000.

BY the new Army and Discipline Regulation Act, which has just been printed, flogging is abolished for a year. The new law will take effect from the 30th inst. in the United Kingdom, in the Channel Islands, and Isle of Man; elsewhere in Europe, inclusive of Malta, also in the West Indies and America, on July 31, next; and elsewhere, whether within or without her Majesty's dominions, on Dec. 31.

THE statistics for the current year, just issued from Washington, give the excess of merchandise exports over imports at $24,364,558 for the month of March last; an excess of $234,844,273 for the nine months ended March 31, and of $243,335-499 for the twelve months ended at that date. Compared with 1880 this gives an increase of $17,900,572 for the month of March last, and of $48,973,603 for the twelve months. During the year the excess of coin and bullion imports over the exports of the same was $78,943,769, an increase for the year of eight and a quarter millions. The total excess of imports over exports, of both merchandise and specie, for the twelve months ended March 31, was the enormous amount of $322,389,268.

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